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(See pages 12-15.)

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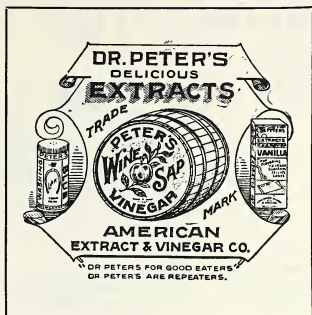
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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1906.

NO. 1. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY. *

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT.

To Southerners Everywhere: The reports of the Chapters, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in the Northern and Western cities and towns call to our attention the very great need there is for Chapters in those cities. In almost every report submitted by them we learn of the care of ex-Confederates and their descendants who, for some reason, have become dependent upon public charity. In many instances reports are made of having relieved the distressing condition of some man or woman of the Old South who, too proud to beg or ask assistance even, is almost at starvation point. These persons do not hesitate to accept assistance from the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and where a Chapter is large and enthusiastic about its work the authorities often report such cases to them, and I feel sure would do so in every instance did the Chapters request it. This to my mind makes a Chapter in Northern or Western towns or cities more needed than in the Southern, for here anybody will care for a man or woman who has ever in any way aided the Confederacy, and there we cannot expect such consideration except through the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Southern States generally are seeing to it that none but unprejudiced histories are taught in public schools, and elsewhere we cannot expect the States to do it if they do not have their attention called to it by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Here the graves of our heroes would be taken care of and decorated once a year, even though there were no Daughters of the Confederacy; but there who can we expect to do, it with the same love and reverence with which Southern hands and hearts would perform the service?

I am sure there is much unwritten history which would be gotten from the North had we Chapters there to collect it. Southern women living in the North and West have made many friends among their neighbors, and through their influence might collect this unwritten history. Now within the next fifteen or twenty years this history must be collected if it ever is. The South's side of that gigantic struggle—the War between the States and the occurrences leading up to it—has been so little before the world that we have never had justice done us. Some of these days a historian, unprejudiced entirely, is going to write a true history of that epoch in American history. Shall we, the descendants of the South's heroes in that struggle, sit with folded hands now, and so when that time comes have this historian fail to be just to

the South because we have not done our duty? We might with a little exertion gather and preserve material which will help him with our side of that question. Shall your children, going to Northern schools and hearing *one* side only, grow up to be ashamed of the great men and women who waged this war for Southern rights because they have been taught that they—their own ancestors among them—were "Rebels" fighting for the enslaving of human beings while you by sitting with idle hands give your approval to this history which they are taught? Can you expect them to make patriotic men and women if they are made ashamed of their ancestors? Patriotism does not thrive when placed in the same heart with such degrading thoughts.

It takes only seven eligible women to form a Chapter—that is, the wives, widows, mothers, sisters, nieces, and lineal descendants of such men as served honorably in the Confederate army, navy, or civil service, or of those men unfit for active duty who loyally gave aid to the cause; also women and their lineal descendants, wherever living, who can give proof of personal service and loyal aid to the Southern cause during the war. I beg you, wherever you live, to organize yourselves into Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Come together and resolve to organize a Chapter, then write to our Recording Secretary, Mrs. John P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn., and she will send you an application blank for charter and a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and will write you the name of such Chapter or Division which you must apply through.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere are caring for the needy, gathering material for unwritten history, building monuments, and educating the descendants of veterans in some instances. This last work I hope to see given more and more prominence in our work. Some ignorant people say that we are keeping alive unkind feelings toward the Northern soldiers and their descendants. This is not true; on the contrary, the more we work for our object the more charity is in our hearts for those who differed with us and the more we strive to instill into the hearts of our children that to be worthy of the records of our great Southern men and women they must be patriotic in the truest sense. Wherever there is a Chapter in the North or West their Northern friends are so kind to them and help them so much that it brings us closer and closer together as one people.

Are you a Southern woman or of Southern parentage?

Then prove yourselves to be worthy of our record as a people by doing *now* that which you *know* you ought to do.

It does not seem possible that any appeal at all is necessary to Southern women living in the South, and yet I find it so. There should not be a single neighborhood in the South with seven women in it where there is not a Chapter. And yet the large majority of Southern women are satisfied to stay out and let the minority of their friends and neighbors do the much-needed work which we are doing. We are a busy people these days, and we say we haven't the time to give to it; but there will always be a few women in every town who *can* and *will* make the time for this work. If all would coöperate, the result might well be imagined. Let each pay her dues, so the Chapter may have the money to work with. Help them when they undertake to make some money for one of their objects. Put your little daughters into the Chapters, and have them feel that they are to be ready to take the work from the shoulders of those workers who must give it up because of age or death. Say to your children that the United Daughters of the Confederacy are doing a grand work, that you want to help them all you can, and that you—their mother—are proud that you and they are entitled to membership in it.

Southern women, you can help us merely by your membership and approval, and I want to say this to Confederate Veterans everywhere: "You can organize a Chapter of Daughters often where *we* fail." One instance in my own experience. I tried in every way I knew to organize a Chapter in an adjoining county and failed. One year later the Veterans made a call on the women to organize in their county, and they did so with fifty-three charter members. Ask your daughters and granddaughters to go into this work. Urge them to do all they can, even though it be merely to join and pay their dues, to help the Daughters with the work which you know to be needed. When you are gone from among us, who will keep up the work you have begun if you do not impress it upon your descendants that they should join our ranks and help us with this work?

And now a word to our Chapters. You have paid me a great compliment by conferring upon me that which in my eyes is the highest honor which could be conferred upon any

woman. I want honestly to serve you to the *very best* of my ability, and in order to do that I want to be more in touch with you than I am now. So for that purpose, and because I think I may in this way be of more service to some of the Chapters than in any other, I am going to communicate with you often during my term of office through these columns; so I am going to ask you to subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN—each Chapter, I mean—and ask your President to read you these communications and all other U. D. C. news in it. We want to hear more about each other, to know each other better, and we want to know each other better to get the very best results. I want this year to be such an era of enthusiasm in our work as we have never seen before and as we shall see grow greater and greater as the years come and go. "Come, let us reason together." Take the VETERAN, so that I may talk occasionally to you about our work. Write to me whenever you have anything you want me to hear or when I can help you in any way. And whenever I do things or say things you think had better be left undone or unsaid or done or said differently, just say to yourselves and each other: "She is doing the way *she* sees is best; and if she sometimes makes mistakes, it only shows she is like the rest of us, for we all, even the wisest of us, mak. mistakes." Keep this always in your mind, that my one object now is to *serve* you and our great organization. I do believe I can do this by having this way in which I can communicate with you better than in any other. Don't put off sending in your subscription. Send it right away, for I may have something else to say to you even as soon as next month—February.

The foregoing is the most effective appeal to either of the great organizations yet made. Mrs. Henderson omitted one point that would have been beneficial—viz., that all who write for U. D. C. columns in their local papers send to the VETERAN clippings with such notes as might be helpful. Her appeal to Confederate women at the North should be well considered, and what she says in behalf of the VETERAN ought to influence thousands of women—and men.

FIRST VISIT TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

In November the VETERAN contained "incidents of a trip to California." The data stopped at Portland, Oregon, with



VIEW OF MOUNT SHASTA FROM THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

brief mention of the interesting and beautiful Fair. A gratifying incident occurred upon arrival at the Exposition and the presentation of credentials from the Governor of Tennessee to Mr. Davison, Chief of the Department of Admissions, who was surprisingly cordial, and who said promptly that at the St. Louis World's Fair he bought three copies of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and they were a revelation to him; that there was an article in one of them about Gen. R. E. Lee that gave him his first real appreciation of that great man. A most cordial invitation by this young Westerner to become his guest in his home during the stay in Portland will not be forgotten. Gov. Chamberlain, an ardent Democrat and Mississippian, was so delightfully cordial that Portland did not seem so far from home as it had.

Without careful consideration of distance, it was decided to make the run to San Francisco on a night train to save time. Imagine the surprise, when the schedule was examined, to find it required thirty-six hours to make the journey. What a superb journey! The train was made up of two sections, one of Pullman cars, with magnificent engines, two and three to each. It was an extraordinary experience to go out of a region with rains every day and richest green in field and forest to where it had not rained in six months and desert almost without limit. The change of temperature was extraordinary between coves in the mountains and where the track ran near the silvery surf of the Pacific Ocean.

The ever-memorable features of the day's journey were the scenes of Mount Shasta. From near noon until shut from view by approaching night the train crawled, as it were, in the vicinity of the great mountain's base. Deceptive distance was the cause. Early after the day was gone the train stopped at Shasta Springs, containing a gorgeous supply of water better than Apollinaris. Then the current that dashed down the mountain from the melting snow, with beautiful electric lights up the mountain side, contributed lavishly to the entertainment of passengers. It is said that snow in the mountain gorges is as much as one hundred feet deep. Prof. A. H. Buchanan, engineer for Johnston's army—the Army of Tennessee—who has done much valuable service in geodetic surveys for the government, upon seeing the picture of Mount Shasta said there was a signal station on the top that had been sighted one hundred and ninety miles, the greatest distance known to the science. This statement is from memory.

San Francisco and the Golden Gate entrance to the Pacific Ocean were deeply interesting. The gluttonous wealth for generations is manifest in the great houses devoted to public education in the most cultured sense. Then the Golden Gate and other parks exhibit this wealth and beneficence as lavishly as it may be expected anywhere else in the world.

"Frisco" is designated as a "wide-open" city. Liquor shops are under no Sunday law restraint, yet there is less manifest drunkenness in that city than exists in many smaller places. A most extraordinary statement in this connection is that profanity is hardly ever heard. Emphasis is given this meritorious record, for swearing is the silliest, the most useless, and the most insolent and blasphemous habit known in Christian civilization. Each man's heart so instinctively revolts at profanity that, if in the habit of using such language, on a call for repetition he invariably omits the profane adjectives. There ought to be a very severe penalty by law for swearing.

It is a singular fact that but very little paper money is circulated in San Francisco. A Southern lady, removing

there, carried a fine sum of paper money, and upon application to a large bank as depositor was informed that they had rather not have the account than to bother with paper money.

It is against the law of San Francisco City and County to bury in that area, so there are fine crematories, and just across the county line are large cemeteries.

What a delightful climate is San Francisco, with neither winter nor summer and almost perpetual spring! A friend gathers wild flowers regularly in his outings on the 22d of February.

A profitable lesson might be learned by people in cities using soft coal and who don't enjoy smoke in the fact that the power for electric lights and cars in San Francisco and a half dozen smaller cities in that part of the State is created two hundred miles away. It may be remembered that the Frisco cable cars were the first ever constructed.

Conspicuous among those who made great fortunes were J. B. Haggis, George R. Hearst, J. W. Mackey, James G. Fair, W. E. Sharin, and an old-time firm, Flood & O'Brien, who made their millions in mining and in the manipulation of mines. Of those who made colossal fortunes in railroad operations are Leland Stanford, C. P. Huntington, Charles Croker, and Mark Hopkins. These leaders are nearly all dead, but several of them left bequests of public benefit. The late Mrs. Stanford, it will be remembered, carried out fully the generous purposes of her husband as inaugurated before his death. Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst is conspicuous among the good women who are constantly engaged in advancing the best interests of the public.

The Golden Gate Park is the finest public enterprise in the great West, and is a credit to America. Adolph Sutro, a Jew cigar manufacturer, became a large benefactor to the public in the Sutro Gardens, that overlook the Cliff House and the Seal Rocks, near the bluff by the Golden Gate, on which it seems that seals are ever present.

Of the earlier pioneers in great enterprises indication is given by the Donohoe monument. The Union Iron Works, in which was made that famous war vessel, the Oregon, and other government war ships, was the enterprise of two brothers named Donohoe, Eugene Kelley, who were joined some forty years ago by Joseph G. Eastland, going from Tennessee, and whose estate possesses many thousands of acres of valuable timber and coal lands in his native State. A sadly pathetic story in connection with Mr. Eastland is that upon opening an important railroad out of San Francisco some years ago, of which he was president, an excursion was made by officials of the road and their friends, when an accident occurred, and his little daughter, only child at the time, was killed, and no other was seriously injured.

The U. D. C. as an organization will ever remember with gratitude and delight entertainments in San Francisco.

MEMORABLE VISIT TO TAMALPAIS.

The Daughters of the Confederacy in San Francisco included in their programmes entertainment for every afternoon of the week. The first outing was an excursion on a government boat through the Golden Gate out into the Pacific. The most interesting was that to Tamalpais—usually pronounced as Tamal Pias—which is in plain view of the city, rising nearly twenty-six hundred feet, and is ascended by a railroad in many zigzag lines, one a "double bow knot." It is certainly one of the most fascinating excursion routes ever established. Many of the delegation climbed the few hundreds of feet from the end of the railroad. The government



GROUP ON TAMALPAIS. MRS. A. B. WHITE (IN WHITE), PRESIDENT TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C., WHOSE PLEA SECURED \$500 FOR THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT, IS IN THE REAR OF MRS. J. P. HICKMAN.

has a signal station on the apex, and the view of a group illustrated herewith is on a point nearly as high.

UNITED DAUGHTERS IN TEXAS.

FROM REPORT OF MRS. VALERY EDWARD AUSTIN, PRESIDENT.

A bountiful harvest, consisting of many valuable products, has been garnered by the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, during the past year. We have experienced a thrill of inspiration and activity from the wondrous planning and mighty achievements of the busy world of women throughout our magnificent domain. Our anniversary committee was fortunate in securing Mrs. Sholars again as chairman. Promptness in the discharge of duty is her motto, and her programmes, full of helpful suggestions, aroused much enthusiasm, coming to us on the very threshold of the new year. These days fitly and appropriately celebrated are object lessons given by the women of the South for the coming generation. We observe the birthdays of President Jefferson Davis, Gen. Robert E. Lee, Hon. John H. Reagan; Texas Heroes, Gen. Hood, and Confederate Memorial Days. There are four memorial days on which we bestow crosses of honor, and the number bestowed during the year has been large. The Daughters are endeavoring to neglect no Confederate veteran in this sweet remembrance, yet very little interest often is manifested regarding them. These medals are intended to preserve the memory of great deeds, grand achievements, or faithful performance of duty; and the cross is the

universal symbol of the highest dignity, honor, and self-sacrifice.

Texas Heroes Day, March 15, has been celebrated with delightful exercises, recounting valorous deeds of brave Texans, members of our household, thus writing history and personal records of much interest and value. On March 17 a beautiful monument to our daring Dick Dowling was unveiled at Houston, Daughters participating with Veterans and Sons in the impressive ceremonies.

The monument to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, a recumbent figure, a superb work of art from the hand of Texas's gifted sculptress, Miss Elizabeth Ney, has been placed over the grave of our immortal general, who once said: "If I cannot be buried in Texas, I wish a shovelful of Texas soil put upon my breast." Daughters, through the Albert Sidney Johnston Monument Committee, by petitions and memorials appealed to the Legislature for an appropriation of ten thousand dollars toward this monument; but the petition was not granted, nor was any appropriation made. Through the efforts of our ex-President, Mrs. Cone Johnson, however, the matter was brought before a special session of the Legislature, and the bill passed both Houses and was approved by the Governor. A further compliment was paid the Daughters by the bill providing that the President of the Division should be a member of the committee under whose direction the monument should be selected, erected, and the appropriation expended. The Governor, Comptroller, and Superintendent of

Public Buildings and Grounds, with the President, compose the committee to accept the monument.

Upon the granite at the foot of the structure is engraved: "In the year 1904, by the State of Texas, in memory of Albert Sidney Johnston, a brigadier general in the army of the republic of Texas and also Secretary of War, an officer in the army of the United States in the war with Mexico, and a general in the army of the Confederate States. He fell at Shiloh on April 6, 1862, while in command of the Confederate forces, in defense of the right of self-government and of the constitution. Texas bids her sons come and read. The body may to the sword fall victim, but the principles of constitutional liberty will never die."

Mrs. S. H. Watson, State Historian, prepares and sends quarterly to all Chapters and Auxiliaries programmes which are very generally used. The "Confederate Catechism" is studied in connection with this work.

The committee to secure a home for indigent wives and widows of Confederate veterans has labored incessantly. It is a work that meets with the approval of the entire Division. It is now a chartered institution to be controlled by trustees. A valuable site consisting of eight lots has been secured at a cost of \$1,200, and plans for a building to cost \$4,000 have been accepted. There is \$1,618.85 in the treasury, and earnest women are diligently collecting funds to hasten the construction. The bill asking an appropriation from the State for \$10,000 passed both Houses, then was vetoed by the Governor on the plea of unconstitutionality. We do not censure him, nor are we discouraged, believing it is better to have a Governor who sustains the constitution than to realize even this cherished desire at the cost of wrongdoing. We will strive to have the constitution amended, so we may yet have the appropriation. Confederate Camps and citizens generally indorse our good work and promise substantial aid.

The Confederate Home at Austin is full to overflowing with veterans who cannot say enough in praise of the sunshine, happiness, and comfort afforded them by the Daughters. Fifty-two of them attended the recent reunion at Galveston, and enjoyed particularly a reception tendered them by Veuve Jefferson Davis Chapter on the spacious lawn of Mrs. Mollie R. Macgill Rosenberg. At Christmas, Thanksgiving, and in March boxes containing every imaginable good thing to eat are sent to them. Chairs, cushions, canes, umbrellas, books, and magazines sent by Chapters add to their ease and entertainment. The Home includes hospital, chapel, library, and reading room. Col. Chenoworth, Superintendent, is most cordial in his invitations to all Division officers and Daughters to visit the Home. The library has been a great source of pleasure and pride to the inmates. Sitting in their comfortable chairs, surrounded with evidences of the love and respect of the people, they can compare these pleasant days with the hard, bitter years of struggle in which they earned by their self-sacrifice the right to be cared for by the State whose name they helped to make so glorious.

Children's auxiliaries under the parent Chapter have their constitution and by-laws. We believe there is no United Daughters of the Confederacy work more important than influencing our children to become patriots, familiarizing them with the deeds and principles of their progenitors and teaching them to emulate and perpetuate the virtues of a proud ancestry. Application papers of auxiliary members are filled, then registered and certificates of membership given each one. Officers are elected from the children, but

a director is chosen from the Chapter. The "Confederate Catechism," written by Mrs. Stone at the suggestion and expense of the Division "patron saint," Mrs. Mollie R. Macgill Rosenberg, is an important study in their monthly meetings. The Board of Regents to operate, manage, and control the Confederate museum in the beautiful room in our State house has done excellent work in collecting many valuable souvenirs, relics, and articles of historic importance. Pictures of President Davis and one of his Cabinet, last interview of Lee and Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Col. W. L. Norton, Col. Upton, Gen. Ben McCullough, and Gen. John H. Reagan adorn the walls; while seven show cases, three bookcases, a chandelier, and three dozen chairs have been added to the furnishings.

Mrs. Winkler is most earnest in her work. Her extensive acquaintance and influence among Confederates has enabled her to add to the attractiveness of our Texas Room in the Richmond museum a bronze tablet to Col. A. H. Belo, Terry's Texas Rangers' Memorial Window; also a bronze tablet in honor of Green's Texas Brigade and an oil portrait of "Texas's Grand Old Man," Hon. John H. Reagan. The portrait was a three-hundred-dollar gift of Gen. John Griffith Chapter, Terrell. Funds are being collected toward the Dick Dowling window, which when placed will complete a group of windows to Texas infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Each Chapter pledges one dollar toward the expense of this room in the museum.

The Division is raising funds for the erection of monuments to Texas dead in Chickamauga Park; also monuments to Gen. Tom Green and Col. William P. Rogers and to place a portrait of Mrs. Winkler beside that of her illustrious husband in the Texas Room, Richmond, Va., and also to secure one of the late ex-Gov. Lubbock for the same museum.

Mrs. Wharton Bates, of Houston, has prepared a booklet of quotations from Southern authors. Daughters have sent her their favorite Southern quotation or an original thought to adorn the volume. The proceeds are used in locating and marking graves of Confederate soldiers on battlefields.

Veuve Jefferson Davis Chapter, Galveston, will erect a monument to sailors and soldiers, living and dead, of the Confederacy, the cost to be \$5,500. They have paid \$2,000 on it, and have nearly another thousand in their treasury, and are now doing this work without assistance from any one outside their Chapter except receipts from the sale of the "Catechism." Gen. J. S. Griffith Chapter, Terrell, will build an industrial school for the sons of Confederate veterans and a monument to the Southern soldiers. John H. Reagan Chapter and Camp will build a monument to Judge Reagan. This will be contributed to by every loyal man, woman, and child in Texas. [Let the VETERAN add "and from others."]

It has been the endeavor of the Text-Book and Library Committee to place in school and college libraries, also public libraries, books and histories impartial in their statements. Lists of books of fiction and fact have been compiled for this purpose. Many Chapters have scrapbooks in which they keep bits of valuable information gathered in their neighborhood, war articles clipped from daily papers, old letters written in tent or by camp fires, and personal experiences during the thrilling period of the War between the States.

Mrs. Mollie R. Macgill Rosenberg has the design for the Texas historical and souvenir plate ready, and it should long ago have been in the hand of the manufacturer; but it has been impossible for her to get into communication with her whose duty it is to place the order. Nothing has been heard

from the Davis platter, and the public generally indorsed the movement to honor the man who bore all the responsibilities, civil and military, during the most trying period of the South's history, becoming the vicarious sufferer for us, manacled and having every possible indignity heaped upon him. With thoughtful eagerness on the part of the Daughters to honor all noble Confederate causes, four years ago Mrs. Rosenberg, as chairman of the committee, tried to inaugurate this movement, and espoused it with all her vigorous enthusiasm. Appropriate resolutions were drawn and circular letters sent out, but the result hoped for was not attained. After two years of constant labor by Mrs. Nunn and her committee, the bill was secured making June 3 a State holiday. Texas would like to have led in this honor, but is proud to follow in the train of Tennessee, Mississippi, and South Carolina. Mrs. Nunn said she was glad to undertake this task because she had lived, suffered, and prayed during that great but terrible struggle with husband and brothers away from home engaged in the war from 1861 to 1865, and knew the patriotic and immense sacrifices made by the South; knew it was a struggle for liberty, honor, and constitutional rights, and that it was an epoch in the history of America that has received and will receive enduring admiration, as no such chapter in a nation's history can be forgotten. Future generations will recall the name and life of Jefferson Davis in this annual tribute to his memory. Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis in beautiful letters to Mrs. Nunn and myself most appreciatively made acknowledgment of the honor shown her husband's memory.

There seems to have been some discrepancy in the number of Chapters reported as belonging to our Division. After a most conscientious and searching investigation by my secretary and myself, we find on our roster in good standing one hundred and twelve Chapters with a membership of five thousand one hundred and fifty-three, and thirty-three silent Chapters. Our committee on Chapter extensions has done good work, eight Chapters having been organized and twelve that had become discouraged and incapacitated have been infused with new life and helped back to activity and usefulness. I believe the cause of Chapters lapsing into lethargy and indifference is due to imperfect organization, ignorance of proper methods, and lack of enthusiastic, intelligent leadership. Since our State has been divided into four districts for Chapter extensions, each presided over by one of our Vice Presidents who understands organizations thoroughly, this trouble will be avoided in future.

The work of registration is insisted upon, and no one is a member of the Texas Division whose papers are not filled and filed, one with the State and the other with the Chapter Registrar and dues paid. Since the last general convention two hundred and sixty-four papers have been recorded by Mrs. Hazlett, our State Registrar, who has shown peculiar fitness for her arduous, never-ending work. All of our State officers are efficient, enthusiastic workers, and I would crown each with a wreath of ardent praise. Too much honor cannot be bestowed upon Mrs. Louella Styles Vincent, our scholarly Secretary. She has manifested ability, enthusiasm, energy, and faithfulness commensurate with the immensity of the work and her love for our sacred cause.

As a result of our seed-sowing and reaping, we find libraries organized and equipped, anniversaries observed, truthful history taught, new Chapters formed, old ones stimulated to renewed efforts, a home for Confederate widows and wives of veterans chartered and funds being collected for its

establishment and maintenance, inmates of Confederate Veterans' Home cheered and made more comfortable, children's auxiliaries formed as adjuncts to parent Chapters, rooms for Confederate relics maintained in the State Capitol at Austin and in Texas Room at Richmond, Va., monument and portrait funds, report of U. D. C. news through the press, and, above all, our beloved President Davis's birthday made a legal holiday.

While we have been thus busy and our efforts crowned with success, God too has harvested some ripe and well-matured grain into the heavenly garner. Our Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Annie E. Sydnor, left earthly fields of usefulness for home and heaven December 21, 1904.

Hon. John H. Reagan, last surviving member of President Davis's Cabinet and honorary member of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, "the incorruptible patriot," died as he had lived—in the full and complete enjoyment of a Christian's faith, a Christian's hope, and a Christian's certainty of a blissful immortality. A tireless worker in the field of public service, the harvest that came from his hands was abundant in measure and priceless in value. May we as heirs to so great and so rich an inheritance prove ourselves worthy to enjoy it and able to transmit it unimpaired to the generations that are to follow!

"With sickles of truth has our work been done.
And we've gathered our sheaves in one by one;
We would stack them where the Lp pine in abundance doth spring,

And abroad to the breezes our motto we'd fling.
'Superior to Adversity, Equal to Prosperity' has led us thus far

In our united work in the State of 'Lone Star';
May the flag of the Daughters eternally wave
While men are heroic and women are brave!"

GEORGIA DAUGHTERS TO CAPT. WIRZ.

The Georgia Division, U. D. C., held an interesting and profitable session at Macon October 25, in which they inaugurated a plan to honor Capt. Henry Wirz by a bronze memorial in Andersonville, Ga.

The following resolution was offered by Mrs. L. G. Young, of Savannah:

"Whereas Capt. Henry Wirz, commandant of the stockade prison at Andersonville, Ga., was judicially murdered under false charges of cruelty to prisoners; and whereas after an interval of forty years these false charges are reiterated on signboards, in private places, from the pulpit, and on monuments; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Georgia use their influence to obtain the necessary funds to place a suitable memorial to Capt. Wirz in Andersonville, Ga., upon which a statement of facts shall be engraved in enduring brass or marble, showing that the Federal government was solely responsible for conditions at Andersonville.

"Be it further resolved, That as four Federal prisoners were permitted to go from Andersonville to Washington to plead for an exchange of prisoners, and when refused a hearing returned to prison, thus keeping their parole, a tribute to their honor be inscribed on said monument."

Miss A. C. Benning, of Columbus, moved that the convention adopt the resolution of Mrs. Young and that the Georgia Division, U. D. C., at once take the initiative and secure funds to erect at Andersonville, Ga., a monument which shall stand

as the protest of the South against the slanders and falsehoods already displayed in bronze and marble at that place. It was seconded by Mrs. M. L. Johnson, and carried.

The Daughters set forth the official records to show the base charges by Federal authorities in connection with the treatment of prisoners.

Mrs. Young made an earnest plea for true records, giving figures and quotations from Stanton, United States Secretary of War, and Gen. Grant, commander in chief of the Federal armies:

"What are the facts? Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, in his report of July 19, 1866, made this statement: 'Confederates in Northern prisons, 220,000; Union soldiers in Southern prisons, 270,000; excess of Union prisoners, 50,000; deaths in Northern prisons, 26,536; in Southern prisons, 22,756.'

"This report of Secretary Stanton was corroborated the next June by the report of Surgeon General Barnes; and when reduced to pure mathematics, means that twelve per cent of all Confederate prisoners died in prison, while less than nine per cent of Union soldiers died in Southern prisons. If these facts are true, and they are all a matter of record, does not this show the falsity of the South's maltreatment of prisoners in her hands?

"Why did thousands of Union soldiers die in prison? The South was all the time anxious to exchange man for man. They always thought it cheaper to fight the enemy than to feed him. They preferred to exchange prisoners on the field when they were taken, thus avoiding the many horrors of prison life and the expense of maintenance.

"The question comes up: 'Why were not all prisoners immediately exchanged?' The answer is found in Gen. Grant's dispatch to Gen. Butler, August 18, 1864: 'It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. At this particular time to release all Rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here.'

"What a tribute to Southern valor! The poor, weak, ill-fed Confederates just from Federal prisons would insure the defeat of Sherman's well-fed veterans and compromise the safety of Grant's hordes!

"The Richmond authorities proposed to permit Federal surgeons to go to the Southern prisons, carrying and administering their own medicines, and not ask a similar right for the Confederates. This was not accepted, though they well knew that the greatest mortality and suffering their prisoners were undergoing was for want of medicine.

"After all hope of exchange was abandoned, Judge Aul, the Confederate commissioner, offered early in August, 1864, to deliver to the Federal authorities all their sick and wounded at the mouth of the Savannah River without asking for an equivalent of Southern prisoners. This offer was made early in August, and, though the deadly malarial season was just ahead, the United States government did not send a single vessel to receive these dying prisoners till in December, thus allowing a scarcity of food and medicine and the burning sun of the dog days to have full sway over the brave but unfortunate soldiers. As soon as a Federal vessel reached the mouth of the Savannah River thirteen thousand Federal sick, wounded, and some able-bodied soldiers were turned over to the authorities, while three thousand Confederate soldiers were delivered to the Richmond authorities.

"The supplies for hospitals in the South having become absolutely exhausted, the authorities offered to buy hospital

supplies from the North for their own prison soldiers, payable in gold or cotton, promising on the honor of the South that none of them should be used for Southern soldiers, yet this was declined.

ALABAMA STATE CONVENTION, U. D. C.

Reports of the proceedings of the last Alabama Convention of the United Daughters has not appeared in the *VETERAN*, but it is due to refer to two features of the proceedings. One of them was an informal reception at the home of Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston—the old home of Admiral Raphael Semmes—that will remain a memory of delight to the delegates, as will her address of welcome to Mobile. The other, the *VETERAN* is pleased to see, was the ardently expressed appreciation of Miss Sallie Jones, of Camden, who was several years ago made the honorary life President of the Division. It is gratifying to know how thoroughly Miss Sallie Jones's intelligent labors are appreciated. Back in its earliest years the *VETERAN* bears testimony to the constant zeal of Miss Jones when there was no prospect of personal tribute to her. She labored on like the soldiers in the dark days of the sixties. So in fact it is meet, as stated in an exchange, that "her presence was at all times honored with enthusiasm."

In an address to the Division Miss Jones said:

"It gives me great pleasure to meet with you again; and particularly am I glad to meet with you in this historic city of Mobile, whose citizen-soldiers responded so patriotically to their country's call, and where lies all that is mortal of our greatest Southern poet, Father Ryan.

"In imagination we can see our stately war ship, the Alabama, starting on her 'Service Afloat,' bearing on her deck her illustrious commander, Admiral Raphael Semmes, whose name and fame is a glorious Southern heritage. Recollections such as these cannot fail to kindle anew the fires of patriotism and to give new inspiration to your councils.

"Just nine years ago our State organization was cradled in the city of Montgomery, and the Mobile Chapter was one of seven whose representatives formed the Alabama Division, now grown, through the splendid labors of my successors in office, into a power beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. Our organization is not merely a Memorial Association, meeting thus annually to place fresh garlands upon the sleeping defenders of a just cause; it has a wider grasp. It would obtain a true history of that gigantic struggle in which our Southern soldiers bled and died. From these heroes the Daughters of the Confederacy are proud to trace their descent, for the unbroken chain of their illustrious deeds forms a luminous page in the annals of our country. We would not forget their sacrifices. 'They are poor who have lost nothing; they poorer far who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor of all who lose and wish they might forget.' As a people we would be ungrateful if we did not recall their names with a thrill of emotion and if the deep fountains of our hearts were not stirred when we remember how they spilt their patriot blood and sacrificed their heroic lives upon the altar of their country, for the honor of Alabama, for their homes and for their families, for the rights of the States, and for the principles of the Union as they were handed down to them by the fathers of this republic. The South is rich in legends of their valor and heroism. Be it our labor of love to cherish these hallowed memories and to rescue from oblivion

'Deeds that should not pass away
And names that must not wither.'

SOUVENIR OF PROMOTIONS FOR J. D. TILLMAN.

The VETERAN contains herewith in facsimile an official document of the War between the States—a commission to Col. James D. Tillman (spelled Tilghman, the old spelling), who was colonel of the 41st Tennessee Volunteer Infantry. By this commission, as will be seen, he was made colonel of ten consolidated regiments because of his experience, efficiency, and gallantry. The commission is signed by Maj. Gens. John C. Brown, C. S. Stevenson, William B. Bates, and by Lieut. Gen. W. J. Hardee.

Mr. Tillman enlisted as a private in the Shelbyville Grays, under Capt. Boone, raised in Bedford and adjacent counties. He was elected second lieutenant, and was in the hot of the fight at Fort Donelson, where he was captured, with the army there surrendered. After being exchanged, Lieut. Tillman was made lieutenant colonel of the 41st Tennessee Regiment. Upon the retirement of Col. Farquharson he was made colonel of the regiment, and to the end of the war was in command of that and other regiments or remnants of regiments consolidated with the 41st. Col. Tillman never electioneered for any promotions which were given to him. They were received without solicitation.

After the war, Col. Tillman read law with Buchanan and Davidson, and practiced that profession for a short time with Hon. Thomas H. Coldwell at Shelbyville, Tenn. After marriage he moved to Fayetteville and was in partnership with Col. J. B. Lamb and afterwards with his son, W. B. Lamb. He continued in the practice for about thirty years. Col. Tillman was subsequently a member of the Legislature of 1871, of the Senate of 1873, 1893, and 1901, and from 1895 to 1898 was Minister to Ecuador by appointment of President Cleveland.

Like his Confederate comrades, he is now on the "shady side" of life, and lives retired upon his farm, a few miles from Fayetteville, Tenn. Col. Tillman is the oldest of six brothers: Lewis Tillman, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Col. S. E. Tillman, West Point, N. Y.; Commander E. H. Tillman, United States navy; George N. Tillman and A. M. Tillman, of Nashville, Tenn.

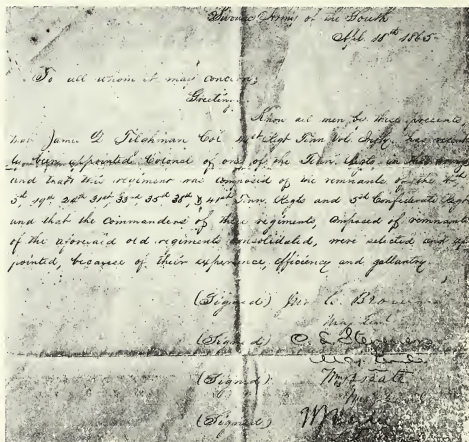
COL. TILLMAN PAYS TRIBUTE TO GEN. BUSHROD R. JOHNSON.

[The presentation of a portrait of Gen. Johnson to the Peabody College, Nashville, recently was the occasion for a worthy historic sketch.]

It has been nearly a half century since I sat in these reception rooms and trod these halls with boys and young men from Kentucky, Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Missouri, Tennessee, and other States of this great country. All except myself, I believe, of the class which graduated here in 1860 are dead, and all the teachers and instructors have passed to their reward, leaving behind them a record of usefulness and honorable lives.

Col. Bushrod R. Johnson, Superintendent during my period of study here (1859 and 1860), was, I believe, the last of that

honorable and learned corps of professors—Prof. Stewart, of the dead languages; Prof. Hamilton, of mathematics; Prof. Blackie, of chemistry, geology, and kindred studies; and Dr. Hoyt, of moral philosophy. Col. Johnson, afterwards a major general in the Confederate army, was the superintendent and commandant of cadets, and was a quiet, dignified, studious, and courteous gentleman. He graduated at the United States Military Academy in 1840. Upon leaving the Military Academy he was appointed a second lieutenant in the 3d Infantry in July, 1840, and saw service in Florida, in Missouri, on the frontier as a first lieutenant in the 3d Infantry, in Kansas in 1844, in Louisiana in 1845, in Texas in 1846, and in the war with Mexico in 1846-47, when he was



in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and in the siege of Vera Cruz. He resigned from the army in October, 1847, and engaged in teaching in the Western Military Institute, at Georgetown, Ky. He came to Nashville in 1855, and was superintendent and professor of engineering until 1861. He was made a brigadier general in the army of the Confederate States in 1862. His brigade was composed of the 17th, 23d, 25th, 37th, and 44th Tennessee Regiments. He was at Fort Donelson, but was not taken prisoner, walking away from Dover undisturbed in company with Col. Anderson, who later commanded the 8th Tennessee Infantry.

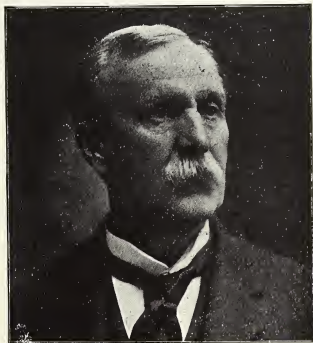
Gen. Johnson commanded a brigade at Shiloh, where he was wounded. He commanded a brigade at Perryville and at Murfreesboro. Later he was with Longstreet in East Tennessee, where he commanded Buckner's Division. So quiet, modest, and unassuming was he that except to and with his immediate superiors and those under him little was known of his efficient service until after the battle of Chickamauga.

It is a matter of wonder to those who witnessed or participated in the movements of Gen. Johnson's command on the

18th, 19th, and 20th of September, 1863, how accurate and modest and just was every statement in his report, a report which has given to the Dyer Field and Snodgrass Hill worldwide fame. His division in that great battle was composed of Johnson's Brigade (all Tennesseans), Gregg's Brigade (all Tennesseans except the 7th Texas), and McNair's (composed of men from Alabama, Arkansas, and other States). Only once in his report does he depart from the simple narrative, and this departure was to describe a grand and ever-to-be-remembered scene by those who witnessed it. He says in reporting the charge through the Dyer Field: "The scene now presented was unspeakably grand. The resolute and impetuous charge, the rush of our heavy columns, sweeping out from the gloom and shadow of the forest into the open fields flooded with sunlight, the glitter of arms, the onward dash of artillery and mounted men, the retreat of the foe, the shouts of the hosts of our army, the noise of firearms, of whistling balls, of grapeshot, and of bursting shells made up a battle scene of unsurpassed grandeur."

I may be pardoned for saying I witnessed and was a part of this command which broke the enemy's lines, and the picture drawn by the report is not overdrawn.

So anxious was he to be just in all things and to all men, before mentioning the special acts of gallantry which he witnessed he says: "I ought here to mention the heroic efforts of officers and men which came under my observation, but for want of personal acquaintance I cannot do justice to all."



COL. JAMES D. TILLMAN.

If duty demanded it or success required it, Gen. Johnson would have dared as much as Marshal Ney, a Murat, a Cardigan, or a Pickett.

ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF GEN. B. R. JOHNSON.

Col. R. B. Snowden, of Memphis, Tenn., generously ordered a portrait of Gen. Johnson by a well-known artist as a gift to the Tennessee Historical Society, and requested that the formal presentation in his behalf be made by S. A. Cunningham, editor of the *VETERAN*.

Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson was born in Belmont County, Ohio, in 1817. He entered the West Point Military Academy as a cadet in 1836 and graduated in 1840. He served in the army until 1846, then engaged in educational pursuits, first in Kentucky and then in Tennessee. As has been stated by Col. Tillman, he was commandant and superintendent of cadets in the University of Nashville in 1861, at the outbreak of the War between the States. In 1870 Gen. Johnson returned to the University of Nashville, and left it in 1874, going to St. Louis. He went to Illinois in 1875, where he owned some valuable lands.

Gen. Johnson married in 1852. His wife died in 1858, leaving one son, Charles, born in 1854, who was married at Brighton, Ill., April 10, 1880, and has since died.

In making the presentation for Col. Snowden it seemed specially appropriate to mention his personal relations to Gen. Johnson, so extracts were made from a letter that he wrote to Mr. R. U. Johnson, a greatnephew of Gen. Johnson, who is assistant editor of the *Century Magazine*, in which he says:

"My first acquaintance with Gen. Johnson was when I entered the Western Military Institute at Drennan Springs, Ky. He was President of the college, which was afterwards amalgamated with the University of Nashville. When the war broke out, he was appointed military officer for the State by Gov. Harris, with the rank of colonel. From this he was gradually promoted till he became a major general under Gen. Lee in Virginia. I was complimented by 'Old Bush,' as we called him, by his mustering me in the service as adjutant of the 1st Tennessee Regiment, calling me out and administering the oath. After serving in Virginia under Lee and Stonewall Jackson, the command was ordered back to Tennessee in time to join in the battle of Shiloh. After the battle, Gen. Johnson, who had commanded a brigade and was wounded, sent for me and asked me to accept a position on his staff as adjutant general, to which I consented, so that I was almost always afterwards under his command.

"After the battle of Murfreesboro, I was placed in command of a regiment, a promotion rarely ever from the staff to the line for gallantry. Gen. Johnson recommended me in the first place, and Gens. Cleburne, John C. Brown, Hardee, and Bragg, all urged my appointment. I mention this to show how close I was to your greatuncle. He was at my house, Annesdale, just before he died. I gave him a dining and had many old Confeds of his acquaintance present. We kept up the affair till morning. Of the party present, only one besides myself is living. He then spoke of going back to Mexico and investing in some enterprise in that country, but he did not live to carry out his idea. He was a friend of Gen. Grant. I never heard him speak of Sherman, though he was in his class at West Point."

SKETCH OF GEN. B. R. JOHNSON.

BY COL. J. D. PORTER, ADJT. GEN. TO GEN. B. F. CHEATHAM.

[The following sketch, by Hon. James D. Porter, is so thorough and so complete for the space occupied that much of that which was given by Mr. C. in presenting the portrait for Col. Snowden is omitted. Justice to this true patriot and fine soldier has been very tardy, and many a veteran who served under Gen. Johnson will be gratified with the record here noted. It is gratifying to be able to present so accurate a tribute to this neglected general as by Gov. Porter.]

Bushrod Rust Johnson was born at Norwich, Muskingum County, Ohio, son of Noah Johnson. His parents were Vir-

ginians, and he was born a few months after their removal to Ohio. He was admitted to the Military Academy at West Point July 1, 1830, aged eighteen years and nine months. He graduated July 1, 1840, in a class with Gen. W. T. Sherman and Gen. George H. Thomas, of the Federal army, and Gen. John P. McCown and Gen. R. S. Ewell, of the Confederate army. He was made a second lieutenant in the 3d Infantry in July, 1840, served in the Florida War 1840-43, promoted to be first lieutenant in 1844, and was on frontier duty in the military occupation of Texas. He was in the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, 1846, in the war with Mexico, in the battle of Monterey, the siege of Vera Cruz, and was promoted to captain for gallantry and assigned to commissary duty at Vera Cruz. He resigned from the army in October, 1847. He was the head of the Military Institute at Georgetown, Ky., 1848-49, and had with him as Vice Principal the Hon. James G. Blaine, afterwards eminent in public life. The institute was removed, first, temporarily to Drennan Springs, and then permanently, in 1855, to the University of Nashville, where he had a distinguished career as an educator, lasting until 1861. Gen. Johnson did not hesitate in his allegiance to the State of Tennessee. He belonged to that school of constitutional constructionists who recognized paramount duty to the State. Hundreds of his pupils were officers of the Confederate armies, and faculty and students in some capacity all joined that army.

The Governor of Tennessee made Gen. Johnson colonel of engineers. He constructed Fort Donelson. That it was well done is attested by the result of the attack made by Flag Officer Foote, United States navy. Full of confidence, with an armament many times the strength of the guns of the fort, his attack was not only a dismal failure, but he was driven off, himself wounded, his flagship disabled, and his entire squadron fled or drifted out of action.

At the battle of Fort Donelson Gen. Johnson was conspicuous for skill and courage. His command was constantly engaged, and repulsed every assault made by the enemy. In the final effort to retire the forces, Gen. Johnson, leaving Heiman, of the 10th Tennessee, in the trenches, united with Gen. Buckner and drove McClelland's Corps from the Wynn's Ferry Road, and held it securely. This success was so pronounced that the commanding general of the Confederate forces was misled and ordered the troops back to the trenches, where surrender became inevitable. Pending arrangements for the capitulation, Gen. Johnson, accompanied by Capt. John H. Anderson, 10th Tennessee, afterwards colonel of the 8th, retired from our lines and joined the army then being concentrated at Corinth.

He was ordered to the command of a brigade of Cheatham's Division, and led it at the battle of Shiloh. He was very severely wounded early in the action, and was carried from the field, but not until he had exhibited the highest qualities of the soldier. Gen. Cheatham commended his conduct on the field and cherished afterwards great admiration for it. At Perryville Gen. Johnson commanded a brigade in Hardee's Corps, and shared with that eminent soldier the glories of that splendid Confederate victory. At Murfreesboro his brigade was in Cleburne's Division. It was composed of the 37th, Col. Moses White; 44th, Col. John S. Fulton; 25th, Col. John M. Hughes; 17th, Col. A. S. Marks; 23d, Lieut. Col. R. H. Keeble.

Cleburne's Division, always distinguished, was famous after the battle of Murfreesboro. One of the chief contributors to it was Bushrod Johnson and his gallant brigade. At Chick-

mauga he won his greatest distinction. His division consisted of his own brigade under Col. John S. Fulton, McNair's Brigade and Gregg's Brigade of Tennesseans, and Bledsoe's Mississippi Battery. He was first to cross the Chickamauga, and no other troops crossed at any point until he had swept the next bank in front of their respective places of crossing.

He was not seriously engaged until 2 P.M. of the 19th of September, when his skirmishers were driven in. Bledsoe's and Everett's batteries opened fire, and Culpepper's Battery of three guns was brought into action on his left. Johnson's Brigade advanced six hundred yards, and received a deadly fire of artillery and musketry for an hour; but forced the enemy to retire beyond the Chattanooga road, where he took cover in the woods. The gallant Col. R. B. Snowden, with the 25th and a part of the 23d, watching his opportunity, wheeled to the right, gained the cover of a fence, fired two or three volleys at the battery, and then charged and captured it complete. At ten o'clock of the 20th the advance of the Confederate line was made. Johnson was in line at 7 A.M. He found the enemy posted behind the fence at Brotherton's house, also occupying two lines of breastworks in his front. He assailed everything in his front, fighting over six hundred yards through the woods under a fire of all arms. His losses were heavy, but his charge was irresistible, and the enemy fled or was killed or captured. They were reinforced, however, and re-formed and forced Johnson to retire; but his troops rallied in line at the batteries, again repulsed the enemy, and held the hill. In the final charge he drove the enemy far down the northern slope to the bottom of the deep hollow beyond. He had flanked and passed to the rear of the Federal position, and thus aided in carrying the heights south of Snodgrass's house. He captured prisoners, artillery, and small arms. Col. Sugg, commanding Gregg's Brigade after Gregg was wounded, captured nine pieces of artillery. The battery of the 1st Missouri (Federal) was captured and turned over to Bledsoe's 1st Missouri Confederate Battery.

In this great battle the number of Tennessee organizations was greater than ever assembled on any other battlefield; and when the monument erected by the State to her infantry soldiers was prepared, it was decided to place it at the most advanced position held by Tennesseans. After a thorough study of the field, it was located at the point herein named as occupied by Bushrod Johnson. It bears this inscription: "The State of Tennessee commemorates the heroism of her sons by the erection of this monument."

Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, telegraphed to his chief that "Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as Bull Run." Gen. Johnson's service here was followed by an arduous campaign in East Tennessee under Longstreet. He was then ordered to Richmond, and without rest for his command was ordered to cross the river to Drewry's Bluff, where he became a part of the army commanded by Beauregard. The battle of Drewry's Bluff was admirably planned and was a victory for our arms; but the want of the troops under Whiting, who was expected to form a junction with Beauregard, saved the Federals from a complete rout. Gen. Beauregard in his official report says: "Gen. Johnson meanwhile had been heavily engaged. The line of the enemy bent around his right flank, subjecting his brigade for a time to fire in flank and front. With admirable firmness he repulsed frequent assaults of the enemy moving in masses against his right and rear. Leader, officers, and men alike displayed their fitness for the trial to which they were sub-

jected. Among the many instances of heroism I cannot forbear to mention that Lieut. Waggoner, of the 17th Tennessee Regiment, went alone through a storm of fire and pulled down a white flag which a small isolated body of our men had raised, receiving a wound in the act." [Who can tell of Lieut. Waggoner?—Ed. VETERAN.]

In this campaign under Beauregard of a few days only Johnson lost many of the men who made his brigade famous.

After Drewry's Bluff, on the recommendation of Lee and Beauregard, Johnson was made a major general and assigned to a division on the line in front of Petersburg. Daily combats and skirmishes were reported until the 30th of July, 1864. Burnside, under orders from Grant and Meade, made the final attack, intended to annihilate the Confederate forces and capture Petersburg. On the 25th of June, under orders from Burnside, a mine was excavated under Pegram's salient. It was about six hundred feet in length, immediately under Pegram's Battery and Elliott's South Carolina Brigade, of Johnson's Division. The mine was fired at 4 A.M. It contained eight thousand pounds of powder. Gen. Johnson said the explosion was like the eruption of a volcano. More than one hundred thousand cubic feet of earth fell in heavy masses, burying everything within its reach. Two hundred and seventy-eight officers and men of Pegram's Battery and of the 22d and 18th South Carolina were killed. Burnside's 9th Corps was under arms, with orders to advance and carry the Confederate line immediately after the explosion. A brief lodgment was made, but soon Mahone with his two brigades reinforced Johnson's Division, and with the artillery the Federals were forced to retire after sustaining a loss reported by Burnside of three thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight.

The "Crater," famous in history, formed by the explosion, was two hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep, and it was here that large numbers of Burnside's advancing host found a refuge and place of safety. Gen. Grant characterized the attack as a "miserable failure." A court of inquiry was called to report on the cause of it. Burnside was censured, and it was found that several of his general officers, instead of leading their commands, had found safety in the Crater. Johnson was commended for his conduct, for his coolness under what seemed to be the most adverse conditions.

He shared the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia to the end, and surrendered with it at Appomattox. Returning to Tennessee, he resumed his place in the University of Nashville with the same modest dignity of his earlier years; but after a few years he changed his residence to Illinois, the inducement being to establish an only son in business.

All honor to his accomplished comrade, Col. R. B. Snowden, for hanging on the walls of the Tennessee Historical Society building a portrait in oil of this distinguished soldier! The same tribute has been paid to him by the authorities of the University of Nashville.

MISSISSIPPI SOLDIERS' HOME AT BEAUVOIR.—Comrade J. C. S. Timberlake, now taking a rest at Biloxi, Miss., near the Mississippi Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir, writes: "Last Thursday Mrs. Timberlake and the writer visited Beauvoir. We had a very pleasant time talking with the veterans. They are comfortably situated and speak in high terms of the management. Suppose you tell the readers of the VETERAN that it will be a very gracious thing in them to send newspapers, journals, and magazines to the veterans. Some do, but not

enough. I know of no better way to use a magazine after reading it than to send it to these old soldiers. Do this, and the result will be a great pleasure to old soldiers in the various Homes."

CONFEDERATE GROVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

An important and most interesting event was the planting of trees by the Daughters from each of the Southern States. "The grove" was planted by the government hospital, about a quarter of a mile from the Pacific Ocean. Much of an afternoon was spent in carefully planting these trees. Chairmen of State delegations had charge of planting. The *San Francisco Chronicle* said: "Soil from Georgia was put around the roots of the Georgia pine to keep it from being homesick." The names of the delegates, the States they represented, and trees they planted are as follows: Mrs. James Henry Parker, New York, white pine; Miss Oliva Arrington, Alabama, oak; Mrs. H. E. Stockbridge, Florida, water oak; Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, of San Francisco, and Mrs. M. B. Fowler, of Georgia, in memory of their father, Col. E. Bailey, water oak; Miss Katherine Latham, Georgia, pine; Mrs. Mortimer Glover, South Carolina, water oak; Mrs. Valerie, Austin, Tex., live oak; Miss Katie Childress, Louisiana, magnolia; Mrs. Charles Elliott, Virginia, white oak; Mrs. Alexander B. White, Tennessee, beech and ash; Mrs. D. C. Lanier, Georgia, tulip; Mrs. James H. Campbell, Missouri, white oak; Mrs. Andrew Broadus, Kentucky, blue ash; Mrs. Lilie McDowell, Mississippi, magnolia; Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, elm from Tennessee. The grove was planted in the grounds of the government hospital, and during the ceremony the band played airs. The scene was most inspiring."

MAJ. JOHN B. MOORE, A USEFUL COMRADE IN CALIFORNIA.—South Carolina merits her place in the foremost ranks of men for bravery and honor. She led the Confederacy, and was followed by her peers. Among her few remaining veteran field officers is Maj. John B. Moore, of Anderson, in that State, who is now commander of Camp "Pap" Price, of Colusa, Cal. The roll of the 1st South Carolina Rifles (Col. James L. Orr) shows a long list of officers and men who fought through that terrible war for patriotism and lost all but their lives, and Maj. Moore is prominent on that honored roll. He entered the service July 20, 1861, and laid down his arms when all was over, having been promoted from captain of a company to major of the regiment. Nearly two hundred men of his old company were on the roster when the last fighting was done, as the ranks were always filled again, other South Carolinians going forward to fields of honor and of death. To this company belonged the famous Simons brothers of that section, who were tall and typical soldiers. Nine of the ten were brothers, the other being a cousin. Drifting to the West, after occupying many places of prestige and honor in his native State, Maj. Moore settled with his family at Colusa-on-the-Sacramento, in California, where he and his wife, formerly Miss Clara Jones, of Georgia, still reside. He is growing old now, but is honored of men for his moral worth. His past was glorious, and is now a never-dying part of the history of South Carolina. For his grand record we must refer to the history of that State.

Pamphlet copies of the full report of the capture of the Mazeppa will be supplied by Mr. Julian F. Gracey, Clarks-ville, Tenn. He is ever pleased to hear from friends of his father, Capt. Frank P. Gracey. See VETERAN, December, 1905.

Confederate Veteran.

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This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL GREETING.

Two words in italics occur at the suggestion that the *VETERAN* begins its fourteenth year. They are *gratitude* and *humility*. In spite of desire for good cheer, the prevailing thought is of the multitude of comrades and mothers and Daughters of the Confederacy who have "crossed over the river" during the thirteen intervening years. It seems that quite a per cent over half of the contributors are gone.

Gratitude is first to the quiet multitude who have been steadfast in their patronage, yet who have never had recognition in the *VETERAN*. They are the unseen power; they have enabled its management to obtain a livelihood and much praise. Humility prevails because the Southern people deserve an abler advocate. Since all Confederate organizations have united in authorizing the *VETERAN* to "represent" them officially, desire is as ardent as it can be to do it worthily.

Tributes to the labor of the founder are deserved from the anxiety and readiness to do all he possibly can, yet it would gratify him if more of the honors could be shared by the thousands who are zealous in his aid. The ranks are diminishing so rapidly that Sons and Daughters must cooperate more and more if the truth is to be vindicated in the future. This plea must be kept up, and the warning must be heeded to maintain what the South deserves from the coming generations and those who study our history from outside.

DATES FOR THE REUNION AT NEW ORLEANS.

There is frequent inquiry through patrons of the *VETERAN* concerning time for the next Reunion, which is to be held in New Orleans. Recent inquiry of Comrade Andrew R. Blakeley, at the head of the great hotel, the St. Charles, elicited a reply under date of December 15 as follows: "I will advise you just as soon as it is decided on when the Reunion will be held here. Some of the people favor April, but I am opposed to it, for the reason that none of the hotels here or even the large boarding houses can take care of more than sixty per cent of the people in April that they could about the middle of May. April is a fairly good month here in the tourist line, and I hope the Executive Committee will make it May instead of April. However, whichever they do will be acquiesced in by me."

General sentiment seems to favor an early date, but there will be general sympathy with conditions with our New Orleans friends; and if they elect to have it as late as the "middle of May," there should be hearty acquiescence.

It is certainly fitting now to appeal to our good friends in New Orleans to abandon the lavish expenditure they exercised at the two former reunions in that city. This plea is not only in their behalf, but as setting an example that cities less able may spring into worthy rivalry to entertain at least one time the United Confederate Veterans.

The "Last Roll" is omitted from this issue save one page. Several omissions will appear in the February *VETERAN*. Let those who write such sketches be brief.

SUPPLEMENTAL TO UNITED DAUGHTERS.

The cordial hospitality of the people generally to delegates and the ardent efforts of all Confederate sympathizers to make them happy was a success. The Albert Sidney Johnston and the Jefferson Davis Chapters are as zealous in their labors as any in the Central South. They are royal in spirit and culture; therefore a credit to the South. The engraving of Miss Mildred Lee, to be seen in "Last Roll" department, is from a photograph that her mother, Mrs. R. E. Lee, gave to Mrs. Prichard, a daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and was a loan from her.

The *VETERAN* can hardly express the merit of all those noble California women to the best of everything here—and hereafter.

A day's journey from San Francisco to Los Angeles was most interesting. The beautiful small cities and the extent of rich land in fruits became monotonous.

The growth of Los Angeles is amazing. Southern sentiment there is much more general evidently than in other cities in the far West. More may be said of our people there by and by.

Another deep impression is made of the vast area of this country in the journey east from Los Angeles by the Southern Pacific and the Texas and Pacific Companies. Service on these lines is so efficient that it is a luxury to travel by them.

West of Yuma an overflow of the Colorado River into the great Colorado desert, which is over two hundred feet below sea level in places, created a novel scene. The track of the Southern Pacific has been moved for many miles, and a desolate feature was that of salt works that had been utterly ruined. The smoketack and top of the main building are above the sea of water in sight of the railroad, but the property, which before the break of the river levee was worth one hundred thousand dollars, is utterly worthless.

It was good to journey through Texas. Progress in the development of that great State is such that each journey reveals much progress in culture and thrift.

Supplemental to the report on the Confederate monument at Huntsville, Ala., in the December *VETERAN*, mention is made that the Chapter U. D. C. which achieved the worthy result was organized about eight years ago, and one of its prime objects was the erection of this monument. Its cost was \$2,500. It was designed by Mr. J. F. Hummel, of Huntsville, in conformity with suggestions from the Chapter. It is twenty-five feet high and made of Vermont granite. Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton was in the outset made President; yet living, as she does, a score of miles away, many of the duties of the office are performed by the First Vice President, Miss Sarah Manning Lowe, who, as Secretary for several years, has ever been a most active worker. As First Vice President for a year, Mrs. A. W. Newsom enlarged the work and membership. Mrs. Newsom is widely known and beloved in Nashville, her former home. The Chapter members deeply regretted her declination to continue serving officially after unanimously reelecting her. Mrs. E. C. Humes has ever been zealous in the objects for which the Chapter was organized.

The Chapter membership is fifty, and it confers crosses of honor in Madison and adjoining counties. It now proposes to enter actively into historic work and to diligently adopt measures for the permanent record of Confederate achievements. Honor and gratitude to the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Huntsville, Ala.!

GEN. W. B. WADE'S MILITARY ACHIEVEMENTS.

William B. Wade was born in Bedford County, Va., October 9, 1823. When a child the family moved to Columbus, Miss. At eighteen he returned to Virginia to enter the Virginia Military Institute, where he received his college education. When the Mexican War broke out, he had just attained his majority. The Columbus Riflemen, of which he was a member, volunteered their services. Not being accepted as a company, he, with several other members, joined the Tombigbee Volunteers, commanded by the noted A. K. McClung, which company was assigned to the 1st Mississippi Regiment, under the command of Jefferson Davis. When Capt. McClung was promoted to be lieutenant colonel, William P. Rogers became captain and William B. Wade second lieutenant of Company K. In this capacity he served with distinction, being one of the first who, with McClung, scaled the walls of Monterey. In the battle of Buena Vista and all the other severe battles in which the 1st Mississippi Regiment attained fame he participated, remaining with it until the close of its eventful career.

Returning from the Mexican War to his home, in Columbus, he lived an esteemed citizen, and was married in 1849 to Miss Anne Elizabeth Wooten. During these years of peace he was captain of the Columbus Riflemen. When secession was declared and Mississippi called for volunteers, he was among the first to respond, going with the first expedition to Pensacola, Fla. Returning with the troops, he immediately



GEN. W. B. WADE.

raised a company, the "Southrons," and was again ordered to Pensacola. Later he was elected lieutenant colonel of his regiment. When his term of service expired, he was made colonel of the 8th Confederate Regiment, which had a most interesting and eventful career. He first reported to Gen.

Joseph Wheeler in July, 1862, who wrote of him: "He was with me in many great battles, and was always distinguished for gallantry and good conduct in action."

By officers and men Gen. Wade was much beloved. He was a very brave and determined officer. Toward the close of the war he was transferred to the Mississippi Division, and commanded the 1st Cavalry Brigade in Forrest's Cavalry. After peace had been declared, he returned to Columbus. His beautiful young wife had died, and he was left with two little girls. In 1866 the town was filled with United States troops, and in an altercation with several of them he was murdered. After going through two wars, he died a martyr's death defending the womanhood of his home town.

His two daughters, Mrs. T. J. O'Neill and Mrs. S. B. Williamson, are living in Columbus. It was while in Tennessee that he, a cavalry officer with a small detachment of men, captured the Federal gunboats on the Cumberland River, the account of which is given below. There are now living in Columbus several men who were with him at the time this unique thing occurred, among them being Capt. Flood, the narrator of the event.

CAPTURE OF A GUNBOAT ON THE CUMBERLAND RIVER.

Capt. F. W. Flood, who commanded Company G of the 8th Mississippi Cavalry, writes of the capture of Yankee gunboats on the Cumberland River by Confederate cavalrymen: "The 8th Confederate Regiment of Cavalry, made up at Columbus, Miss., and commanded by the gallant Col. William B. Wade, a Mexican War veteran, was on duty on the Murfreesboro Pike, near Nashville, Tenn., for six months previous to the great Murfreesboro battle. When the Federal army advanced upon Murfreesboro, the 8th Confederate Regiment contested every inch of ground until the enemy reached that place, and at night Col. Wade received orders to take his regiment around the rear of the Federal army and attack their wagon trains at Laverne and Nolensville. We marched all night, and reached Laverne about daybreak, when Col. Wade made a gallant charge with the 8th Regiment, and captured a large wagon train, mules, provisions, and many prisoners. After paroling the prisoners, we made a dash for Nolensville, several miles distant, and charged the camp of the enemy, capturing another wagon train with supplies. We burned all the army goods, paroled the prisoners, and took all the horses and mules with us. Col. Wade then rejoined our army at Murfreesboro, and we fought the enemy on the picket lines all the next night, when our army began a retreat. Col. Wade covered the retreat of our army for two days, often fighting on foot dismounted like infantry.

"About three days after the Murfreesboro fight Col. Wade was ordered to go to the Cumberland River, fifteen miles below Nashville, and intercept a lot of Federal transports which were making their way to Ohio. Col. Wade reached the river early in the morning, and chose a fighting point at a bend of the river where the only navigable pass was close to the south bank. He found three transports at this point loaded with cotton and provisions, and sick men and wounded men on their way to Ohio. These we captured and paroled the prisoners, and, hearing a gunboat coming down the river, shelling the woods, Col. Wade ordered Company G, of the 8th Regiment, to take position in ambush on the bank of the river and open fire on the gunboat when she got in good range. The boat came on with six six-pounders on her open deck, shelling the woods in every direction, until they were

within sixty yards of Company G's lines, when Capt. Flood ordered his men to fire, and all the gunners and pilot were killed or driven from their post.

"The gallant Col. Wade, who had provided himself with two six-pounder rifle cannon, commanded the boat to surrender. They failed to obey his order, so he ordered a shot fired above the cabin, and they yet not complying with his orders, he ordered a shot put through the middle of the boat, upon which the captain ran up the white flag and brought his boat to land. Col. Wade ordered all the officers and crew of the boat ashore, and very humanely put all the sick and wounded men, with plenty of provisions and medical supplies, on one transport and let them retain the cotton, on condition that they burn it as soon as it reached Ohio. We paroled all the prisoners, and then took everything that was of any value to us off the boats and set fire to the gunboat and two transports. We got a nice supply of champagne, cognac brandy, and rye whisky off the boats. The captain of Company G ate his dinner from a nice turkey on a silver tea tray with a silver knife and fork. Said turkey was cooked for the captain of the gunboat.

"Col. Wade's scouts reported that a large force of infantry and cavalry were in pursuit of us, and we, having done all we could do, mounted our horses and rode thirty miles to a safe camping ground, and there enjoyed the good things we had captured from the boats.

"This is only a very brief account of the capture of the gunboat on Cumberland River; but I think I can safely say that this is the only instance on record where a colonel with a small, depleted regiment of men, and cavalry at that, and only two small six-pound pieces of artillery captured a gunboat with a full crew of officers and men and six good pieces of artillery and plenty of shot and shells, and that without the loss of a single man, either killed or wounded.

"Col. Wade was afterwards severely wounded in the leg in a fight in East Tennessee in which the 8th Regiment was engaged. Col. Wade was distinguished for two characteristics: one was his fearless bravery in the face of the enemy; the other was the good care he took of his men.

"The 8th Mississippi Cavalry was engaged in many large battles from Shiloh until the surrender and in hundreds of smaller fights in which the infantry never participated."

MY RETURN FROM DIXIE.

[The following very interesting story is from Mrs. Albert S. Marks, whose husband was colonel of the 17th Tennessee Infantry and after the war was for years an eminent judge in chancery and Governor of Tennessee. Mrs. Marks resides at present in Lebanon, Tenn.]

The signal of Lee at Appomattox that the War between the States was at an end found me boarding in the cultured and charming family of Dr. Lyles, at Macon, Miss., where I had passed the last six dreary months of refugee life. The supply of provisions was well-nigh exhausted; late overflows had ruined much of the growing crops; the enemy had conquered; Lincoln had been insanely murdered, uselessly inflaming the Northern heart to hatred and revenge; the very air was heavy with gloom; and the dismal, daily croak of the swamp frog was a fitting chime to the hopelessness that filled the land.

My husband must wait for the capitulation of Gen. Dick Taylor, and with affairs in this desperate state it was decided that, in order to go as far as possible on Confederate money, I should start at once for Tennessee, with my baby boy of

thirteen months, a small negro boy who had fallen into our hands by the death of his young master, and my sister-in-law, who was near by at a boarding school. On the first day of May my husband accompanied us to Meridian, where, with feelings of anxiety and wretchedness, but desperate determination, we bade him adieu, and with my young party (myself but little more than a schoolgirl) I set out by rail to Jackson. No incident worthy of note occurred until we reached Grenada. Here we found Maj. Mellon, a distant relative, though a stranger, to whom we bore a letter of introduction from my husband. It was difficult to get lodging; but with his aid we finally succeeded, paying out our first greenbacks at extravagant prices. The Major had on hand a lot of commissary supplies, and, not knowing that he could do better with them, gave us a small sack each of sugar and coffee. I took them, not knowing what I could do with them.

We were getting so near the enemy's lines that good coaches were not sent north of Grenada; but we were glad to have the comfort of even the roughest. These ran only to Yackeny River, where the bridge had been burned and where we had to take an ordinary flat car drawn by mules. Just after we had boarded the train at Grenada, some kind hand offered my boy a broad stick of white cream candy. The little fellow, though usually very friendly, turned away, show-



MRS. MARKS AND HER (FIRST) SON, ARTHUR.

ing his lack of acquaintance with such luxuries, and it called forth at once the remark: "I know you have been in Rebel-dom." As we approached nearer the enemy's lines the feeling of not knowing what to expect increased with every mile we traveled. The first night out from Grenada we passed at a farmhouse, where we were comfortable, and paid our fare with the sugar and coffee, which we thought fortunate, as the prospect for the means of transportation grew more uncertain. We started with fresh hope next morning, finding ourselves in quite a party, each bent on some point north. Four

persons I remember—two gentlemen from Memphis, Mr. W. and Mr. G., and two ladies, Mrs. M. and Miss Gibson, the latter from Alexandria, Va., but recently a teacher at Marion, Ala. She was wearing mourning for a dead lover, a Confederate colonel, who fell before Atlanta. She had several times before made the journey north through the Federal lines, and her knowledge of the route naturally made her our leader.

The Southern sun poured its burning rays upon us on that open car, and sometimes seemed more than we could bear; but in the absence of umbrellas the gentlemen thatched our heads with bushes from the roadside, adding much to our comfort in this novel ride. When we came to a down grade, our mules had to be detached. The car, propelled by its own weight, ran at a rapid speed, and on reaching the level again we had to wait for our mules to come up. A few miles past Sardis our driver was panic-stricken by being hailed with the news that the Federals were just ahead, taking all the horses and mules to be found. With this he quickly changed the mules to the other end of the car and started southward, continuing in that direction until night closed upon us at Sardis, finding us but little in advance of the point we had left in the morning. This was a distressing step for several reasons, the most important one the spending of our little stock of money in an unnecessary delay. The Federals were all about the town. The night was an anxious one, and when it was over a good many of my gold dollars were gone.

With renewed courage we started northward again next morning, and traveled without special incident until after passing Como. Some miles beyond rumors of trouble about our mules again reversed our direction, and, night coming on as we reached Como, we halted perplexed, not knowing where to pass it. Another day almost wasted. Mr. G., of Memphis, kindly came to our relief, and proposed to go to an acquaintance, who lived in a stately mansion just in sight, and procure lodging for Miss Gibson and my party. Our hearts leaped for joy, and we embraced him for his goodness when he returned with a favorable answer. Though forty years have gone by, memory brings vividly back the grounds, the genial old gentleman who gave us kindly greeting, the dark paper and hangings (giving the parlor a dismal look), the cool, broad halls, the luxurious beds and handsome furniture of the room assigned to us, the comfortable breakfast, but no word of welcome from the hostess. When we passed out next morning, though we had been sumptuously entertained, and left none of our gold for it, it was with an indefinite feeling of injury, knowing for ourselves that the cup of cold water must be given in a Christlike spirit if its mission be perfectly fulfilled and that high-bred women sometimes forget, or neglect, to be womanly.

Without further interruption we arrived next day at Senatobia, the end of the mule line. By advice of Miss Gibson, we passed the night here at the house of the man who owned and drove the hack to Memphis, distant a little less than forty miles. As we crossed the Cold Water Bottoms, we saw here and there evidences that war was in the land; and as we neared Memphis, more often still a lonely chimney in a yard overgrown with weeds and brambles spoke painfully the story of devastation and destruction. We were told that we must pass the picket guard around the city before sunset, for at that hour a signal was fired, after which no one was permitted to pass the line. Just as we drove in sight a gun rang out on the evening air, and we knew we were too late. Vexation of vexations! What were we to do? Miss Gibson assumed the lead, and proposed a personal interview

with the captain of the guard. What passed, we did not know, as we remained in the hack while she, accompanied by one of the gentlemen, went to his quarters. However, she maneuvered us through, and with feelings of oppressed relief we entered Memphis as a city of refuge, each one to go his and her own way.

With my party I drove to the Gayoso House. When the old negro porter came forward to assist us out, I, being in a friendly mood, addressed him as uncle. At this M. nudged me on the arm and whispered in a bated breath: "Sister, remember it is no longer uncle!" The hackman was to call at my room after tea for a settlement. Having been a Confederate soldier, I expected to find him brave and chivalric. I knew that his charges from Senatobia to Memphis were thirty-five dollars in greenbacks, which were then selling two for one in gold. Regular rates would take the larger part of my money I had left, so I determined to throw myself upon his chivalry and see if that could effect anything for me. I laid my gold in his hand, told him how far from home I was, that we were the family of a Confederate soldier, and that I wanted him to take such a part as he thought would be a just compensation and leave enough for the rest of my journey. His avarice only responded, and the Shylock took seventy of my one hundred gold dollars, making my trunk half rate. I was too much absorbed with my journey to think much about his lack of generosity, which only made the need of pressing forward the greater.

The next morning the first thing to be done was to see a newspaper to learn when a boat started up the river. To our joy the St. Patrick was advertised for Louisville at four o'clock in the afternoon. But Gen. Washburn must be seen and passes secured. These we obtained without trouble for any boat. We found Capt. Hart a gentleman and his boat a model. Nearly all on board were Southern people, and we not only enjoyed the sumptuous fare but the genial company, who soon made a hero of our little boy, whose petting and overfeeding resulted in making him sick, just as well-meant kindness often makes harm. The day was a delightful one on the broad Mississippi; and, looking back on it now, I can well believe in the law of compensation when I contrast the mule car and ambulance hack with that magnificent packet and its agreeable company. Two nights and one day out brought us to Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland. Here we met a cold wave, cloaks and good fires being necessary, and a cold wave for our hearts also in the form of Federal blue. The town was filled with soldiers, who abounded at the hotel where we spent the day. The fish was not so savory as that on the St. Patrick, and we ate in oppressed silence. The Cumberland was getting low, the boats to Nashville becoming infrequent. There was terror in the thought that we might have to lie here for days; but not so, for fortune favored us. The Emma Floyd landed, bound for Nashville. We hastened at once to take passage; but as we were going from the wharf boat a negro guard, whom in our hurry we had not noticed, with his white-gloved hand tapped my arm and demanded passes. With satisfaction I drew out the pass from Gen. Washburn; but, to my horror, he replied that that would not do, that I must have a pass from the commandant there. Where was he? The boat was about ready to depart, and I must see Capt. Hildreth and ask him to wait for me long enough to go to the commandant's office. Depositing baby and nurse with him, my sister and I hurriedly sought the office of the commandant. Calling for him, we were told that he was out of town. Then we must see the adjutant, but he also was absent. Here was another dilemma.

Perplexed and worried, we asked: "What can be done?" Again the goodness of human nature came to the surface. The quartermaster agreed to sign our passes, which he did, and with light hearts we hastened back to our boat.

The Cumberland was narrow and insignificant to the grand, proud, rolling Mississippi and the beautiful Ohio, but its laughing waters made music to my heart, for it was the river of my childhood, and I gazed upon its rugged banks with sweet satisfaction as I quietly glided home over its glassy bosom. Fort Donelson must be passed, and I must go back in memory to that day of wild suspense when dear ones had learned the first hard lesson of war in characters of blood, and the sad sequel of prison life eeked out at Johnson's Island, Camp Morton, and in Boston's dreary harbor. Even then in the tumult of the hour I felt that that experience must be laid away with the sacred things of the past, and we had come to the lesson of rehabilitation and learning to live in peace with our enemies.

Capt. Hildreth was most courteous and accommodating. He was making the trip with an excursion party from Cincinnati, chaperoned by Mrs. Rice, a dignified, kindly woman, who proved a Southern sympathizer. The time glided pleasantly enough with her little coterie, composed as it was of Northern girls, whom we could not regard but as foes. Northern papers, drunken on rage and victory, teemed with anathemas against Jefferson Davis and his Confederates. As we bowed our heads to the storm that was over us, it was with a longing, anxious look to the clouds of midnight blackness to know what they still held for us; but they gave back no response, and only bade us bravely wait.

The change from the simple food of the Confederacy to the bonbons of St. Patrick made havoc with my boy, and by this time he was severely ill in bed. Mrs. Rice, with sweet, motherly kindness, weighed and gave him medicine from her own chest. Next day he was no better. Knowing we were returning refugees, she came and said this to me: "I may be an alarmist, but I think your child is very sick. The boat is to 'round to' at Clarksville in a couple of hours. You should have medical advice. If you haven't the money to pay for it, I have, and you can return it to me in the future if you have it; if not, it will make no difference." This mark of generosity from a stranger and supposed enemy almost stunned me with surprise. I had a few dollars left, and, following her advice, sought the captain and asked for a physician at Clarksville. He replied by asking what was the nature of the illness. Upon learning, he said I did not need a doctor; that he had the remedy needed, a cordial made by himself. He, like most steamboat captains, had considerable knowledge of medicine, and I gave the case into his hands. As he had divined, his cordial proved its excellence, and soon my babe was healed; but I could not and will not forget the unselfish act of Mrs. Rice, and, though my babe to manhood grew, that act hangs in my memory "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Amid these varied trials my fevered mind was often backward turned to the dear one left behind, from whom no message came, and then forward to the loved ones at home to whom I was journeying.

One more ordeal awaited us—the searching of our baggage by a detective. Until a woman, conscious of no wrong act, has this indignity offered her she cannot understand the disgustful resentment it would arouse; yet powerless, she must submit. Its particulars I need not relate; suffice it to tell that the army letters of my husband to myself and those to him from friends remained untouched; also a few unmade

goods, for which fabulous prices (reminding us of Continental currency) had been paid and which might have been taken as contraband. With this closed the conflicts of my trip, except the annoying conduct of the negro boy already referred to. He was utterly demoralized by his new-found Yankee friends, and was so dazed and beyond control that I dropped him at Nashville to cast in his lot with them. Done in a moment of anger, it left me with a feeling of regret that was never quite dissipated, until one day years after he appeared at my door, a man, with the greeting that he had come to live with Mars Albert. In the meantime he had learned that freedom to the black man meant the necessity to work, the choice only when and how.

At Nashville we were kindly entertained by old friends, from whom we heard news of this and that mutual acquaintance that hours were needed to recite.

On Monday morning, just two weeks after we had started from Macon, we paid our last three dollars for tickets to Gallatin. Here we met the familiar face and cordial grasp of an old-time friend, Henry Banks Vaughan, who invited us to a homelike breakfast under his own hospitable roof, then arranged a carriage to take us home, but a few miles away across the river. Passing the plantation of my uncle, whose blacks still remained there as usual, though he was absent in the South, the excited hallooes of welcome and delight that met us gave us the last taste of old slavery days.

Home at last, in joy and gladness, we dined that day on Tennessee fried chicken and Dinah's hockcake. Ruin and desolation were all about us; but we looked forward, nevermore backward, believing there was "life in the old land yet."

SAM DAVIS.

[Composed by Miss Beatrice Stevens, of Dyersburg, Tenn., and read at a meeting of the local Chapter U. D. C. held on the birthday of Sam Davis for the presentation of crosses of honor.]

The world was beautiful. Of it he dreamed.

Its misty highways waited, leading far
To where, above their golden limits, gleamed
Life's twilight star.

Under the guardian hills so dear to him,
Held in the green heart of his native State,
Stood the old homestead, and eyes grown dim.
Within its gate

Watched the sweet, hopeful mother, with her trusting face
Seeking the lifted hills whence help must come,
Praying as only Southern mothers could,
"Lord, bring him home!"

But yonder stretched high honor's narrow way,
By less discerning eyes yet undescried.
Though the black shadow of a gallows lay
Across this side,

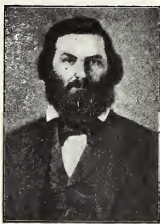
He faltered not. Lo, how the star he'd dreamed
Would shine upon him in life's twilight space
Burst from the beauty of the morning skies, and leaped
To kiss his face!

Lo, how the glory he had thought would shine
From sundown skies upon his evening way
Robed him in splendor as he passed at morn,
Proud honor's way!

LIEUT. COL. BENJAMIN J. JOHNSON.

Col. Benjamin J. Johnson was born near Beaufort, S. C., March 19, 1817. He graduated at William and Mary College, Virginia, studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but gave up the practice of law for the more congenial life of a planter.

At the age of twenty-five young Johnson was elected to represent Beaufort District in the State Legislature, and from that time until the war commenced he was actively engaged in State politics. Each succeeding December he was sent to Columbia either as Representative or State Senator. He was a candidate for Governor in 1860, but was defeated by one vote. Had he been elected, he, having been reared on the coast, would have paid special attention to coast defenses, and his native town of Beaufort would evidently not have fallen into the hands of the enemy until much later than was the case. However, he would have been Governor for every part of the State.



COL. B. J. JOHNSON.

Immediately upon South Carolina passing the act of secession Col. Johnson raised a company of infantry in the parishes of Christ Church and St. Thomas (to which latter parish he had removed a few years previously), which was called the Coast Guard. He was elected captain, and with his company supported the battery that fired on Fort Sumter. Shortly after that time he was elected captain of the famous Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston. He accepted; but before the company had tendered its services to the Confederate government his long-time friend, Col. Wade Hampton, offered him the lieutenant colonelcy of the Hampton Legion, that body of men afterwards so famous throughout the Confederacy, which honor he was about to decline, when the Washington Light Infantry proposed that if he would accept the company would go with him to Columbia and become part of the Legion. This purpose was carried out, and Col. Johnson went to Virginia with Hampton's Legion.

It is history the part that the Legion took in the first battle of Manassas in holding the key to the position of the Confederate forces until reinforcements were brought up which changed apparent defeat into certain and glorious victory—a dearly bought victory for the Legion and for South Carolina. Col. Johnson was killed, the Legion lost a gallant commander, South Carolina as true a son as ever stood up nobly for State rights, and the Confederacy as faithful an officer and as pure a gentleman as ever wore the gray. His remains were taken from Virginia and interred in Magnolia Cemetery, near Charleston. His resting place is marked by a modest monument erected to his memory by his family. So much for the public career of the pure patriot.

Col. Johnson was married in November, 1842, to Miss Caroline Ann Richardson, of Beaufort, S. C., who, together with six children, was left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father. In his private life "none knew him but to love him." His friends were legion, and among them some of the very best people of his native State. He was fond of all manly sports such as were indulged in by the planters along the coast, and few could excel him in any of them. Many anecdotes could be related of his skill, but that is not the

purpose of this sketch. His widow is buried beside him. His surviving children are scattered, none of them residing in his native State of South Carolina.

"THE TRUE JEFFERSON DAVIS."

BY JOHN L. KIRBY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

This is the subject of a well-timed public lecture by Dr. Guy Carlton Lee, the eminent scholar and historian, of Baltimore. It is an able, just, and impressive characterization of Mr. Davis as he was known to his contemporaries and as he lives in history. Nashville was honored as the place for the initial delivery of this lecture on the evening of October 26, when it was heard with enthusiastic interest and approval by a select audience of many thousands. The more graphic passages in the career of Mr. Davis are recited with wonderfully fine effect by Dr. Lee, whose mind is richly endowed and whose powers and graces of oratory are in the highest sense captivating.

The true character of Jefferson Davis has somehow remained largely in abeyance ever since the tragic days of First Manassas and of Appomattox. Some others, not more worthy perhaps, but less ill-starred, have for long had their characters amply revealed in the historian's page, in the orator's voice, in the effigy of marble or bronze, and in the tablet of the hall of fame. In his full and comprehensive study of the life of Mr. Davis, and in his very effective presentation of that study from the rostrum, Dr. Lee will be recognized as a man of sound historical judgment, of rare interpretative skill, and of commanding faith and courage. For many and obvious reasons this lecture seems of peculiar timeliness, and it is not too much to expect that it will be received with favor in all parts of our reunited country.

It is the decree of an impartial fate that Jefferson Davis must ever stand a heroic figure of no inferior mold, grouped with other true sons of fame whose resplendent valor and wise leadership have illustrated the glory of our land. He was thoroughly furnished with the grace and force of intellectual being and with the higher qualities of statesmanship and patriotism; while in the matter of long and varied and important public service few could dispute the palm with him. He was a man of action from the first to the last of his career. More than thirty years of his life were spent in distinguished service to his country, alike in the perilous field of war, in the halls of Congress, and in the executive Cabinet. Lastly, as one has truly and eloquently said, he "stood as the exponent of a cause to which was attached the most patriotic citizenship and the most courageous and chivalric soldiery that mankind has ever recorded or that tradition recalls. He believed, as he believed in his God, that the cause of the South was right, and from that belief the adverse arbitrament of arms, ignoble imprisonment, expatriation, poverty, and the partial regeneration of his own people never caused him to change or waver in the least, even in the hour of death."

It is sometimes averred that Mr. Davis died without a country. Not only is this fair and glorious Southland his by the dearest of all rights, but no one else has a claim of American citizenship superior to his. And this truth is destined to universal admission at no very remote time. The prediction is well justified by the more rapid disappearance of sectional prejudice in many quarters and the steady growth of a healthy national sentiment, as shown in the results of the conciliatory attitude of President Roosevelt and other influential leaders of the North; and such an opportune lecture as that of Dr. Lee, if given free course, will aid potentially in maintaining this era of good feeling, so happily inaugurated.

HARD FIGHTING OF FOURTH TEXAS.

BY MAJ. J. T. HUNTER, OAKWOOD, TEX.

Since the war I have hesitated to write anything for publication, thereby bringing myself into prominence, but I do it to clear up some misunderstanding and controversy concerning the time, place, and particulars of the death of the gallant and brave Ed Francis, color bearer of the 4th Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade.

The Texas Brigade, then commanded by Gen. J. B. Robertson, had been held in reserve until the afternoon of the first day's battle, and was then called on to attack a position that two other brigades had been unable to take (one of these brigades was commanded by that gallant soldier, splendid officer, and courteous gentleman, John Gregg, who on the 7th of October, 1864, was killed while in command of the Texas Brigade in a battle near the Charles City road below Richmond).

In this engagement the 4th Texas Regiment, to which I belonged, was commanded by Lieut. Col. J. B. Bane, Capt. R. H. Basset, of Company G, acting lieutenant colonel and I as major. We were very soon hotly engaged against a strong position, with a double line of battle in our front. In our first charge Col. Bane was wounded in the arm; but before leaving the field he called to me, saying: "Hunter, I am wounded; take command of the regiment." I replied: "Col. Basset ranks me and is on the right." He at once said: "There is no time to see Basset; take command." Just at this time the left wing of the regiment had forced the gunners away from a section [two pieces] of artillery that stood one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards obliquely to our left. I at once conceived the idea of making a rush, capturing and bringing out those guns, so I gave the order: "Left wing, left oblique, forward, charge!"

The guns stood in a public road, and just across this road there was a staked and ridged rail fence and behind it was a strong line of battle that up to that time had not opened on us because some of their own troops had been in advance of them. When we had covered half the distance or more, this line opened on us, and, being so much longer than ours, they gave us an enfilade as well as direct fire. We got in about fifty yards of the fence, but the fire was so heavy and the field perfectly open that we were forced to fall back. When we got back to where we started, I called on the men to "form on the colors," and was told that Francis was killed and the flag left. I returned and got those colors. Francis had gotten close enough to be using his pistol when killed, and he had fallen forward on the flagstaff. I rolled him over, raised the colors, and carried them out. On reaching the line, I called for a volunteer to take them, and Fred McKeig, of Company E, from Waco, threw down his gun and came bounding to me. I then ordered the regiment forward and charged a hewed log house in our front, which had been the "bone of contention" and had caused the discomfiture of the brigades that had preceded us. We took the house and held the position. The men fought around that house with the bayonet, and a number of the enemy were killed inside. No prisoners were taken. We buried twenty-two of my regiment in one grave near that house. The enemy's killed on that field, some two hundred, were never buried.

When I returned for the "flag," the line of battle behind the fence opened on me, and, though they shot my blanket and haversack full of holes and several in the flag, I was not touched. I don't think any one during the war had more

shots fired at him individually than I had on this occasion. I have always felt that the prayers of some good Southern woman must have been heard in my behalf. Though recording this incident may appear egotistic, these are facts that can be verified by witnesses who participated.

Fred McKeig and his father both lived and died in Waco. Capt. Basset was also wounded soon after Col. Bane. I commanded the regiment both days, made a report of the action of my regiment in the two days' battle, and was complimented by Gen. Robertson for a clear and concise report. I hope this will settle the question as to the death of the gallant Francis.

THE WATCH ON CEDAR HILL.

O sentry, cold and mute!

Unfettered, free, unled

By party or by man—

Strong watchman of the dead!

The winter winds shall smite thy breast,

As oft they smote thy charge before;

The leaves shall fall, fair flowers decay,

And drift with age athwart thy floor.

Thy charge lies cold, fair shaft,

Dank as the pathless main;

Nor sun nor star nor fire

In sepulchers 'o' slain.

And through the space of fleeting years

Thy fluted form shall view the West,

To tell of fate, of heroes gone,

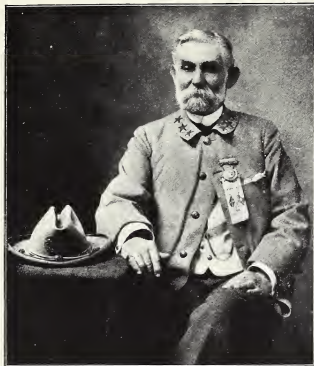
To tell the ending of the rest.

The lines above are by W. R. Jacobs to the monument erected by Capt. Thomas W. Smith, of Suffolk, Va., in memory of Confederate comrades everywhere. • It stands in Cedar Hill Cemetery at that place, guarding the dust of those gathered there to await the grand reveille of the resurrection, and it also stands as a symbol of the great love of one man for those who fought with him the battles of the South. When coming home from Appomattox, ragged and foot-sore, Capt.



THOS. W. SMITH CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT SUFFOLK, VA.

Smith thought of the many brave boys whose bones were lying upon hundreds of battlefields, and the desire was born in him to give them at least decent burial. Though he had not the means then to show them honor in any way, it continued to



CAPT. THOMAS W. SMITH.

be his purpose in subsequent years, and with the encouragement and assistance of his dear wife he has reared a monument to their memory. On the 14th of November, 1889, it was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies.

A more extended notice of this monument was given in the *VETERAN* for March, 1905, without the picture.

THE BATTLE OF THE "CRATER" AS I SAW IT.

BY CAPT. JOHN C. FEATHERSTON, NINTH ALABAMA REGIMENT,
NOW OF LYNCHBURG, VA.

On the night of the 29th of July, 1864, Wilcox's old brigade of Alabamians, at that time commanded by Gen. J. C. C. Saunders, which was one of the five brigades composing Mahone's (formerly Anderson's) Division, was occupying the breastworks to the right of Petersburg, at a point known as the Wilcox farm. The division consisted at the time of Wilcox's "old brigade" of Alabamians, Wright's Georgia Brigade, Harris's Mississippi, Mahone's Virginia Brigade, and Perry's Florida Brigade (by whom commanded at the time I fail to remember). All was quiet in our immediate front, but an incessant and rapid firing was going on to our left and immediately in front of Petersburg, where the main lines of the hostile armies were within eighty yards of each other. There was a rumor that the Federals were attempting to undermine our works, and were keeping up this continuous fire to shield their operations. The Confederate army had dug countermines in front of our works at several points, but failed to sink them sufficiently deep to intercept the enemy and thwart their efforts, as was subsequently proven.

During the night of the 29th (I think about two o'clock) we received orders to get our men under arms and ready for action at a moment's notice, which convinced us that Gen.

Lee had important information. We remained thus until between daybreak and sunrise of the 30th of July, when suddenly the quiet and suspense was broken by a terrific explosion on our left. The news soon reached our lines that the enemy had exploded a mine under a fort then known as "Elliot's Salient," subsequently named the "Crater" from its resemblance in shape to the crater of a volcano, and during the terrible struggle one in active operation, caused by the smoke and dust which ascended therefrom.

Mahone's was the "supporting division" of the army while in front of Petersburg, and consequently whenever the enemy was making serious attacks this command, or a part of it, was sent to reinforce the point assailed. Hence it was in many hard-fought battles while the army was in front of Petersburg.

Of the many battles in which this command engaged, however, none will equal or even approximate in bloody and stubborn fighting the battle of the "Crater," where the loss on the Federal side was five thousand and on the Confederate side one thousand eight hundred out of the small number engaged and all on about two acres of land. For quite a while after the explosion all was quiet, but then commenced a severe cannonade by the Yankees, which was promptly replied to by the Confederate artillery.

Soon orders were received for two of our brigades to move to the point of attack. The Virginia and Georgia brigades, being on the right of the division, were withdrawn from the works in such a manner as not to be seen by the enemy, who were entrenched in strong force immediately in our front, and dispatched as directed. This occurred about eight or nine o'clock. About eleven o'clock an order came, delivered by that gallant officer, R. R. Henry, of Mahone's staff, for the Alabama (Wilcox's old) Brigade. We were quietly withdrawn from the works, leaving the space which the three brigades had covered unoccupied except by a few skirmishers—one man every twenty paces—commanded by Maj. J. M. Crow, a brave officer of the 9th Alabama Regiment.

By a circuitous route we arrived at Blanford Cemetery, and then entered a "zigzag," or circuitous, covered way, through which we had to pass in single file in order to shield ourselves from the fire of the enemy. We soon came out of the covered way into a slight ravine which ran parallel with the enemy's line of fortifications and also our own, in which was the fort, now famous as the "Crater," and then occupied by the enemy.

As we came out of the covered way we were met by Gen. Mahone, himself on foot, who called the officers to him, explained the situation, and gave us orders for the fight. He informed us that the brigades of Virginians and Georgians had successfully charged and taken the works on the left of the fort, but that the fort was still in the possession of the enemy, as was also a part of the works on the right of it, and that we of the Alabama Brigade were expected to storm and capture the fort, as we were the last of the reserves, it being necessary to retain our other two brigades in the main trenches. He directed us to move up the ravine as far as we could walk unseen by the enemy, and then to get down and crawl still farther up until we were immediately in front of the fort, then to order the men to lie down on the ground until our artillery, in the rear, could draw the fire of the enemy's artillery, which was posted on a ridge beyond their main line and covering the fort. When this was accomplished, our artillery would cease firing, and then we should rise up and move forward in a stooping posture at "trail arms," with bayonets fixed, and should not yell or fire a gun

until we drew the fire of the infantry in the fort and the enemy's main line, and then we should charge at a "double-quick," so as to get under the walls of the fort before the enemy could fire their park of some fifty pieces of artillery, stationed on the hill beyond their works. He further informed us that he had ordered our men, who then occupied the works on either side of the fort, to fire at the enemy when they should show themselves above the top of the fort or along their main line, so as to shield us as much as possible from their fire.

As we were leaving him, he said: "Gen. Lee is watching the result of your charge."

The officers then returned to their places in line and ordered the men to load and fix bayonets. Immediately the brigade moved up the ravine as ordered. As we started a soldier, worse disfigured by dirt, powder, and smoke than any I had before seen, came up to my side and said: "Captain, can I go in this charge with you?" I replied: "Yes. Who are you?" He said: "I am — [I have forgotten his name] and I belong to — South Carolina Regiment. I was blown up in that fort, and I want to even up with them. Please take my name, and if I get killed inform my officers of it." I said: "I have no time now for writing. How high up did they blow you?" He said: "I don't know; but as I was going up I met the company commissary coming down, and he said: 'I will try to have breakfast ready by the time you get back.'"

I have often since wished that, even under those desperate circumstances, I had taken his name and regiment, for he was truly a "rough diamond," a brave fellow. He went in the charge with us, but I do not know whether he survived it or not. I never saw him again; but if he is alive and this page should ever meet his eye, I trust he will write to me.

Wilcox's old brigade, then commanded and led by the gallant and intrepid Brig. Gen. J. C. C. Saunders, as above stated, with Capt. George Clark, another brave officer, assistant adjutant general, was composed of the following regiments: 8th Alabama, Capt. M. W. Mordecai commanding; 9th Alabama, Col. J. H. King commanding; 10th Alabama, Capt. W. L. Brewster commanding; 11th Alabama, Lieut. Col. George P. Tayloe commanding; 14th Alabama, Capt. Elias Folk commanding.

The 9th Alabama, being on the right of the brigade, was in front as we ascended the ravine, or depression, to form line of battle. I copy from the *Petersburg Express* the names of the officers who commanded the companies of this regiment, and would include a similar list of the officers of the other regiments but for the unfortunate fact that their names were not given. They are as follows: "Company A, Capt. Hays commanding; Company C, Serg. T. Simmons commanding; Company D, Capt. J. W. Cannon commanding; Company E, Lieut. M. H. Todd commanding; Company F, Capt. John C. Featherston commanding; Company H, Lieut. R. Fuller commanding; Company I, Lieut. B. T. Taylor commanding; Company K, Lieut. T. B. Baugh commanding."

By the report of Capt. George Clark, assistant adjutant general, this brigade of five regiments carried into the battle of the "Crater" six hundred and twenty-eight men, and of this number it lost eighty-nine. The brigade early in the war had numbered about five thousand. It will be observed that such had been our losses in former battles that regiments were commanded by captains and companies by sergeants, some of the companies having been so depleted that they had been merged into other companies.

After we had crawled up in front of the fort and about

two hundred yards therefrom, we lay down flat on the ground, and our batteries, in the rear, opened fire on the enemy's artillery in order to draw their fire. This was done that we might charge without being subjected to their artillery fire, in addition to that of the fort and the main line, which latter was only eighty yards beyond the fort. But the enemy appeared to understand our object, and declined to reply. Our guns soon ceased firing, and we at once arose and moved forward, as directed, in quick time at a trail arms, with bayonets fixed. In a short distance we came in view of the enemy, both infantry and artillery, and then was presented one of the most awfully grand and cruel spectacles of that terrible war. One brigade of six hundred and twenty-eight men was charging a fort in an open field, filled with the enemy to the number of over five thousand, supported by a park of artillery said to number fifty pieces. The line of advance was in full view of the two armies and in range of the guns of fully twenty thousand men, including both sides. When we came within range, we saw the flash of the sunlight on the enemy's guns as they were leveled above the walls of the wrecked fort. Then came a stream of fire and the awful roar of battle. This volley seemed to awaken the demons of hell, and appeared to be the signal for everybody within range of the fort to commence firing. We raised a yell, and made a dash in order to get under the walls of the fort before their artillery could open upon us, but in this we were unsuccessful. The heavy guns joined in the awful din, and the air seemed literally filled with missiles.

The Virginians, Georgians, and South Carolinians commenced firing from the flanks at the fort and at the enemy's main line, as did our artillery, and the enemy's infantry and artillery from all sides opened upon us.

On we went, as it seemed to us, literally "into the mouth of hell." When we got to the walls of the fort, we dropped down on the ground to get the men in order and let them get their breath. While waiting we could hear the Yankee officers in the fort trying to encourage their men, telling them, among other things, to "remember Fort Pillow." (In that fort Forrest's men had found negroes and whites together, and history tells what they did for them.) Then commenced a novel method of fighting. There were quite a number of abandoned muskets with bayonets on them lying on the ground around the fort. Our men began pitching them over the embankment, bayonet foremost, trying to harpoon the men inside, and both sides threw over cannon balls and fragments of shell and earth, which by the impact of the explosion had been pressed as hard as brick. Everybody seemed to be shooting at the fort, and doubtless many were killed by their friends. I know some of the Yankees were undoubtedly so killed.

In almost less time than I can tell it we were in condition to go in. Col. J. H. King ordered the men near him to put their hats on their bayonets and quickly raise them above the fort, which was done, and, as he anticipated, they were ridled with bullets. Then he ordered us over the embankment, and over we went, and were soon engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle of life and death. The enemy shrank back, and the death grapple continued until most of the Yankees found in there were killed. This slaughter would not have been so great had not our men found negro soldiers in the fort with the whites. This was the first time we had met negro troops, and the men were enraged at them for being there and at the whites for having them there.

The explosion had divided the pit into two compartments. As soon as we had possession of the larger one, the Yankees

in the smaller one cried out that they would surrender. We told them to come over the embankment. Two of them started over with their guns in their hands, but, their intentions being mistaken, they were shot and fell back. We heard those remaining cry: "They are showing us no quarter; let us sell our lives as dearly as possible." We then told them to come over without their guns, which they did, and all the remainder, about thirty in number, surrendered, and were ordered to the rear.

In the confusion and in their eagerness to get from that point they went across the open field, along the same route over which we had charged. Their artillery, seeing them going to the rear, as we were told, under a subsequent flag of truce, thought that they were our men repulsed and retreating, so they at once opened fire on them, killing and wounding quite a number of their own men. One poor fellow had his arm shot off just as he started to the rear, and returning said: "I could bear it better if my own men had not done it."

This practically ended the fight inside the fort; but the two armies outside continued firing at this common center, and it seemed to us that the shot, shell, and musket balls came from every point of the compass and the mortar shells rained down from above. They had previously attacked from below. So this unfortunate fort was one of the few points in that war, or any other the history of which I have read, which had the unique distinction of having been assailed from literally every quarter.

The slaughter was fearful. The dead were piled on each other. In one part of the fort I counted them eight bodies deep. There were but few wounded compared with the killed.

There was an incident which occurred in the captured fort that made quite an impression on me. Among the wounded was the Yankee general, Bartlett. He was lying down and could not rise. Assistance was offered him, but he informed those who were assisting him that his leg was broken; and so it was, but it proved to be an artificial leg made of cork. One of our officers ordered a couple of negroes to move him, but he protested, and I believe he was given white assistance. This general afterwards, so I have been informed, became an honored citizen of Virginia, though at that time, I must say, I never would have believed such a thing possible. One of our soldiers seeing the cork leg and springs knocked to pieces, waggishly said: "General, you are a fraud. I thought that was a good leg when I shot it."

As the dust and smoke cleared away the firing seemed to lull, but there was no entire cessation of firing that evening. Indeed, by the sharpshooters it was continued for months.

After dark tools were brought in with which we reconstructed the wrecked fort. In doing this we buried the dead down in the fort by covering them with earth, as the fire of the enemy was entirely too severe to carry them out. We were therefore forced to stand on them and defend our position while we remained in the fort, which was until the following Monday night.

As we went over the embankment into the fort one of my sergeants, Andrew McWilliams, a brave fellow, was shot in the mouth, and the ball did not cut his lips. It came out of the top of his head. He was evidently yelling with his mouth wide open. He fell on top of the embankment with his head hanging in the fort. We pulled him down in the fort, and that night carried him out and buried him.

During the night in strengthening the wrecked fort we unearthed numbers of Confederate soldiers who were killed and buried by the explosion. I remember in one place there were

eight poor fellows lying side by side with their coats under their heads. They seemed never to have moved after the explosion. We buried down in the fort, in the excavation ("crater") made by the explosion, fifty-four negroes and seventy-eight Yankees, exclusive of those buried in the trenches.

That night after the work was done we slept in the fort over those who slept "the sleep that knows no waking" and with those who slept that sleep caused by exhaustion. The morning came as clear and the day as hot and dry as the preceding one. The sharpshooters were exceedingly alert, firing every moment, each side momentarily expecting active hostilities to be renewed. While the wounded in the fort and our trenches had been removed during the night and were being cared for, the ground between the main lines of the two armies was literally covered by wounded and dead Federals, who fell in advancing and retreating. We could hear them crying for relief, but the firing was so severe that none dared to go to them either by day or night.

About noon or a little later there went up a flag of truce immediately in our front. The flag was a white piece of cloth about a yard square on a new staff. Gen. Saunders ordered the sharpshooters to cease firing. Then a Yankee soldier, with a clean white shirt and blue pants, jumped on top of their works, holding the flag, and was promptly followed by two elegantly uniformed officers. Gen. Saunders asked those of us near him if we had a white handkerchief. All replied: "No." A private soldier near by said to the men around him, "Boys, some of you take off your shirt and hand it to the General," to which another replied, "Never do that; they will think we have hoisted the black flag."

The General finally got a handkerchief, which answered the purpose, though not altogether suitable for a drawing-room. He and Capt. George Clark, assistant adjutant general, tied it to the ramrod of a musket, and Capt. Clark, with one man carrying the improvised flag, went forward to meet the Yankee flag. (I have frequently thought that the "get up" of these flags of truce graphically illustrated the condition of the two armies.) They met halfway, about forty yards from each line. After a few minutes' interview, the Yankee officer handed to Capt. Clark a paper. They then withdrew to their respective sides. In handing this communication to Gen. Saunders, Capt. Clark said: "They are asking for a truce to bury their dead and remove their wounded."

The communication was forwarded to the proper authorities, and proved to be from Gen. Burnside, who commanded the Federal troops in front; but, not being in accordance with the usages and civilities of war, it was promptly returned, with the information that whenever a like request came from the general commanding the Army of the Potomac to the general commanding the Army of Northern Virginia it would be entertained. Within a few hours the Federals sent another flag of truce, conveying a communication, which was properly signed and addressed, and the terms of the truce were agreed on. These terms were that they could remove their wounded and could bury their dead in a ditch, or grave, to be dug just halfway between the two lines. They brought in their details, including many negroes, and the work was commenced and continued for about four hours. In that ditch, about one hundred feet in length, were buried seven hundred white and negro Federal soldiers. The dead were thrown in indiscriminately, three bodies deep. When this work was commenced I witnessed one of the grandest sights I ever saw. Where not a man could be seen a few minutes before, the two armies arose up out of the ground, and the

face of the earth was peopled with men. It seemed an illustration of Cadmus sowing the dragon's teeth. Both sides came over their works, and, meeting in the center, mingled, chatted, and exchanged courtesies, as though they had not sought in desperate effort to take each other's lives but an hour before.

During the truce I met Gen. R. B. Potter, who commanded, as he informed me, a Michigan division in Burnside's Corps. He was extremely polite and affable, and extended to me his canteen with an invitation to sample the contents, which I did, and found it contained nothing objectionable. He then handed me a good cigar, and for a time we smoked the "pipe of peace." In reply to a question from me as to their loss in the battle on Saturday, he replied that they had lost five thousand men. While we were talking a remarkably handsome Yankee general in the crowd came near us. I asked Gen. Potter who he was, and was informed that he was Gen. Ferrero, who commanded the negro troops. I said, "I have some of his papers which I captured in the fort," and showed them to Gen. Potter. He then said: "Let me call him up and introduce him, and we will show him the papers and guy him." I replied, however, that we down South were not in the habit of recognizing as our social equals those who associated with negroes. He then asked me to give him some of Ferrero's papers. He wanted them for a purpose. I did so. The others I kept, and they are now lying before me as I write. He also asked me to point out to him some of our generals, several of whom were then standing on the embankment of the wrecked fort. (I noticed that none of our generals except Saunders, of the Alabama Brigade, who had charge of affairs, came over and mingled with the crowd.) I pointed out to him Gens. Harris, of Mississippi, and A. P. Hill, and finally pointed out Gen. Mahone, who was dressed in a suit made of tent cloth, with a roundabout jacket. Be it remembered that Gen. Mahone was quite small, and did not weigh much, if any, over one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Potter laughingly said: "Not much man, but a big general."

When the dead were buried, each side returned to its intrenchments, and soon the sharpshooters were firing at each other when and wherever seen. Truly "war is hell."

Saunders's Alabama Brigade continued to occupy the "Crater," which they had captured on Saturday about two o'clock, until Monday night, August 1, when, under cover of darkness, we were relieved by another brigade, as was also the gallant Virginia Brigade, which had, by a superb charge, captured the intrenchments on the left of the "Crater." The two brigades returned to their former positions at the Wilcox farm. I do not remember when the Georgia Brigade was relieved.

I am not writing this alone from memory, but in addition thereto from letters contemporaneously written to my wife, whom I had but a short time before married, which letters as well as extracts from Richmond papers of that date, as contemporary records, will probably prove of sufficient interest to publish herewith.

The Petersburg correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch* of July 30, 1864, after describing the charge made by the Virginia and Georgia Brigades, says:

"About this time Gen. Mahone, having ordered up Saunders's Alabama Brigade, sent it forward to recapture the rest of the works. Led by their gallant brigadier, they moved forward in splendid style, making one of the grandest charges of the war, and recapturing every vestige of our lost ground and our lost guns and capturing thirty-five commissioned officers,

including Brig. Gen. Bartlett, commanding first brigade, first division, ninth corps, three hundred and twenty-four white and one hundred and fifty negro privates, and two stands of colors."

Under date of Sunday, 31st, the Richmond *Dispatch* reports:

"All quiet to-day. Our wounded are being cared for, and the dead on both sides in our lines are being buried.

"Still they come. Saunders, of the Alabama Brigade, has just sent in another battle flag, thrown away by the enemy yesterday and picked up by Gen. Saunders's men this morning.

"Gen. Saunders reports that he has buried in the mine alone fifty-four negroes and seventy-eight Yankees, exclusive of the men buried in trenches."

The following extract is from the *Dispatch* of August 3, 1864:

"For five hours the work of burying the dead went vigorously forward. The Yankees brought details of negroes, and we carried their negro prisoners out under guard to help them in their work. Over seven hundred Yankee whites and negroes were buried. A. P. Hill was there with long gauntlets, a slouch hat, and round jacket. Mahone, dressed in little boy fashion out of clothes made from old Yankee tent cloth, was beside him. The gallant Harris, of the Mississippi Brigade, and the gallant and intrepid Saunders, who but forty-eight hours before had so successfully retaken those works, the best-looking and best-dressed Confederate officer present, was sauntering leisurely about, having a general superintendence over the whole affair.

"Whilst the truce lasted the Yankees and the 'Johnny Rebs' in countless numbers flocked to the neutral grounds, and spent the time in chatting and sight-seeing. The stench, however, was quite strong, and it required a good nose and a better stomach to carry one through the ordeal. About nine o'clock the burial being completed, the officers sent the men back to the trenches on each side. The officers bade each other adieu and returned to their respective lines."

CONGRATULATORY ORDER FROM GEN. A. P. HILL.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY CORPS, AUG. 4, 1864.

General Order No. 17: Anderson's Division, commanded by Brig. Gen. Mahone, so distinguished itself by its successes during the present campaign as to merit the special mention of the corps commander, and he tenders to the division, its officers, and men his thanks for the gallantry displayed by them whether attacking or attacked. Thirty-one stands of color, fifteen pieces of artillery, and four thousand prisoners are the proud mementos which signalize its valor and entitle it to the admiration and gratitude of our country.

A. P. HILL.

Maj. Etheredge, of the 41st Virginia Regiment, an eyewitness, wrote of the event: "Gen. Mahone then ordered up the Alabama Brigade; they formed; the command was given; and when they reached the point where the Georgians suffered so severely, they too met with a heavy loss; but, unlike the Georgians, as soon as they received the shock every man that was left standing started in a double-quick, and before the enemy could reload the Alabamians were on them. A hand-to-hand fight took place, and in a few minutes the gallant Alabamians had driven out and killed those who couldn't get out, and were masters of the situation."

The recapture of the "Crater" restored our lines *in statu quo* and gave to history one of its most brilliant pages.

HISTORY OF ROCK ISLAND, ILL., 1863.

[Paper read by Mrs. Kate E. Perry Mosher, Honorary President of the Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter, U. D. C., Newport, Ky. She resides at 217 East 17th Street, Covington, Ky.]

I had gone to Rock Island in 1863 on a pleasure trip, and spent the summer with relatives there, never dreaming that a thing so momentous was to transpire as that the United States government would use the island for a military prison. The United States gained its right to this island through the Harrison Treaty with the chiefs of the Sac and Fox tribes of Indians, made at St. Louis in November, 1804. This had been their garden spot and the resort of the tribes during the summer months, because they found there an abundance of wild fruit, strawberries, blackberries, plums, etc., and they imagined it was cared for by a good spirit, who lived in a cave just under where Fort Armstrong was afterwards built. He was white, with large wings like a swan's, only ten times larger. I've often heard this legend and seen the cave. The Indians were loath to part with the island, since, too, the river supplied them with such fine fish, the island itself being the largest and most beautiful throughout the length of the great Mississippi River, which is quite two thousand miles.

Rock Island derives its name from the fact of its resting upon a bed of rock, consisting of limestone, in horizontal strata well adapted for building purposes. It lies in the Mississippi River, between the cities of Moline and Rock Island, Ill. It is about three miles long, its greatest breadth being one mile. It is bounded for the most part by precipitous cliffs, being exceptional in the respect that most of its rock-ribbed boundary is above flood mark by from fourteen to twenty feet. At this point the river and the island run east and west. The eastern, or what appears to be the upper, part of the island lies near Moline; the western, or foot of the island, is just at the city of Rock Island on the Illinois shore and opposite Davenport on the Iowa side. The boundary line separating Illinois from Iowa midriver places the island in Illinois.

The island seems to have had no history until the breaking out of the war with Great Britain, in 1812. The first incident of that war which concerned it was the attack upon Gov. Clark's expedition to Prairie Du Chien by the Indians, which they nearly destroyed. Then the government established a fort there to protect the settlers, control the Sac and Fox tribes, and guard the travel upon the river.

In 1817 Fort Armstrong was built, and two companies of infantry stationed there regularly. In 1831 a most stirring chapter was added to its history, as the valiant garrison successfully defended the post and settlers during the "Black Hawk War." Lieut. Col. Zachary Taylor (afterwards President of the United States), Lieut. Jefferson Davis, and Abraham Lincoln took part in these famous encounters. In 1837 Lieut. Robert E. Lee surveyed the river channel here in the interest of the Mississippi River improvement, for be it known that here is the foot of the rapids, which extend up and beyond some fourteen to eighteen miles.

Pause a moment, note this group of men: Jefferson Davis, Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee. Their lives even then seemed to run in near parallels; later, each stepped grandly forth, doing manfully and nobly the work life had for their hands, leaving, when death came, names emblazoned in glory upon the escutcheon of their country, and a love in the hearts of its people that will never die.

In 1856, when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, he

warmly advocated the location of a mid-continent arsenal upon the island, his earlier experience of twenty-two years before convincing him of its unequalled importance for ordnance purposes. Being so far inland, he considered it safe from attack by enemies by either lake or river. While he held the war portfolio, he used his influence and the authority of his position to prevent the government from selling the island to settlers who were anxious to locate there. It seemed the very irony of fate that in the near future this very spot which he had so clung to and warmly defended for the government should have been chosen for a military prison, where brave men who devoutly believed in the cause they and he espoused should be placed, many to suffer and die.

In 1863 the island was covered with a dense timber growth, much of which was an undergrowth of what is known as "black-jack," a species of oak; but most of the trees were of the forest primeval. It was in the summer and fall of that year, 1863, that the United States government decided to build barracks here for a military prison. For this purpose it was most admirably situated, being far removed from the scenes of war, comparatively isolated, and considered very secure. Extensive barracks were built, and it became one of the largest military prisons of the North. The quarters for the prisoners were built on the north side—i. e., facing the Mississippi River upon a sheer precipice whose foot reached the murmuring water as it flowed beneath—and about one mile from the lower or western end of the island. The prison covered about twelve acres. While it was considered the safest location, it exposed the buildings to the merciless blasts of the icy, cutting winds, which swept up and down the great, broad river.

A company of friends and I went all through the inclosure just as the barracks were finished. They were built of green lumber, which would shrink in the process of seasoning, leaving great gaps or cracks for the play of the freezing, piercing, searching wind and snow. To give an idea of the severity of the winters, I will state that I have been driven with a large party, in a band wagon sleigh drawn by four horses, across the Mississippi River at Rock Island, it being three-quarters of a mile wide, the ice covering it many inches thick. To emphasize still more: Sometime in the sixties the pier near the Iowa shore of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway bridge was pushed bodily by the heavy ice down the stream some twenty-five feet. Again, during a severe wind storm the draw of the bridge (it is immense) was lifted from its masonry and blown over on its side upstream, so it hung suspended by the draw pier, with both ends free in midair. Think of this, and then formulate some idea of how inhospitable this climate would prove to men thinly clad and just from the Southland of sunshine and roses.

As I have said, it was intended to be a large prison, which indeed it proved to be, as over twelve thousand men were confined there. This was not a fluctuating population, but a settled one, that remained. They were *prisoners!* What a condition! The prison itself took the form of a rectangle. There were fourteen east and west rows of one-story frame buildings, six in a row. Each barrack was one hundred feet long by twenty wide, with windows and three-tier bunks in the sides and a door in each end. Each barrack, when not crowded, would accommodate one hundred and twenty men. Of course they were constructed of rough boards, without paint outside or plaster within. There were fourteen rows of buildings, seven rows on the north and seven rows on the

south. An avenue fifty feet wide ran through, dividing them. Then about fifty feet from the ends and sides of the buildings was the stockade. This was built of heavy timbers placed upon end and duly secured. On the outside of the stockade ran the parapet, wide enough for the guards, who were constantly on duty, to pass and repass, there being also sentinel boxes every one hundred feet.

On the inside the stockade was paralleled by the *dead line*. This was really a ditch, which was equidistant, or about twenty-five feet each way, from barracks and stockade, over which should an unfortunate soul try to pass he was *shot-killed* if the miserable aim of the ever-vigilant guard on the parapet above proved true or his shot did not run wild. God knows his will was good, as murder was in his heart. These guards were volunteers from Pennsylvania, called "Gray Beards," because they were middle-aged with gray hair and beards. They had never been under fire, knew nothing of the baptism of blood, yet considered it a sacred duty to serve their country by deliberately killing one of their defenseless foes upon the least provocation or none at all. Many poor prisoners were thus shot to death.

I was never on the parapet at Rock Island after the prisoners came; but was on that at Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, whither my brother, as a prisoner of war, was transferred from Alton, Ill., that being a condemned prison—i. e., spies who were condemned to death were put there. It was considered good enough for Forrest's men; but my father never rested until he effected a change and had my brother removed to Camp Chase, so afraid was he that a mistake (?) might be made, it being a very easy matter to order my brother out to be shot, especially since he had incurred their intense displeasure by compelling a faithful friend (who was held as a spy) to take his place on the exchange, my brother keeping out of sight until the said exchange had passed Fortress Monroe.

The island of Rock Island is separated from the mainland by an arm of the river running around it up to Moline. This body of water was known as the "Slough" in those days. In summer, when the river was low, the "Slough" would be at such times some two or three hundred feet wide and not very deep. What impediment was that to a prisoner who had escaped when possible liberty lay beyond? Across the foot, or west end, of the island runs the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific railroad. The Chicago trains come in the Rock Island yards, cross the slough on a bridge, then the great bridge to Davenport, and thence on west.

It was on a dark, raw, gloomy day, December 3, 1863, when the first Confederate prisoners came. I promise you, it was a day fraught with intense excitement, never to be forgotten. The whole city was on the *qui vive*, with Davenport to help. Real, live Rebels were coming! and, ridiculous as it may seem, it is a fact that many were frightened, actually afraid of a disarmed foe. Still, they had curiosity to see how he looked, blankly disappointed, no doubt, to find him minus the horns and cloven hoofs. Some, let us hope, had hearts filled with a Godlike pity and a compassion divine for these brave heroes that the fortune of war had sent into their midst. It was known that the "prisoners' train" was to be run on the island to a certain point, switched off, and they disembarked and marched to the prison, a mile away. Hundreds of Rock Island and Davenport citizens stood waiting at the designated place. A strong, thick cable of rope was run to keep the people back. The police of both cities were out in full force, with deputies sworn in.

The shrill whistle of the incoming train at last sounded,

and the excitement began. As for myself, I was quivering with contending emotions—grief, which I was too proud to show, and a deep and tender pity for these *my people* from the far-away Southland, who had battled for the cause they believed to be true. Here they stood, hopeless, forlorn, and seemingly forsaken! My heart was nearly bursting; the blood was racing and leaping through my veins; my very brain was whirling. My soul reached out in agony and despair, wild with desperation over the fate of war. As they marched past, I was beside myself with suppressed pity—*fury*, if you will—and excitement! Had I been killed, I would have spoken. Waving my kerchief, I steadied my voice and said: "I am from Kentucky, and a friend!" "*No talking to the prisoners!*" ordered the police. O, you should have seen the eager faces of the Confederates! How they lighted up to know that even one confessed friend was so near, and she a countrywoman! It seemed to thrill them. The word was passed up and down the line like wildfire. "There she is! there she is!" and every hat was raised as they passed. All this was but making matters worse for me, already nearly beside myself. I was simply *wild*, and yet tried hard to be seemingly composed. "Any of the 9th Tennessee, Forrest's command, here? My brother's regiment?" "*Yes, yes; lots of them,*" with eager looks beyond expression. "*No talking to the prisoners!*" thundered a policeman.

A few days after the doorbell rang. The maid came to me and said a soldier wished to see me. Going to the reception room, I saw a United States sergeant. He saluted, and handed me a letter. Imagine my surprise to find that it was from one of my brother's men! I at once saw a way for an "underground," and, believe me, I improved it. I talked to this sergeant until he promised me most faithfully that he'd aid me all he could in carrying both notes and tobacco to the prisoners. May the eternal God have loved and blessed him for all he did! He proved as true as steel. Although arrested several times after returning to the island from the city, each time, he told me, he had torn the notes into snips. His guard, believing him innocent, did not watch him closely, and before reaching headquarters, a mile away, he had thrown the pieces to the winds. The tobacco he kept, as there could be no proof that it was not his own. Fortunately I always gave verbal instructions about that. So when he went into the prison (he had charge of a barrack), he'd take the tobacco in and give it as per my wish.

The day I saw the prisoners (the first who came) I then and there determined to do all I could for them; but before going to work I resolved to see ~~what authorities~~ ^{what authorities} could have. So I wrote at once to Mr. Stanton, President Lincoln's Secretary of War, to ascertain what privileges I would be granted in sending food and clothing. I took particular pains to let it be known at headquarters that I had done this and that I had received instructions. All of my reserved force came to my aid. I was young, strong, ~~healthy~~ ^{healthy} to a degree, and one of the most devoted, enthusiastic Rebels that ever claimed glorious "Old Kentucky" as her birthplace and home.

I began my work by writing to all my friends in Kentucky and everywhere else, asking for speedy aid. I wanted clothing and tobacco, the soldier's solace, but clothing especially. Then I begged all these friends to ask their friends, in this way establishing a sort of endless chain. Soon box after box of clothing and boxes of edibles began coming in. The latter, however, were generally sent for special friends. This contribution of clothing, shoes, tobacco, etc., continued to come in for months. I turned my cousin's aviary into a perfect "country store."

The prisoners knew what I was doing, and were constantly writing through headquarters for aid. I have now hundreds of such letters, bearing silent testimony to this fact, which I've kept as sacred through all these years. I would take each letter; make a list of the writer's wants; get the required articles together, putting same into a secure package; then on a slip of paper write the prisoner's name and number of barrack; then, beneath, itemize the contents of said package, sign my own name as the sender (this was *required*), and secure this paper upon the bundle. Of course these were all searched at headquarters, that no contraband should go in. Upon certain days I'd send large consignments. One day it happened that I sent a very large lot. By this time, I must say, I was known, not only as a sympathizer, but an out-and-out Rebel, which fact was, of course, beyond concealment. When my expressman drove up and they took the packages out, there were so many; and, seeing my name upon them so repeatedly, the officer in charge lost all patience and yelled out: "Miss Kate E. Perry! Miss Kate E. Perry! I wish she'd never been born!"

As to the underground routes, besides the faithful sergeant already spoken of, one of the United States surgeons was kind enough to carry many notes. His family and my relatives were old and close friends, so he was soon *sounded* and *used*. Then the humble driver of a milk wagon was another whose heart was kind. He did splendid service, too. I also had various others, but must not forget to add to the list a very important aid—a Roman Catholic priest. He often visited the prison, as many children of his Church were there. He was permitted to go within the stockade, and had an especial barrack given him for confessional. After shriving members of his own Church, he'd send for one of the men to whom my notes were addressed. He told me the man would come with wild and anxious countenance and bulging eyes, he being a Protestant, wondering what a Catholic priest wanted with him. He soon found out, took all notes to deliver, having sworn to keep faithfully his own counsel after.

Time wore on, the dreadful winter finally passed, the poor prisoners in the meanwhile having suffered terribly. The severe climate, the insufficient clothing, food, and bedding, and the condition of their barracks all told most seriously against them. Many wrote me by the underground that upon unusually cold nights they divided up and slept by relief, comrades taking turns sitting up to keep the fires going in the stoves the best they could (this by stealth after lights out) to keep from freezing. Portions of their bunks were often used to aid in this. Nevertheless, many poor souls did freeze.

The blessed spring, though late and shy in that climate, came at last, bringing softer, balmy air, and thus physical relief. In the meanwhile many had sickened and died, the number of Confederate graves fast growing. Smallpox added its horrors and swept many away. As the summer advanced the prisoners became restless. Plans of escape were made—some successful, while many failed. The prisoners were, required to do all kinds of menial work—cleaning officer's quarters, scavenger, breaking rock, cutting undergrowth for a new road, digging and grading the same—the guard, of course, standing over them. But they were glad indeed to get "outside" at any price, for obvious reasons. Many never returned.

A lady from Missouri (a Mrs. Lynch), whose husband was a prisoner on the island, had written us that she was anxious to visit him. She came at last, but was not permitted to see

her husband. She was grievously disappointed and almost heart-broken. Then it was concluded that it was a propitious time for my underground to be called into requisition. Through it we arranged all the details of a very daring scheme. Mr. Lynch was to try to escape. On a certain day he was to take the place of one of the prisoners sent out to work the road. We knew he could get some clothing in the stockade, and by a trusted hand we sent a pair of goggles. All things arranged and the day understood, we baked an old-fashioned jelly cake, and in the very center, wrapped in oil silk, was a pass, passes being required on the bridge over the "slough" between the island and the city. Guards were posted to examine them.

The cake and a few other edibles were, with some trifles, put into a small basket, which the wife took over the afternoon before the date set for the culmination of our plot, and begged to see her husband. Again she was refused. Then she asked, with streaming eyes (for by this time she was both nervous and frightened, knowing what the morrow promised), that the little basket, with its innocent-looking contents, might be sent to her husband. The officer of the day, after having it fully examined, called an orderly and sent it in. She returned greatly elated and excited. We became somewhat nervous. The scheme had carried well so far. The plot had begun, we knew it was at work, and that his fate and ours would be decided within the next twenty-four hours. He was to go on the detail for outside work the very next morning. It was then he was to get away, if he could, we to be ready to give him instant help in getting off and away.

The night passed, fair morning beamed. We watched and waited. The hours dragged; the long suspense seemed almost insupportable. Our nerves were strung to such a high tension that the minutes seemed hours. The time seemed full of evil portent. Fearing something had miscarried, we were almost at our wits' end, when suddenly the doorbell rang with a loud and shrill peal. We cautiously looked, and behold, our prisoner was at the door! His wife rushed into his outstretched arms, wild with weeping, and nearly swooned. In the rush and hurry of preparation to get off, he quickly told us how he watched his chance, friends in the plot helping. He stepped behind an embankment, tore off his working clothes (he had on a suit under them), put on the blue goggles, and came slowly walking around the other way, and stopped to look at the prisoners' work. His friends dared not look at him; but he actually addressed them some passing remark. Up rushed the guard and ordered him to "Move on! No talking to the prisoners!" He did move on, but not before he heard one of his friends say, *sotto voce*: "Free, by God."

All this was a tremendous risk, but he had weighed his chances. It was "liberty or death." He nerved himself to pass through the ordeal. He got to the "slough" bridge, drew out his pass, and was sent ahead. We got him ready and speedily sent him off to a certain point to take an outgoing train. He left on the double-quick, and got safely away.

Mr. L. was scarcely out of sight before I rushed to the coachman and ordered him to bring the carriage to the door as quickly as he could put the horses to it. I then ran to my cousin and asked her to be ready, for her life, as soon as she could, telling her about the carriage and that we must call at once upon Mrs. Johnson (we exchanged visits), whose husband, Col. A. J. Johnson, commanded the post. We got off on time, were driven very fast, and serenely made our call. We also went and made a call upon Mrs. Layton, whose hus-

band was commander of prisoners. It seems that we thus established an "alibi," for in the hubbub caused by the escape we heard that Col. Johnson said, during the commotion when discussing the affair: "Miss Perry is *certainly* innocent of this, for at that very time she was calling at my house." If the thought was any comfort to him, he was welcome to it.

One day I was hastily called to the front gate, and found there a young surgeon of the staff whom I had met socially and knew very well. I insisted upon his dismounting (he was gorgeous in high riding boots and equipments generally), but he declined, saying he was in a most fearful hurry. He had promised to deliver a letter to me. This he said he would do *provided* I'd give him my sacred word that I'd burn it the moment I had finished reading it. He told me that the writer had not long since been ill, was sent to the hospital, and was in his ward; that he liked him much, formed quite a friendship for him, and felt sorry for him. He said he (the surgeon) knew the contents of said letter, and consequently knew the great risk he was taking. I gave the desired pledge, he handed me the letter, and was evidently much frightened at his own act. Putting spurs to his horse, he tore up the avenue like mad.

The letter was from a prisoner who intended trying to escape and wanted me to know, so that I might be ready. That letter was genuine. I knew the writing well. I could not say so much of one that came soon after. A few days later, when I happened to be out (and I always did think they saw me go), two strange soldiers came, bringing a letter addressed to "Faithful." Be it known that that was my underground *nom de plume*. My cousin was foolish enough to receive the letter for me. That was, of course, an admission. If I were to be betrayed, they had gained their object.

When I returned from down town, I was overwhelmed to find what my cousin had done. I knew instantly that either some underground mail had been captured or that treachery was abroad from some quarter. The authorities had evidently found something, and the question arose among them: "Who is 'Faithful'?" They determined to discover. Either it was some member of Mrs. Charles Buford's family (they were Kentuckians and all Rebels, Mrs. Buford being Gen. Basil Duke's own aunt) or it was that thorn in their side, Miss Kate E. Perry. So my cousin's having received the note for me placed it at once.

This letter, though bearing the same information as the first, was written in a strange hand. The excuse was that Mr. Burton, who wrote the one the frightened surgeon gave me, was ill, and one of the party who were to escape with him had been requested to write this for him. The writer went on to say that their plans were all laid and were *sure* to carry, and that my cousin, members of Mrs. Buford's family, and myself must not fail to be at the depot on a certain night; that Mr. Burton, from Shelbyville, Ky. (I had never seen him—he was a prison friend), would have a white string around his hat; that I would thus instantly know him, and should approach him without fear, with the money for the hoped-for journey. When I finished reading that letter, I *laughed* and wondered if the writer considered me an absolute fool. The more I thought it over the more indignant and troubled I became, feeling sure it was a trap. Who had betrayed me? I was certain that the orderly who had been priest so long had not. I was also sure of the Catholic priest and of the old doctor, who was a family friend. Either I had been deliberately betrayed by the young surgeon who gave me the letter at the gate or they had captured impor-

tant mail in some inexperienced hand. Immediately I wrote to friends on the inside, telling them of the disaster and charging them never to address "Faithful" again, but instead "Pauline;" that she would be just as true.

The day came for the "coup" at the depot. We paid no attention to it—not foolish enough to fall into that trap. We remained safely at home. We afterwards heard through a military friend that it was a deep-laid plot to catch all the sympathizers at once, red-handed.

A note was left at the door one day by two escaped prisoners from Camp Douglas, near Chicago. I knew the men—old friends and neighbors. One was J. Carroll Hamilton, of Sparta, Ky., brother of Mrs. J. P. Garvey, now of California. Some six or eight men had tunneled out from Camp Douglas, among them being Mr. Marion Birch, of Woodford County, Ky., Mr. Osborne, of Virginia, John Story, and J. Carroll Hamilton. I don't remember the names of the others. Upon their escape they separated, the two latter coming to me. I kept on hand what I termed an emergency fund. This served me well now. I sent them flying as soon as possible. The amount was returned to me by their friends, so that I might be prepared if called upon.

During all this time I was not idle with prison and hospital work. That went steadily on. It was a life of continual excitement, but my very heart and soul were in it. Though but a girl, I was doing all I could.

One morning a trim-looking soldier came. He called for me. For some reason (I never could tell why), instantly when I saw him I was "on guard." The man, I thought, was acting a part. So I watched every word I said. He was bright, gentlemanly, and talked and talked. I became unsuspicious. He was a spy. He simply labored to wring a single admission that I had seen or helped escaped prisoners. Then he'd change his tactics and go on the pathetic—pity them. So would I. I sang and played for him, softened him with music; then appealed to his better nature, recalling his home, his mother, his love for her. This seemed to be a sacred and tender thing with him. I watched for my life every word I said. I knew Fort Lafayette was my destination; threats had been made; but apparently I was unconcerned. It was a fearful game of "diamond cut diamond." I thought he'd never leave. After hours of fruitless trial, he got up and said: "Miss Perry, I will throw myself upon your mercy and acknowledge that I was *sent here*." "Indeed!" I exclaimed (I knew it all the time). "Yes," he continued, "but I would suffer my right arm to be cut off before I would utter one word to injure you." "Thank you," I replied. "Now, will you do me one favor?" "Indeed, I will." "Well, it is *this*: Please tell Col. Johnson for me that he knows I am a Rebel and that I say he is expected to keep the prisoners *in* the prison; but if one of them escapes and comes to me for help, I will surely give it, and he may help if he can." I did do this, for I was angry, indignant to be so dealt with. The "spy" shook my hand most cordially and left. I used my underground and told some of my friends. They swore vengeance if they ever got hold of him.

Late one evening the bell was timidly rung. A young boy came—an escaped prisoner! We got him in. We had means of verifying our friends, and it was just here that the underground had served so well. He proved to be George Kern, of Bourbon County, Ky. He was fifteen years old, he said, and was small in stature and slender. We took him to a room upstairs and locked him in. As soon as possible we smuggled him food. We trusted no one. Servants especially

might repeat. When he saw the food, he burst into tears. Young and nearly starved, he had wandered in the "black-jack," which had proved the prisoners' friend. Low, bushy, thick, it concealed them. Through its friendly shelter this young boy had hidden one night and that day.

If I remember correctly, it was Saturday night when he came. Here was a dilemma. We must keep him until Monday, and he must then get away. Imagine our situation. An escaped prisoner in the house. We knew we were being watched. Often we saw squads of soldiers with gleaming guns marching past up the avenue. This was a menace. George told us the surgeon of the post had helped him to escape. We were astounded, as we knew him to be exceedingly bitter in his feelings toward the South and almost cruel to the prisoners. How the help was given was easily explained. Dr. Watson had driven his buggy within the stockade one night. George Kern happened to be near, when it came like a flash: "Here is my chance." He darted under the buggy, caught the coupling pole (I think he called it), threw his feet around it, also clasp ing it with his hands and arms. When the doughty doctor drove out, behold, he carried an escaping prisoner! Even in our fright we enjoyed the situation, and were immensely amused.

We held a council of war as to ways and means. I had my emergency fund, and we concluded that, as he was small and slender, we would dress him as a girl. This we did down to every detail. Hoops were worn; he had them. His hold, eaglelike eyes troubled us. So we trimmed up one of the scoop bonnets worn at that time, and with many adjurations made him promise to keep his eyes cast down. I prepared a pretty little hand basket and placed within it a box of face powder, comb, brush, and all such adjuncts to the toilet, together with extra collars, cuffs, and handkerchiefs. He was to personate a shy country girl. Poor boy! how sad he was when he bade us farewell!

I had lectured him most severely as to how he must act—his manner, etc.—as he was now a girl, and taught him how to manage his hoops, etc. Of course we were most anxious concerning his getting away safely; but this was such a huge joke that I was fairly dancing with delight. As he left a dreadful storm was coming up, and this favored him. People were rushing home to escape the storm. He barely had time to get to the depot before the storm burst. So in the general confusion he had not attracted notice. He wrote from Cincinnati that at the Rock Island depot that night, in obeying my instructions, he sat off by himself. When the ticket office opened, still he did not move. An officer from the island came up to him. George thought all was over for him when the officer said: "Have you bought your ticket, Miss?" "No, sir," he replied in a frightened feminine voice. "Train will soon leave. Give me your money and destination, and I will assist you." The supposed young lady, with a gasp of relief and a sigh of satisfaction, said: "Chicago and Cincinnati." In a hurried, bustling, business tone the officer said: "You had better get a through ticket to Cincinnati." This he kindly bought, and gave it and the change to the young lady (?), who gladly got away.

After he had returned to his home, in Bourbon County, Ky., and exchanged his dress for his own clothes, he was in Paris, Ky., one day when Yankee soldiers arrested him. Instantly he again assumed the rôle of a half-witted unfortunate. They let him go, and he hurried to Dixie.

When I read this paper before the Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter, U. D. C., January 31, 1901, Mrs. Arnold, who is

from Bourbon County, Ky., exclaimed: "O, I heard of that boy George Kern's being dressed up in girl's clothes." Just before he reached home he was arrested by some Yankee soldiers. They questioned him, and among other things asked: "Who is your father?" He replied: "Why, Paw." "Who is your mother?" "Why, Maw." "O!" said one of the men, "she is a fool; let her go." They actually thought from the way he (or she) acted that he was idiotic, so let him go. He got through the lines, returned to his regiment, and served well afterwards. A comrade who lives in Paris, Ky., tells of him. We cannot find him, but this comrade thinks he is somewhere in Texas.

We had expected trouble, but heard nothing till two days after. I was called to the door, and found there a United States officer, and to my consternation as I glanced down at the gate I saw a squad of soldiers, with guns gleaming. Like George, I thought my time had come; but not a muscle quivered, and I controlled my countenance. My excitement found escape in exquisite politeness. I invited the officer in, regretting profusely my cousin's absence. He declined. I saw he meant business. He said: "It is not Mrs. Boyle, Miss Perry; it is you I want to see." "O, indeed, sir! What can I do for you?" He replied: "I am going to ask you a question, and I want you to answer it truthfully. A prisoner has escaped. Have you seen one either yesterday or to-day?" I looked that man straight in the eye and replied: "Sir, I have not, either yesterday or to-day." God knows I told the truth, and there was a jubilee in my heart that I could say this and tell the truth. George Kern had gone the day *before* yesterday. Had he timed his question in that manner, I do not know how I should have answered, for I will not soil my soul with a lie.

At once I sternly demanded that he call his men and search that house. He said: "No; I see you are telling me the truth." With growing indignation I insisted, but he refused. I asked to be excused one instant. I knew the gardener had been cutting grapes. I had the maid pile a large tray *full*, take it to the door, and offer some to the officer; then had him call one of his men, who took it to the gate and passed the grapes around. A more pleased and delighted group of men you never saw. A soldier always feels complimented by thoughtful notice. Evidently I had by this little attention made friends with all. That officer apologized to me for coming.

The reason George Kern's escape was not sooner known was that he was always declaring he intended leaving. The sergeant who cared for his barrack had heard this so often that finally he began twitting him in this wise: "Why, hello, George! Good morning! Not gone yet?" So when he did escape, the sergeant thought George was hiding, hoping to get him to search and so laugh back at him. This was why two days were lost by the authorities and gained by us. When it dawned upon the sergeant that George was gone sure enough, then he reported and the search was taken up, but George by that time was scot-free.

Another prisoner who escaped and came to me was David H. Ross, of Company C, 8th Georgia, who lived at Rome, Ga. He is dead now. I was now watched so closely that the situation became most difficult and dangerous. So I was extremely cautious, and put them through a severe cross-examination in regard to things he could not know unless he were true and belonged to the initiated on the inside. He told me how he had escaped. The hospital ambulance was sent in daily for those who were too ill to remain inside.

The situation became most difficult and dangerous. So I was extremely cautious, and put them through a severe cross-examination in regard to things he could not know unless he were true and belonged to the initiated on the inside. He told me how he had escaped. The hospital ambulance was sent in daily for those who were too ill to remain inside. The doctors made their rounds every day to see who should go out. Mr. Ross put on a citizen's suit he had procured, over it a Yankee blue suit, and over that he wrapped a big gray blanket. Just before the ambulance passed out he seated himself on the rough margin of a macadamized street—he chose a rough spot purposely. As the ambulance passed and Jehu was looking ahead, he leaped into the ambulance at the back. The sick soldiers had been previously warned, and made no outcry. In a moment he was outside the prison walls. Leaving his blanket in the ambulance, he dropped to the ground a *blue* man, crossed the "slough," shed the blue, became a citizen, and thus reached our house.

When we became satisfied that he was really what he represented himself to be, he was given money and clothing, and off he too went in safety. I heard from him in Canada and several times after he rejoined his regiment in the South.

One of his friends, J. B. Foster, of Barrack 47, had agreed to answer at roll call for Mr. Ross. The roll caller for Barrack 47 would take the word of a prisoner's friends that he was sick; but the roll caller in Mr. Ross's barrack would look into the bunk of a man reported sick. Mr. Foster would draw his blanket up close, so that his face was hidden, and for three days he thus deceived the roll caller; while his comrades in his own barrack reported him sick. Then he answered in Barrack 47, and so far as the guards knew Ross had just escaped.

Few traces of the prison days remain at Rock Island now. The whole island is changed, but while life lasts the pictures there photographed upon memory will live: The island, the prison, the sorrow felt for the poor men, and the memory of the graves of the valiant dead who were shot, frozen, starved, or died of disease. Although the prison gates were opened wide for all to go free in July, 1865, *all* who had entered there came not away. Two thousand Confederate soldiers sleep, side by side, far from friends and home. Two thousand lives that were precious to some one passed over to the other shore. "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," without hearing again the voices of beloved ones or gazing "once more" upon their familiar faces when life's vespers rang.

Upon the very ground where the Confederate hospital stood, where so many suffered and died, now stand the massive shops of the largest, finest, and most thoroughly equipped arsenals owned by the United States. As it stands to-day it has cost more than \$9,000,000. I cannot but feel that over the graves of our Confederate dead resting there are sung from the flaming throats of the thunderous forges fierce battle cries, and wrung from the clanging of the ponderous machinery, echoed by the jangling implements of war, a melody which serves as their lullaby!

So sleep the deathless dead, but not alone, for the poet says:

"Wherever the brave have died,

They should not rest apart.

Living, they struggled side by side.

Why should the hand of death divide

A single heart from heart?" —Bryan.

"Mrs. Mosher sends, through the VETERAN, kindly greetings to all Confederates who were prisoners at Rock Island."

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT INSCRIPTIONS.

At a meeting of the Mississippi Division of the U. D. C. held in Jackson, Miss., January 20, 1905, these resolutions were adopted, and copies ordered sent the Camps of Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans and their general officers.

"Recognizing the wish of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association to do justice to every State in the South in the construction of the Jefferson Davis monument, and feeling that the proposed inscription on the pedestal of that monument is an historical injustice to the State which he chose as his lifelong home, in whose service he spent his best years, and who conferred upon him all those honors through which came the crowning honor of his life, and in whose genial clime he passed his declining days, beloved and revered by her people, the Mississippi Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in convention assembled, does petition your honorable body to change that proposed inscription in conformity to resolutions which state in substance:

"In the explanation made by the artist, Mr. Valentine, to the United Daughters of the Confederacy Convention in Charleston, the inscription to be placed on the pedestal upon which the statue of President Davis is to stand was to give the place of his birth, Kentucky, and the place of his death, Louisiana; and, upon the objection made by Mississippi through her President that there was no mention of his having been a citizen of Mississippi, the explanation was given that 'What we are trying to do is to take him from Mississippi and give him to the South,' while Mississippi herself had already given him to the South in 1861. Therefore the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., pleads that the Jefferson Davis Monument Association recommend at the General Convention, to be held in San Francisco, that the inscription be changed either by eliminating from the proposed inscription the places of his birth and death or by adding to it the inscription, 'lifetime citizen of Mississippi,' making it read: 'Born in Kentucky June 3, 1808; lifetime citizen of Mississippi; died in Louisiana December 12, 1899.' Also, that the representative of the Mississippi Division in the Jefferson Davis Monument Association be, and is hereby, instructed to support the request embodied in these resolutions at the meeting of the Association. Also, that the Secretary of the Division send a copy of these resolutions to the President of the Association, asking that she submit them to the Association at the earliest possible time."

Signed: Lily McDowell (Chairman); Sarah D. Eggleston, Lizzie George Henderson, Mrs. B. F. Ward, Katie M. Porter.

The official proceedings were furnished to Gen. Mickie by Mrs. Laura T. McKie and by him sent to the U. C. V. Camps.

The foregoing has been held over for several months, so there might be published with it later actions by the Mississippi Division, if not others, but reports have not been received.

PRIVATIONS OF A PRIVATE.—Marcus B. Toney, of Nashville, Tenn., one of the most loyal and devoted of comrades, has published a volume, dedicating it to the "Boys in Gray" (1861-65), "who battled for their constitutional rights and remained true to the principles for which they fought." Toward the close of the volume one chapter is entitled the "Privations of a Citizen," which deals with the reconstruction period of 1865-70, with the aims and objects of the Kuklux Klan.

VIEW OF ROCK ISLAND PRISON.

In the lengthy and very interesting sketch of Rock Island Prison during the war by Mrs. Kate E. Perry-Mosher, on several of the foregoing pages, there are some "discrepancies" that she corrects. Mrs. Mosher is Honorary President for life of the Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter, U. D. C., at Newport, Ky. She resides at 272 East Seventeenth Street, Covington, Ky.

On page 30 the title "Commissary" of prisoners should be "Commander." The lines at the close of the article to the "Deathless Dead" should be credited to Father Ryan instead of "Bryan." The J. B. Foster mentioned in connection with David Ross's escape is now a prominent physician of Enzor, Miss. A war time picture of Mrs. Mosher, given herewith, is indeed like the good "old times."

TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

BY T. A. HAMILTON, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

In the November VETERAN, which came to me late, I read with interest what Gen. Walker has to say with regard to the proposed monument to our incomparable Confederate women of 1861-65. Gen. Walker invites criticism pro or con, and I raise my voice, though small, in hearty approval of the plan as suggested by him and for the reasons which he states. This is a monument in which the whole South should feel the liveliest interest. States and cities should each have such a monument,

and I believe under the plan as proposed there will be many raised all over the South. It would be most gratifying to old soldiers to see this accomplished.

I hope in wanting to make a suggestion that no one will deem me out of order, but allow me a word for whatever it may be worth. The committee to select the proper design should be of Veterans and Sons of Veterans and from the

Daughters and from the Mothers of the Confederacy. Where taste is important, nothing is well done that has not the taste of the women in it. To those who will be on this committee I suggest that they consider the propriety of dedicating the front side of the base of the monument to the women of the Southern Confederacy, 1861-65, and each face of the other sides be dedicated individually to the mother, the wife, the maiden, and "the girl I left behind me."



MRS. KATE E. PERRY-MOSHER.

Thomas D. Osborne, Louisville, Ky.: "On December 31, 1863, some Confederate prisoners were brought here or to Jeffersonville, Ind., just across the river. That night the weather became bitter cold, and six were frozen to death and buried in Jeffersonville. There is no mark on their graves to show who they were. The Confederate Association of Kentucky will remove these bodies and bury them in Cave Hill Cemetery, but their names are desired. During our Reunion some one placed flowers on their graves."



LANDSCAPE ABOUT ROCK ISLAND, ILL., INCLUDING THE CONFEDERATE PRISON.

PRESIDENT DAVIS AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

BY MILFORD OVERLEY, FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

Dear Mr. Cunningham: In her letter to you from New York, published in the November number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Mrs. Jefferson Davis finds fault with some statements contained in my sketch of "Williams's Kentucky Brigade, C. S. A.," claiming that they place her husband, President Davis, "in a light in which he never posed in the Confederacy or elsewhere in the course of his active and illustrious career."

Now I want to assure Mrs. Davis and the readers of the VETERAN that under no circumstances would I intentionally do our dead leader injustice, for the Lord knows that his enemies have done enough of that. I had the honor of commanding a company of brave, gallant Kentuckians in his escort—men who would have followed him to Texas, to Mexico, or almost anywhere else, and who would have defended him and his family with their lives; and to-day the survivors of that company, as well as those of the entire escort (Tennesseans and Kentuckians), have no prouder memory than that of their service with President Davis during the last days of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Davis says that my assertions that her husband was "fleeing southward" and that he "passed leisurely through South Carolina" would seem to conflict. Not necessarily. Mr. Davis could have fled from Richmond on the approach of his victorious enemies, as any sensible man would have done under like circumstances, halted for a time with the army of Gen. Johnston in North Carolina, and after receiving his escort passed leisurely through South Carolina. She seems to think that certain statements of mine are calculated to make the impression that Mr. Davis's army and Cabinet deserted him. Certainly I would not seek to convey an idea so erroneous. On a critical examination of my article I fail to find anything to justify such a conclusion, according to my understanding of the language used. My statement that "Gen. Johnston had determined not to sacrifice another life in a hopeless cause" does not mean desertion of the President or of the Confederate cause; but it does mean that he (Johnston), fully realizing his inability to contend against the combined armies of Sherman and Grant with any hope of success, was unwilling to be responsible for the effusion of blood.

I said "the Cabinet officers separated, each going his own way." Mrs. Davis says "the Cabinet officers did not 'each go his own way' and desert their President;" that Judge Reagan accompanied Mr. Davis and that Secretary Benjamin took his way toward the coast. But she fails to tell us what became of Gen. Breckinridge, the President's Secretary of War and his devoted friend. His name is not mentioned, though he was at Abbeville with Mr. Davis and the other members of the Cabinet when the end came and the separation took place. He went toward the Florida Coast. Doubtless all meant to rejoin the President in Texas should he succeed in getting there.

I stated that "Mr. Davis asked for a guard and escort of mounted men to conduct him to a place of safety." I did not mean that this guard and escort was for himself only, but it was to escort and guard the President, his Cabinet, and other officials—what remained of the Confederate government—to a place of safety. I should have said that it was Mr. Davis's Secretary of War who made the request, and not the President.

Mrs. Davis says: "The Confederate President neither asked nor received of Gen. Johnston or any one else a guard to accompany him to a place of safety." And further: "For the honor of the Confederate army I will say that the President could have left Charlotte with several brigades of devoted Confederate soldiers; but to accept their escort would have been to sacrifice them for no purpose."

Her letter would seem to convey the idea that Mr. Davis had no escort from Charlotte to Abbeville, though I am sure the good woman does not wish to be so understood. She would not seek to deprive Dibrell's Tennesseans and Breckinridge's Kentuckians of the honor conferred upon them in their selection for that service. These men, together with Gen. Duke's remnant of Morgan's Division that joined the escort in its passage through South Carolina, stood bravely, faithfully by the Confederacy till the last moment of its existence, and then yielded only to the inevitable.

I erred in stating that Mr. Davis joined his family at Washington, Ga. Mrs. Davis says: "Mr. Davis, much disappointed, came to Washington, but our party moved ten miles farther the day that he left Abbeville."

"The Confederate government on wheels" was a borrowed expression, as the accompanying quotation marks indicated; but its use in speaking of the "deeply tragic termination of our four years' bloody war" was in bad taste, and I thank Mrs. Davis for her timely rebuke.

This was not written to controvert anything said by Mrs. Davis in her letter to the editor of the VETERAN, but to explain statements of mine, that they may not be misunderstood, and also to call attention to the fact that what she says relative to her husband's escort is likely to be misconstrued. Her high Christian character, her superior intelligence, and her excellent opportunities for becoming thoroughly familiar with the history of the Confederacy make her good authority on all matters pertaining to the war, and I am sure she would not under any circumstances knowingly create a false impression.

The correspondence brought about by Mr. Overley's paper in the October VETERAN, to which Mrs. Davis replied the next month, is not happy. He makes a frank and hearty acknowledgment, however, of error in the use of an ill-timed quotation. There was nothing offensive intended evidently; but we all honor Mrs. Davis in her diligence to vindicate the integrity and exalted character of her husband, who has been the most maligned man in America.

In this paper Comrade Overley makes another statement that may be an implied reflection by saying that Mrs. Davis "fails to tell what became of Gen. Breckinridge, the President's Secretary of War and his devoted friend." The long intimacy between Mr. Davis and Gen. Breckinridge makes the apparent implication a mystery, to use the mildest word. Then the fact that Gen. Breckinridge "asked for an escort of mounted men" is still stronger evidence that he and the President were in perfect accord. The generally known discordant relations between Mr. Davis and Gen. Johnston for so many years evidently makes Mrs. Davis the more sensitive in connection with any reference to the "General's determination not to sacrifice another man," as if Mr. Davis was not equally considerate of the troops.

If Mrs. Davis had a son or a brother to respond, these comments would be left to such; but a womanly woman shrinks from public controversy, so that these notes are volunteered in response to Mr. Overley's paper printed above.

YOUNG GIRL TRUE TO HER SOUTHLAND.

"Hello, little Rebel!" was a cordial greeting freely indulged in to a young lady who had been under treatment at a surgical institute in St. Louis a few years before the great Fair. She was a quiet, modest girl; and though neither her father



LOUISE CUNNINGHAM CLARK.

nor grandfathers were in the Confederate service, she was so ardent for her Dixie Land that she had become conspicuous as "The Little Rebel," and was delightfully recalled by even the street car conductors after three years of absence. This came of her staunch vindication of the South against unfriendly associates at the institute, and it would entitle the girl to prominence herein as a worthy example, while her noble young life is a model worthy of imitation and all praise.

Louise Cunningham Clark, of Wartrace, Tenn., was blessed with the inheritance of a godly ancestry—"people of plain living, but high thinking." Some budding traits of character in her young life promised development into noble womanhood. A woman "who knew and loved her" pays tribute not at all exaggerated: "Born in a home where love and gentleness ruled and means to gratify every wish abounded, she was singularly unspoiled. A physical infirmity from her birth mutely appealed for every indulgence to loving hearts that shrank from the infliction of pain necessary for its removal. Her strong common sense was shown in bearing this with wonderful bravery as a child. Her voluntary purpose and determination at the age of thirteen years to endure for treatment the suffering and separation from home revealed in her remarkable strength of character. Her endurance had its reward in the restoration of the afflicted member. She never seemed to think that her affliction excused her from anything expected of other children. In her home she was gentle and affectionate. 'In her tongue was the law of kindness.' This, with her sunny disposition and fund of quiet

humor, made her a pleasant companion and won a large circle of friends. Elderly people were the recipients from her hands of many 'little kindnesses,' and her consideration for servants made a warm place in their hearts. Appreciation was a marked trait, the smallest favor or slightest courtesy eliciting quiet but exquisite acknowledgment. She had just entered upon her second year at Ward Seminary, in Nashville, when she was smitten with the fatal illness which ended her earthly life, November 20, 1904.

'God's finger touched her, and she slept.'"

In connection with the death of the lovely girl above mentioned, that of her near relative, which occurred early in October, seems fitting of record. It is that of Sarah Vance Cooper, wife of Ernest B. Cooper, of Shelbyville, Tenn. It would not be extravagant to say that a more beautiful and more popular woman never lived. One who knew her from birth until death says that at no time did she ever appear unbecomingly. She was sunshine in darkest weather. She, as truly as such thing is possible, loved everybody, and her love was reciprocated. With her amiability she was well grounded in the highest principles, and often made personal sacrifices rather than wound in the slightest the feelings of others. As daughter, as wife, as mother (she left two lovely children), and as friend—"she did what she could." She did that which was right and best.

None who knew her in a wide circle of friends will ever recall her charming, cheerful friendship without gratitude for having known her. She was highly gifted, and before cultured audiences her declamation was charming. A Missouri paper, the reporter of which did not know her personally, wrote in connection with a noted entertainment at Lexington that "Miss Fogleman [that was her maiden name] car-



MRS. SARAH VANCE COOPER.

ried off the chief honors of the evening. The young lady is in the bloom of girlhood, a perfect Saxon blonde, with a fine figure and sweet face. She is possessed of a mental

piquancy and vivacity that we look for in a sparkling brunette. . . . She received five encores, giving alternately pathos and humor. Her grace of gesture and pose and skillful interpretation of each piece took the audience by storm."

CONFEDERATES BURY A FEDERAL VETERAN.

CAPT. CARTER B. HARRISON, BROTHER OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

"It is a pleasure to record," writes Rev. J. H. McNeilly, "the noble tribute of love paid by Confederate soldiers to a gallant soldier of the Federal army. That tribute was paid at the funeral of Capt. Carter B. Harrison, of Murfreesboro, on the 10th of December, 1905. Capt. Harrison served with distinction on the staff of Gen. Van Cleve, and was in the chief battles of the Western army. He came to live in Murfreesboro immediately after the war, having married Mrs. Lytle, daughter of an eminent minister, Rev. A. H. Dashiell. It was a time of intensely bitter feeling against those whom our people regarded as the aggressors in an unjust war, yet Capt. Harrison at once identified himself with the community; and, while loyal to his own convictions, he was so genial, kind, and sincere, so true a gentleman, that he won all hearts and the confidence of all. When his brother, Benjamin Harrison, was President of the United States, Capt. Harrison was appointed marshal for Middle Tennessee in response to the request of the best men of both political parties, and his bond was made by Democrats, who gladly tendered their names. Most of them were Confederate veterans. When his death was announced, the universal expression of the people was that the community had lost one of its best citizens and the Church a true Christian worker. For many years he was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and one of my dearest friends. At his request, I, an old Confederate soldier, conducted the funeral service. The majority of the pallbearers were Confederate veterans. The Confederate Bivouac attended in a body, and a host of friends, many of them from a distance, attested the esteem in which he was held. The life of this man was blessed to the healing of old wounds."

The death of Capt. Harrison recalls to the editor of the *VETERAN* some interesting reminiscences. He attended the funeral of Mrs. Harrison's father in Brooklyn about a quarter of a century ago, and interrupted the officiating minister to correct some erroneous statements, one of which was that the deceased had freed his twelve slaves through his convictions as an abolitionist and that they were worth one hundred dollars each. The error was that the sacrifice was at least ten times as much as claimed—twelve thousand dollars instead of twelve hundred dollars.

When Benjamin Harrison, the brother, was elected President, the writer sent a plea in behalf of Capt. Carter Harrison, stating that "All of our people, regardless of party, would be gratified if you would give him a good appointment," adding that no acknowledgment was expected. President Harrison wrote, nevertheless, as follows: "Although you have set me free from obligation to acknowledge your letter of the 18th inst., it is so generous that I cannot accept a discharge from the pleasant duty of telling you how highly I appreciate your friendly words in behalf of a brother whose plan of life was spoiled by the call of his country to military service."

OFFICERS OF THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.—President, Mrs. S. Thomas McCulloch; Vice President, Mrs. E. G. Weed; Treasurer, Mrs. E. D. Taylor. The

directors are: Alabama, Mrs. Charles G. Brown, Fountain Heights, Birmingham; Florida, Mrs. R. C. Cooley, Jacksonville; Georgia, Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, Rome; Kentucky, Mrs. Basil Duke, Louisville; Louisiana, Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, New Orleans; Missouri, Mrs. R. E. Wilson, Kansas City; Mississippi, Miss Mary Harrison, Columbus; Maryland, Miss Elizabeth W. Hall, Baltimore; New York, Mrs. W. W. Read, New York City; North Carolina, Mrs. John P. Allison, Concord; South Carolina, Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, Charleston; Tennessee, Mrs. T. J. Latham, Memphis; Texas, Mrs. M. R. M. Rosenberg, Galveston; Virginia Division, Mrs. James Y. Leigh, Norfolk; West Virginia, Mrs. William W. Arnett; Virginia, Mrs. Mary Amelia Smith, Warrenton. For the Confederate Southern Memorial Association: Mrs. William J. Behan, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Garland Jones, Raleigh, N. C.; Mrs. J. D. Walker, Fayetteville, Ark. Advisory Board, Messrs. J. T. Ellyson, W. D. Chesterman, J. C. Dickerson, W. E. Cutshaw, G. L. Christian, D. C. Richardson, Joseph Bryan, Edgar B. Taylor; Bonded Treasurer, John S. Ellett—all of Richmond. Central Committee: Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman; Mrs. E. D. Taylor, Treasurer; Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Secretary. In the convention of United Daughters at San Francisco Mr. John S. Ellett, the bonded Treasurer, reported in hand for the monument \$71,054.37, of which sum \$5,000 has been disbursed. At that convention Mrs. Thomas Worcester, ex-President of the Ohio Division, Chicago, presented thirty-five dollars from Stonewall Jackson Chapter to the Jefferson Davis Monument Association.

ST. LOUIS TO HAVE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

The St. Louis *Republic* of December 8 states:

"The Daughters of the Confederacy societies of St. Louis held a joint meeting yesterday afternoon for the purpose of organizing an association, the work of which will be to erect a monument in memory of the dead soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy. The name of the organization selected was 'The St. Louis Confederate Monument Association.' Officers were elected from members of the various Chapters in St. Louis. The Daughters will call upon the Confederate Veterans and Sons to cooperate with them in this work.

"The cost of the monument, the design, and the place of erection are yet to be determined upon. Mrs. W. G. Moore, No. 86 Vandeventer Place, President of the association, said: 'We want to erect a monument that will be a credit and an ornament to St. Louis as well as a fitting tribute to our brave dead. When we are ready to consider designs, we will ask the best talent of the country to enter the competition.'

"While no definite place has been decided upon for the monument, Kendrick Square and Lindell and Vandeventer Avenues are spoken of as desirable places. The proceeds of the last ball of the United Daughters of the Confederacy amounted to over one thousand dollars. This amount will be the nucleus of the monument fund. The next meeting of the association will be held upon the anniversary of Gen. Robert E. Lee's birth, January 19, 1906. All Southern women residing in St. Louis and others interested in the movement are invited to attend this meeting.

"The officers, in addition to Mrs. Moore, President, are as follows: Mrs. Robert McCulloch, Mrs. John Roberts, Mrs. C. Pimm, Miss Clyde Arbuckle, Vice Presidents; Mrs. Jennie Edwards, Secretary; Mrs. Tom L. Cannon, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Phil Chew, Treasurer."



MISS MILDRED LEE.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy, in convention at San Francisco, October, 1905, adopted by unanimous vote the report submitted by a committee composed of Harriet H. Ravenel (Chairman), South Carolina, Mary A. Vaught, Louisiana, and Sue Davidson, of Virginia, as a memorial to the late Miss Mildred Lee:

"Since the last meeting of this society it has pleased God to take unto himself the soul of Mildred Lee; and whereas we, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, feel that in the death of this, our honored member, we have sustained a great and irreparable loss, it becomes our duty and our privilege to record our sense of her virtues and our grief. In Miss Lee were found not only the womanly beauty and charm of her own large and noble nature, but those heroic qualities which came to her from her great father, our beloved chieftain, Robert E. Lee. Benignant in prosperity, courageous in adversity, cheerful and gracious in every scene of life, her love for the South, for her father's people, knew neither variableness nor shadow of turning. In her we mourn a true and noble Daughter of the Confederacy.

"Resolved, That the society desires to express its high appreciation of the character and its grief for the loss of its late member, Miss Mildred Lee, and that such expression be spread upon its minutes and a copy sent to her surviving family."

THOMAS LEIPER PATTERSON.

In making record of the death of the late venerable T. Leiper Patterson, at Cumberland, Md., where he had long resided, older readers of the *VETERAN* will recall that in its first struggles for position the beloved wife procured a large subscription list and that she maintained it until she "fell on sleep." The tribute paid to her in its "Last Roll" department, with a fine engraving, brought from Mr. Patterson an exquisite expression of appreciation. Although a native of Philadelphia, son of Dr. R. M. Patterson, who occupied the chair of natural science in the University of Pennsylvania, born August 16, 1816, he had lived in Maryland many years. He was a civil engineer in the government service at Harper's Ferry when the John Brown insurrection occurred. He and his wife witnessed it from their quarters in the barracks.

Mr. Patterson became identified with Cumberland away back in the days of struggle to complete the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and was a helpful factor in its construction. He was duly honored when the great waterway was completed.

A Cumberland paper stated that "in private life Mr. Patterson's genial good nature and gentleness of disposition shone most resplendent, and during the many years of his residence in this city he never made an enemy. Although he had lived in retirement for some years and had ceased to mingle actively in public affairs, he never lost interest in the current events of the day or the varying fortunes of the political party which possessed his unyielding allegiance. He was a Democrat of the old school, and, while not obtrusive in his politics, he was unwavering in his fidelity to the teachings of his party. In his death there passed away a knightly gentleman, a steadfast friend, a devoted husband and father, and a citizen ever loyal to the best interests of the community." Mr. Patterson's life and example will abide as a blessing to his people and an honor to his race.

GEORGE W. LEAVELL.



MISS MILDRED LEE.

After a lingering illness George W. Leavell died at his home, in Oxford, Miss., September 7, 1905. He was born at Cherry Creek, Miss., January 29, 1844, and was a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, serving in Company B, 41st Mississippi Regiment. An interesting sketch of the battle of Franklin by Comrade Leavell may be seen in the *VETERAN*, 1902, beginning on page 500, together with portraits of his entire family. After the war he was with a cotton firm in Memphis for a while, but went to Oxford, Miss., and engaged in the dry goods business, which he closed in 1895 and entered the Bank of Oxford, with which he continued till last January, when his health failed. In his death not only his immediate family but the entire community has sustained a distinct loss. He was a conscientious, earnest Christian, and in a quiet way did much in the Master's service. A

wife and nine sons survive. He was proud of his record as a Confederate soldier, and was ever faithful to his comrades.

DEATHS IN CAMP JAMES ADAMS (No. 1036), AUSTIN, ARK.

The following list was furnished by Adjutant T. J. Young: B. C. Powell, March 19, 1898; Co. F, 15th Tenn. Cavalry. Capt. D. W. Bizzell, August 20, 1898; Co. I, 3d Ark. Cav. W. J. Hall, —; Co. F, 14th Tennessee Cavalry. S. P. Ballard, August 31, 1900; Co. I, 27th Tenn. Infantry. Capt. J. G. Adams, January 2, 1903; Co. I, 25th Ark. Inf. W. A. Beaver, —; Co. B, 4th North Carolina Infantry. Joseph Ringold, September, 1899; Co. D, 27th Tenn. Inf. B. F. Thompson, —; Co. K, 29th Arkansas Infantry. W. H. Carpenter, 1900; Co. E, Forrest's Regiment Cavalry. J. V. Choat, —; 17th South Carolina Infantry. E. N. Davis, December, 1902; Co. K, 36th Ark. Infantry. W. W. Brown, May 19, 1901; Co. A, 2d La. Infantry. John L. Haney, —; Co. B, 4th Arkansas Infantry. C. T. Perry, December, 1904; Co. K, 47th Ark. Infantry. G. W. Ringold, July 23, 1905; Co. H, 7th Tenn. Infantry. T. L. Boyd, January 1, 1899; Co. H, 16th Miss. Infantry. E. W. South, —; Co. E, 12th Alabama Infantry. G. W. Bland, 1905; Co. B, 4th Arkansas Infantry. R. F. Thurman, June 25, 1905; Co. B, 10th Ark. Infantry.

ELIZABETH LUMPKIN, DAUGHTER OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, MARRIED.

In Trinity Episcopal Church, Columbia, S. C., on December 21, 1905, Miss Elizabeth Elliott Lumpkin, "the Daughter of the United Confederate Veterans," was married to Dr. Eugene Byron Glenn, of Asheville, N. C. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Capers, who was a general in the Confederate army. The plan for the wedding was thoroughly "Confederate." The church decorations were simple, but beautiful, and characteristically Southern, with palms and smilax and festoons of gray-moss. The bridesmaids conformed to the wishes of the bride as typical Southern girls "before the war." They wore soft white dresses, with hair parted in the middle and dressed low.

The following guard of honor to the bride marched up the aisle in pairs in their Confederate uniforms: Gens. Clement A. Evans and C. I. Walker, Commanders respectively of the Army of Tennessee and Army of Northern Virginia Departments, U. C. V.; next in order were Gen. Thomas W. Carville, Commander South Carolina Division, and Gen. A. J. West, Commander North Georgia Brigade, U. C. V.; Col. U. R. Brooks and J. H. Wharton were next; while Col. Iredell Jones and S. A. Cunningham were last in line. Mrs. J. Fraser Glenn, of Asheville, "the bride of a day," was matron of honor, and the maid of honor was Miss Ada Lee Trantham, as she was for Miss Lumpkin at the Louisville Reunion.

Miss Lumpkin wore a beautiful gown of white crape in princess style, the deep yoke studded with medallions and finished with a bertha of rose-point lace. She was escorted by her father, Col. W. W. Lumpkin. The beautiful and impressive service of the Episcopal Church was performed by Bishop Capers, the feature most attractive being the manner of the bride in responding to the words as recited by the Bishop. After the ceremony, there was a reception at the residence of Col. Lumpkin prior to the departure of the bridal party for a stay of some weeks. While the VETERAN cannot afford space for weddings as a rule, this, remember, is the Daughter of the U. C. V.

The picture of the group herewith was made in the Lumpkin home at night by the flash light process. Reading from right to left, the pictures of the Veteran officers are Gens. Carville, Walker, Evans, Capers. Next to Gen. Capers, standing, is Mr. Glenn, father of the groom. The matron of honor, Mrs. J. Fraser Glenn, is immediately in the rear of the bride and groom, her husband standing to her right, while the mother of the bride is in a measure obscure to the right of Dr. Glenn.

The Columbia *State*, in an elaborate account of the wedding, says truly: "No other girl in the South since the war has reached so many hearts in which 'the sentiment of the South' is a sacred tradition, and there is scarcely a veteran of the war who has not been touched by Miss Lumpkin's reunion addresses, either enjoyed in all its intensity and brilliance the young woman's wonderful oratorical power or read the newspaper accounts, deprived of the force of personal delivery, but still possessing a beauty of sentiment and rhetoric which kept the sincerity of feeling warm even through the chilling process of press reproduction. So she won their hearts, and every old soldier of them felt a per-

sonal pride and pleasure in her wedding, and was gratified that she planned it to be thoroughly 'Confederate' in every feature." He was unique in every respect.

Miss Lumpkin sent a message to the Veterans that, however truly she loved her husband, she would ever love us all the more.

James S. Coke, McBrayer, Ky.: "During the winter of 1863-64 an order was issued in Camp Douglas by Col. Snow, the Federal commander, that Confederate prisoners should be



allowed to write only one letter a month. Up to that time I had the privilege of writing all I desired to, and that order cut me off from writing to the girl who after the war became my wife. Fortunately, I found a man of a Mississippi regiment whose name was the same as mine except the middle initial, his being 'A' where mine was 'S.' As he could not get a letter through the lines to his home, he allowed me to use his name in writing to my Rebel girl in Kentucky. I would like to know if he is still living and to hear from him or some of his family."

J. M. Spencer (Mosby's Cavalry), Berkeley, Cal.: "If my old 'Bunkie' at Fort Warren during the last year of the war sees this, won't he please write to me? When we were nearly starved there during the time the Federals were retaliating for the treatment of their prisoners, a friendly guard used to drop a lunch into a hole through the window at my bunk, and then Schooling, of Morgan's command, and I feasted. Also I would love, above all things, to hear from the surgeon who helped me to escape from Point Lookout in December, 1863, by giving me the name of one Tillinghurst, of Arkansas, who was supposed to be dying. He would have been exchanged the next day had he been well enough."

Comrade Newton Peters, of Tom Green Camp, Weatherford, Tex., was mustered into the Confederate army as a member of Company A, 50th Alabama, James A. P. Sappington captain. He is desirous of hearing from some of his old comrades, as he needs to secure proof to establish his right to a pension. Write J. M. Richards, Weatherford, Tex.

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Delevan Bates, Aurora, Nebr., makes inquiry as to when, where, and by whom were the Confederate dead removed from the battlefield of Gettysburg. An account of this subject would be appreciated.

TO THE SOUTH.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

O Southland, fair from sea to sea!
O land of Washington and Lee!
Land of the orange and the pine,
The cypress and the scented vine,
I love thy mountain's towering crest,
Where freedom's eagle builds her nest,
Thy glades and glens, thy sunlit vales
Unkissed by winter's ruthless gales.

I love thy rivers flowing down
Past lofty craft and busy town;
Beneath the Southern cross and star
They bear thy argosies afar,
And all the world that loves thy name
Doth echo with thy stainless fame,
Proud am I 'neath thy skies to stand,
O Southland fair, my motherland!

O land of Jackson! home of Key!
Thy children won on land and sea;
In years ago they bravely broke
In battle fierce the tyrant's yoke.
The deeds they did are living yet;
Their valor, who can e'er forget?
And who to-day thy fame would mar
Or rob thy banner of one star?

Adown the vistas far away
I catch a glimpse of moving gray;
I see the banners, now so still,
That pierced the smoke of Malvern Hill,
That waved among the ranks of blue
At Gettysburg and Shiloh too,
And folded 'neath a lordly crest,
Lay rent upon some hero's breast.

O motherland! my heart goes forth
To thee from out the colder North.
I love to chant thy deathless fame,
Thy heroes too I love to name;
They nobly stood, a gallant line,
Beneath the cypress and the pine,
And many a wild rose blooms to-day
Above some wearer of thy gray.

T. A. Witcher, Brownwood, Tex., had twin brothers—J. N. and W. J. Witcher—in Capt. Spence's company of the 1st Arkansas Infantry, and he is anxious to correspond with some member of that company. J. N. Witcher was sick with typhoid fever when Bragg retreated from Kentucky, and was taken prisoner and nursed by a member of the 4th Tennessee Infantry. W. J. Witcher was killed in the battle of Atlanta.

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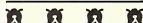
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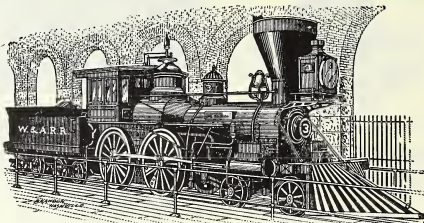
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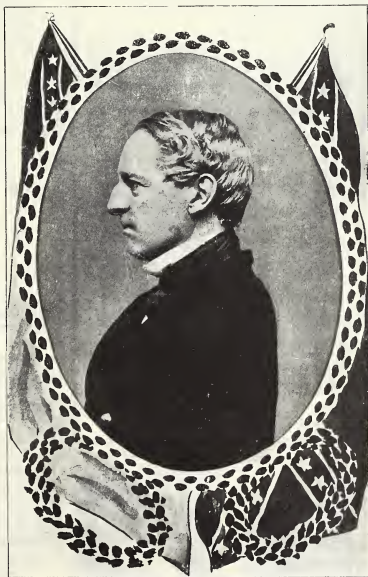
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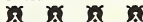
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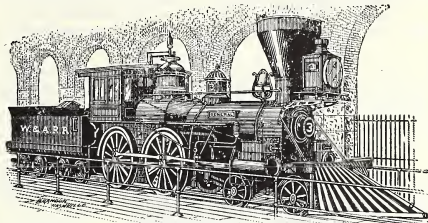
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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1906.

No. 2. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

GEN. SAMUEL COOPER.

The least known of any official in the Confederate government, his rank and efficiency considered, was Samuel Cooper.

General Samuel Cooper was born either in Hackensack, N. J., or in New York State June 12, 1798. At the age of fifteen he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, graduating in 1817, the period of study not being so long then as now—four years. He obtained the full rank of lieutenant at the age of seventeen years. He was aid-de-camp to Gen. Macomb, the general in chief of the army, 1828-36. He was assistant adjutant general at army headquarters during the Florida War. For meritorious conduct relating to the Mexican War he was brevetted colonel on the staff, and in 1852 became the adjutant general of the United States army. He held this rank till 1861, save while serving temporarily as Secretary of War.

In March, 1861, he resigned his commission and went at once to Montgomery, Ala., reporting to President Jefferson Davis on March 15, and the next day was appointed by President Davis adjutant general of the Confederate States, standing at the head of the list of Confederate generals. That master mind for the skillful organization of an army arrived in Montgomery at the very moment of the demand, and he was evidently the best-prepared man in America for that particular work. Association between Gen. Cooper and Mr. Davis while the latter was Secretary of War doubtless caused them to know each other fully.

It is singular that one of the last official acts of Gen. Cooper as adjutant general of the United States was to sign an order of dismissal from the United States army of Brig. Gen. David E. Twiggs, who became a Confederate major general. That order bears date March 1, 1861, and Gen. Cooper's resignation was dated March 7.

The absence of historic data prevents the VETERAN from giving reasons why Gen. Cooper resigned from the United States army to take his chances with the Confederate government, but throughout that strenuous period there is no known record of even lukewarmness in his service. He resided after the war near Alexandria, Va., until his death, which occurred in December, 1876.

President Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," gives Gen. Cooper's birthplace as New York. He reports as the first officers to resign and enlist for the South Samuel Cooper, Albert Sidney Johnston, and R. E. Lee, and that "Samuel Cooper was the first of these to offer

his services to the Confederacy at Montgomery. Having known him most favorably and intimately as adjutant general of the United States army when I was Secretary of War, the value of his services in the organization of a new army was considered so great that I invited him to the position of adjutant general of the Confederate army, which he accepted without a question as to relation, rank, or anything else. The highest grade then authorized by law was that of brigadier general, and that commission was bestowed upon him."

It is recorded that Gen. Cooper was promoted to the rank of general on August 31, 1861, and that he was throughout the ranking general of the armies of the Confederate States.

OFFICIAL REUNION ORDER.

In issuing General Order No. 38 from New Orleans, La., January 15, 1906, Adj. Gen. Mickle states: "The sixteenth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in the city of New Orleans, La., April 25-27, 1906, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, respectively, those days having been named by our host as satisfactory. There are many reasons why the Reunion of 1906 should surpass any heretofore held. The city of New Orleans is geographically situated so as to be easily accessible to a large section of our Federation. It is near the great Trans-Mississippi Department, with its thousands of enthusiastic old soldiers, and the most populous divisions of the other departments are not distant. The longing of the gallant remnants of the Confederate armies to meet each other, which each year grows stronger, the peculiar character of the city with its innumerable attractions, its old-time streets, its antique buildings, its immense shipping with countless craft that float on the bosom of the 'great river,' the beauty and refinement of its women, the hospitality of its people, ever the most enthusiastic Confederates, the exceedingly low rate made by the railroads—all, coupled with the promise of its citizens—and with them promise is performance—that this gathering shall surpass all heretofore held, combine to make this a memorable Reunion. The General commanding, then, most earnestly urges all Camp officers to strive to have a large attendance from their Camps, that these aged men may once more have the pleasure of meeting their old comrades in arms. The General commanding with much pleasure announces, at the request of its most energetic President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, that the Confederate Southern Memorial Association will meet at the same time."

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C. S. WELSCH, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.

(No. 7.)

CONFEDERATION NEWS.

Through some delays not necessary here to recount this department did not appear last month. The two following paragraphs, as can be seen, were penned for that issue. They are suffered to remain, as indicative of the feeling of the Commander in Chief at that time.

Greetings to loyal Sons of Confederate Veterans everywhere! The Commander in Chief wishes for his staff and for all officers and members of the Confederation a year of unalloyed happiness and abundant prosperity.

With the coming new year he indulges in the fond hope that new zeal and energy will be displayed in the work of the organization with a view to a better realization of our noble objects and aspirations. It is barely three months before the next general Reunion, and it is therefore necessary that no time be lost in preparation for it. Let the next year be our best year!

The following changes are made in committee assignments: Historical Committee: Dr. George Petrie, of Auburn, has been appointed for the Alabama Division; and Thomas R. Raines, for the District of Columbia Division, to succeed J. O. Moore. Relief Committee: Rev. Henry W. Pratt, for the District of Columbia Division, to succeed Thomas R. Raines. Monument Committee: Samuel D. Rodgers, of Petersburg, for the Virginia Division, to succeed W. W. Old, Jr., elected Division Commander; and Marshall DeLancy Haywood, of Raleigh, for the North Carolina Division, to succeed H. M. Branch, deceased.

W. Lamar Williams, of Macon, Commander of the Georgia Division, in General Order No. 2, November 8, 1905, has completed his Division staff—viz.: W. Cecil Neill, Columbus Inspector; Dr. Frank M. Cunningham, Macon, Surgeon; Francis E. Lanier, Savannah, Commissary; C. C. Harper, Rome, Quartermaster; R. Douglas Feagin, Macon, Judge Advocate; Rev. J. M. Glenn, Macon, Chaplain; Harry Gantt Williams, Macon, Courier.

NEW DIVISION COMMANDERS—SPECIAL ORDERS.

Several changes have recently been made in the positions of Division Commanders. They are here noted:

By Special Order No. 4, December 1, 1905, Hugh J. McCallum, of Jacksonville, has been named as the successor of George G. Mathews, resigned, in command of the Florida Division.

By Special Order No. 5, December 1, F. B. Hooft, of Charlestown, has been appointed Commander of the West

Virginia Division, to succeed Dr. V. T. Churuchman, whose term had expired and who did not seek reelection.

By Special Order No. 6, December 1, Neville S. Bullitt, of Louisville, has been reappointed Commander of the Kentucky Division.

By Special Order No. 7, December 1, J. J. McSwain, of Greenville, has been reappointed Commander of the South Carolina Division.

By Special Order No. 8, December 2, George W. Duncan, of Auburn, has been appointed Commander of the Alabama Division.

By Special Order No. 9, January 1, 1906, Thomas R. Raines, of Washington, has been reappointed Commander of the District of Columbia Division.

By Special Order No. 10, January 1, J. Mercer Garnett, Jr., of Baltimore, has been reappointed Commander of the Maryland Division.

By Special Order No. 11, January 1, Judge Frank B. Williams, of Springfield, has been appointed Commander of the Missouri Division.

NEW CAMPS.

In the last several weeks, owing to holiday and other interferences, there has been but little activity in Camp extension. However, many sets of blanks have been sent out, and it is confidently anticipated that a large number will be entered prior to the general Reunion.

On December 30, 1905, Camp Lee-Jackson, No. 531, of Columbus, Ohio, was chartered with a membership of fourteen. Ralph Reamer is Commandant; R. B. Wiltberger, Adjutant.

On January 19, 1906, the Sons of the City of San Francisco, Cal, met in response to call, and effected an enthusiastic organization. Messrs. F. Walker, George W. Allison, Charles B. Whilden, L. T. Stephenson, S. J. Churchill, and S. Faulkner are signed to the circular call for the meeting. This Camp will be chartered during the month.

WOMEN'S MEMORIAL.

The work of raising the funds for the memorial is being vigorously pressed and in various ways in all parts of the South. The men of the South have awakened to their high duty, and are making an effort to repay, in some small degree, the immense debt they owe to their glorious women—women who have made possible the great prosperity existing in our fair Southland to-day. By the United Confederate Veterans' resolutions, previously noticed at length, every Camp was directed to appoint a committee to raise its part of the general fund. As one of the means to aid such committees in their work and otherwise accomplish the ends in view, it has been suggested that entertainments of some kind be gotten up. People, as a rule, will spend money for a show who would not subscribe even a small sum for a most worthy object.

The Women's Memorial Committee has arranged with Mr. J. S. Atkinson, a prominent stage director, to produce in various Southern cities "Echoes from Operas." The cast to produce this will be local talent, children very largely, and the committee will ask the good people of each city to supply them.

It is proper that those interested should know that the financial arrangement made is that the memorial shall receive one-half the net profits, the other half going to Mr. Atkinson, in payment of his time, skill, and talent in staging the event and for the use of such stage property as he agrees to provide.

The performers are expected to give their time for the noble cause without cost. It is not unlikely that they will enjoy the practicing and performance, and will certainly learn much from the training given.

To make the necessary arrangements, committees will be required: (1) Committee of gentlemen, preferably of Veterans and Sons, who will have charge of the finances, securing hall, advertising, and printing, and to aid the ladies' committee in securing performers; (2) committee of ladies, preferably Daughters of the Confederacy, to aid in securing performers and in the staging of the performance. These committees will be expected to work together and to appoint any subcommittees they may deem necessary. To organize these committees, Gen. C. Irvine Walker, special representative of the Women's Memorial Committee, would like the name of a suitable lady and gentleman in communities where this entertainment may be desired.

At the meeting of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., in Macon November last Mrs. Helen Plane, of Atlanta, made a brilliant address in which she made a plea that the memorial which is proposed to be erected by the Veterans and the Sons should take the form of a home for aged and infirm women of the Confederacy. This adds another to the many suggestions already made for the form of the memorial. Her address is in the *Atlanta Constitution*, November 5, 1905.

On December 10 Gen. C. Irvine Walker issued a supplement to the *Atlanta Journal*, containing an account of the Georgia women in the war. The supplement contains twelve pages, and is full of most valuable historical data. The editorial work, under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Felton, is well done, and congratulations are offered both Mrs. Felton and Gen. Walker.

GENERAL REUNION, 1906.

The next Reunion of the Confederation will be held in New Orleans, La., April 25-27, these dates having been selected by the United Confederate Veterans for their sixteenth annual Reunion. New Orleans was named as the place at the Louisville Reunion, 1905.

The date having been fixed, all members and Camps should work with zeal and energy to make it a success. Strenuous efforts should be put forth looking to an increase of the strength of Camps on which to base large delegations to the Reunion. The occasion promises to be of unusual brilliance.

Past Commander in Chief William McL. Fayssoux is Chairman of the Executive Committee from Camp Beauregard, New Orleans, to which is intrusted the part of the U. S. C. V. in the Reunion. His appointment is a guarantee of success.

ORGANIZE NEW CAMPS.

Appeal is made to the descendants of Confederate Veterans in the hundreds of communities in the South where no Camps now exist to strive to effect organizations. On application to the Commander in Chief blanks and all particulars will be supplied.

CAMP REPORTS TO GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

Under Section 60 of the Constitution blank muster rolls will be sent to all Camps sixty days before the Reunion on which to report to general headquarters a roster of their members. These rosters must be returned by the first day of the month in which the Reunion is held, which in the present instance is April 1. Camp officers are directed to strictly observe this requirement.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

The Commander in Chief and his Adjutant General will endeavor to anticipate the work of the Reunion convention as much as possible with a view to closing up the business of the year as expeditiously as can be done. The constitution contemplates the completion and filing of reports in advance of the Reunion, and officers and chairmen of committees are urged to *strict compliance*.

Committee reports, reports by Department Commanders, and the historical papers in preparation by members of the staff of the Commander in Chief *must* be sent in "one month before the annual Reunion."

DIVISION REUNIONS.

During the reunion of the Florida Division of the Veterans, December 13 and 14 last, the Sons of that State met the new Division Commander, Hugh J. McCallum, informally and planned for future work. No formal sessions were held.

The Louisiana Division held its reunion January 17 and 18 in New Orleans, as previously announced.

REUNIONS AND COMMANDERS IN CHIEF.

The following historical facts in the life of the Confederation will doubtless be of interest:

1866-67. The first reunion, which was the meeting for organization, was held in Richmond, Va., June 30, 1866. J. E. B. Stuart was elected Commander in Chief.

1867-68. The second reunion was held in Nashville, Tenn., June 22, 1867. Robert A. Smythe, of Charleston, S. C., was elected Commander in Chief.

1868-69. The third reunion was held in Atlanta, Ga., July 20-23, 1868. Robert A. Smythe, of Charleston, S. C., was reelected Commander in Chief.

1869-1900. The fourth reunion was held in Charleston, S. C., May 10-13, 1869. Walter T. Colquitt, of Atlanta, Ga., was elected Commander in Chief.

1900-01. The fifth reunion was held in Louisville, Ky., May 31 and June 1, 1900. Biscoe Hindman, of Louisville, Ky., was elected Commander in Chief.

1901-02. The sixth reunion was held in Memphis, Tenn., May 28-30, 1901. R. B. Haughton, of St. Louis, Mo., was elected Commander in Chief.

1902-03. The seventh reunion was held in Dallas, Tex., April 22-26, 1902. Thomas P. Stone, of Waco, Tex., was elected Commander in Chief.

1903-04. The eighth reunion was held in New Orleans, La., May 19-22, 1903. William McL. Fayssoux, of New Orleans, was elected Commander in Chief.

1904-05. The ninth reunion was held in Nashville, Tenn., June 14-16, 1904. N. R. Tisdal, of Rusk, Tex., was elected Commander in Chief.

1905-06. The tenth reunion was held in Louisville, Ky., June 14-16, 1905. Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery, Ala., was elected Commander in Chief.

ERRORS CORRECTED ABOUT GEN. BUSHROD JOHNSON.—In the sketch of Gen. Johnson by Gov. James D. Porter, *January VETERAN*, three typographical errors occurred. On page 14, top of first column, it should be stated that Gen. Johnson entered West Point in 1836 (not 1830), graduating in 1840. In the second column, same page. Bledsoe's *Mississippi* Battery should be Missouri Battery, and two lines farther down an error is made in saying "he had swept the *next* bank" instead of "*west* bank in front of their respective places of crossing."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

It would require a cumbersome book to print proceedings of public assemblies on the birthday anniversary of Gen. R. E. Lee. There has never been a time when a strong element at the North was not considerate of the exalted character of Gen. Lee, and the more there is known of the man the more universal becomes the sentiment in his honor. As the next anniversary will be the centennial of Gen. Lee's birth, would it not be well for the people of the United States to unite in setting forth the true character of the man? In no assembly of Christian patriots at the North, where the lives of our public men have been studied, would there be lacking men and women who would say that the life of Robert Edward Lee was not worthy of imitation. Indeed, it would be well to fulfill the prophecy of Charles Francis Adams and erect in the city of Washington a bronze statue of Gen. Lee mounted on Traveler, facing Arlington—the South. If Congress should authorize the appropriation of a site suitable, the people of the nation would supply the funds; so that on January 19, 1907, one hundred years from his birth, there would be the greatest gathering of survivors from both sides that ever will assemble on the earth to blend forever the spirit of the Union that was established by the fathers.

The VETERAN will enter a more progressive campaign this year in its effort to extend its circulation. Sample copies—old copies as well as new ones—will be sent to many who have not seen any. The sentiment is gratifying that nothing but kindly appreciation comes from the "other side" in connection with it. D. F. Wallace writes from Cortland, N. Y., January 22: "Recently some one sent me the January number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I did not know that there was such a publication in existence. Although I carried a musket with the boys in blue, like all true soldiers, I have only respect for those who wore the gray. Yes, I have more than respect: I have admiration as I think of their heroic conduct on many a hard-fought field. I inclose herewith one dollar for one year's subscription." Southern people may take pride in the fact that the VETERAN has the best reputation of any historic journal that has been established in the country. This creditable result comes of the unanimity with which they have cooperated for it.

REUNION ARRANGEMENTS AT NEW ORLEANS.

Prospects for the Reunion of United Confederate Veterans and kindred associations at New Orleans April 25-27 are progressing satisfactorily. Gen. Kruttschnitt is the general Chairman and Gen. T. W. Castleman has been made Director General of the Reunion Committee. The subcommittees have not been appointed yet, but the spirit of cooperation is so general and so cordial that no lack of confidence exists as to the perfect success of all plans and that they will be sufficiently elaborate. A large attendance is expected, and the fixing of the date for late in April gives promise that most of the winter tourists will have gone North. It is the

purpose of the VETERAN to keep its readers well informed concerning all matters of importance in connection with the Reunion. The headquarters of the VETERAN during the time are to be in the vestibule of the St. Charles Hotel.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

A change of importance is to occur in our next Reunion at New Orleans concerning the Jefferson Davis Memorial Service, which has been held in a separate place usually from the general U. C. V. convention hall. Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief of the Veterans, and their subordinates all agree to this place, the only point in which all have not yet concurred being as to the day and hour. It is apparent, however, that it will be held on the first day of the convention and at 2:30 P.M.

The Confederated States Memorial Association's headquarters will be in the St. Charles Hotel, and its convention sessions will be held in a hall of the New Orleans Progressive Union on Camp Street, opposite Lafayette Square.

CONVERSATION BY TELEPHONE—PERSONAL.

"Hello, General Castleman!"—demurred to title—"I call you General. I am a Corker, but they sometimes call me Colonel." The engagement was made to go to the "General's" office with the VETERAN's editor by Andrew R. Blakely, who is at the head of the great St. Charles Hotel. Comrade Blakely is a remarkable man. Busy, busy, busy all the time, yet he takes time to help along every public enterprise, commercial or patriotic. No other man among his fellow-citizens does quite as much in a public-spirited way.

Journeying on the cars recently, the question was asked of a partisan Southerner if he knew Mr. Blakely personally, and he replied: "No, I thought he was a Northern man and never cared for him." This friend and many others who don't know Comrade Blakely, prominent as he has been in Confederate enterprises, will be interested in the brief sketch given of him recently in the New York Hotel Register by an editorial from New Orleans. It quotes with comment: "There is no one more worthy of place in the gallery of notable hotel people than Andrew R. Blakely. Mr. Blakely was born in Ireland January 24, 1841, and went to sea at the age of fifteen. He gave up sea life in New Orleans in 1857, serving in the War between the States as private in the Second Company of Washington Artillery. He was seriously wounded and lost his right eye in the second battle of Manassas in August, 1862, and was made a prisoner of war. After being exchanged, he continued service under detail at Richmond. At the close of the war Mr. Blakely entered the hotel business as cashier at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, and for ten years was connected with the West End Hotel, Long Branch, in summer and the St. Charles in winter. In 1878 he came to New York as manager of the St. James Hotel. In 1884 he became connected with the then celebrated Windsor Hotel, and after two years became junior partner in that well-known firm. When the new St. Charles was built in New Orleans, he became lessee of that fine hotel, and he is still the successful proprietor. He is the originator of the New Orleans Progressive Union, one of the strongest commercial organizations in the country, and is connected with every other organization having for its object the progress and advancement of the city. He is Captain of the Second Company Washington Artillery Veterans, a colonel on the staff of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, and a colonel on the staff of Gov. N. C. Blanchard, of Louisiana."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, COLUMBUS, GA.

Columbus (Ga.) Confederates and their friends are raising funds for a Confederate monument to be erected in Columbus as a memorial to the Confederates of Lowndes County. It is to cost not less than ten thousand dollars. On top of a great shaft will be the figure of a Confederate private soldier. On the pedestal will be stated the fact that the ladies of Columbus inaugurated the custom of decorating soldiers' graves which is now in vogue throughout the country. May 30 is the date fixed for dedicating the graves of Union soldiers everywhere, while in the South different days are used in different States. About the base of the monument are to be erected figures of the four brigadier generals of Lowndes County—viz.: William Baldwin, William Barksdale, William B. Wade, and Jacob H. Sharp. Over sixteen hundred dollars has been subscribed already. Several citizens propose to give as much as five hundred dollars each, so that there is no fear of ability to raise all the money necessary. Miss Annie Wade O'Neill has undertaken to raise five hundred dollars, and the U. D. C. Chapter is expected to raise a like sum. Confederates and others friendly to the undertaking have the opportunity to contribute. This matter evidently should have the attention of any natives of Lowndes County.

SITE FOR MEMORIAL TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN.—United States Senator John T. Morgan, in reply to a letter from Mrs. Humes, of Huntsville, Ala., concluded his letter as follows: "I think the final tribute to the honor of the Confederate cause should be erected to the Women of the Confederacy. The proper site of such a memorial is in Virginia, at Arlington, on the crest of the elevation that overlooks the capital of the republic, and is in plain view of the monument erected to George Washington, in which the people of the South have placed many stones and tablets in memory of their kinsman—savior of the country. This would fittingly honor Martha Washington and her sisters of the Confederacy of the thirteen States in the American Revolution of 1776."

CENOTAPH TO GEN. PAT R. CLEBURNE.—Cleburne Hayes reports as follows a conversation with an "old war horse:" "I noticed while in Franklin, Tenn., recently that the cenotaph to Gen. Pat Cleburne, which formerly stood in the old Battleground Academy campus, has been torn down since the academy was burned. I related the story and expressed my regrets to Dr. B. F. Dixon, State Auditor of North Carolina.



COPIED FROM THE "CENOTAPH," AS INDICATED.

The old war horse seemed deeply affected, and said with much emphasis: 'It's a shame! Tennessee ought to rebuild it. You tell Col. Hickman that if Tennessee won't do it her mother will.'

NEW YORK CAMP FOR CONFEDERATE WOMEN'S MEMORIAL.—A committee of the New York Camp has been appointed to solicit and receive subscriptions to the fund, consisting of Edward Owen, Chairman, 11 Broadway; A. R. Chisolm, Union Club; S. Emanuel, 220 W. One Hundred and Seventh Street; John C. Breckinridge, 24 E. Ninety-Fourth Street; W. G. Crenshaw, Jr., 82 Wall Street. In a circular letter the committee, under the heading "Let Us Not Forget," says: "When hostilities began, it was the women of the South who, with tear-dimmed eyes, but with hearts of steel, bade their sons go forward to battle for the Southland. No sacrifice was too dear to be made with a cheerful heart, no duty too menial to be borne without murmuring. It was the women of the South who with their smiles and prayers encouraged and cheered the moving column; who cared for the hungry, nursed the sick and the wounded soldier, and urged him on to greater deeds; and who for four long years contributed to the wants and necessities of the men at the front. It was the thought of these noble women that nerved the Southern soldier to hardships which he could never have borne. There could have been no greater incentive to action and valorous deeds than the conviction that he was defending the homes and firesides of the mothers, wives, and daughters of the South. To these noble women let us erect and dedicate a monument to perpetuate their devotion to our beloved Southland—a devotion without parallel, endurance without murmur, duty performed without reward. They have fought their fight and won their crown, and ours be the sweet heritage to keep alive the memories of their noble deeds. Send subscriptions to either one of the above-mentioned committee. Subscriptions will be published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. All persons receiving a circular will please bring it to the notice of their friends." It is expected that our New York friends will procure a handsome amount for this noble purpose. They never do anything small.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. M. C. GOODLETT,

Presented to the United Daughters of the Confederacy in San Francisco.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT.

More and more am I impressed with the grave importance of that part of our constitution which declares one of our objects to be "historical, to collect and preserve the material for a *truthful* history of the war, to protect historic places of the Confederacy," and I am to-day in receipt of a letter giving a fact which makes it more and more plain that the U. C. V. and U. D. C. are not doing what they ought with regard to the histories which will be written for our descendants to read and learn from, and I am constrained to urge upon you again the importance of this object. These histories will be written by unprejudiced historians, and they will be just to the South if the South will only be just to herself now by preserving the material for them to work with and by correcting mistakes which have been made.

I quote for your attention an extract from the letter I speak of: "The government has expended a large amount of money in establishing these parks [Gettysburg, Shiloh, Chickamauga, and Vicksburg]. It seems to me that there is no use in having these parks at all unless the position of every regiment, both Federal and Confederate, is truthfully located therein. It is not so much magnificent monuments, statues, and markers that we want and which the Northern States have already erected and which some few Southern States have done, but it is important for the *purposes of history* that some sort of a marker, even though it be a stone or a stake or an inexpensive tablet, should be erected in such positions. If in any future period a monument to such regiment be erected, it will then be entitled to erection on the position indicated."

In another place this letter says: "There has not yet been written any sort of a great impartial history of the war; but the greatest books on the subject and the ones which will be the most authoritative, the most interesting, and hence the most productive of patriotism in future ages, are the four great national battlefield parks established at Chickamauga, Gettysburg, Shiloh, and Vicksburg—grand panoramas of these battles, which are open text-books. When the student of history goes over such a field, he is able in two or three hours to know more about the battle than by a study for an equal number of years of printed books, and even then not remember it as well. If every Confederate regiment and every Federal regiment has its positions and movements on the battlefield defined and marked in accordance with the proofs obtained from the official reports in the 'Records' and other reliable sources, partisan histories of these battles, which have deviated from the facts, will be easily exposed and the truth will prevail. Therefore I believe these battlefield parks will eventually be accepted as authority for the true history of such battles."

If this be true, then how *very* important it is that no mistakes be made as to those positions and movements by placing the markers in the wrong places or by putting wrong markers in any place! He in another place speaks of a place, a very important one to Southerners, having been marked wrongly and of his having gotten proofs of it from the "War of the Rebellion, Official Records," and gone before the Park Commission, convinced them, and got a promise that it should be righted. If such a mistake has occurred in one place, why may it not have occurred in others also? How many Southern States are there who haven't made any effort to ascertain the right places for markers as

to the positions and movements of her troops? I think that wherever we find it has not been done the U. C. V. and U. D. C. should see to it that there is no rest for the public men until it is attended to.

A very grave responsibility rests on both associations with regard to the correct history of the War between the States. We have allowed things to continue just any way long enough. The North as well as the South is now anxious for the truth to be known. The time for correcting incorrectly written history is now with us. Let the South look to it that the paths are lightened and the signboards true which shall guide the future historian. But be you *very* sure of this: that if the U. C. V. and the U. D. C. do not urge them to it they will leave many mistakes uncorrected and many things unrevealed which the world should know.

[Mrs. Henderson's correspondent misleads to a degree in regard to battlefield tablets, for much attention is given the subject by veterans who were participants.—ED. VETERAN.]

"PICKETT AND HIS MEN."—Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett, widow of Gen. George Pickett, generously placed in the VETERAN office twelve copies of her book, "Pickett and His Men," to be sent as a Christmas remembrance to comrades not able to buy the book. Wishing to place them with survivors of his command, this notice is made as a request to the VETERAN office for the addresses of any such survivors to whom the books might be sent under condition named. A prompt response is requested.

A JACKET OF GRAY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Is it a dream or the notes of a bugle

That come from the valley that lieth afar?

Was that a shot from the heart of the timber

Dimly outlined on the horizon's bar?

Resting alone in the sunlight and shadow

That over the lawn like the gay fairies play,

I turn in my chair from the past that has vanished

To gaze with a smile at a jacket of gray.

It hangs on the wall by an old battered saber,

Once swung in the fight with a Southerner's will;

There's a stain on the sleeve and a rent at the shoulder,

Souvenir both of the brush on the hill.

One glance and I'm back with the comrades I cherished,

Who rode down the valley when youth had its day,

With the wind in the pines and the dew on the clover,

And the merriest hearts 'neath the jackets of gray.

Beneath the magnolias the camp fires are gleaming,

The stars are aglow in the soft azure dome;

We turn from the story of march and of battle

For a thought and a dream of the sweethearts at home.

There come from the years with their far-away vistas

The times that have vanished forever, they say,

A memory sweet and a memory golden

Tp halo with glory a jacket of gray.

You will not object if I sit in life's gloaming,

A crutch on my knee and a scar on my hand,

And pluck in the name of a youth that has flitted

A rose from the meadows of Memory Land—

A rose that I place with a veteran's ardor

Where *she* left a flower one beautiful day.

I lost it, alas! in the charge by the river,

But her touch lingers yet on the jacket of gray.

INCIDENT CONCERNING "BANKS OF POTOMAC"

BY G. H. BLAKESLEE, COM. RENO POST, 112, G. A. R., LOMAX, NEB.

I see in the *VETERAN* a call for a song, "The White, Red, and Blue." I have in my possession a copy of it which is headed "On the Banks of the Potomac." This copy has a history. During the early part of 1863 my regiment was on duty at your city of Nashville. In August of that year I was sent with nine men as safeguard to a fine mansion and country seat on the Hillsboro Pike. It was the most beautiful place I ever saw, and most zealously we guarded the property from destruction or pillage.

There seemed to be no gentlemen at home, and we learned that the owner was an officer in the Confederate army. Of course we did not obtrude upon the privacy of the home, and formed no acquaintances with the residents thereof. However, one evening as I was making my rounds, I saw on the porch of the mansion a young lady, who was singing this song. I paused and listened until she had finished, when, saluting her in army fashion, I ventured to request her to write me a copy, which she courteously consented to do. The next evening, as I was again making my rounds, she came out on the porch and handed me the song, of which I herewith send copy. I supposed the signature "Belmont" was the young lady's name until, some time after, I learned it was the name of the mansion.

ON THE BANKS OF THE POTOMAC.

On the banks of the Potomac there's an army so grand
Whose object's to subjugate Dixie's fair land.
They say we have split this great Union in two
And altered the colors of the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We're a nation so true;
We'll all die defending the White, Red, and Blue.
Our banners are simple, and by them we'll stand;
They float from the Potomac to the great Rio Grande;
They wave o'er a nation that's gallant and true;
We'll all die defending the White, Red, and Blue.
'Twas in the morning on the tenth of last June
Magruder at Bethel whipped our Picayune.
They began in the morning and fought until two,
When glory waved over the White, Red, and Blue.
In the morning of the tenth of July
A trip down to Richmond the Yanks thought to try.
They had not got far before back they all flew,
Under the old Union banner, the Red, White, and Blue.
On the plains of Manassas the Yankees we met.
We gave them a whipping they'll never forget.
When they started for Richmond how little they knew
How the Rebs would fight for the White, Red, and Blue!
If you want to hear Greeley and Yankeedom swear,
Just mention the Mason and Slidell affair;
For when they first got them they made great ado,
But now they curse England with the White, Red, and Blue.
They'll never subdue us, as you will all see,
While we've Davis, Bragg, Johnston, and Lee,
Magruder, McCulloch, and others so true—
We'll all die defending the White, Red, and Blue.
The sweetest, the happiest place upon earth
Is Dixie, fair Dixie, the land of my birth.
I love, I adore her, to her I'll prove true,
And stand by her colors, the White, Red, and Blue.

Proof of the foregoing was sent to Friend Blakeslee with comment upon the inconsistency of "white, red, and blue" instead of "red, white, and red," and he replied:

"It was many years after the war before I heard your flag called the 'red, white, and red.' Your own people, as I remember, used to refer to it poetically as the 'white, red, and blue' in contradistinction to our 'red, white, and blue.'"

"Now, referring to your four flags, you will find all three colors on them. I have in my collection of relics three—the first, the stars and bars; the second, what we knew as your battle flag; and the third, the 1865 flag. The battle flag was presented to me by Mr. A. Jackson and Miss Eliza Jackson, of Christiansburg, Va., and was used at the unveiling of the monument to T. J. Jackson at Lexington, Va. This was in recognition of an article I had written illustrative of the character of that great American soldier. Seeing all these colors combined, it would not seem proper to omit the 'blue.'"

"However, this is the copy as I received it from a stranger lady in your city more than forty years ago. As to the meter, I am not responsible, but see that your correction would better it. Do you know anything of this old mansion or its occupants? I presume it is long now a thing of the past, though there may be some living yet in your city who have a remembrance of it. As I am writing a vision of loveliness comes to me over this long stretch of years as I recall that August in 1863 and my duty at the place. Not a flower even from the greenhouse nor a rose from the lawn was molested. What happened afterwards I never learned. It must have been about on the line of battle in December, 1864.

"I have a great many dear friends in the Southland who were on the other side in that great war, not one but whom I honor and respect, and I am proud to know that at least I have their respect. In a suburb of your city—Waverly Place—dwell two elderly ladies, Mrs. Northway and Mrs. McIntosh, whose only brother, W. H. Parks, of the 12th Tennessee, died by my side in our division hospital in front of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., June, 1864, both of us wounded on that awful day. Out at Lebanon, Tenn., lives a grand old hero of the 3d Missouri (Confederate) of Cockrell's Brigade. The fire of this brigade left me a lifelong cripple when close to their works. Down at Cave Springs, Ga., lives another, W. O. Conner, of the Cherokee Artillery, a battery captured by my brigade at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864, who has been associated with me in an effort to build a joint monument on the line where this battery was captured; and dear old Capt. Corput, of Atlanta, Ga., whose many letters, written like copperplate, although now nearly eighty, and who commanded that battery—a grand man. I was proud to hold communion in days past with your greater lights, like Breckinridge, Buckner, Longstreet, and John B. Gordon. Again, it is in no spirit of egotism that I speak of the kind words I have had from Lieut. Gen. Stewart, E. C. Walthall, A. J. Vaughan, George W. Gordon, of Tennessee, F. S. Harris, of Nashville, Tenn., and a host of the grand old fellows, and Col. Shipp, of Chattanooga, who pinned on my coat a Confederate badge in 1895."

The house and grounds to which Friend Blakeslee refers are the noted Acklen place. Mrs. Acklen married Dr. W. A. Cheatham soon after the war. The magnificent home and grounds are now Belmont College. Additions have been made to the residence, so that it is perhaps three times as large, but the front view looking south is just as it was in the sixties.

EXPERIENCES ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

[At a meeting of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp No. 70, U. C. V., Prof. J. J. Richardson related some recollections of Johnson's Island from which extracts are made.]

In the battle of Missionary Ridge I was captured and sent to Johnson's Island. Arriving there in the night, Capt. Richards, of Company E, 25th Alabama Volunteers, was my bunk mate. At nine o'clock the cry of lights out was called by the sentry; and if lights were not extinguished in short order, a shot was fired through the building, and so often prisoners were killed. Our prison grounds contained about eighteen acres. The buildings were in two rows about three hundred yards apart. My first night in prison was disturbed by a grand drill of wharf rats, my bed being on the floor. The rats formed at the far end of the building and rushed to the other, then wheeled and returned, and the way their tails flopped on the floor at their wheeling has clung to my memory to this day. The rats ran over me roughshod, as I occupied a part of their former drill ground. These rats later, when rations became scarce, were trapped and went cheap at ten cents a rat. Money was scarce.

GREAT STORM ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

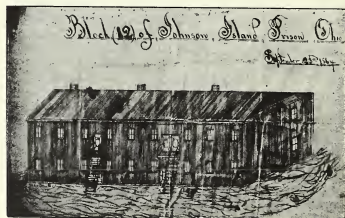
We had a memorable storm while in prison. It came up about nine o'clock at night. I watched the cloud, and concluded I would not retire till after it was over. I stood beside the door and watched its approach; the lightning was constant. I saw it strike the trees beyond the prison; they bent to the storm and went down. It struck the first row of buildings; the roofs of blocks four and two were carried away. I next struck block five, and the roof gave way, the building quaked, and the men who had retired leaped from their bunks and ran out of the building in the excitement. I ran out too and lay down in a trench. The debris from block four fell in front of our building, rafters, sheeting, shingles, etc., having been blown about three hundred yards. The prison fence was in part blown down. The Yanks kept up a pretty lively fire to prevent escapes. Many ludicrous things occurred. A Capt. Jones fled from the building and ran halfway to the dead line, when he mistook the pump for a Yank, and cried out: "Good Lord, Mr. Yank, don't shoot—don't shoot—I surrender." We made good use of the sheeting from the roof of block four. We cut our room into three rooms and ceiled our bunks, having made use of all the material, so that storm was turned to our advantage. Strange to say, no one was seriously hurt.

We were always on tiptoe to hear the latest news from the war. We raised a subscription for the *Sandusky Daily*, and upon its arrival a good reader was selected and he read aloud the war news, and we could form a pretty good idea of how things were going at the front.

Johnson's Island lies at the mouth of Sandusky Bay, with Lake Erie on the other side. The distance across the narrowest place was about three-fourths of a mile, yet there was a goodly number of escapes from this prison.

January 1, 1865, was the coldest day I ever experienced. The wind was from the southwest, off the land, which was covered with snow. Sandusky Bay was not frozen. The wind was like one of our northers. The bay was quite rough, and I thought it would not freeze; but it was soon frozen over, and by next morning the ice was a foot thick and the thermometer thirty-nine degrees below zero. I sat close to the stove all day. It was red-hot in places, yet my heels were cold all day. I think the guards were taken off that

night. They might have been, so far as I was concerned. When I was captured, I had a new Confederate coat and vest. These lasted me a year and a half. I had on a half-worn-out pair of gray jeans pants, which I wore for more than a year; then I drew a shoddy gray pair of pants, which soon fell to pieces, and I used the rags to patch my old pants, which I finally wore home. I drew several suits of under-clothing. My overcoat lasted me through the year and a half, and I carried it back to Dixie. My shoes wore out, and I went up to draw some at the distribution of clothing. Finally the distribution was over. I saw two shoes and asked for them; they were not mates. One was a number nine and the other was a number ten, both for the same foot. I suppose I must have gotten these from two one-



legged men who had been unfortunate in losing the same leg. The nine fitted one foot, and I could wear the ten on the other. I wore them back to Dixie.

We had much time on our hands there, and sought to amuse ourselves variously. I have been blamed some in Texas for playing chess and checkers. The habit was formed on Johnson's Island. If these innocent games could make me forget my hunger for a few minutes, they deserve to be cultivated. The Y. M. C. A. shares my highest regards. Some such organization furnished us a library of more than six hundred volumes. I made it a rule to read one hundred pages a day for quite a while. I took a course in theology, reading Nelson's "Cause and Cure of Infidelity," "The Bible Not of Man," "The Bible the Word of God," "Trench on the Prophecies," and other books, which thoroughly established the truth of the Scriptures in my mind.

EXPERIENCES IN PRISON BY A MISSOURIAN.

BY JACOB TEEPLE, ORDERLY SERGEANT COMPANY H, 10TH MISSOURI INFANTRY.

The Confederate forces were at Springfield, Mo., expecting to attack Lyons's command there in August, 1861. During the reconnoitering around Springfield I was sent with a detachment of about two hundred to tear up the railroad between St. Louis and Rolla. We had not heard of the battle of Wilson's Creek and were not in any engagements until in November. Fremont's men were run in on us at Springfield, and it was the hardest fighting during the war for me. The dead lay so thick you could walk on them. One incident I mention. Johnny Wickersham, about fifteen, shot a Federal major off his horse; then ran up and took his saber and pistol, for which he was made captain of one hundred young men.

Early in 1862 three other Confederate soldiers and I went back to Pulaski County to try to get some more of the boys into the service. We went to my father's, were reported by one of my uncles, and captured by the Federals under Lieut. Miller. My father and a cousin were taken also. Being about sixty years old, my father had not taken part with either side, but was trying to remain a peaceable citizen. They took us to Waynesville, the county seat of Pulaski County, where we were kept two or three days, then sent overland in government wagons to Rolla, camping at night on the way. About dark the captain came around and said to my father: "If you try to get away to-night, we will kill your son in the morning."

We were kept in Rolla from July till the last of August, and were made to work on the fort. Our rations were spoiled beef, not fit for dogs, and baker's bread full of worms. This treatment affected my father severely, as he was old and afflicted anyway. From Rolla we were taken to St. Louis on the cars, arriving there in the night. We were taken to headquarters, and after being examined we were marched to the prison, which was McDouglass College. We were examined one at a time and all money or valuables were taken from us. There was no light in the prison. Twenty-seven of us were gathered there, and already there were more than a thousand prisoners. In a few days twenty-four others were brought from Palmyra, Mo. We remained there till the last of September. The soldier guards were of Companies D and F, of Blair's old Missouri Regiment.

Imagine twelve hundred men shut up in prison in three rooms in hot weather with only Mississippi water piped direct from the river! If we went to the window for fresh air, the guards would shoot in, and somebody frequently "caught the bullet." About four hundred of us were taken from St. Louis to Alton, Ill., on a boat and kept till November 7, 1862. My father died in prison, and they would not let me see him buried, nor do I know whether he was buried or not.

This prison had been the Illinois penitentiary. It had been condemned and the convicts sent to Joliet. Our poor fellows died by the hundred. The twelve hundred of us in that cold stone prison had four little bell stoves. There was heavy snow on the outside, and very few of us had coats or blankets. Several hundred of us were sent from Alton to Johnson's Island. Our trip through Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio to Johnson's Island was made without water or food but once. We were kept at Johnson's Island till December, when there came an order for our exchange. We were put on the cars and taken to Cairo, Ill., there placed on a cold boat, and sent down to Vicksburg, many of us without coat or blanket and no fire. After being exchanged, we were sent to Jackson, Miss. I went to my command at Little Rock, and then was in the fight with Banks on Red River, in the battle of Mansfield, and at Pleasant Hill. We then marched right about and fought Steele at Jenkins's Ferry, on the Saline River. In the last battles ever fought there we lost our colonel, Harris. I remained with the army until the surrender of Gen. Canby at Shreveport, La.

SOME INCIDENTS IN PRISON LIFE.

BY HARRY CASSIL, ARCHDEACON OF SAVANNAH, P. O. BRUNSWICK, GA.

[A most interesting, but too long delayed, paper comes from Father Cassil, in response to request, as stated.]

I am quite unable to comply with the suggestion of Capt. Kennedy, seconded by the editor of the *VETERAN*, as to giving

information about Col. Grenfel's imprisonment at Dry Tortugas after the war; but I would like to tell you a comic little incident, in the midst of surrounding tragedies, which occurred to him at Cincinnati during the last winter of the war. On the 9th of January, 1865, I was sent to the military prison, the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, on Third Street in the city named. There were quite a number of noted prisoners there at the time, among them Col. G. St. Leger Grenfel, whose title was won by service in the armies of Great Britain and confirmed by heroic efforts in the armies of the South; Maj. Milo Anderson, of Louisville, afterwards driven to suicide by the monotony of the dreary surroundings; Judge and Mrs. Buckner S. Morris, formerly of Kentucky, but under military arrest in connection with the famous Chicago conspiracy; and others.

With the exception of Judge and Mrs. Morris, all the prisoners were confined in one large room occupying the entire third floor of the building. At nine o'clock at night the sergeant of the guard was required to enter the room, himself armed with a revolver and the two accompanying privates with muskets almost at a "ready," caution the sentinel on post just inside the door to prepare to fire, and then order all the prisoners to fall in line for roll call.

One night Col. Grenfel was too sick to stand. For a week he had had a ball and chain on his ankle—just why, nobody ever knew, but it is certain that it did not add to his physical ability. He did not "fall in" when ordered, pleading sickness as an excuse. The German sergeant was not disposed to accept any excuse, and peremptorily ordered the prisoner to "Vall een!" accompanying the order with some words that would not look well in print. The Colonel replied: "Sergeant, I am too weak and sick to stand, even if I did not wear this iron." Another order was given to "Vall een," but the Colonel did not rise from his rough bench. The sergeant seized a musket from the hands of one of his escorts, and aimed directly at the prisoner's breast. Col. Grenfel straightened himself, bared his breast, and sat silently awaiting the next movement of the sergeant. The tension of this strained position was felt by every one in the house. For a minute there was no result. Then a movement among the prisoners indicated that even in such a place and against such odds they would not see a man murdered. I suppose that in that moment the thick-headed sergeant did the quickest thinking of his life, and he terminated the incident by handing the musket back to the guard, and then in the most tragic voice he could command saying to Col. Grenfel: "Yust you gon-sider yourself-i-f unter arrest!"

INCIDENTS FROM BATTLE OF ELKHORN.

BY DR. PAUL C. YATES, SURGEON SHAYER'S ARKANSAS REGIMENT.

In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for December, 1905, J. M. Bailey, of Warren, Ark., in writing of the death of Gen. McCulloch, says it was not known whether he was shot from his horse or whether he had dismounted at the time. I was surgeon of Col. Picken's 6th Regiment Missouri Troops at that time, had been to the rear to arrange the ambulances, and was hastening to Gen. Price. Just as I was passing McCulloch's command I saw him ride out in front, giving a command to the troops in his immediate vicinity, when suddenly I saw his body first bend forward, then backward, and the next moment fall from his horse to the ground in such a manner that I knew he was dead. I hastened across the hollow to Gen. Price, and told him Gen. McCulloch was killed. He said: "Is this official?" I re-

plied: "No; but I saw it." He seemed much affected, and before I left him a courier rode up, giving a paper to Gen. Price. After reading it, he said to me: "It is Gen. McIntosh that is killed." I said: "Then it is both; I know Gen. McCulloch is dead." Gen. Price rode out into the field, and in a few minutes returned with a bullet hole in his wrist, a very painful wound. While I was dressing it a courier came to me saying that my brother, Dr. W. V. Yates, now of Callao, Mo., was wounded. Gen. Price said when I was through with him: "Now go and attend your brother." In going a short distance I saw two men carrying one off the field. I went to them, and they had Gen. Slack, wounded in the groin, which proved fatal. Thus in a very short time three of our generals were killed and Gen. Price wounded. I found my brother with a Minie ball through him, carrying a button from his coat through to the skin of the back, where it was taken out with the button fast in the open end of it. He recovered from this fearful wound, and still lives.

In charging through the long field, Gideon Haines, of my regiment, living at Thomas Hill, Mo., had a deer rifle, and every time he loaded he cut a patch from his hickory shirt to load with. That night we counted the holes in his shirt, and found he had loaded seventy-two times. Now, I would not say he killed seventy-two of the enemy, but from the number of dead in front of him I believe he never wasted a shot. His brother, Dave Haines, was wounded with a grapeshot in the buttock. It looked as large as a turkey egg. Two weeks later I removed this big piece of iron from him. He had walked seventy-five miles with it buried in his flesh.

These are samples of the soldiers Missouri furnished the Confederate army. After being shot, my brother had crawled to the side of the road. A Federal troop was passing and the commander ordered a soldier to "See if that man is dead; and if not, finish him." My brother had very curly hair, had turned very black in the face, and was lying as if lifeless. The soldier turned him up and said: "He is dead, and a d— nigger at that." The officer said: "Come to your horse; there is no time to waste on a d— nigger now."

CONCERNING THE DEATH OF GEN. McCULLOCH.—Dr. A. M. Trawick, of Nashville, Tenn., writes of the event: "I have read carefully the communication in the December *VETERAN* from J. M. Bailey about the death of Gen. Ben McCulloch. In going into that battle, Elkhorn, Gen. McCulloch rode down in front of the 16th Arkansas Regiment, dismounted, and asked for two companies to act on the skirmish line. Company F, of which I was a noncommissioned officer, and another company were rushed forward. Gen. McCulloch marched with this skirmish line. I remember seeing him raise his carbine, place it against a sapling, and fire at the enemy. As we charged through the brush and old tree tops that had been blown down by a tornado of a previous year, a great many of us boys were dodging the cannon balls that were sent screaming so threateningly through our ranks. McCulloch cursed and urged us on, saying there was no danger. I did not agree with him as to that. I must have been very near the General when he was killed. In connection with the Bailey paper, I will state that I never did know why our regiment was ordered to right flank. Although close to our colors, I did not hear the order for Bailey to lower the flag; but in the expected battle at Cross Hollow I heard our regimental commander order Bailey to lower his flag, as the sight of the colors would draw the fire of the enemy. Bailey replied that he did not want to lower the colors; but as he was com-

manded to do so, he would do it. We did not get in the fight at Cross Hollow."

Later in the war Comrade Trawick was a commissioned officer, and commanded his company in close places.

KILPATRICK'S SPOTTED HORSE.

BY W. H. DAVIS, LEBANON, TENN.

If my memory does not play me false, the battle in which that now famous "spotted horse" was captured from Gen. Kilpatrick was known as Rock Spring. Anyhow, it was during Kilpatrick's attempt to reach Augusta, Ga., to destroy the cotton mills there.

As I was the first man who ever said anything about that spotted horse through the *VETERAN*, I am not inclined to permit my statement to be characterized as false by any one. I state positively that Gen. Tom Harrison's Brigade, composed of the 8th and 11th Texas, 3d Arkansas, and 4th Tennessee (Col. Baxter Smith's Regiment), with the last named in front, fired the first shots in that battle about daylight, when but one man in Kilpatrick's camp was on his feet at the time, and he was in a little patch supposedly gathering vegetables. The others were abed and apparently asleep. No stir at least was made until after we delivered our first volley, when their Spencer carbines commenced a lively rattle. The most of the men nearest to us were soon made prisoners. The complete surprise was effected by the superb sagacity of Capt. Shannon, commanding Gen. Wheeler's special scouts, in capturing Kilpatrick's pickets without the firing of a gun, leaving him without any warning of our approach, which was, however, impeded by a marshy ravine that skirted his camp. The cabin occupied by Gen. Kilpatrick stood about seventy-five yards at an angle of forty-five degrees to our right from where we crossed the ravine. I saw him as he came out of the door, clad in a skullcap, drawers, undershirt, and slippers, and mount a sorrel horse bareback with nothing but a halter to guide him, in which condition he made his escape. As he galloped away I took three shots at him; but never having heard or seen any account of his being wounded, my shots evidently went wild.

The fight lasted about thirty minutes, but during that brief time our execution was terrible. We captured six hundred prisoners with their dead and wounded, some two hundred and fifty or three hundred, besides most of their commissary wagons and mules. The individual that first laid hands on the spotted horse belonged to the 8th Texas or 4th Tennessee, and it was presented in the name of Harrison's Brigade to Gen. Wheeler, who was riding the horse the day of our surrender.

ELEVENTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

John P. Moore, of Helena, Ark., sends the *VETERAN* a letter from Col. W. T. Hamilton, at Black Hawk, Miss. He expresses regard for old comrades, the few survivors of Company K, of the 11th Mississippi Infantry, and writes of them as "a splendid body of soldiers."

"Every survivor remembers most kindly your noble brother, Jamison H. Moore, as adjutant of the regiment—so faithful, so considerate of the welfare and feelings of all, and yet kind, firm, and resolute. All admired him as captain of his company, possessing every qualification for most efficient service and endowed with every element for command; he won the highest eulogiums of praise for coolness and courage. To the regiment it was indeed an unfortunate day which

ended his life and the others who fell at Gettysburg. The loss of so many officers and men well-nigh broke up the regiment. While so sad to recall the heavy casualties, yet, to me, I love to remember that I was associated with such men.

"I can never forget the good soldiers and the brave officers who were always in line and ready to lay down their lives wherever duty called. Such were Peeples, Standley, Hemingway, and Bird, of my own company, and Moore, Reynolds, Hill, Word, Clopton, Halbert, Stokes, Prince, Morton, Green, Nelson, of Company H. In the battle of Seven Pines the 11th Mississippi lost sixteen killed, one hundred and forty-four wounded; Malvern Hill, eighteen wounded; Manassas No. 2, five killed, thirty wounded; Manassas No. 3, three killed, forty-seven wounded. At Sharpsburg, on September 15, the noble Maj. T. S. Evans was killed and Lieut. Col. Butler wounded and left on the field, and on the 16th Col. P. F. Liddell was mortally wounded and died on the 20th. Not a single field officer of the regiment escaped. The spirits of the survivors were for a time depressed, and with deep regret they left Maryland, leaving the bodies of those gallant, much-loved officers behind. Pity 'tis that the battle of Gettysburg had to be fought, for there the large per cent of the old command was sacrificed!

"The time will soon come when the few of us now left will join that host of immortal spirits who have preceded us to the other shore. Our ranks are thinning rapidly, yet we can go with calmness and assurance, for much is promised to those who are faithful in a few things."

SHALL WE CHANGE THE WORDS OF "DIXIE?"

BY W. M. PIERSON, WINNSBORO, TEX.

They would change the words of "Dixie,"
Though the old have grown so old
That ten thousand thousand chant them
From the Gulf Stream to the pole,
And the legions that have rallied
To its drumbeat in the past
Now must learn a different wording,
For the age has grown more fast.

Yes, we'll change the old-time "Dixie,"
Blot out each and every line,
Dim the glory of its luster;
And the heart of olden time
Shall enwrap a new song sadly,
O'er its melody shall rave,
While the "Dixie" of our fathers
With the author finds its grave.

Shall we change the words of "Dixie?"
Answer, heroes of the gray;
Shall we change the hymn of battle
That, arising 'bove the fray
Like an Oracle of Freedom,
Thrilled your souls?
From ten thousand thousand heroes,
"No!" the thundering echo rolls.

Shall we change the words of "Dixie?"
Answer, son of Southern sire;
Shall we change those words of glory
Which awoke the patriot fire?
Answer, sons of martyred heroes,
Ere its last sad requiem tolls.
From a million Sons of Veterans,
"No!" the thundering echo rolls.

Shall we change the words of "Dixie?"

Answer, daughters of the gray;
Shall we change the words thy fathers
Cheered amid the battle fray?
Shall we chant a strange, new song
As the starry cross unfolds?
From a million loyal Daughters,
"No!" an answering echo rolls.

Then we'll keep the old, old "Dixie,"
Song of camp and battlefield;
Song that cheered our fathers madly
In those days of iron and steel.
Still its melody shall lead them,
Lead them on to golden strand;
Lead our fathers and their children,
Glorious song of "Dixie Land!"

A NIGHT SCOUT—GUARD DUTY.

BY OMIKRON KAPPA.

"Frank, there's a call for ten volunteers, the best men of the company, to go on a dangerous trip to-night. The general wants important information."

A few days before I had been in disgrace for making the officer of "grand rounds" give me the countersign over the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun, both barrels being cocked. I was "on picket," it was near midnight and quite dark, and the enemy was not far off. So I challenged the visiting party at eighty yards, and allowed only one to advance on horseback to give the countersign. I required it to be given as above mentioned, having received instructions to that effect from the man I relieved. As the lieutenant or captain—it was too dark to discover his rank—leaned forward over the gun, the dim light showed the uncovered percussion caps on each barrel. Realizing his danger, he hastily delivered the password and drew back. Then such a curse! In vain I told him I had acted according to instructions. He continued his abuse. There was a strong impulse within me to the bad, but my good angel prevented me from shooting him. For a long time I regretted that I did not do it, but not so now.

He reported me to Col. Radford, who had me put on the "beat" the next morning—a severe punishment, considering that I had watched on picket most of the preceding night. But it was not long till Sergt. Irvine, a man every inch of him, came to me and said: "The corporal says that the instructions were given just as you reported to the officer in command of the 'grand rounds,' and Capt. Radford [the Colonel's brother] says you shan't 'walk the beat.' He has seen the Colonel, and says that if he doesn't release you he will go to Gen. Bonham about it." Before he left me Sergt. Irvine made the sentinel allow me to lie down and take a nap on a pile of hay. A short time elapsed and I was sent back to my company, where I was warmly welcomed, the boys showing plainly the satisfaction they felt at the reversal of the order for my punishment.

But to return to my story. Our volunteers were put under Sergt. Irvine and were joined to those of six or eight other companies of cavalry. We started in column of twos about nine o'clock on the 16th of July, 1861, going toward Fall's Church. We had gone some distance when we saw a farmhouse near the road all lighted up. This occasioned a halt, and made quite an impression on us in the frame of mind the silent march had wrought within us. After some delay, it was found that the occasion was a sad one. A death having

occurred in the evening, the scant remainder of the neighbors, all of them old men, women, and children, had come together to lay out the corpse and to watch with the family.

We rode on in silence, and finally came to a point of the road which was hedged on both sides by woods and bushes. A halt was then made and four men were detailed to dismount and scour the woods, two on each flank and a hundred yards in advance of the command. It fell to my lot to be in this detail. As we walked along in the dark, picking our way through the brush and saplings, the sharp cracking of a stick was heard. Instantly I saw my comrade fall down. On inquiring the reason, he said: "If it should be an enemy, he would overshoot me and I could see him between me and the light of the horizon." After a while we passed a small stream and entered a field. Although we were getting near the enemy's pickets, only two of us, one on each flank, were now kept in the open land. There was not much light, and the bushes and weeds in the fields kept us from going very fast. I was walking on the left flank and one hundred and fifty yards from the road when suddenly I heard a shrill whistle and then the galloping of horses. I looked. Our men were retreating and soon disappeared in the dark. Lest the enemy should pursue and observe me, I diverged rapidly from the road till the darkness was sufficient with the increased distance to shield me from view, and then moved as nearly as I could by guess in a direction parallel with the road. After some time, I could see a body of men halted in the road and headed in a direction opposite to that in which I was going. Rightly concluding that they were my comrades, I approached cautiously, and was not observed till I was within sixty yards of the road. A cold chill passed over my body when I heard the cocking of guns and saw them leveled on me, but almost in the same moment the voice of my sergeant sent a thrill of joy to my quick-beating heart, as with lungs of a Stentor he cried out: "You — fools, don't you know that's our man?"

CONFEDERATE FLAG IN THE RIO GRANDE.

It will be remembered that Gen. Shelby and his men were at Pittsburg, Tex., when Lee surrendered at Appomattox. The men were greatly depressed and discouraged, and after their journey to Marshall they separated, some returning to their homes in the South, while about five hundred concluded to follow Shelby and march into Mexico. Shelby's men were much devoted to him, and declared that nothing but death would separate them.

Their remarkable march was made through Corsicana, Waco, Austin, and San Antonio to Eagle Pass. Here in the early part of July, 1865, they expected to cross the Rio Grande, but while taking rest planted their guns bearing upon the Mexican town Piedras-Negras. Shelby was asked by Gov. Biesca to take command of the two States, Leon and Coahuila. After talking the matter over with his men, he decided not to help Gov. Biesca, but to give support to the Liberal army.

It was decided, however, before their march was begun, on the morning of July 5, 1865, to unfurl the tattered flag they had carried throughout their campaign and bury it in the depths of the Rio Grande. The torn flag was spread out and held some time by Cols. Elliott, Gordon, Slayback, and Blackwell. They took it over the smooth, glistening surface of the water, and with uncovered heads and a few words by Shelby and comrades the banner was lowered in its depths.

Soon after this Col. Slayback, who was of a poetic turn of mind, described the solemn event by this poem:

THE BURIAL OF SHELBY'S FLAG.

A July sun, in torrid clime,
Gleamed on an exile band,
Who in suits of gray stood in mute array
On the banks of the Rio Grande.
They were dusty and faint with their long, drear ride,
And they paused when they came to the riverside;
For its wavelets divide with their flowing tide
Their own dear land of youth, hope, and pride,
And comrades' graves who in vain had died
From a stranger's home in a land untried.

Above them waved the Confederate flag
With its fatal cross of stars
That had always been in the battle din
Like a pennon of potent Mars.
And there curved from the crest of their leader a plume
That the brave had followed in joy and gloom,
That was ever in sight in the hottest fight;
A flaunting dare for a soldier's tomb,
For the marksman's aim and the cannon's boom,
But it bore a charm from the hand of doom.

Forth stepped the leader then, and said
To the faithful few around:
"This tattered flag is the only rag
That floats on Dixie ground.
And the plume I tear from the hat I wear,
Of all my spoils is my only share;
And, brave men, I swear that no foe shall dare
To lay his hand on our standard there.
Its folds were braided by fingers fair;
'Tis the emblem now of their deep despair.

Its cause is lost, and the men it led
On many a glorious field,
In disputing the tread of invaders dread,
Have been forced at last to yield.
But this banner and plume have not been to blame,
No exulting eye shall behold their shame,
And these relics so dear in the water here
Before we cross shall burial claim;
And, while yon mountains may bear a name,
They shall stand as monuments to our fame."

Tears stood in eyes that had looked on death
In every awful form
Without dismay, but the scene that day
Was sublimer than mountain storm!
'Tis easy to touch the veteran's heart
With the fingers of nature, but not of art.
While the noble of soul lose self-control
When called on with flag, home, and country to part,
Base bosoms are never too callous to start
With feelings that generous nature can smart.

They buried then that flag and plume
In the river's rushing tide
Ere that gallant few of the tried and true
Had been scattered far and wide.
And that group of Missouri's valiant throng,
Who had fought for the weak and against the strong,
Who had charged and bled where Shelby led,
Were the last who held above the wave
The glorious flag of the vanquished brave,
No more to rise from its watery grave.

EVENTS IN BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

[This brief sketch of the first Maryland campaign was written several years ago by R. K. Charles, of Darlington, S. C., who gave some of the incidents which came directly under his observation, and especially in reference to Gen. Lee.]

I will premise what I have to say with a brief reminder of the chief points of that brilliant campaign that preceded the battle, and I think the military critic will agree with me in saying that this campaign alone would entitle Gen. Lee to rank as a first-class general. I speak now of what is known as the first Maryland campaign. It is true that we came out of Maryland discomfited, but the most perfectly conceived and brilliant plans (as Waterloo) may fail from minor causes. Lee had marched from the environs of Richmond northward to meet Pope; had struck him at Manassas and shattered his army, sending it skurrying to Washington. Then was conceived the brilliant plan of the invasion of Maryland.

Lee with the main army was to cross the Potomac at Leesburg, sending Jackson in the meantime to take Harper's Ferry by a *coup de main*, and then to join him as he leisurely journeyed toward the upper Potomac. My company (E, 7th South Carolina Cavalry) was detailed as scouts and couriers for Gen. Longstreet. We had seen a considerable amount of staff duty of the kind with Gen. Johnston and Gen. Lee. At present Gen. Lee and Gen. Longstreet being much together, we acted as well for Gen. Lee as for Gen. Longstreet, and, being attached to the staff, we frequently had personal intercourse with not only these two generals but with all of the subordinate commanders, and became personally acquainted with them. Our position as couriers of the commander in chief gave us a better knowledge of the movements of the army, of its personnel and strategy, than was possessed by any major general. A large number of the privates of my company were graduates of the South Carolina College, and fully capable of appreciating and utilizing the splendid military training under Gen. Lee. Our old professor, Charles S. Venable, was a member of the staff with the rank of colonel, and I always thought, from what I observed, that Col. Venable was Lee's most intimate and trusted aid.

But to return. We lost no time after the battle of Second Manassas, but marched direct to Leesburg, where we divested ourselves of all superfluous baggage and "impedimenta" and entered Maryland with grand eclat, amid flying banners, the playing of the bands, and the huzzas of an enthusiastic crowd of sympathizers in beautiful Frederick City, where we supplied ourselves with many good things—by purchase—camped a day, and then took a leisurely march westward over magnificent roads through Middletown, Boonsboro, and the South Mountain, and entered Hagerstown, where we camped to await Jackson. During the next day we received news of a heavy attack on D. H. Hill at South Mountain Pass (Boonsboro). Now it had not been the intention of Gen. Lee to defend South Mountain Pass longer than to allow Jackson to join us; but Jackson had been delayed in the capture of Harper's Ferry, and, moreover, McClellan seemed to have recovered from his confusion as to our movements and, abandoning the defensive, had marched directly on us, so it became necessary to hold this pass at least a little longer. Gen. Lee hurried his immediate command back to the pass by a forced march, and reached it some hours before sundown.

And now occurred the apparently slight error that decided the first campaign into Maryland and sent our troops back across the Potomac discomfited. Instead of putting the troops immediately into line of battle on the mountain, which, by the

way, is a most impregnable position for defense, Gen. Lee, on reaching the foot of the pass, had halted his troops on the road for several hours within half a mile of where D. H. Hill was holding the pass against the whole of McClellan's army. At last, toward sunset, Longstreet was hurried up the pass, but it was too late to get into line of battle; the whole Federal army was upon us, and as darkness came on we withdrew, leaving the pass in the hands of the enemy.

Why this delay of Gen. Lee I could never divine; for if we had gone into line of battle on the mountain as soon as we arrived, the whole Federal army could not have dislodged us from such a position. As we rode down the mountain in the darkness I happened to fall in with Col. Venable, and said to him: "Colonel, this is bad." He replied: "No, it is of no consequence; Jackson has taken Harper's Ferry and will join us to-morrow." We halted at the foot of the mountain and Gen. Lee had a tent pitched. In a few moments a detail of six men was called for to report to Gen. Lee's tent. I was one of the six; and when we reported, Gen. Lee called us into the tent. He asked us how we were mounted and what we had in our haversacks. He then said to us: "Gentlemen, I am sending you to-night to Gen. Jackson, who is on his way from Harper's Ferry to join us. He is coming on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and you will find him on the road. You will go from here to Sharpsburg and cross the river at that point, thence down the river toward Harper's Ferry. It is more than probable that you will fall in with the enemy to-night, but you must make your way through by some means. If the bearer of the dispatch is captured, he must immediately destroy the dispatch; by no means let it fall into the hands of the enemy. It is of great importance that it be delivered to Gen. Jackson with all speed."

Gen. Lee was evidently much depressed, the first and only time I ever saw anything of the kind in him. We immediately set out, and in half an hour had run into the enemy in the streets of Sharpsburg. This body of the enemy turned out to be the four hundred cavalry that had escaped from Harper's Ferry, and were making their way up the north side of the river. They were resting in Sharpsburg when we ran into them, and evidently thought that the whole of Stuart's cavalry was upon them. In fact, Stuart's cavalry was only a mile away, and they had good reason to think so; at least, they scampered off at a headlong gait and left us masters of Sharpsburg, and Jackson marched on the field of Sharpsburg early the next morning. This body of cavalry was the same that struck Lee's unguarded ammunition train on the Williamsport road after they had left Sharpsburg, and it has always been a historical query why they did not capture the train instead of riding through it and leaving the whole train to escape over the river. The explanation has always been simple to me. They were fleeing from Harper's Ferry and expecting every moment to encounter Stuart's cavalry; and when the little adventure I have related occurred, they were sure the whole of Stuart's cavalry was upon them.

The battle of Sharpsburg, which occurred the next day, is a matter of history. After that battle we were concentrated at Culpeper C. H. Gen. Burnside was now in command of the Federal army, and Lee, uncertain as to what move he would make, had assumed a masterly strategy, ready to meet any possible contingency. As is well known, Gen. Burnside determined to march upon Richmond by way of Fredericksburg. Scarcely had he commenced his movement when Lee broke camp and, marching three miles to his one, whipped around over the Rappahannock and faced him at

Fredericksburg with his concentrated army. Gen. Burnside spent three weeks recovering from the surprise of finding Lee in his front when he thought he had left him up at Culpeper C. H., and then commenced crossing, having bombarded and burnt a large portion of the city preparatory thereto.

The line of battle of the Confederates was on a range of hills about a mile and a half from the river and parallel to it. Between this range of hills and the river is a level plateau about four miles long. Upon this the Federal army formed, near the river and below the city, the city being their extreme right. Opposite and forming the Confederate extreme left was Marye's Hill. Around the front of Marye's Hill ran a road and a stone fence, or wall, some four feet thick and about four and one-half feet high. Behind this stone wall were massed two brigades in triple lines. On the top of Marye's Hill, just above the stone wall, was the battalion of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, under Lieut. Col. Walton. Marye's Hill rises immediately from the road and stone wall, and is quite steep. The enemy had about one hundred pieces of artillery on Stafford's Heights, just across the river, which easily played on Marye's Hill. But the position, defended as it was, was almost impregnable. The three assaults made on it were the most gallant, heroic, and desperate in the whole history of the war. The charge of Pickett at Gettysburg does not surpass it or probably equal it. This "somber, fatal, terrible stone wall" was to the battle of Fredericksburg what Cemetery Ridge was to Gettysburg or Hugomont to Waterloo. One historian characterizes it as "the most frightful charge in the annals of war," and John Esten Cooke, a Southern historian, says, "It is doubtful if in any battle ever fought by any troops men displayed greater gallantry" than the Federal troops who made these charges.

On December 12 the enemy crossed over under the smoke of the burning city. Gen. Lee stood on Lee's Hill, and occasionally a shell would be sent among them to show that we were not inviting them over; but the general attitude of Gen. Lee seemed to be, "Walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly," and they walked in. It was manifest that the battle royal must take place the next day, for Burnside could not occupy his present position except to fight. On the next morning (18th) Lee and Longstreet, with their respective staff officers and couriers, rode together along Longstreet's line of battle. They stopped at a residence just at the foot of Lee's Hill and to the right called, I think, the "Randolph Mansion," took breakfast, and then rode up on Lee's Hill. A dense fog and smoke covered the plateau and the enemy. Nothing could be seen and nothing heard, except that indescribable buzz, like the distant and uncertain noise of bees, that so plainly tells the trained soldier that an army is going into line of battle. On the hill were Lee and staff, Longstreet and staff, Col. Freemantle, of the British army, as an observer, and about one hundred others, officers and couriers. Gen. Jackson rode up and said a few words to Gen. Lee, and then went off and leaned against a pine, looking on the ground. He seemed to be a little ashamed of a splendid new uniform he wore, and pretty soon he rode off to the right. Gen. Stuart, who had been making a reconnaissance into the fog, trotted up the hill whistling (he would whistle; it was the only serious crime he was guilty of). Wilcox rode up awhile, and McLaws and Col. Walton came over from Marye's Hill, just to our left. Lee looked at his watch several times. Gen. Kershaw, whose brigade was at the time in reserve between Lee's and Marye's Hills,

came up and talked with Longstreet, and so the hours wore on. It was near ten o'clock when suddenly three heavy guns on our line, immediately to our right, boomed out in quick succession. "There she goes, boys!" said Stuart, and, leaping on his horse, cantered off to the right, and the other brigadiers and major generals followed suit to their respective commands. It was Lee's signal of battle.

Gen. Lee seemed to know that the fog would clear up in a few minutes and that the enemy would immediately attack, and so it turned out. In less than ten minutes the fog began to whirl upward, and in less time than it takes to tell it the whole cloud curtain rolled away, revealing the grandest panorama I have ever seen—an army of nearly one hundred thousand men in battle array. A dozen field glasses swept the plateau from right to left, although the whole field was visible to the naked eye. The enemy did not delay their move; their left wing (of Franklin's grand division) marched out against our right wing. The word ran around: "They are going to attack Jackson!" On they went, and there lay Jackson with twenty thousand of the finest infantry soldiers the world has ever seen as silent and as terrible as the tiger cat on the crouch. And on they went. Suddenly a line of smoke about a mile long ran along Jackson's front, then another, and another (we could not hear a sound, the wind was blowing in that direction). Soon the artillery on both sides opened with fearful vigor, ours playing on the infantry with canister. The Federal line of battle was hurled back. They rallied and charged again, and again were hurled back. Again they rallied and charged, and again were hurled back. This time Jackson's men charged, and the Federal line, ranked by Stuart with twenty pieces of field artillery at half flank, were doubled up and forced back to the river under the protection of their heavy guns.

Simultaneously with the defeat on their left they commenced an attack on their right—on Marye's Hill. A tremendous cannonade was opened on the hill from the Stafford Heights and other points and a division charged gallantly, but was repulsed with tremendous slaughter. A second assault, more formidable than the first, was about to be made by another division in columns of brigades. The rain of shells on Marye's Hill was redoubled. Gen. Lee sent Gen. Kershaw with his brigade to reinforce the stone wall and a few more pieces of artillery to the hill. The enemy, which we afterwards heard was Hancock's Division, supported by French's Division, which had made the first charge, came with splendid gallantry over the dead bodies of their comrades of the first charge. They came within sixty yards of the stone wall, when the artillery on the hill opened on them with double charges of canister, sweeping away platoons at a time, and the infantry behind the stone wall rose up in triple lines and poured a terrible fire into them. The first line was annihilated, but the others kept coming on to share the same fate. Nearly half of them were killed or lay disabled on the field before these gallant men would consent to retreat; but, cut to pieces as they were, it was impossible to do otherwise; and when they at last retired, we thought the battle of Fredericksburg was over.

The sun was about two hours high and the center of the armies had not been seriously engaged, still we thought that the repulse of the right and left wings was so bloody and terrible that they would not venture to renew the contest. But not so, as we soon discovered. Another assault on Marye, even more formidable than the first two, was making ready. Five lines of battle were to throw themselves head-

long upon it. Twenty pieces of field artillery were brought to bear upon the stone wall in the open plateau at point-blank range to tear it to pieces with solid shot. A hundred guns were raining shell on the hill preparatory to the charge. Lee had sent another brigade to reinforce the stone wall, and now they could present quintuple lines. Another battery was sent to the hill.

Just at this time Gen. Lee desired to send a dispatch through Longstreet to Gen. Kershaw, behind the stone wall, at the foot of Marye's Hill. It was a desperate mission, for the courier would have to ride over Marye's Hill, through the tornado of shell, down to the stone wall that was being pounded by twenty pieces of artillery and about to be charged by five lines of battle, but it seems it was of pressing importance. What the dispatch was, of course, I never knew, but I was quickly tolled off by the orderly as the courier to take it. I was splendidly mounted on a horse I had recently purchased. The dispatch was quickly prepared and handed to me, with instructions that I would find Gen. Kershaw behind the stone wall. I was ready to start when Gen. Lee himself turned to us and said: "Let another courier mount and follow the first. Let the first courier hold the dispatch in his right hand in plain view, and if one falls let the other take it." Henry Smith, of Kershaw County, was named as the second courier, and immediately mounted. I had touched my spirited horse for the go, when I saw by a glance that Gen. Lee was in the act of saluting us. The compliment was so absolutely unusual, and, in fact, unheard of before, that I was taken aback. I realized in a moment, however, that it was probably in recognition of the importance and peril of my mission, and, reining my horse back on his haunches, I returned with thrilled emphasis the personal salute of my commander in chief, as did my comrade, and the next moment we were flying down the hill toward Marye.

There was a military road between Lee's and Marye's Hills

connecting the telegraph road with the orange plank road in the rear of Marye's Hill and crossing Hazel Run. I think it was originally made for a railroad track with embankments. Just at the run was a large old mill house, and as we passed this a shell went through it, scattering boards immediately behind us. In a few leaps we overtook an ammunition wagon making its way over under whip and spur. A shell took off the two lead mules, sweeping them off the embankment. In a few moments we were on Marye. I saw just ahead of me Col. Walton on his black horse with his battalion. I knew the Colonel well, and he knew me, for I had often carried him dispatches. I shouted to him as I approached: "Colonel, where can I find Gen. Kershaw?" He pointed, and as I flew past him I heard his voice as from a long distance say: "At the foot of the hill, but you will never reach him."

Under ordinary circumstances I might have checked up at this warning, but the words of Gen. Lee came to me, "If one falls, the other must take it," and without drawing rein we shot down the deep declivity, found Gen. Kershaw behind the stone wall, delivered the dispatch, took the usual receipt (the envelope), and up we went again and through the batteries. The brave Louisiana boys (thirty-nine of whom were killed or wounded there) found time to give us a wild huzzza, and the noble old Walton, now dismounted, took off his hat to us as we flew past and back to Gen. Lee. Neither of us received a skin scratch. The top of my kepi was missing and one of my ears so deaf I could not hear on that side for a week, but when and how it happened I never remembered. My companion had his scabbard so dented that he could not reënter his sabre.

When we left the wall, the gallant Federals, in five lines of battle, were on the charge. I have since learned that this was Humphrey's Division of Hooker's Reserves. They were allowed to come within about fifty yards of our line. Then our quintuple line rose from behind the stone wall and delivered their withering fire and the batteries on the hill vomited double charges of canister. The first line melted, but the second came steadily on over the dead and dying of the former charges to share the same fate, but still no halt; the other lines came on. Ye gods! it is no longer a battle; it is butchery. Confederates might have made a more impetuous charge; but for cool, persistent courage there is no instance in the whole history of the war that surpasses this charge of Humphrey's. At last their formation is broken, they are torn to pieces, there is nothing left to rally on, and the wreck of the magnificent division falls back. The guns cease at the stone wall, and then the artillery on both sides becomes silent, and the battle of Fredericksburg is ended—a victory. It is now just dark. Gen. Lee and his staff and couriers mount and ride back to camp, enjoying that exquisite feeling that comes over the soldier after the battle.

"Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;

And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,

The weary to sleep and the wounded to die."

As I threw myself on my pallet of straw I began to think, as I always did under the circumstances, of a loving and anxious and idolized mother away down in South Carolina, who was probably at that moment praying for me, and how hardly it would have fallen on her happiness and life if she had lost her boy that day, and I fell to sleep with tears rolling down my face.

The day after the night on which the Federal army recrossed the river I was sent by Gen. Lee with a flag of truce



R. K. CHARLES, DARLINGTON, S. C.

to Gen. Burnside concerning the parole of some four thousand prisoners we had taken. I rode into Fredericksburg by the road that ran between Marye and the stone wall, and just at that fatal point I halted to look up on the left at Marye. There was hardly a twig as big as the little finger that was not scratched by a missile; in one thin telegraph pole I counted thirteen Minie balls. And then I looked to the right over the wall. The Federal dead lay there, untouched, as they had fallen. I was amazed. I had been in and over all the great battlefields up to this time—Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Fraser's Farm, Gaines's Mill, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Manassas, South Mountain, Sharpsburg—but I stood before that "somber, fatal, terrible stone wall" utterly amazed at the extent of the slaughter. The line of dead began about fifty yards from the wall, piled upon each other, and thence extended back for acres, and the mutilation of the bodies was of the most terrible description, showing the havoc of grape and canister.

RETALIATION BY COL. J. S. MOSBY.

[J. Stevens Mason, of Marshall, Va., writes of the above subject to Capt. R. E. Park, of Atlanta, who sends the account to the *VETERAN*. The history of Mosby's command is not only unique, but it illustrates in a way that should be profitable the ardent patriotism of the officers and men, to their honor throughout, as evidenced by Grant and successors after the war.]

At the request of Capt. John Mason (a relative of mine), I give you as full an account as I can from memory of certain events which took place in "Mosby's Confederacy" (as we used to call the border counties of Virginia) in the fall of 1864.

Lieut. Col. Chapman, in command of a squadron of our men, met near Front Royal what he supposed to be about an equal number of Yankee cavalry, and without hesitation charged them. He soon found, however, that it was only the advance guard of Custer's Brigade. When Chapman turned to retreat, he was met by another full regiment of Federal cavalry, and he determined to cut his way through, which he did with the loss of a few men, leaving six men prisoners in the hands of the enemy. These prisoners were executed by Gen. Custer's order at Front Royal. Some of them were shot and some hanged. One, young Rhodes, was dragged through the streets between horses. The names of these men are William T. Overby, David L. Jones, Henry C. Rhodes, Thomas E. Anderson, Lucien Love, and — Carter.

About the same date, either shortly before or after, Albert C. Willis while traveling along a public road was captured by Col. Powell, commanding a Federal regiment, by whose order Willis was hanged and a placard put on him: "This is the fate of all Mosby's men."

For the next six or eight weeks we were very busy harassing Sheridan in flank and rear and very careful not to be taken prisoners, but meantime sending several hundred Federal prisoners to Richmond and wondering sorely what Col. Mosby was going to do about the treatment of his men who had been captured. When the proper time came and he found himself in possession of parts of Custer's and Powell's commands, he had fifty or sixty of them put in line to draw lots for six of them to be executed in retaliation. It was a scene I shall never forget. On the first drawing a drummer boy not over sixteen years old was one of the chosen. Mosby released him and commanded another lot to be drawn, and then went away—I think not relishing the work. After

he was gone, the captain of my company, Mountjoy, who was a Mason, ascertained that one of the prisoners, an officer, was also a Mason and released him; so you see the others had to draw again for the privilege of fitting a halter. It was terrible to witness the strain they were under.

The officer in charge of them was furnished with a suitable detail of men and ordered to hang them on the Valley Turnpike between Berryville and Winchester. When they reached a suitable spot, the lieutenant and sergeant in charge hanged two or three, but, finding their men slow and unwilling for such work, concluded to shoot the rest. One of them left for dead afterwards recovered, and another when the shooting commenced broke and ran for his life. This last one I met in Washington, D. C., a few years ago. So you will observe the work was imperfectly done, but the effect was all that could be desired.

Col. Mosby sent by flag of truce a letter to Gen. Sheridan very shortly afterwards and explained to him: "I have delayed retaliation for . . . in order that I might do so on men from the commands of Custer and Powell. In the meantime I have not lost one man taken prisoner, and have sent some twelve hundred men of yours to Richmond. Now, if you want to fight under the black flag, I am ready."

This brought a very prompt response from Gen. Sheridan, and we were given the status of the regular Confederate soldier.

HOUSE IN WHICH "THE OLD FLAG" WAS MADE.

News was sent out from Philadelphia December 14, 1905, that the final payment on the property was made that day. The little two-story brick structure at 239 Arch Street, known as the "Old Flag House," where Betsy Ross designed the American flag, has been purchased for the government.

On October 22, 1898, a meeting was held in the "Old Flag House," under the direction of John Quincy Adams and



SUBMITTING THE FLAG TO WASHINGTON.

Charles H. Weisgarber, and the American Flag House and Betsy Ross Memorial Association was formed and later incorporated. The object was to purchase the historic dwelling and save it to the nation. This was accomplished through the issuance of membership certificates at the uniform price of ten cents and the coöperation of the people of the entire country. There are a million stockholders of the property, living in every State in the Union.

PROPOSED DESIGN FOR WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

BY J. W. MINNICH, GRAND ISLE, LA.

I notice in the *VETERAN* for November Gen. C. Irvine Walker's suggestions regarding the erection of suitable memorials to the Confederate women of 1861-65. I agree with his views. I have long contemplated a design typical of our women and the time. What we want is to convey the lesson of the most exalted patriotism, unselfish and self-sacrificing devotion to a cause which to them was holy. What design could do the women of the Confederacy greater justice than one which would show what they did and were at the time, angels of mercy, amid the scenes of suffering in the hospital among the dying, even while the surgeon's knife and saw were fulfilling their gresome work? There is impressed upon my mind a never-to-be-forgotten scene. It was in a tobacco warehouse in Richmond. On the second day (Monday) after the battle of Seven Pines perhaps a thousand wounded in every stage of war's mutilation lay on cots or on the hard floor and filled all the space around the hollow square. The street was covered with tankbark to deaden the sound of wheels (Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was in a house on the same street, dangerously wounded). In passing along the street I observed a long stream of bloody water coursing its way from the warehouse across the street. From the inside I heard a voice as in pain, long-drawn and agonizing. I entered, and a glance around the three sides, visible from where I stood, told the story. That which attracted my attention most was by the first cot to the left. On the cot a grizzled veteran of perhaps fifty to sixty years was lying, apparently unconscious. There was a bandage around his forehead, and blood still adhered to his hair and his full-gray beard. Over the side of the cot extended the stump of his right arm. Beneath it was a bucket of water and sitting by his side a maiden of perhaps eighteen summers, with a sponge in her hand with which she kept a stream of water flowing over the unsightly bandaged stump. Her face was pale, her lips compressed, her fine eyes dry, but full of that sympathy and tenderness found only in those who can forget self in their efforts to assuage the pain of others. What was the veteran soldier to this child that she show him the devotion of the loving daughter to a doting parent? He was to her the embodiment of all that was noble and grand—a father who had left home and loved ones to yield his life, if need be, for the cause to which they were both devoted. He had bared his bosom to the storm of battle that the invader might not set foot in her beloved Richmond.

As the cooling water flowed steadily between her fingers on the bandaged arm, this girl was thinking of his waiting wife and children far away. She evidently had been reared in a home surrounded by every refinement and free from the everyday turmoil and cares of life, but she had forgotten everything connected with self when her country called. And we see her here in this shamble with blood before her eyes at every turn and with the groans of the wounded sounding in her ears—she who had never before known what suffering meant.

This is no fancy sketch. It was terribly real. It was typical of the scenes which occurred almost daily somewhere during those four long years, and it is a picture which could easily be reproduced life-size and would make a fitting design. Nothing could better convey to the mind the story of the devotion of the women of the South and the heroism with which they faced the horrors of war in its terrible reality.

There is in New Orleans a monument to a woman—the

only one of its kind in the known world—"Margaret:" Margaret Haughey, "The Orphans' Friend." One forgets that she was homely of person and plain of face when we see her in the marble, seated in her chair with her arm caressingly thrown around the waif standing at her knee. One sees only the benevolence and sympathy of her expression. We are proud of the monument, and prouder that we had such a woman within our borders. We want a memorial to our noble womanhood which, like Margaret's, will tell its own story.

Gen. Walker's recommendation covers the ground as expressed in a letter to Gen. Stephen D. Lee in the early nineties: "Wherever a monument to the Confederate soldier rears its proud crest, I would have a companion monument to the Confederate woman." That is the idea, if not the exact wording. If Gen. Walker's plan be adopted finally—and there is everything to commend it—there is no reason why in time communities outside of State capitals, which have erected soldiers' monuments, should not have companion memorials to commemorate the heroism of the South's noble womanhood. It is to be hoped that his recommendation will be adopted, as it offers the best solution of the problem. A single central memorial would fail to fulfill its mission. Owing to distance, it would be impossible for any Confederate proportion of the people ever to see it. Any such plan must be avoided.

WHAT WOMEN DID DURING THE WAR.

BY MRS. F. A. McDAVID, GREENVILLE, S. C.

During the dark days of 1861-65 a sewing society for the benefit of our brave boys was kept up at my old home, Warthen, in Greenville County. We met every Monday afternoon, ladies coming in from all directions for miles in their buggies, on horseback, or walking to aid in this good work. Large boxes were filled as fast as the clothing was prepared and shipped principally to Virginia, wherever most needed, often to Fairfax and Orange C. H., Richmond, and other points. My experience of those days has proven invaluable to me since the freedom of our slaves, for I learned to sew, knit, and even to spin thread, much to the chagrin of our old servants, who protested against their "young missus" doing any menial service, even to the making up of a bed. "Chile, for pity sake stop dat. What is me here fur?" Another would say: "Now, Miss Tannie, you bother me too much foolin' with dat wheel. I got my task to do—will tell your par." O the reeling was just fine if any of the old negroes would allow us to hold the broaches for them to see the thread going into hanks, rapidly rolling off from the broaches.

Those four years were spent by me in working for our brave soldiers, and I do not regret the time thus spent. We used every inch of cloth we could have woven and the scraps we had left from making garments of "store-bought" goods during the struggle began. A handkerchief I had made of calico I heard was pinned under the chin and around the face of one brave young man who fell at his post, and was buried with him. Once when scarce of thread I knit into one pair of socks five or six different colors, and was thankful there was enough to finish them. We often tacked notes on the garments, not knowing who would get them, with a hearty "God bless you;" "Be brave, we are working for you;" "May great comfort be enjoyed while wearing this!" We never signed our names to these notes.

The custom was that when a soldier came home, in re-

turning he would carry back all he could to his comrades from their loved ones. On one occasion a Mr. Dave Ridgeway was home visiting his family, and at the expiration of his furlough I rode five miles horseback to carry him a package for my brother, Capt. J. M. Sullivan. I found their baby, their only girl, ill. He was sitting on one side of the cradle, his wife on the other, both weeping. With broken hearts they parted; he could not stay; military orders must be obeyed. He never saw his family again. In a few hours the baby's spirit had gone to Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and the noble soldier was killed in battle, falling on the shoulder of my brother. His wife was left to rear her four boys without his aid. They all grew to manhood and made good citizens. On my last trip this past summer to my childhood home, Warthen (still in my possession), I saw Mrs. Ridgeway, and we talked over this sad incident of her husband's last home-leaving. She is a worthy pensioner on our county list.

WHEELER'S CAVALRY IN GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

BY S. B. BARRON, RUSH, TEX., LIEUTENANT 3D TEXAS CAVALRY.

In the June VETERAN, page 267, D. M. Guthery tells of the fine service of Gen. Wheeler and his cavalry around Atlanta during the year 1864, and particularly the fighting of Gen. Stoneman and McCook's raiding parties in July of that year. Among other things, he says: "On the 27th Sherman made his last vigorous effort to destroy Hood's line of communication." This is erroneous. On the night of August 18 Gen. Kilpatrick started out for the same purpose with fourteen regiments of cavalry, nearly five thousand men, and two batteries of four guns each. (The figures are given by a member of the 4th United States Cavalry, who was with Kilpatrick.) With this force he made the entire circuit of Gen. Hood's army. He crossed the Chattahoochee River at Sand Town, passed Gen. Hood's left flank, crossed the West Point railroad at Fairburn, the Macon railroad at Jonesboro, and struck for Lovejoy, but, failing there, he returned around our right flank, doing only slight damage.

But of McCook's raid. During all of that "one hundred days' battle" Gen. Wheeler's Cavalry guarded Gen. Hood's right flank, while Gen. W. H. Jackson's Division, composed of Armstrong's Mississippi Brigade, Ross's Texas Brigade, and sometimes Ferguson's Brigade, guarded the left flank. Stoneman and McCook started out simultaneously, Stoneman around our right flank and McCook around the left flank. Gen. McCook crossed the Chattahoochee River sometime early in the day, July 28. This was the day that the severe battle of Ezra Church was fought. Gen. Ross's Brigade was in line of battle, dismounted, nearly all day on Gen. Hood's extreme left and engaged with the enemy in our front a portion of the day, and not until late in the afternoon were we ordered to mount and follow McCook, who then had several hours the start of us. We marched all night, and so did they. In the latter part of the night they struck our wagon train, in camp, burned ninety-two wagons, captured all our teamsters and blacksmiths, and the chaplain of the 3d Texas Cavalry.

We didn't get in the vicinity of McCook's command until the afternoon, some twenty-four hours after we started, nor until Gen. Wheeler had turned him back, as told by Comrade Guthery. We followed them until night, when, as we had been in our saddles about twenty-eight hours and horses

without feed several hours longer, we stopped, fed our horses on green corn, and rested a few hours. Before daylight next morning, however, we were in our saddles moving briskly. Early in the day we came close upon their rear and pressed as closely as the heat of the day and the condition of our horses would permit. During the day we passed scores of their horses, exhausted and abandoned. Many of our horses too had become so jaded as to be unable to keep up with the main command. About the middle of the afternoon we came up with them about two miles beyond and northward from Newnan in a woodland between some plantations and the Chattahoochee River, in which was a dense thicket of undergrowth. They were very soon practically surrounded, and became the most demoralized and the worst used up raiding party perhaps that operated during the campaign.

Comrade Guthery seems to be under the impression that Gen. Wheeler's "six or seven hundred" were the only troops there. While they did their duty nobly, the four regiments of Ross's Brigade, with the men able to keep up, and a part of Gen. Roddy's command were there.

We fought by regiments, hence I know nothing of the fighting except that done by my own regiment, the 3d Texas Cavalry. We rushed into the thicket dismounted, fairly ran into line, and were soon face to face with Col. Jim Brownlow and his regiment of East Tennesseans mounted. They charged the 3d Texas three times, and as often were driven back. Fortunately for us, the brush was so thick they couldn't see how weak our line was. As McCook's whole command had become apparently demoralized, I think their main effort was to get away. After the third charge, Brownlow led his men in a different direction, and got out in better shape than any of McCook's troops. They abandoned the prisoners captured with our wagon train, and in fact everything that would in the least encumber their flight. How many were killed and wounded, how many guns, horses, mules, etc., were taken, I do not know; but as to the number of prisoners I am better posted, as Gen. Ross left the writer, with a sufficient guard, to take care of them at Newnan until we could get transportation for them to Andersonville, and we had them in charge for several days. In addition to those carried off the field on the afternoon of the fight, numbers of others were lost, and we found them in the brush or in the neighborhood. Such were brought in during the next two or three days. In all they numbered about twelve hundred and fifty men, including thirty-five commissioned officers, from colonel down to second lieutenant. Virtually the 8th Iowa was captured—colonel, colors, and all. The noncommissioned officers and privates were confined in a large cotton warehouse and the officers in two small offices, parts of the same building. As the weather was quite warm and the officers' quarters somewhat crowded, they were turned out on the veranda every day for fresh air and sunshine. The colonel was very much disgruntled, but the others were lively, jovial fellows. They sang their war songs for us, and behaved in a very agreeable manner, taking their bitter medicine without a grimace.

Now, to sum up, if Comrade Guthery's figures are correct, Gen. Wheeler's command captured 300 near Jonesboro, killed near Newnan over 200, and captured 300 more. Add the 1,250 that fell into the hands of Ross's Brigade, we have 2,050. This, with the 500 that escaped, gives us 2,550 as the strength of McCook's command, which is perhaps very nearly correct.

TYPICAL AS A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

W. Marion Seay, Adjutant of Garland Rodes Camp, U. C. V., Lynchburg, Va., was born in 1842, and had hardly completed his course at Lynchburg College when in June, 1861, he entered the Confederate service as sergeant in the



MARION SEAY.

Lynchburg Rifles, or Company E, 11th Virginia Infantry. With his regiment, under Col. Samuel Garland, he participated in the fight at Blackburn's Ford, battle of Manassas, and Dranesville in 1861. In 1862, under the brigade command of Gen. A. P. Hill, the regiment took a prominent part in the battle of Yorktown and Williamsburg. He also shared in the services of his regiment at Seven Pines, the seven days' fighting before Richmond, Georgetown, Second Manassas, and Fredericksburg, and participated in the campaign of Longstreet's Corps in 1862-63 about Suffolk and Newbern, N. C. He also shared in the heroic fighting at Gettysburg. During 1864 he was in the engagements at Drewry's Bluff and Milford Station, and at the latter place was captured. He was held for ten months at Point Lookout, and released in March, 1865. Though engaged in many encounters with the enemy, he escaped with but one light wound, received at Seven Pines.

WITNESS TO THE CAPTURE OF THE MAZEPPA.

BY T. E. CRUTCHER, ESQ., GLASGOW, MONT.

I have just finished reading in the December VETERAN "Capture of the Mazeppa." I was present and an eyewitness to everything that occurred; was at headquarters of the Kentucky brigade, just in rear of the hill on which Fort Heiman was situated. I think it was about nine or ten o'clock in the morning of October 29 when we spied the Mazeppa rounding the point below. Capt. Gracey's Battery had been planted on the low bank of the river the evening

before. He permitted the boat to pass his guns, and then opened fire. The second or third shot cut her steam pipe, and the pilot headed her for the bar on the opposite side. Her headway, as the account says, drove her on the bar. I saw both Capt. Gracey and Capt. Horn swim or paddle across the river, Capt. Gracey first and Capt. Horn second. Another man, whose name I have now forgotten, swam over, but did not reach the other side until the boat had started over.

There can be no question that Capt. Gracey was first to reach the captured boat. I saw him start and saw him reach the boat. Capt. Horn was but a little way behind him. It seems to me, however, the danger apprehended has been somewhat magnified. There were no soldiers on the boat; nobody but the crew, and all but the captain deserted the boat as soon as she struck the bar. He remained, as he told me, to try to save the boat for the owners. He had a white rag flying from her bow before the swimmers started. I learned from him that there was not a Federal soldier nor a gun of any kind on the boat, and therefore no danger; but this act was no less brave, for they knew nothing of that.

The boat was laden with hard-tack, bales of blankets, soldiers' blouses, and one thousand barrels of flour. All the stores were removed except the flour, which was burned with the boat. About sundown the same day I was also an eyewitness to the fight between the Undine, under command of Capt. Gracey, and the Federal gunboats from Johnsonville. My recollection now is that one or perhaps two of the Federal gunboats got below the Undine, and there were three or four above, so that they had the Undine between two fires. It is needless to say that Capt. Gracey fought her bravely.

There was one incident connected with our cleaning out the Tennessee River that no one cared to mention—that is, how we did not capture the Cheeseman, a Federal transport, coming down from Johnsonville the day after the capture of the Mazeppa. When the Cheeseman arrived opposite Fort Heiman, she was summoned to surrender by a shot across her bow from Capt. Gracey's battery. She responded instantly by slowing her engines and running in under the bank. When she went ahead at full speed, the guns of the battery could not be depressed sufficiently to bear on her. So she escaped amid the jeers of her crew; but she alone of all the gunboats, transports, and barges above Fort Heiman escaped.

A FAITHFUL NEGRO—GEORGE YOUNG.

BY BETTIE A. CALHOUN, LIBERTY, MO.

The recent death of "Uncle" George Young, colored, in Liberty, Mo., recalls an incident connected with the war. In the early sixties, when our people were in a great commotion, some enlisting on the Northern side, others on the Southern, there was a scramble as to which party should get possession of the cannon, small arms, and ammunition kept at the old arsenal at Liberty Landing. The Confederates gained possession, however. The cannon was hid under Mr. Ed Pickett's haystack temporarily, while the powder and some of the small arms were concealed under Col. A. J. Calhoun's stacks, about four miles from the Pickett farm. They were to turn them all over to Gen. Sterling Price, who was then advancing this way. A sharp vigilance was kept on the Federal side, and it was a hazardous undertaking to run the gantlet with the cannon and ammunition, which it was necessary to haul to Blue Mill, a few miles below Liberty Landing, on the Missouri River, without being discovered. The task

was delegated to Col. A. J. Calhoun. The night was selected, and all parties interested were to meet at Mr. Pickett's to load the cannon. The men who participated in the loading of cannon and ammunition were, as I recall, the Pickett boys, Capt. Fisher, Kirk Talbert, and, perhaps, Tom Murray.

Col. Calhoun said he had one man who could be depended on to drive the wagon, and promised to be on hand with George and a four-horse wagon. He told George to meet him at a large walnut tree on the hill in the front pasture at midnight with the big wagon and four of the best horses, cautioning him not to start until all the families in the cabins were asleep. Col. Calhoun rode to the top of the hill and waited in the deep shade of the walnut tree for his trusted servant. Soon came the steady rumble of approaching wheels, and in answer to the question, "George, is that you?" he said, "Yes, Mars Elic; they's all asleep and I have the four best pullers to the big wagon." They then went to the Pickett farm and met all the others according to promise. The small arms and ammunition had been taken there for convenience, and the work of loading was soon accomplished. Blue Mills Landing was about eight miles distant, and to make the trip and return home before daylight was their chief concern, so when out of hearing of houses on the way George would put whip to his leaders and move at a lively trot, following "Mars Elic," who galloped ahead. They reached the river without detection or accident, and found the men sent by Gen. Price ready to receive the "contraband," which was soon delivered in good condition.

Just at daybreak George drove into the barn lot at home, and fed and rubbed his horses before the other servants about the place were astir. Col. Calhoun said: "George, if you ever tell any one of this night's work, it may get me into trouble." "No, Mars Elic, I never will tell," and he never did. He was a faithful servant; and when it was said that if Cleveland should be elected President the negroes would be reënslaved George said he was "not afraid, but would go right back to Mars Elic."

George was strictly honest, and was never known to be guilty of an intentional wrong. He was a member of the M. E. Church, South, and a faithful Christian.

SOME LEGAL HOLIDAYS IN VARIOUS STATES.

The following statistics will be read with interest in so far as the results of the Confederate war affect sentiment:

January 1, *New Year's day*: In all the States except Massachusetts, Mississippi, and New Hampshire.

January 8, *anniversary of the battle of New Orleans*: In Louisiana only.

January 19, *Lee's birthday*: In Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia.

February 12, *Lincoln's birthday*: In Connecticut, Illinois, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Washington (State), and Wyoming.

February 22, *Washington's birthday*: In all the States except Mississippi, where it is observed by exercises in the public schools only.

March 2, *anniversary of Texas independence*, and April 21, *anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto*: In Texas.

—, *Good Friday*: In Alabama, Louisiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee.

April 26, *Confederate Memorial Day*: In Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and Mississippi.

May 10, *Confederate Memorial Day*: In North Carolina and South Carolina.

May (second Friday), *Confederate Day*: In Tennessee.

May 20, *anniversary of the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence*: In North Carolina.

May 30, *Decoration Day*: In all the States and Territories except Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Kansas.

Decoration Day, Labor Day, and Washington's birthday are the only legal holidays by legislative enactment; other legal holidays are so only by common consent.

The proclamation of the President designating a day of thanksgiving makes it a legal holiday only in the District of Columbia and the Territories and in those States which provide by law for it.

VIRGINIA HEROINE, MRS. E. A. OBENCHAIN.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Obenchain, of Virginia, in whose veins ran good old Dutch, English and Norman, French Huguenot, and German blood, inherited the excellent qualities, and especially the courage, of her pioneer ancestors.

In the summer of 1864 Gen. Hunter marched with a large force up the Valley of Virginia to attack Lynchburg from the rear. Mrs. Obenchain's two older sons were in the Confederate army. Her husband was on duty with the Home Guard in the fortifications at Lynchburg. Her youngest son, then but fifteen years of age, to save it from capture, had ridden to the country a horse she greatly prized, because a gift from her brother, Capt. William A. Sweetland, who was killed the year before at Gettysburg. Her oldest daughter was from home, at school. She was left alone, then, with her five younger children, all girls, ranging in age from four to thirteen years, and the youngest was at the time very ill.

Her eldest son had left at home some six or eight pounds of sporting powder. When Hunter's advance guard appeared on the hills on the opposite side of James River from Buchanan, Mrs. Obenchain, fearing that her house would be searched by Federal soldiers when they entered the town, and wishing to save her son's powder, carried it over to St.



MRS. E. A. OBENCHAIN.

John's churchyard, which adjoined her premises, and concealed it under some rank, matted grass near an old tombstone in the rear of the church, where, from the sacredness of the place, she supposed it would be secure.

During the day Federal soldiers had ransacked the house and taken many small articles of value and all her provisions. Later another squad of soldiers entered by the back way and, finding nothing they wanted, told her as they went out that they were going to burn the house. She was greatly alarmed, of course, and started back to her room to get her children out if the worst came.

At this critical moment a Federal officer called and addressed Mrs. Obenchain as "Cousin Lizzie," giving his name as Alexander. Whether actually related to her is not known. He knew of her sons in the Confederate army. Learning the situation, he went immediately to the back yard and, to her great relief, ordered the men to leave the premises at once. After seeing that his order was obeyed, he came back into the house, manifested much interest, spoke words of sympathy and assurance, and promised her protection. Shortly after leaving he sent her some provisions, and also a surgeon, who prescribed for her sick child and supplied the necessary medicine.

As has been said, Mrs. Obenchain supposed the powder would be safe where she had concealed it in the churchyard. How great, then, was her amazement when, on going out on the back porch at about ten o'clock at night, she saw several fires burning in that part of the churchyard and soldiers lying around them on the grass. She realized the situation at once. "Should fire get to that powder," she thought, "and in the explosion any injury be done, the soldiers, supposing it intentional, would become infuriated and burn the town." The mere thought of being the cause of such a calamity, however innocent, was more than she could bear. Immediately calling her housemaid, she said, pointing to the churchyard: "Hannah, look at those fires over there and the soldiers lying around them; you must go there at once and get that powder away." "La! Miss Lizzie," said Hannah with a look of terror in her face, "I wouldn't go over dar among dem Yankees for de whole worl'."

"Then I'll go myself," said her mistress, starting at once.

"And I'll go with you," said the faithful Hannah, trembling in every limb.

Followed by the servant, Mrs. Obenchain went out through the garden and crept cautiously up to the dividing fence. Soldiers were stretched out on the ground, here and there, on the other side, fast asleep. Some of the fires were spreading slowly in the grass. Thinking only of what might happen to others, she whispered to the servant to remain where she was, climbed the fence noiselessly, crept lightly among the sleeping forms, secured the powder, and returned safely with it to the house.

When told afterwards that she was in great peril at the time; that if she had been detected when coming out with the powder in her possession, she would have been suspected of attempting to do what she had gone there to prevent, and would doubtless have been subjected to violence, she smilingly said: "O, I never once thought of myself."

Like the Roman matrons of old, Mrs. Obenchain was a woman of remarkable fortitude and self-control. If she ever shed a tear when at any time her sons left home for the field of duty, she took care not to let them see it. It was only when they returned that she wept, as she tenderly threw her arms around them. But her tears then were tears of joy.

And yet there was never a more affectionate and devoted mother. Her life was a life of constant solicitude and self-sacrifice for her children. She was ever watchful and patient; and to her repeated lessons, wholesome precepts, and noble example they are mainly indebted for all their higher aspirations.

Mrs. Obenchain was always kind and charitable to others, and ever ready to lend a helping hand in sickness or distress. During the war a hospital was established in her town, Buchanan, Va., for sick and invalid Confederate soldiers. To them she was a ministering angel. When told of a remark made about her by a convalescent soldier as one day he was slowly wending his way to her house to get some delicacy she had promised him—the remark that she was the best woman he had ever met—she modestly said: "I am only doing my duty, trusting in the Lord that some one will do the same for my sons should any misfortune befall them while they are away from home."

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

That simple faith Mrs. Obenchain had in the highest degree. She did what she could and trusted in the Lord, and in all the trials and troubles of this life her faith remained unshaken to the end.

Broken in health in her last years, she passed away peacefully in Wytheville, Va., July 1, 1892, in the seventy-seventh year of her age.

"In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

Mrs. Obenchain's eldest son, Maj. William A. Obenchain, now President of Ogden College, Bowling Green, Ky., received an appointment in the artillery of the regular Confederate army in 1861, but served throughout the war in the engineer corps. He was promoted in 1864 for "skill and meritorious conduct," and was one of the staff engineers of the Army of Northern Virginia in the last year of the war.

Her second son, Capt. Francis G. Obenchain, now of Chicago, served also throughout the war in the Botetourt (Virginia) Artillery. At Port Gibson on May 1, 1863, this splendid battery of six guns, of which he was then orderly sergeant, was placed in the forefront to be sacrificed, if necessary, in the effort to hold Grant in check. It fired the first gun in that battle, bore the brunt of the engagement the greater part of the day, and suffered heavily in men, horses, and guns. At noon, all the lieutenants present for duty being killed and the captain disabled, the command of the battery devolved upon young Obenchain, then but twenty years of age. The last to leave the field with the two guns that could be brought off, he did excellent service in covering the retreat of the Confederate troops. He was conspicuous throughout the day for coolness and bravery, and was known afterwards in Pemberton's army as "the little fighting sergeant." Soon after he received promotion for "distinguished valor and skill" and commanded the Botetourt Artillery during the siege of Vicksburg.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES SOLICITED.—A fault, freely admitted, that the VETERAN has not contained enough of good cheer is admitted in the hope that comrades will write more of humorous incidents. To tell stories of wags, who were the life of the army in the hardest trials, would be a valuable feature in the true history of the war.

BATTLE OF BRANDY STATION.

BY GEORGE H. MOFFETT, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

The 8th of June, 1863, was a gala day with the cavalry corps attached to the Army of Northern Virginia. It was the day of grand review at Brandy Station, when Jeb Stuart's cavalrymen passed in review before Gen. Robert E. Lee and staff. For some days previously there had been unusual bustle in the camps of the several brigades composing this famous corps. There was a general polishing up of sabers, guns, and revolvers, the rubbing and currying of horses, the dusting of blankets and saddles, all in preparation for a grand display when to be passed in review before the eyes of the commander in chief. Every cavalryman who could be spared from the picket line along the Rappahannock had been called into camp to participate in the brilliant maneuvering. It was the preliminary preparation for the invasion of Pennsylvania, and at a time when Gen. Stuart's corps had probably reached the maximum, both as to number and equipment. There were about eighteen thousand men in the saddle that day, and for the most part the horses and equipment were in first-class condition. They presented a magnificent spectacle, and were highly complimented by Gen. Lee.

The corps was composed of the very flower of our young Southern manhood. In every saddle was seated a gentleman, proud of his family name, and intense in his devotion to his native Southland. No knightlier band ever followed a more chivalric leader than the men under Jeb Stuart. And it was observed that Gen. Stuart's personal charms never showed to better advantage than on that day. Young, gay, and handsome, dressed out in his newest uniform, his polished sword flashing in the sunlight, mounted on his favorite bay mare in gaudiest trappings, his long black plume waving in response to the kisses of the summer breeze, he was superb in every movement, and the personification of grace and gallantry combined. Such was our Chevalier Bayard of the South. He was surrounded by a galaxy of subordinate officers who have carved their names with bright sabers upon Fame's monument. There were Fitz Lee and Wade Hampton, division commanders, and "Rooney" Lee, Tom Rosser, William E. Jones, Pres Young, M. C. Butler, Beale, Lomax, Dulaney, Munford, and others who had contributed to the fame of the great cavalry corps.

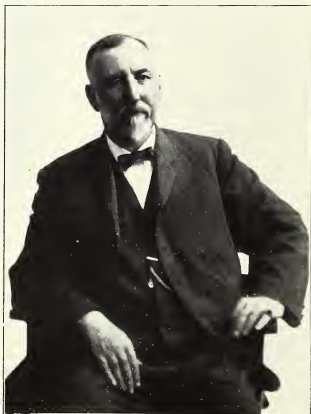
Brandy Station is on the Old Virginia Midland (now Southern) Railway, about six miles northeastwardly from Culpeper C. H., and a mile south of the Rappahannock River. The surrounding country is admirably adapted to cavalry maneuvers, being an undulating plain spreading out for six or eight miles.

It was the early morning after the grand cavalry review before the sun was risen, when the camp was startled by a sharp picket firing at Rappahannock Ford. The bugles rang out "boots and saddles," and by the time the men nearest the river were in line, the enemy were upon them in great force. Just across the Rappahannock, on the north side, the Federal General Pleasanton had concentrated his cavalry corps—about twenty thousand in number—a fine body of troops and splendidly mounted. Doubtless he had information through his scouts and signal corps that some extraordinary movements among the Confederate cavalry were in progress on the south side of the river, so he determined to cross over with his full corps to ascertain the meaning of these movements. Gen. William E. Jones was in immediate command of the Confederate picket line along the Rappahannock, and Gen. Jones had his headquarters on the bluff above the river

in close proximity to the ford. The Seventh Virginia Cavalry, under Col. Dulancy, was on duty at this place. The enemy made such a sudden dash at the picket line, and in overwhelming numbers, that they were across the river and were galloping up the slope on the south side before the Seventh Regiment had scarcely time to form its line. Gen. Jones, awakened from a sound slumber by the firing, did not take time to put on either coat or boots, but in shirt sleeves and stocking feet leaped to the saddle, and, putting himself at the head of his troops, gave the enemy such a stiff fight that he held them in check until the remainder of the corps could be mounted and Gen. Stuart form his line of battle. Thus began the most famous cavalry battle of history, lasting from sunrise until sunset of the 9th day of June, 1863.

While the artillery, the revolver, and the carbine played their part, it was mainly a saber fight from start to finish. There were charges and countercharges with alternating success. Pleasanton made a brilliant dash and handled his troops with consummate skill, but Stuart and his troopers stubbornly contested every inch of ground and finally became the aggressors, driving Pleasanton and his famous fighters back across the river.

In numerical strength the combatants were nearly equal, a slight preponderance in favor of the Federals, while the ground was an ideal spot for cavalry movements. On either side it was the largest body of cavalry ever brought into action at one time. Both Stuart and Pleasanton had won their spurs as cavalry leaders, and each commanded a superb organization. It was a soft summer day, and the balmy air was laden with the perfume of the early June roses, which filled the gardens surrounding the neighboring farmhouses until the aroma was dispelled by the sulphurous fumes of the battle smoke, which later in the day rolled in great clouds over the battle-scarred fields. Gen. Stuart was in finest



MR. GEORGE H. MOFFETT.

mettle that day, and apparently ubiquitous. He was here, there, and everywhere. There was scarcely a rift in the smoke, but you could see his black plume floating in that part of the field where the battle was fiercest, and above the huzzas of the Federals and the wild yells of the Confederates you could hear Stuart's voice, from time to time, ringing out the words of command.

Speaking of Stuart's plume, it was an object of great pride with him. He lost it once, and it fell into the hands of the enemy, but he could not rest until he had recovered it. It was in the summer of 1862, and down at the old Vadiersville tavern on the plank road between Orange and Fredericksburg. He had appointed a meeting with Gen. Fitz Lee at Vadiersville that day; but, being the first to arrive after partaking of a good dinner, he had lain down on a bench on the front porch for a summer siesta while awaiting Fitz Lee's arrival. When, half an hour later, he was told that a body of horsemen were coming up the road, he naturally supposed it was Fitz Lee and his troopers; and, quickly arising, walked out to the gate bareheaded, leaving his hat on the porch. Casting his eyes down the road, he was astonished to see a cavalcade of blue-coated gentry rapidly approaching. There was no time to return to the house for the hat; so, quickly mounting his unbridled horse, grazing in the yard close by, over the picket fence he went, up the road like a bullet shot from a gun, with the enemy in hot pursuit. But "Highfly" was too speedy for any Yankee horse, so Stuart made his escape; but the enemy carried off the hat and black plume as a trophy of their raid. A few nights afterwards Gen. Stuart placed himself at the head of a detachment of picked men, and, slipping through the enemy's lines, made a bold dash upon Gen. Pope's headquarters at Bristow Station. In the darkness, Pope barely escaped capture, but his flight was so sudden that he left behind his dress uniform, which fell into Gen. Stuart's hands. The next day, under flag of truce, an exchange cartel was arranged whereby Gen. Stuart recovered his hat and plume in exchange for Pope's uniform.

Returning from this digression to the battle field of Brandy Station, it would seem invidious, when all performed their parts so nobly, to mention special acts of gallantry. As a matter of fact, the individual soldier has very little knowledge of the movements in detail during a great battle beyond the movements of his own immediate command. Usually there is enough going on in his own vicinity to focus his observation. However, there was one performance at Brandy Station which had such important effect on the final result I feel impelled to refer to it. There was a Federal battery of artillery planted on an elevation, near a little white church, which was giving great annoyance to our troops. Galloping down the line, Gen. Stuart rode up to Col. Lomax, of the 11th Virginia Cavalry, and asked if his regiment could silence that battery. "I will do it or lose every man in the attempt," replied Lomax. Then turning to his troopers, and pointing his sword toward the belching artillery, Lomax called out, "Men, we want those guns; follow me." They were off up the hill like a whirlwind, then, quickly charging the line so as to give a full front, Lomax swept down upon the battery on a side swipe. This necessitated a shifting of the guns, in which the gunners lost their range, so that the volley of grape and canister was not so effective as it might otherwise have been. A regiment of New York cavalry had been dismounted to support the battery. They made the fatal mistake of attempting to remount to meet the oncoming charge. Before half of them were in the saddle, Lomax and his men of the bloody Eleventh were

among them, slashing right and left. The New Yorkers were routed, and the battery of six pieces captured. In this charge the volley of grape and canister had torn into shreds the battle flag of the Eleventh Regiment, had broken the flag-staff, and swept it from the hands of the color bearer. A few days afterwards the regiment was delighted to receive a brand-new silken battle flag, a personal gift from Gen. Stuart, in commemoration of their services at Brandy Station. It was Stuart's chivalrous way of rewarding bravery.

Pardon another slight digression. On the 9th day of June, 1893, on a street corner in the city of Portland, Oregon, I met Gen. H. B. Compson, then a prominent citizen of the Pacific Coast. After an exchange of greetings, some remark was made about the warmth of the weather. "I was just thinking, as I came up the street," said Gen. Compson, "that thirty years ago to-day was the hottest day I ever saw." When asked what torrid event had made such an indelible impression upon him, he replied: "It was at Brandy Station, where the great cavalry battle was fought. At that time I was in command of the Seventh New York Cavalry, supporting a battery which you Rebels took from us, and for a little while I thought it about the hottest place a mortal man ever got into." And at the recollection of it he began to wipe the perspiration from his brow. When told that I belonged to the regiment which captured his guns, there was another hand-shake. Pretty soon afterwards, two old soldiers, of opposing armies, had found a shady nook: where they sat down and were good-humoredly fighting over the old battles again. When a soldier meets a soldier, regardless of his belongings, it is not long until a bond of sympathetic friendship has been established.

While Pleasanton was defeated at Brandy Station, he made a masterly withdrawal of his forces. It had been a long and hard day's fight, and both sides were pretty well exhausted. It was late in the afternoon, almost sunset, before Pleasanton's lines began to waver under Stuart's aggressive attacks. The enemy retired slowly, but in good order, toward the river, and at last under the friendly darkness effected a retreat across the stream. Evidently it had been Pleasanton's design to locate the position of Lee's main army and to feel his strength, but he had failed. Very soon after this Gen. Lee began that movement which culminated in the battle of Gettysburg.

CAMPAIGNING IN NORTH GEORGIA.

BY MAJ. T. G. DABNEY, CLARKSDALE, MISS.

On reading the remarks of Comrade George W. Harris in the *VETERAN*, with the letter from Lieut. John W. Moran, concerning "Dead Angle," the "lightning bug" fight, battle of New Hope Church, etc., one is impressed by the freaks that memory plays with the minds of men. A few years ago a controversy arose in the *VETERAN* over the question as to what brigade captured a certain Federal battery at the first battle of Cold Harbor. This writer was then in Featherston's Mississippi Brigade, and was under the certain impression that this brigade had captured that battery. A member of a Virginia brigade was certain that the battery was captured by his command, while a Texan was equally certain that his brigade had made the capture. It is true that individuals who perform inconspicuous parts in great military movements get very partial views of situations, and a hundred individuals might easily form as many different impressions about the same events.

Returning to Comrade Harris's remarks, I wish to give my own recollection of the occurrences he refers to. I was then

attached to Hoskins's Mississippi Battery, which battery was generally in line with Cockrell's Missouri Brigade, in French's Division. When the battle of New Hope Church was fought, Hoskins's Battery, not participating, was posted on a high hill, apparently on the extreme left of our line, where no enemy confronted us. Toward the close of the fight we were moved several miles to our right, where we went into position in a fortification already built by the side of another battery. By our combined fire we shelled out a Federal battery opposite to us, compelling it to retire.

That night we quietly withdrew, and traveled through rough roads until morning. The next day we went into position *en barbette*, the parapet being only two feet nine inches high, where we went through the exercise of dismounting the guns by taking the wheels off the axles to lower them out of the way of the enemy's fire, the purpose being to remount them quickly to repel assault. But we had no very close fighting there. On that day Gen. Johnston (I am giving the impressions I then formed) retired the left wing of his line in broad daylight and "in the face of the enemy," the pivotal point being a few hundred yards to the left of our position. This movement created a salient angle in our line at the pivotal point. Whether this was the "dead angle" alluded to I do not know, as I never heard of it until recently. On that day Gen. Polk was killed on Pine Mountain, not Sand Mountain.

The following night we retired a few miles, and next day were placed in line on Kennesaw Mountain, which we occupied about three weeks. We had hot artillery fighting while getting into position and immediately after. Gen. Cockrell received a wound in the hand and retired from the field. The command of his brigade fell upon Col. Elijah Gates, now of St. Joseph, Mo. I well remember Col. Gates walking along his line and stopping to chat with us in the battery, his arm in a sling with a bullet hole through it.

While on Kennesaw Mountain we were aroused one night by terrific firing on our left, which continued an hour or two. We learned next day that it was Cheatham's Division engaged in a battle brought on by lightning bugs. So my impressions are that the New Hope line was some miles north of the Kennesaw Mountain line and that the Pine Mountain line, on which Gen. Polk was killed, was between New Hope and Kennesaw and that the lightning bug fight was on the Kennesaw line.

When Sherman made his famous assault on Kennesaw Mountain, most of the fighting was done farther up to my right. Half of Hoskins's Battery was posted higher up the mountain, but the section to which I was attached was on "Little Kennesaw," a few hundred yards above the foot of the mountain on the left. Early on the morning of the assault the whole mountain was subjected to a terrific artillery fire from a large number of guns concentrated for that purpose. This lasted about an hour, our entire line remaining mute and motionless. A Northern correspondent afterwards said that the mountain showed no signs of life, and it looked as if a mouse could not have remained alive under the bombardment. While the artillery fire was still furious one of Cockrell's men ran by the battery and shouted: "You battery men better get to your guns, the Yankees are going to charge us!"

Peering through an embrasure, a dense line of blue was seen a short distance behind the Federal line of works and another line visible above the parapet. The cannoners were ordered to the guns. An exclamation came from some one: "We can't work the guns under this fire!" The reply came

quick: "This is the time when the guns have got to be worked!" There was no more demurring. But the bombardment ceased as soon as the Federal lines advanced beyond their fortifications. They made a rapid dash down an open slope of a quarter of a mile and into a wooded valley at the foot of the mountain, we peppering them with shells as fast as the guns could be served.

After marching across the valley, concealed by a dense growth, the stars and stripes were flashed on our view for only a moment at the edge of the timber on our side. The slope of the mountain here was rather gentle and open for three hundred yards below our line. The Federals hesitated and then disappeared into the woods behind them. One of Cockrell's men shouted: "Why don't you come on up, Yanks, and draw your Georgia?" But they did not care to face the music lying in wait for them, and came no nearer on our front. We probably amused them a good deal by throwing shells down into the woods for a considerable time after they disappeared from view. They must have retired by a flank movement under cover, as they did not retrace the open ground behind them.

I have sometimes regretted that I did not have a charge of canister ready to throw at that flag during the moment that it was visible, and then I have reflected more soberly that had it been done with a momentary feeling of triumph at the time perhaps some happy family, since reared in a Northern home, might never have come into existence, and all feelings of regret have vanished with the thought.

My recollection is quite clear about all of these matters, but my impressions may be altogether wrong about directions and distances. We generally marched from one position to another at night, sometimes also in the rain through rough and devious ways, finding ourselves in line of battle the next morning without knowing how we got there and with confused ideas about our surroundings. I have learned by experience to rely with considerable caution upon my "clear recollections" of events, and especially localities, that came within my observation during the war.

While I have "pen to paper" I wish to make one general observation not strictly germane. Most writers who describe battles are fond of the expression "grape and canister." An artilleryman never uses that expression, because he knows that "grapeshot" was an obsolete missile during the period of our war, and the only projectiles of that character used on either side were canister and shrapnel, except perhaps at the beginning, when we were compelled to use antiquated arms and ammunition.

COMMODORE HARRISON HENRY COCKE.

To have served one's country in the first flush of manhood or in the golden prime of life is to have done one's duty well; but how much more deserving of praise is he who is willing to sacrifice to his patriotism the comforts that are due to age!

Commodore Harrison H. Cocke, of Virginia, served on Lake Erie in the War of 1812. He was ordered with a fleet to the siege of Monterey, but suffered shipwreck in a violent storm off the Florida Keys. He was engaged in the siege of Galveston when that place was held by the notorious pirate, Paul Lafitte, who was forced to evacuate the town. A large part of his military career was spent in contending with pirates who infested the coasts.

Before the breaking out of the War between the States Commodore Cocke had been retired along with Commodore

Maury and others. He was then at an advanced age, but upon the secession of Virginia he resigned his commission in the United States navy and offered his services to Gen. R. E. Lee in defense of his State. He was assigned to special duty on the James, and rebuilt the old Indian fort, Powhatan.

When the war broke out, he was living on his plantation, Evergreen, two miles below City Point, and this place was utterly devastated by the enemy after peace had been declared. Another place he owned, Experiment, in Dinwiddie

There is no inscription. It is intended to have vines cover the structure. The VETERAN desires a good picture of it.

ORIGIN OF THE MONUMENT.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society, which has done so much toward preserving historical places, relics, letters, reports, and other articles of value to Confederate history, requested each of the railroads in Virginia to place along its line where battles took place during the War between the States some appropriate marks designating to the traveling public the battlefields. It was suggested that a sign be put up and the name of the battle clearly indicated thereon.

The Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad was the first to comply with this request. That company decided, however, to erect a more lasting and attractive structure to mark the place where one of the greatest battles of the war was fought and the only one that took place immediately on the line of the road—the battle of Fredericksburg. It was thought best to construct a substantial pyramid of unhewn granite. A lot was donated by Mrs. William C. Pratt, of Spottsylvania County, near Hamilton's Crossing, about three miles south of Fredericksburg and about one hundred yards from the railroad. It is immediately opposite the point where Gen. Meade made that famous charge to the heights which were defended by Gen. Gregg's Brigade in the great battle of December 13, 1862. It will be remembered that in this battle the gallant Gen. John Gregg lost his life.

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

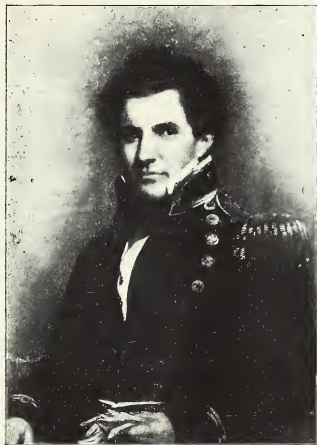
BY CHARLES W. HUBNER.

What noble deeds, that History loves to name
And Fame will laud for aye with lyric mouth,
Were done by those who our high homage claim—
The fair, heroic women of the South;
The loving mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives,
Who, when the war drum's fatal summons came,
Gave up the dearest treasures of their lives
And bore the martyr's cross in Freedom's name!

For these there was no music in the song
The bugles sang along the battle's marge;
No passion, such as makes even weak hearts strong,
When, timed to thundering guns, the columns charge;
No wreath of fame to clutch at, or to wear;
No hymns of triumph, no exultant cheers.
Their only was a heavier cross to bear,
And grief that had no solace save its tears.

Who save the Record Angel of the sky
Knows all these more than Spartan women did
Through those sad, glorious days, in deeds that lie
In the world's sight, or that in hearts are hid?
They were the angels of the camp and field,
And never faltered in their trust and faith;
With tireless hands they labored, blessed, and healed,
And, daring life for love, they conquered death.

Yes, to the South's heroic dead uprear
Your granite shafts, and on them carve their names;
All can to glory read their titles clear,
Beloved sons of ours, as they are Fame's.
Yet a great task remains—do you not hear
This message from Fame's golden-worded mouth:
"I wait to crown the shaft that you must rear
To the heroic women of the South?"



COMMODORE H. H. COCKE.

County, three miles west of Petersburg, was also laid waste; but this he was able to rebuild, and it was there he passed away on the 12th of October, 1873, aged seventy-nine years. He was born at Montpelier, in Surrey County, Va., May 10, 1794. Just after the war, at the age of seventy-one, he planted with his own hands his first crop of corn.

MONUMENT BUILT BY A RAILROAD.

Near the track of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad, which extends from Richmond to Washington and in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, there is a soldier monument. The lot on which it is located was deeded to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, and on this spot the monument marks the scene of conflict. The monument contains about four hundred tons of Virginia granite. The structure is about twenty-five feet high and thirty feet square at the base. It is not so large a pyramid as that in Hollywood Cemetery, but its proportions are more massive in comparison. The work was done by the construction force of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad Company. The monument is about fifty-eight miles from Richmond.

OLD CONFEDERATE.

BY CAPT. H. J. CHENEY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Any member of the 26th Tennessee Regiment Infantry, C. S. A., or of Brown's Brigade will recollect "Old Confederate." If he had any other name, I never heard it called; neither did I know to what company of this famous old regiment he belonged or even that he was regularly enlisted. I had heard that, being too old to conscript, but having friends in the regiment, he simply attached himself as volunteer aid for pure love of soldiering and a purer feeling of patriotism. However this might be, he marched and fought with them, sharing the dangers and hardships of a campaign, the merriest, jolliest of them all. He was a unique character, between fifty and sixty years of age, rough and uncultivated, but every inch a man. He was always merry and jovial in camp or on the march, and in battle a veritable son of Mars. At the battle of Chickamauga, after I delivered an order to Col. Lillard (commanding the 26th) to charge and take a battery in his front as the regiment moved into action, I saw Old Confederate with his gray hair floating in the breeze, his eyes aflame with excitement, and his countenance lit up with a fierce joy as he rushed with the foremost of that gallant regiment in that bloody charge in which his colonel and so many of his companions lost their lives.

On one occasion as I was riding through the camps on an inspection tour I heard a gun fire. The orders were very strict that no gun should be fired in camp; so, it being my duty to arrest any soldier violating said order, I rode rapidly in the direction of the sound and ran up on Old Confederate. He had his musket in one hand and was dragging a pile of brush with the other. I asked him if he fired that shot I heard. He replied by asking how he could shoot with one hand and hold a pile of brush in the other. Then, pointing to a soldier some distance off running, with his musket in his hand, suggested that perhaps he was the culprit. I dashed to this new man and charged him with the offense. He denied it most emphatically. I directed him to hand me his gun, and, thrusting my finger in the muzzle, found it perfectly clean, which at once exonerated him.

The next day as I was riding through the camps a most savory smell tickled my olfactory, and I am sure the fumes of a baked opossum never smelled more delicious and appetizing to a hungry negro than those which exhaled from a smoking camp kettle over which presided Old Confederate. I asked him what it was that smelled so good and made a hungry man feel so much hungrier. He said: "Get down, Captain, and try some; we are just about to commence dinner." All his comrades joined in the invitation, vying in reply to my fear that I might impose upon their kindness that they had an abundance. I have eaten good dinners and costly ones, and enjoyed them immensely, but I never ate anything comparable to that dinner; and seeing that it was plentiful, I feel sure that I ate three days' rations at that feast.

After lighting my cob pipe preparatory to leaving, Old Confederate said: "Wait; I wish to ask your opinion on a legal question, a point of law. If a soldier should happen to kill one of these dangerous, biting hogs while prowling through the camps and have it nicely dressed and cooked, and another soldier should partake of the feast, would he not legally be held as accessory to the theft and equally guilty with the party who did the killing?"

Without thought, I answered promptly that he would.

"Well, then," he said, "when you heard that shot yesterday, it was from my gun, and I killed this hog of which you have

eaten so heartily; and by your own admission being as guilty with myself, I presume you will condone the offense as far as I am concerned lest you be forced to punish yourself."

"But," I said on reflection, "I think legally I would be held innocent in this case from the fact that I regarded you as an honest man, and in accepting your invitation to dine with you supposed of course that the food placed before me had been honestly obtained."

"Well," he replied, "I will ask another question. If a man should steal an apple, would he not be as guilty as if he stole a hog?"

"He most certainly would," I replied.

"Then do you not remember when we marched through Kentucky with Mr. Bragg, fought the battles of Richmond and Perryville, Ky., how hot was the August sun, and the limestone pikes so thick with dust that you could not see a comrade in front of you? Don't you remember the apple orchard we struck, every tree filled with delicious red apples, and how the boys went pellmell over the fence into that orchard? I know it was your duty to prevent the demolition of that orchard, and you did all you could, but you might as well have tried to stop a stampeding herd of cattle. You yelled at them, telling them that Gen. Bragg would have them all shot and reminded them of the strict orders against deprecating; and as the boys would pass you with overflowing haversacks, I saw you let them drop an apple now and then in your pocket. Now, I want to know if in eating those apples you were not accessory to the theft?"

"Look here, Old Confederate," said I, "you are becoming too personal. Besides, I find that my time is up and I must be going. With thanks for your good dinner, good-by."

Several years after the close of the war I was engaged in business on Broad Street in Nashville, and on a Christmas day, with the aid of several merchant friends, I was concocting an eggnog, and on looking around for more flavoring, to my great surprise I saw Old Confederate. After a hearty shake of the hand and an introduction to my friends, I asked: "Where on earth did you come from?" He informed me that after the close of the war he returned to his home, in East Tennessee; but his neighbors, being all Union men, had so taunted and insulted him on account of the part he took in the war that he concluded to change his locality. He said: "I tried to fight it out with them, and I reckon I must have fit more than forty times; but they were too many for me, and I wore myself out fighting, especially as I am growing old, so I concluded we would make the Indian Territory our future home; and I have with me my wife, three sons and their wives, and two daughters and their husbands, with horses, wagons, and all our plunder here in Nashville, where we will stop for a day or two to rest." He said as soon as he had placed his family in a boarding house he started out in search of me, and now, having found me, wished me to go with him and form their acquaintance. I told him I would do so with pleasure, but I said, "You have come just in time to help us drink an eggnog;" and filling a glass, I handed it to him, but to my surprise he declined. Thinking he did so from modesty, I insisted, as did my friends. Finally yielding to our importunities, he drank it. There was no need for further pressing; he drank freely. As we walked up the street toward his boarding house he suddenly stopped, doubled up his fist, and said: "Captain, if there is any man in this town that you would like to have whipped, p'int him out and I will lick him in five minutes."

I found his family a most interesting people. His wife

was a sweet, patient-looking old lady whose face bore evidence of the constant anxiety her brave but somewhat erratic old husband had caused her. The sons and their wives, as well as the daughters and their husbands, were all comely and pictures of health and strength, and I could not but think they would succeed in the new home they sought. I had taken my seat near the wife of Old Confederate, while he sat near her on the other side. Several times while the conversation was general I noticed Old Confederate punch his wife, and after a whispered colloquy could see her shake her head; until finally, seeming to yield, she began to untie a knot in the corner of her apron. I at once divined his intent, and asked her if he was not asking for money. She replied that he was, and that they had too little to spare; but he seemed so anxious to have a good time with me that she relented, even though she saw that he had been drinking. He had been too fond of his "cups." I then understood why he so reluctantly took the first glass of eggnog; I told her of the fact and that it was all my fault, that the fear of wounding my feelings and the pleasure of meeting his old friend and comrade had made him forget, and that I felt so ashamed and sorry that I intended to punish both of us by promising that neither would taste one drop of anything stronger than water during his stay in the city, and that she was not to let him have one cent of her money, for I would pay every bill contracted. So we started on our dry spree. Not knowing just what to do toward his entertainment, I carried him to the theater; and never having attended such a place before, I was much amused at his pleasure and astonishment at what he saw and heard. I marched him home to his wife about midnight, both of us as dry as a powderhorn; not, however, without having him suggest as we passed several saloons that we would drop in a moment and see what the boys were doing, but I kept my promise to his good wife.

He had informed me that he contemplated moving his family and effects to Memphis by boat, and wished me to assist him in procuring cheap rates. So, early the next morning I called for that purpose. I found him in fine spirits, and he informed me that he dreamed all night about the fairies and the beautiful women he had seen the night before. Changing the subject, he said: "But before we leave would you not like to see your horse?" "What horse?" I asked. "Do you not remember Dixie, the horse you had shot through the head in some battle? I had noticed you riding him frequently, and thought him the finest animal I had seen in the army. He carried himself so proudly and looked so game that I often thought I would like so much to own him, when one day, several days after the battle in which he was wounded, your negro boy came riding along leading him, his head swollen nearly as large as a flour barrel, with drooping head and tail, the picture of misery and despair. I hunted you up and told you that if he did not have prompt attention and good nursing he would certainly die, and that if you would give him to me I believed I could save him. You said: 'Poor fellow, take him and do what you can for him.' Now I want you to see what I did for him." This horse was a magnificent animal, admired by all who saw him, and I valued him very highly. I never rode him in battle when I could avoid it, as I had been very unfortunate with horses, and feared I would lose him; but a battle was sprung unexpectedly, and I had no time to swap horses, and so Dixie was badly wounded. Opening the stable door, there stood my old horse, looking more grand and beautiful than I had ever seen him. He was indeed a superb animal, a mahogany

bay with dark mane and tail. His hair shone like satin, and his condition showed evident signs of plentiful food and good grooming. I clasped my arms around his neck, and said: "Dear old Dixie, don't you remember me?" He rubbed his nose gently against my face, looking at me with his bright, intelligent eyes, with a look as soft as a woman's, and I felt that if he could speak he would have told of having not forgotten, but of remembering when both were hungry, and of how I often shared my last piece of hard-tack with him, and then of those troublous days when he bore me through those long, weary marches, sharing the dangers and the hardships. I turned to Old Confederate and said: "I must have this horse at any price. Name your price, or if you prefer select any three or four horses here in the city." He would not let me have Dixie.

I went sorrowfully with him to see about rates for transportation. We found Capt. Billy Boyd, whom every Nashvillean knew to be the most genial, big-hearted captain that ever commanded a steamboat. He was agent at that time for a line of boats plying between Nashville and Cairo. I gave him a brief sketch of Old Confederate, his bravery during the war and his troubles since, and was waxing quite eloquent, when he said: "Stop; you have told me enough. Bring the old man, his family, horses, wagons, etc., to the boat in the morning and I will pass the whole party to Memphis free." I saw them safely aboard the next morning, and they seemed to cover almost the entire deck. I bade Dixie a long, sad farewell, clasped hands with Old Confederate, bade him Godspeed on his journey, never to see him again this side the river, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs I saw him and his family glide down the Cumberland out of sight. I do not suppose that the old man is still living.

SOME RECENT EXPERIENCES OF A "PARSON."

BY REV. J. H. McNEILLY, CHAPLAIN 49TH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

The readers of the *VETERAN*, I doubt not, get tired sometimes of articles in which the letter "I" cuts the largest figure. But some recent experiences of mine with the "boys" were so full of pleasure that I am sure my comrades will share my delight when I tell them of it, and will excuse the big "I" that may appear in the story.

The Thanksgiving day of this year fell on the anniversary of the battle of Franklin, November 30. On that day in 1864 the bloodiest battle of the War between the States, in proportion to numbers engaged, was fought. The regiment of which I was chaplain went in one hundred and eight strong, and lost ninety-two, eighty-five per cent. I was in the charge and lost my brother, a noncommissioned officer of the 49th Tennessee Infantry.

Among the wounded in that fight was Capt. R. Y. Johnson, of the 49th. I helped to dress his wound. He is now a prosperous tobacco planter of Montgomery County, Tenn. About the first of November I received a note from him, in the form of general orders, directing me to come to his home on the 30th of November, 1905, and meet as many of the "boys" as we could muster up and to eat Thanksgiving dinner with him. Of course I obeyed. I dared not refuse. And the prospect of meeting twenty of my old comrades was not to be rejected.

When I got to Guthrie, Johnson met me and drove me out to his plantation, three or four miles. But the weather had suddenly become very cold, and a number of the "boys" were old and infirm from wounds, so only six of us could get out. But such a day I never had. There were Mike Mor-

ris, Capt. Barnes, Johnson, Col. Prince, Tom Munford, and the "Parson." We fought all the war over again, and we ate enough of Johnson's pigs and turkeys to compensate for four years of starvation in days of old. [?—Ed. VETERAN.] And we all promised Tom Munford to repeat our exploits next year with him. It was a touching story as we went over the roll of our old comrades. Most of them had passed into the unseen world to await our coming. May we all be ready when the summons comes to join them! Johnson was in the Legislature several years ago, and he did much to secure the legislation which cares for the old Confederates in the pension system and in the Soldiers' Home.

My other touching experience was on Sunday, the 17th of December, at Glen Leven Church. Several of my comrades had asked me to preach a special sermon to them. So through Col. Baxter Smith and Dr. Roberts, President of the Cheatham Bivouac, it was arranged. About seventy-five of the veterans were present, and the church was full. It was the day after the anniversary of the battle of Nashville, which was fought on December 15 and 16, 1864. The church is located where portions of the Federal army were encamped. The two roads on each side of the church, the Franklin and Granny White Pikes, were then crowded with soldiers rushing to attack us. The service was devoted to urging these veterans to be good soldiers of Christ and give to the kingdom of God the same loyalty and devotion they gave to the Confederacy. During the singing of the last hymn the whole body of old soldiers came forward to the pulpit and grasped the hand of the minister, who had been with them in all the scenes and struggles of the war. It was a touching episode, and not only the veterans but the audience as well as the "Parson" were melted to tears.

It can't be long until the last one of us shall have passed into the unseen world, and such events as this not only recall a heroic past, but point forward to a glorious reunion on the other shore. May there be not one of us absent "when the roll is called up yonder!" The last hymn, sung with a will, was "Stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the cross."

SWEARING IN THE ARMY.

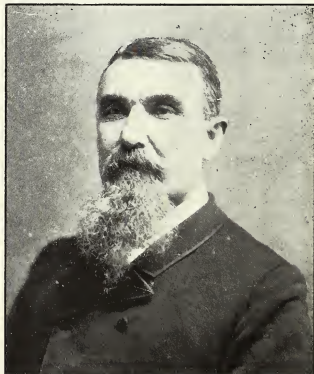
There is scarcely an evil habit that has less excuse than that of profane swearing. While I was chaplain in the Confederate army I never hesitated to rebuke the practice and to preach against it; and I was proud of the fact that whenever I was near my men not only would not swear, but would not tolerate it in my presence. One example of this respect for my feelings was inconsistent, however well-intended.

During our campaign of 1864 from Dalton to Atlanta we had reached Kennesaw Mountain. Our brigade (Quarles's, of Tennessee Infantry) was posted on the line running up over the mountain, extending from the base a considerable distance upward. One evening just about dusk I was lying by a little lightwood fire reading my Bible, and about twenty or thirty feet above me two of our men, Henry R. and Coon B., were frying some meat for their supper. As Coon was taking the frying pan from the fire, the Yankees had begun shelling our lines. The fragments of an exploded shell fell all about us, and one piece struck the pan and knocked the hot grease over his hand. He and his companion were noted for swearing, and with a bitter oath he threw the pan and meat on the ground.

In a moment I heard Henry call him, "Coon, Coon, come here;" and they retired, as they thought, out of my hearing, when Henry gave his companion such a cursing as I never

heard before. "Why," said Coon, "what have I done?" The answer was with another volley of oaths: "You cursed before the 'Parson.'" "But," said Coon, "I didn't know the 'Parson' was there." "Yes," was the reply; "you didn't know, you didn't know. Why didn't you look? There was the 'Parson' lying right by us, and a-readin' of his Testament too; and you know how it hurts him for us to swear. He has told us over and over how bad it is, and you know the 'Parson' sticks to us. I've a good notion to give you a thrashing." All this was interspersed with many oaths. Coon was very penitent, and finally said: "Henry, if I had known the 'Parson' was there, I wouldn't have done it for the world." Then came this conclusive reply: "You d— fool, you ought to have known. Why, I never swear without looking around to see if the 'Parson' is near."

Another of my experiences in this line. Some of our brigade staff officers were very profane. One day one of them said to me: "'Parson,' why don't you ever come about our headquarters?" I told him that as my work was mainly with the men I preferred to stay with them. He said: "We need your attention as much as the men do." My reply was: "That is true, but you are such a profane set that I don't like to go among you when I feel I can do so little for you." He said: "But we are gentlemen, and we would not swear in your presence." I said: "Still I should feel that my presence was an irksome restraint on you and that you all the while would wish me away." Then came this strange reply after he had thought for a while: "Well, I don't know why it is, but I no more think of swearing when you are present than I would in my mother's parlor in the presence of ladies." He insisted that he was not conscious of any feeling of restraint in the presence of a minister. Poor fellow! in a little while afterwards he was killed in the bloody battle of Franklin. He was a generous, brave, true boy. Maybe his bad habit of profanity was an unconscious survival of evil associations. May God have mercy on him!



REV. J. H. McNEILLY.

ABOUT THE DEATH OF GENERAL GARNETT.

The Baltimore *Sun* of November 4 contained an account of the return of Gen. Richard B. Garnett's sword by Mr. James E. Stewart. Gen. Garnett was killed in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. His body was never identified, and rests with the unknown Confederate dead.

Col. Winfield Peters, who was instrumental in having Gen. Garnett's sword returned to the General's nearest kin, writes:

"Pickett's Division at Gettysburg consisted of the brigades of Armistead, Garnett, and Kemper, numbering fewer than five thousand rifles. Garnett's Brigade consisted of five skeleton regiments—the 8th, 18th, 19th, 28th, and 56th Virginia Regiments. In Pickett's charge Garnett's and Kemper's brigades were aligned with Armistead's Brigade, and they carried the enemy's line, but were repulsed, frightfully decimated.

"The following story is told by James W. Clay, Company G (Capt. Archer Campbell), 18th Virginia Infantry, of how Gen. G. met his death:

"Gen. Garnett was killed while leading his brigade in Pickett's charge across the field and up the slope between the two contending battle lines. Immediately after the great artillery duel, during which many of the enemy's guns were silenced, orders came for the general advance of Pickett's Division, but it was not until we had covered nearly the entire distance between the two lines that Gen. Garnett received his death wound.

"I was struck down by a fragment of shell about one hundred yards from the clump of trees near the farthest point reached by our brigade—now indicated by a bronze tablet. Semiconscious, my blood almost blinding me, I stumbled and fell among some rocks, severely injuring my knee. The last I saw of Gen. Garnett he was astride his large black horse in the forefront of the charge and near the stone wall, just beyond which is marked the farthest point reached by the Southern troops. The few that were left of our brigade advanced to this point.

"Gen. Garnett was waving his hat and cheering the men on to renewed efforts against the enemy. He wore a black felt hat with a silver cord. His sword hung at his side. Capt. Campbell, retiring from the front with a broken arm, came to me. During the next fifteen minutes the contending forces were engaged in a life-and-death struggle, our men desperately using the butts of their rifles. At this time a number of the Federals threw down their arms and started across the field to our rear. Two of them came to the clump of rocks where Capt. Campbell and I were and asked to be allowed to assist us to our rear, obviously for mutual safety, and the kind offer was accepted. These men told us that our brigade general had been killed, having been shot through the body at the waist by a grape-shot. Just before these men reached us Gen. Garnett's horse came galloping toward us with a huge gash in his right shoulder, evidently struck by a piece of shell. The horse in its mad flight jumped over Capt. Campbell and me.

"Gen. Garnett wore a uniform coat, almost new, with a general's stars and wreath on the collar, and top boots, with trousers inside, and spurs. It is therefore inexplicable that his remains were not identified."

THE WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION IN ALABAMA.

"Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama" is the title of a surprisingly elegant and elaborate volume by Walter L. Fleming, Ph.D., Professor of History in the West Virginia University, at Morgantown. The surprise is especially in

Dr. Fleming's having the zeal to study the questions, write so exhaustively, and then to publish it so handsomely, with a multitude of fine illustrations from historic scenes. The following are some of the strong points in the book. No other author has treated them so fully: (1) The Secession Debates; (2) Economic and Social Conditions during the War and Reconstruction, Especially Confederate Industries, Finance, Education and Publishing, and Home Life; (3) The Description of the Confused Conditions at the Close of the War; (4) Military Rule by Federal Troops; (5) The Freedmen's Bureau and Negro Education; (6) The Loyal or Union League; (7) Schools and Churches, 1861-76; (8) Reconstruction by Congress (enfranchisement and disenfranchisement); (9) Carpetbag and Negro Rule; (10) Kuklux Revolution; (11) Industrial Reconstruction; (12) The Overthrow of Reconstruction. The seventeen maps aim to illustrate the part the negro has played in the history of this State, and the fifty illustrations are from historical scenes.

The book is published by the Macmillan Company, New York City, but it is supplied through the South by the author. It is bound in red and gold, gilt top, splendid type and paper, eight hundred and forty-four pages, seventeen maps, and more than fifty engravings of Democratic and Radical leaders, Kuklux costumes, etc. The author is a native of Alabama, a graduate of Auburn. The price of the book is \$5.

OPINIONS IN REGARD TO THE BOOK.

Charles C. Thach, President Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, says: "It has given me great pleasure and instruction. I am delighted to see that you have gathered for preservation this mass of fast disappearing facts concerning the history of our people of Alabama."

Thomas M. Owen, Director Department of Archives and History, Montgomery, Ala., and Commander in Chief U. S. C. V., says: "I am reading the book with keenest interest and enjoyment. All Alabama owes you a debt that it will take long to pay. I am satisfied of the extreme merit of the work. You have made a monument for yourself and have achieved the right to be known as the greatest authority on the general period of our history covered by your volume."

Other books on reconstruction by Dr. Fleming are:

"Documents Relating to Reconstruction." Price, \$1.50. Contains the Constitution and Ritual of the Knights of the White Camelia, Kuklux Klan, and Union League, carpetbag frauds in South Carolina, the Freedmen's Bureau regulations, the Southern laws of 1865 relating to freedmen, etc. Thomas Nelson Page, of Virginia, says it is "of great interest and benefit to the future historian."

"Lester & Wilson's History of Kuklux Klan." Price, \$1.50. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York City. A history of the K. K. K. written by two ex-members. Edited and completed by Walter L. Fleming. It contains the prescripts of the order and specimen orders and warnings. Illustrated with high officials, costumes, rare documents, etc.

"Reconstruction of the Seceded States." Price, paper, 30 cents; cloth, 75 cents. This is a manual for the use of teachers, students, and the general reader. Adopted for use in extension work by the New York State Education Department. The *South Atlantic Quarterly* says: "In no other book in this period will we find so much that is suggestive and helpful to students."

Each volume will be sent postpaid upon receipt of price. The four volumes (price, \$8.75) will be sent prepaid for \$6.50. Send to Walter L. Fleming, Morgantown, W. Va.



CORBIN.—Near Howe, Tex., on September 25 William Corbin passed from earth. He enlisted in the 18th Virginia Infantry, and served from First Manassas to the end.

WILLIAMS.—At his residence, in Weakley County, Tenn., W. H. Williams died on the 15th of October. He was a member of the 9th Regiment Tennessee Volunteer Infantry and a member of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, at McKenzie, Tenn.

MILLER.—Another member of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, of McKenzie, Tenn., B. F. Miller, died in Weakley County November 16. He enlisted in Company F, 21st Tennessee Infantry, in August, 1861, was captured at Missionary Ridge in 1863, and remained in prison till the end of the war.

GOVER.—Banks Gover, a member of James J. A. Barker Camp, U. C. V., of Jacksonville, Tex., died on the 26th of November at the age of seventy-three years. He served during the war with the 3d Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade, Army of Tennessee.

HUMPHREYS.—Sergt. William G. Humphreys died at Spartanburg, S. C., on September 15. Early in 1861 he enlisted in Company M, 1st Regiment Georgia Regulars, and for the four years following was a brave and reliable soldier, ever ready for any duty assigned him.

HYMAN.—At the ripe age of seventy-three years J. J. Hyman died at his home, near Asibi, Ga., on August 26. He entered the Confederate service as a member of the 49th Georgia in March, 1862, and served faithfully throughout the war. He then returned home and assisted materially in rebuilding that which had been torn down by the ravages of war. He stood high in Masonic circles.

HILL.—James Walter Hill was born in 1842 in Colleton County, S. C. While at Furman University he joined Garvin's artillery company, and served throughout the war. Death came to him at his home, in Greenwood, S. C., November 14, 1905. He is survived by his wife and several children. It is said that Garvin's guns were hot after Lee had surrendered, and Comrade Hill is supposed to have fired the last shot from this famous battery.

BRITTON.—On the 16th of September Mr. Dan H. Britton died near Gallion, Ala., aged seventy-one years. He enlisted at the outbreak of the war, and was made third lieutenant of the company under Capt. James A. Wemyss, afterwards attached to the 36th Alabama Regiment. He served with that regiment, participating in nearly all its battles, until captured, on the 22d of May, 1864, after which he was a prisoner on Johnson's Island till the close of the war.

TWO MEMBERS OF CAMP TOM HINDMAN.

Two deaths are reported in Camp Tom Hindman, Newport, Ark.: Forrest W. Dillard, Adjutant of the Camp, died on November 30. He was a native of Arkansas, and became

a Confederate soldier at the very beginning when a boy, serving until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., a private of Company G, 1st Arkansas Regiment Infantry. Drew D. Smart died December 11. He was a private of Company E, 7th Arkansas Cavalry, and served honestly and faithfully.

WILLIAM B. LANE.

Again has death invaded our fast thinning ranks. On this day, January 3, 1906, the soul of William B. Lane passed into the great beyond. He joined the army in 1861, was with it until the war closed, and was a soldier brave and true. He belonged to Stuart's Cavalry, and was wounded three times. After the close of the war, he came home and took up life's work manfully. He was a gallant soldier, a good husband, a kind father, a loyal friend, a most exemplary neighbor, and a follower of Christ. J. J. WOLFENDEN, Commander Camp Newbern (N. C.), No. 1162, U. C. V.

S. S. SMOOT.

The death of Comrade S. S. Smoot occurred near Mount Vernon, Tex., on December 9, 1905. He was a member of Company A, 16th Missouri Infantry, entering the Confederate army at Independence, Mo., in 1862. He was detailed out of Company A, 16th Missouri Infantry, as a sharpshooter in Capt. Cake's company of Brindle's Battalion of Sharpshooters. Comrade Smoot died of paralysis and was buried in the Mount Vernon Cemetery by Ben. McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V. Late during the past summer he came to this place very needy and afflicted, and was cared for at the sanitarium here. Later he was cared for at a private house in the country. He bore the reputation of a good man and a brave and true Confederate soldier.

DR. WILLIAM M. LEMEN.

On Saturday, May 2, 1903, at his home, near Hedgesville, Berkeley County, W. Va., Dr. William M. Lemen passed from the "life that now is" and entered upon the "life eternal" in the seventy-second year of his age. He rests in the cemetery at Hedgesville. Dr. Lemen was a gallant soldier of the Confederate army until the surrender, at Appomattox, as a member of Company B, 1st Regiment Virginia Cavalry, commanded first by Col. J. E. B. Stuart, afterwards by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. He believed in the justice of the cause for which he fought. He was a deacon in the Presbyterian Church at Falling Waters. He left a widow, three daughters, and one son.

JOHN W. DANIEL, OF LOUISIANA.

Another brave comrade of the gray has joined the innumerable hosts in the great beyond. John W. Daniel enlisted in the third company of the eighth battery, Louisiana Heavy Artillery, early in the war. The command was first stationed at Chalmette, on the Mississippi River, below New Orleans. After the capture of that part of the State by the Federals, this battery was sent to Vicksburg, where it remained till the fall of that place, July 4, 1863, during all of which time Comrade Daniel was in active service. There was no duty he was not ready to perform. During the siege of Vicksburg he was ever at his post, unflinching and uncomplaining. As director of one of the heavy guns, his position in battle was one of the most exposed to danger, yet such was his gallantry that it elicited the compliments of superiors in office and the praises of fellow-soldiers. After the fall of

Vicksburg, he had a few months' respite as a paroled prisoner at his home in Louisiana; but upon being exchanged he again entered the service with his command, which was then on duty at Fort Bula, on Red River, just above Alexandria, La., where he remained till the end of the war. He then reunited with his family on his plantation, Bayou Boeuff, St. Landry Parish, La., which he reclaimed from the desolation of war, and reared and educated a large family of girls and boys, seven of whom survive him. Death came to this comrade at his old home on the 4th of November, 1905.

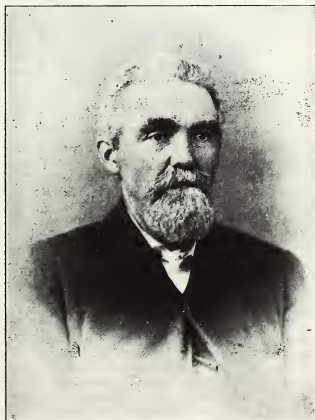
WILLIAM COMMODORE LOWE.

William C. Lowe answered the "last roll" at his home, in Lafayette, Ala., on August 11, and was laid to rest in the family cemetery at Macedonia Church, Chambers County, Ala. He was born in that county in 1839, and enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Company I, 37th Alabama Regiment, in March, 1862. He was in the battles of Iuka and Corinth, passed through the siege of Vicksburg, then from Lookout Mountain to the fall of Atlanta, on into North Carolina, where he surrendered. He went through the war without receiving a wound of any kind, was always ready for duty, and never sought the advantage of office. He left a wife, three sons, and a daughter. He was a kind husband and father.

J. G. SHRIVER.

Seventy-five years on one farm in Bedford County, Tenn., save the period of his service in the Confederate army, is the record of J. G. Shriver. He died there at his home October 19, 1905. He joined the Methodist Church in 1840, and was one of its stewards at the time of his death—over sixty-five years a consistent Christian.

Comrade Shriver enlisted in the 44th Tennessee Infantry



J. G. SHRIVER.

in 1861, and surrendered at Appomattox, taking home with him a chip from the famous apple tree. He was never wounded in battle, but his leg was broken when the army was crossing the Tennessee River near Rogersville. It is useless to say that he made an exemplary soldier and citizen. From its beginning Comrade Shriver was an ardent friend of the VETERAN. He is survived by his wife and five children, three sons and two daughters, one of whom resides in Texas. One of the sons, A. J. Shriver, lives in Knoxville, connected with the Southern Railway, and is well known and esteemed.

JAMES C. KELSO.

Mr. James C. Kelso, aged seventy-five years, died near Fayetteville, Tenn., November 22, 1905, from pneumonia. He was a valuable citizen and a member of the Methodist Church. He was a valiant Confederate soldier, an empty sleeve which he carried giving evidence of his service to his country. He was a member of Company G, Turney's 1st Tennessee Regiment, and lost his arm in the battle of Cedar Run. A wife and eight children survive him. The children are: Robert Kelso, of Fort Worth, Tex.; John D. Kelso, of Chattanooga; Mrs. Lucy Warren, of Atlanta, Ga.; Charles Kelso, of Booneville; Mrs. R. M. Rawls and Mrs. David Hobbs, of Fayetteville, Tenn.; J. C. Kelso, Jr., and Miss Susie Kelso, of Lincoln County (the nativity of the family for generations). The funeral services were conducted at the residence. James Kelso was a most worthy citizen in all respects.

JAMES CASHION.

In connection with the brief sketch of James Kelso should be remembered a comrade in full fellowship, as the following story explains: "When the call to arms was being sounded in Fayetteville on an April day in 1861, James Cashion caught with his right hand James Kelso's left hand, and with a 'Come on, Jim,' together they enlisted with arms locked in sincere fellowship. These two, W. W. McClellan, and J. V. McKinney messed together, slept in the leaves together, and together challenged death on many battlefields. They went to Virginia, and were active participants until they were incapacitated by wounds or captured. In the battle of Cedar Run, on August 9, 1861, Kelso and Cashion happened to be facing each other when one bullet wounded both, the first named in the left and the second in the right arm, both of which had to be amputated. Mr. McClellan was standing with his foot resting on a log at the time, and the bullet imbedded itself in his hip. McKinney was captured at Gettysburg. Both Kelso and Cashion rest in the same beautiful cemetery, Comrade Cashion having died on May 22, 1892, and Mr. Kelso on November 22, 1905."

The sister, Dana (Kelso) McKinney, of James Kelso, as worthy as the men who faced the foe in battle, preceded her brother by only a few weeks to the spirit world, leaving behind a veteran, her husband, faithful in all things, and a family of young men in whom was her greatest earthly pride.

LIEUT. E. H. D. PUE.

The following points are taken from a paper by H. H. Matthews in the Baltimore Sun:

"Lieut. Edward H. D. Pue died on his farm, near Belair, Md., December 23, aged sixty-five. At the commencement of the war young Edward Pue, fired with the outrages that had been perpetrated upon the South, buckled on his armor and started for Virginia to join the Confederate States forces. He crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, going to Lees-

burg, Va., where he joined a company on May 14, 1861, that was being organized there by George R. Gaither, later a captain. This company was composed of seventy-five young men from Maryland, a very celebrated command. It was known throughout the entire Army of Northern Virginia as being one of the most brilliant and distinguished in the cavalry arm of the service. This company figured in every general engagement in which the Army of Northern Virginia participated and in numerous smaller actions. Lieut. Edward Pue was in them all, always at the front. The company acted independently on the Potomac River and in the Valley of Virginia under Capt. Gaither. In August, 1864, the company, with their gallant commander, was transferred to the 1st Maryland Cavalry, Capt. G. W. Dorsey becoming lieutenant colonel of the regiment as the successor to Lieut. Col. Ridgely Brown, killed June 1, 1864, near the South Anna River.

"Lieut. Pue remained with his command until the end of the great war drama. At the close of the struggle he was first lieutenant commanding the company. He held the right of the line of his company for three years. He was wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., Spottsylvania, Reams Station, and three times in the Valley of Virginia. Lieut. Pue was a soldier who possessed all the qualities that go to make a man a leader of men, holding their respect and confidence in the highest degree. He was endowed with a magnetic personality that spread its influence around those who had the privilege of knowing him as a comrade and leader. He was intense in his love for the South, believing that its invasion was born of the devil, unwarranted, and a desecration of the hearthstone of the Southern homesteads. He believed it to be his duty to aid in repelling those invaders, disputing their advance with all the fire of his nature and vigor of his manhood. . . .

"Lieut. Pue was always in the advance of his command, meeting the first shock of the Federal charge. At such a moment he seemed to grow in proportions until he bore the appearance of a gladiator. With sword and pistol he met the charge, and by his brave bearing he inspired his men with that feeling to do and die that always makes heroes. He was a superb horseman, one of the best in the troop. When he would raise himself in his stirrups and cry 'Forward, men!' the figure he presented was worthy of the canvas of any artist; and when the sweet dove of peace spread her wings over the disrupted and devastated South, Lieut. Pue returned to his old home, near Belair, Md., broken-hearted, sorrowful, but not repentant, apologizing to no one, regretting that the cause for which he had fought so hard was unsuccessful.

"What a legacy he has left to his widow and children! How proud they should be of his record as a Confederate soldier! How priceless they should value that legacy! All the jewels of the crowned heads of Europe pale into insignificance when weighed in the balance against his record as a true and loyal soldier of the Southland, remaining so until he laid down his life at the feet of his Master. 'He was not ashamed of his jacket of gray.' On Tuesday, December 26, he was laid to rest in the beautiful churchyard of St. Mary's, at Emmorton, Harford County, Md."

COL. N. J. LILLARD.

"Another hero has fallen," writes V. C. Allen. "Col. N. J. Lillard died at Decatur, Tenn., October 22, 1905, leaving the example of a brave, manly, modest, upright life. He was born April 18, 1832, on the same farm upon which he resided at his death. At the age of fifteen years he, with two older brothers, volunteered in Capt. McKenzie's company, which became a part of the 5th Tennessee Regiment in the Mexican

War. The company's old flag which he carried in Mexico was preserved by him, and was draped on the pulpit of the church at his funeral. The older brother, W. C. Lillard, was a lieutenant in the company and became adjutant of his regiment; the other brother, John M. Lillard, later became the colonel of the 26th Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., and was killed whilst in command of his regiment on September 19, 1863, at Chickamauga.

"Col. N. J. Lillard was County Court Clerk of his native county from 1858 to 1860. In this county (Meigs) in April, 1861, one of the first companies raised in Tennessee for the defense of the South was organized, and he was elected cap-



COL. N. J. LILLARD.

tain. His company left Decatur for Knoxville on May 2, 1861, and became a part of the 3d Tennessee Regiment, being the first regiment from East Tennessee to enter the Confederate service. Soon after the organization of the regiment it was ordered to Virginia, and took part in the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861. In the spring of 1862 the regiment was transferred to the Western Army. In May, 1862, it was reorganized, when N. J. Lillard was elected lieutenant colonel. His regiment without artillery met in an open field near Tazewell, Tenn., in August, 1862, Gen. DeCoursey's Brigade of four regiments and a battery of artillery, defeating them after a bloody encounter and driving them back to Cumberland Gap. Soon after this Col. J. C. Vaughn became a brigadier general, Col. Lillard became commander of the regiment, and led it through the Kentucky campaign with Bragg. When Bragg retired from Kentucky, Col. Lillard's regiment was ordered to Vicksburg, Miss., and he commanded it at Grand Gulf, Baker's Creek, and during the forty-seven days of the memorable Vicksburg siege.

"After his exchange, Col. Lillard went with Longstreet to Knoxville, Bean's Station, and led his regiment at Morristown,

Bull's Gap, Greenville, Marion, Va., Piedmont, and in the Valley of Virginia. When Lee's surrender came, although he was in that department, he led the remnant of his brave boys across the Blue Ridge to Charlotte, N. C., expecting to join Gen. Johnston's army. At Charlotte he met President Davis with his Cabinet, and started with them to the Trans-Mississippi Department. He was present at Abbeville, S. C., when the last council of war was held. Col. Lillard continued with his men as a part of Davis's escort until Washington, Ga., was reached, where, under the advice of President Davis, he surrendered his men on the 8th of May, 1865.

"When the War between the States began, Col. Lillard was a merchant at Decatur. The war swept away his property and left him heavily in debt. He carried into civil life the same heroism he exhibited on the battlefield. By the terms of surrender he was allowed to keep his horse which had carried him safely through so many storms of shot and shell, but this he surrendered to pay a debt he had contracted before the war commenced. By intelligent industry and economy all old debts were paid, and he again accumulated a good estate. He was Circuit Court Clerk of Meigs County for twelve years and Clerk and Master for one term.

"On the 23d of October, 1865, Col. Lillard was married to Miss Caroline Worth, of North Carolina, who survives him. He leaves six sons and one daughter—Hon. J. W. Lillard, at present Representative of Rhea and Meigs Counties in the Legislature; James, David, John, and Miss Bessie Lillard, Decatur, Tenn.; and Mason and Vernon Lillard, Elkin, N. C."

MAJ. ROBERT G. LOWE.

It is with sorrow that the VETERAN records the death of Maj. Robert G. Lowe, Vice President of the A. H. Belo Company, proprietors of the Galveston and Dallas (Tex.) *News*. He was its staunch friend, having its issues reviewed many times, yet declining to receive the publication complimentary. In this connection a visit is recalled to Galveston soon after the awful flood, when Maj. Lowe canceled a business engagement to attend this editor about the city in its prostrate condition. His accounts of that disaster were given to an indelible memory. An address of his before Camp Magruder occupied four pages in the issue for March, 1900.

Robert G. Lowe was born June 13, 1837, at Brechtin, Scotland. He sailed from Glasgow to New Orleans in 1856, when he was nineteen years of age. In the early part of April, 1861, he entered the Confederate service at Shreveport, La., as a private in a company known as the Shreveport Grays, a part of Col. Charles Dreux's Battalion. From Shreveport Col. Dreux, with his command, was ordered to Pensacola, and from thence to Virginia, where they took part in the Peninsula campaign, during which Col. Dreux was killed. Young Lowe was then made one of the guard of honor to accompany Col. Dreux's body back to Shreveport, after which the command was disbanded. Subsequently he was raised to the rank of major, and in that capacity served in the northern portion of Louisiana until the close of the war. After the war he became part owner of the *Caddo Gazette*, published at Shreveport, where he remained until he came to Galveston in 1874 and became connected with the *Galveston News*.

The firm of A. H. Belo & Co. was incorporated in 1881, and in 1883 Maj. Lowe was elected Vice President, which position he held up to the time of his death. He was the father of the movement to duplicate the *Galveston News* at Dallas. As a member of the Deep Water Committee at Galveston he attended the numerous meetings which were instrumental in

finally securing deep water on the gulf. He was the author of the resolution leaving it to the Board of United States Engineers to select the most desirable point on the gulf for a deep-water port. This resolution was indorsed at the Topeka and Denver deep-water meetings, and later passed the national Congress with practically no change. Maj. Lowe leaves a wife and four children. He leaves a half-brother at Edinburgh, Scotland, and a nephew, Henry Frazer, at Chicago.

Alfred H. Belo, son of the late Col. Belo and his successor in the newspaper corporation, said that in the death of the Vice President of the company by which the *News* is published the South loses one of its devoted sympathizers, Texas one of its most progressive and patriotic citizens, Galveston a loyal friend whose attachment had grown closer and more tender with the years, and his coworkers a compatriot and adviser whose words of cheer and counsel were always valuable and faithful. "Whether as a soldier, who went forth at the first call to defend the honor of his country, or as a citizen in stressful line of business, trying the patience and drawing out one's patriotic impulses and best efforts to promote the public good; whether as a whole-souled friend of bright and cheerful manner or as the fond and affectionate husband and father, he was a man who came up to the best measure and who did his duty faithfully as he saw it. His



MAJ. R. G. LOWE.

turn as a newspaper man favored a journalism that is fearless, impartial, independent, and just. If there should ever be erected a monument to the memory of the men who have done much to bring the press up to its present line of usefulness and fidelity to the public interest, his work deserves recognition with the best workers to this good end. His presence, his influence, his assistance, and his counsel will be sadly missed; but his example and the results of his labors will remain to encourage, to guide, and to

inspire those with whom he was so long associated."

Introductory to the sad announcement of his death the *Galveston News* of January 15 said: "Singing the Scotch songs of his boyhood, conscious to the last, recognizing the members of his family, but with his mind wandering back to the days of his youth—such was the scene attending the death this morning of Maj. Robert G. Lowe, Vice President of A. H. Belo & Co., proprietors of Galveston and Dallas *News*."

ALEXANDER TELFAIR CUNNINGHAM.

A. T. Cunningham, a Georgian, died in Milwaukee on November 11. The remains were taken to Savannah for interment. He was born in Augusta, Ga., but went to Savannah when a boy, and there he entered the Confederate service as ordnance officer. He was seventy-two years of age. Shortly before Sherman visited Savannah, however, he was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia, and surrendered with Gen. J. E. Johnston. After the surrender, he went to Alabama, the home of his wife, who was a daughter of Judge Cox, of that State, and later returned to Savannah and engaged in the cotton business. He subsequently went to Atlanta, but had lived in Milwaukee for some time previous to his death.

MRS. MURRAY F. TAYLOR.

On the 24th of May, 1905, there passed into rest eternal the wife of Capt. Murray F. Taylor, of Rancho Piedra Blanca, San Luis Obispo County, Cal. She was the daughter of Col. James Innes Thornton, of Thornton Hill, Greene County, Ala.; and her Christian name, Butler, Brayne, was that of a very distinguished ancestress, the wife of Gen. Sir Alexander Spotswood, Colonial Governor of Virginia, whom in many



MRS. MURRAY F. TAYLOR.

ways she was said to have resembled both in person and character. She was an exceedingly gifted and cultured woman, and her gentle spirit and beauty of Christian character made her life very attractive to those who knew her. In 1870 she became the wife of Capt. Murray F. Taylor, of Fredericksburg, Va., who served on Gen. A. P. Hill's staff, and in 1876 went with him to California, where she was the center and gracious moving spirit of their delightful, refined home life, in which the largest hospitality was exercised. Her Church and her religious life and her remarkable musical attainments and beautiful voice were used to the praise of Him whom she so humbly followed.

Mrs. Taylor was ardently devoted to the cause of her beloved Southland, and her faith never faltered in the righteousness of the principles for which her kindred and friends gave their lives and fortunes. She believed that our sacrifices could not have been in vain and that loyalty to the memories of our struggle would be honored by former foes. She loved the songs of the South and taught them to her children and grandchildren. As a charter member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of San Francisco, she was actively interested in the work of the organization.

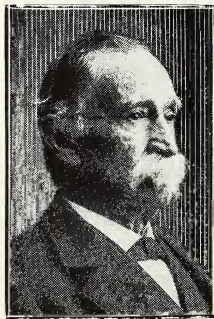
Of their family three daughters survive—Mrs. W. B. Craig, of Reno, Nev.; Mrs. Horace W. Bayliss, Wolverhampton, England; and Mrs. F. H. Robinson, Merriman, Nebr.

GEN. GEORGE REESE.

Gen. George Reese, of Florida, died at his home, in Pensacola, January 14, 1906, after a brief illness. He was untended at the time except by one of his daughters. She gave him some nourishment, which he said he couldn't swallow, and in a few minutes breathed his last.

Gen. Reese was born in South Carolina seventy-two years ago. His appearance and genial nature made him appear to be much younger. He had kind words for every one; and when the opportunity offered, he extended a helping hand.

A Pensacola paper states: "He was one of the honored and enthusiastic members of Camp Ward, No. 10, U. C. V., with which he had been connected since its organization. He was always in attendance at meetings, and endeavored to keep the veterans of 1861 to 1865 actively interested in the organization. He was never happier than when with comrades of the War between the States and discussing events that had transpired during those days. Gen. Reese was honored on numerous occasions by his comrades, holding important positions as an officer in the Camp, and also in the brigade of which at one time he was the head. He was familiarly known in all portions of the State, having served with distinction throughout the great war. He was one of the first members of the Pensacola Guards. Later he was attached to the 42d Alabama Regiment, and was engaged in many battles, including the battle of Appomattox. Gen. Reese was a consistent Christian, being a member and the senior elder of the First Presbyterian Church. He was a regular attendant at the services and took much interest in them. He became a member of the Church before the War between the States, and during his residence here always led an upright and Christian life. Four children, two sons and two daughters, survive. They are: J. S. Reese, President of the People's Bank; E. E. Reese, President of the Gulf Machine Works; Misses Lizzie Reese and Leila Reese. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Julian S. Sibley, his pastor, and the remains were placed in St. John's Cemetery, Camp Ward, No. 10, U. C. V., attended the funeral."



GEN. GEORGE REESE.

Gen. Reese did the wise and prudent thing to write for his family a sketch of his career in the Confederate army to appear in the March VETERAN. To no comrades of the multitude of those who were stalwart for the VETERAN to the end of their lives is the sense of obligation greater than to Comrade Reese, member of the Board of Trustees C. M. A.

A Little Book That Is Pleasing and Instructing Thousands.

"THE OLD SOUTH."

A year ago this little book, in its beautiful dress and with its stirring illustrations, came unpretentiously from the **VETERAN** print. Its author, Prof. H. M. Hamill, D.D., had spent the years of his boyhood as a part of the Old South, living in the heart of Alabama, where he was born, and as a child permitted to see and hear the great men who reached their zenith just before the war. He was a kinsman by blood of Alexander Stephens, and often into his father's home came the men who had made the South famous—generals, statesmen, politicians, poets, preachers. The beauty of those brave old days, the courage and honor of its men and the tenderness of its women, cast a spell upon him that he declares "grows stronger with age."

At fifteen, under Gen. Lee, he became a member of Mahone's dashing division, and came home at sixteen, parole in pocket, to help to rebuild the new out of the old. A daughter of the Old South, aged eighty-seven, in his home

in Nashville, inspired him to pour out his heart in this loving and thrilling



PROF. H. M. HAMILL.

picture of an age and a people now chiefly a memory. How many tears it has evoked, how many hearts it has

made tender, no one can tell. Two letters are lying, out of many more, upon the desk, one from a noble Southern woman, the other from a distinguished divine, both in substance saying: "I read it with intense interest, and I put it down and cried over it like a child."

To the old who were themselves a part of the Old South it is not strange that the book brings tears and sacred memories. But to the young—the new generation, to whom the best of the Old South comes as a heritage—the little book should be of even greater interest and value as a reminder of the deathless principles upon which the Old South was built, and which pass not with the tides of battle and the furling of conquered banners. One of the greatest of the Confederate generals said recently: "If I could, I would place a copy of the book in the hands of every young man and woman of the South and urge them to study its ideals and follow its shining examples."

Though only a year old, "The Old South" is now in its seventh edition.

The price of this book is 25 cents. It will be mailed free to every subscriber who will send a new subscription, and to friends who will send a club of five it will be sent free to each.

Civil War and Reconstruction Literature.

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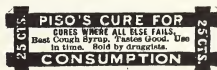
WALTER L. FLEMING, Morgantown, W. Va.

William H. Cooke, of Oklahoma City, Okla., wishes to locate the family of an uncle, John Cooke, who came to Tennessee in its early days. The family was

originally Virginian. It is suggested that any Tennesseans of this name (spelled Cooke) write Mr. Cooke as to their immediate ancestors.

The Gen. George P. Harrison Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, was organized at Auburn, Ala., by Miss Mary E. Reese, Historian of the Admiral Semmes Chapter, U. D. C. This Chapter of children has a roster of forty-two, and is doing good work. In October they raised forty-four dollars for an iron fence to inclose the soldiers' lot in the cemetery. Meetings are held once a month, and the children are learning of the noble deeds of heroism performed by the soldiers of the Confederacy.

L. M. Park, 891 Seaboard Avenue, Atlanta, makes inquiry for the daughters of Capt. Henry Wirz, commandant of the Confederate prison at Andersonville, Ga. Any one knowing the family will kindly write to Mr. Park with information asked.



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JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.—A correspondent from Louisiana writes of the list of directors of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association in the January issue, page 36, and states: "Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith is put down as director for Louisiana. This lady resigned the position in April, 1902, and it has been ever since most acceptably filled by Mrs. John B. Richardson, of New Orleans."

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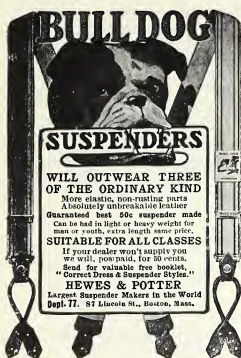
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REMEMBERED IN GRATITUDE.

H. D. McAteer, who was of Company C, 17th Tennessee Infantry, has preserved a letter from G. W. L. Holland, written at the Chimborazo Hospital, Richmond, August 30, 1864. Mr. Holland then lived near Richmond, and Mr. McAteer is anxious to learn of him.

The lines given below were addressed to Comrade McAteer in Chimborazo Hospital, Richmond, Va., by Mr. Holland, the nurse who attended Mr. McAteer, now of Lewisburg, Tenn. Mr. McAteer prizes the little poem very highly:

"Friend Mc, I write this as a token
Of affection kind and true,
And may it ne'er be broken
By either me or you!

One month ago I met you,
A stranger you were then;
But I will not forget you,
Although a stranger friend.

I have spent happy hours with you.
They cannot be forgot;
My prayer will ever be with you
Whatever be your lot.

A few days more and we must part,
Perhaps we part forever.
I sigh, my friend, to see thee part,
But I'll think of thee ever.

May you be happy through this life!
Is my most earnest prayer.
May you be kept from every strife
And heaven's glories share!

O when this cruel war is done,
May you be spared to see
Our States a glorious union
Of Southern liberty!

And O, friend Mc, when called to go
From this dark vale of tears,
Not one regret may you then know
Or dreams of earthly fears.

I hope your soul will be at rest
In that blest land of peace
Where he who can withstand the test
His troubles ever cease.

W. A. Hammond, of Williston, Fla., would like to have the address of any one who belonged to Capt. White's company, in Maryland Battalion, commanded by Maj. Gilmore, and who was with Gen. Bradley T. Johnson on the Maryland campaign in 1864, under Gen. Early.

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Another who knows Mrs. Welby writes: "This woman of culture and formerly of means, of innate refinement and keenness of feeling, is wholly dependent upon the purse and spent energy of one who is in no way responsible for her and who, indeed, needs some one to do for herself. Let us all contribute for this purpose—if only ten cents apiece—and give the album to the Confederate Museum."

J. D. Welch, 654 King Street, Charleston, S. C.: "While attending the reunion in Louisville I learned that a soldier named George Caloway was murdered at Carnesville, Ga., while on his way, with two or three others, from Augusta, Ga., to Franklin, N. C., with ammunition for that part of the army. They were arrested in Carnesville by the Home Guards and shot without provocation. My object in writing this is to ascertain if he was the George Caloway I knew. His father was Shade Caloway and he had a sister named Sallie. His home was in Tennessee. I will appreciate any information about this man."

George C. Pendleton, of Temple, Tex., wants to know if any readers of the VETERAN can testify to the army service of David Rogers, who says he enlisted in a Texas command at Grapevine, Tarrant County, Tex., in 1862, but does not remember his captain or colonel; says he had a son named Adam, who was in the artillery. He is now very old, poor, and needy, and wants to apply for a pension. Any information will be thankfully received by Mr. Pendleton.

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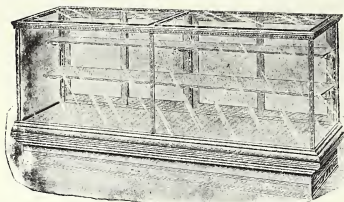
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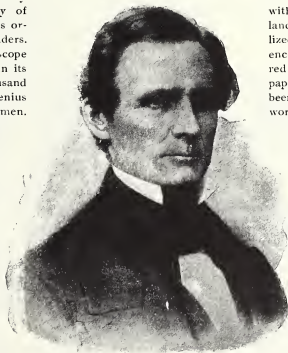
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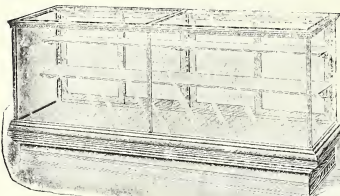
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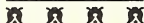
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1906.

No. 3. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM.
PROPRIETOR.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE VETERAN print on title-page of the four generations—Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, the venerable great-grandmother, born May 6, 1826, Mrs. Maggie Davis Hayes, the very youthful-looking grandmother, and Mrs. Webb, the modest, devoted mother, all interested in the happy child, Varina Margaret Webb—furnishes a gratifying scene of Christian life, while it tends to perpetuate the history of a family whose distinguished head will be honored among honest, intelligent patriots at the North and by in proportion as he is the more appreciated in the South as the facts of history, obscured for a time, are exposed to the light of truth, of honor, and of right intent. Herewith is reproduced an old-time picture of the children of Hon. Jefferson and Varina Howell Davis—"Maggie" and "Winnie" and two of the four sons—all of whom are dead, so that Margaret, the grandmother on title-page (the wife of Mr. J. Addison Hayes, son of a Nashville family, now residing in Colorado Springs), is the only surviving child.

These children were near the ages indicated when their father was incarcerated at Fortress Monroe and the South was in anguish.



FOUR CHILDREN OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BURIAL OF "AUNT" MARY MARLOW.—An old "black mammy" past ninety-three years of age died at Milledgeville, Ga., in January, 1906, and was buried by white people. Young gentlemen whose parents and grandparents were objects of her care in their childhood were pallbearers and walked by the hearse to the cemetery. The procession was headed by the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. The Atlanta Constitution states: "'Aunt' Mary Marlow said that when she was a girl about twelve years old she was on a fence near Richmond, Va., seeing a procession go by that was honoring Lafayette, when she was stolen from the fence and brought to Georgia by slave traders and became the property of Hon. Francis V. DeLauney. She nursed his children and his children's

children and some of their children, and it was some of these children that she had so tenderly nursed that to-day bore her to her last resting place and followed her to her grave. In the procession were other white citizens, who were perfectly willing to show the world that here was one who had

lived a life worthy of public recognition and whose hearts had been so touched by her gentle, faithful acts that forty years of ever-changing conditions had not shaken or destroyed the tender memories that bound them to this old woman."

ABOUT THE REUNION DATES.

A most unfortunate condition exists in regard to the Reunion dates for this year. Georgians regard April 26 above all other Memorial Days, Mrs. Williams, of Columbus, having inaugurated the memorial service which is now sacredly regarded throughout the country. Thorough deference is due Georgians, Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, and there was much sympathy with the appeals to Gen. Lee and New Orleans entertainers to have the date changed, but it was unavailing. It is unfortunate that this condition in Georgia was not considered in the outset, and it is singular that protests from

Georgia against the dates were not made earlier.

It is reannounced officially that the dates will remain as heretofore announced, April 25, 26, 27.

SOUVENIR OF THE VETERAN.

Twelve years ago there was issued complimentary to subscribers who could not be supplied with back numbers a souvenir of ninety-six pages. It is desirable to present it, first, to those who are preserving their copies and have not all of 1893, and then to other friends who take an interest in extending its circulation. There is no charge for it, yet the postage is four cents. It will be sent on application until the edition of six hundred copies is exhausted.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom all contributions intended therefor should be addressed. :

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, } Montgomery, Ala.
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LESLIE SPENCE, JR., COMMANDER A. N. V. DEPT., Richmond, Va.
L. W. RYLAND, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., Jackson, Tenn.
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I. J. STOCKETT, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., Tyler, Tex.
C. S. WELSCH, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.

(No. 8.)

CONFEDERATION NEWS.

The Commander in Chief appeals to all members of the Confederation to work up as much interest and enthusiasm as possible between this date and the approaching Reunion.

At the Reunion convention several propositions will be brought forward to amend the general constitution. The proposed amendments are embodied in General Order No. 3, January 20, 1906.

On February 3 the Commander in Chief issued an open letter to the Camps of the Louisiana Division, appealing to them to arouse themselves and pointing out the obligations resting upon them as hosts for the approaching reunion.

The fifth annual banquet of Camp John A. Broadus, No. 61, Louisville, was held at the Old Inn on Tuesday evening, February 27. The attendance was large, and the occasion was most enjoyable.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker is at present in Columbia, S. C., working on the Women's Memorial Supplement to *The State*. He writes: "I have never struck a place where the project was more liberally received nor where I have had more effective help from Veterans and Sons. The Sons of Columbia are liver, so far as practical help goes, than in any city I have been, too."

A resolution asking that the State Legislature appropriate the \$450,000 interest that has accumulated on the old Missouri war loan for the purpose of erecting monuments over the graves of the soldiers, both Confederate and Union, who fell in Missouri was adopted by Camp Sterling Price, No. 145, at its January meeting held at the Missouri Athletic Club. The committee having this work in charge is composed of Harry B. Hawes, Judge R. B. Haughton, and Thomas E. Powe.

On February 6, 7, and 8 the Commander in Chief was the guest of Camp Beauregard, in New Orleans. During his stay every courtesy was shown him by the Camp as well as by individual comrades. On the evening of February 6 there was a public reception in Memorial Hall, and on the evening of February 7 a banquet was given him by the Camp at the "Old Hickory." At the banquet Past Commander in Chief William McL. Fayssoux presided, and there were present, among others, Lieut. Gov. J. Y. Sanders, Prof. Charles Gill, Chaplain General J. W. Caldwell, Division Commander J. D. Nix, Division Adjutant R. F. Green, and Mr. G. S. Levy, Commandant of Camp Beauregard. In all there were probably forty in attendance. Nowhere in the South is Confederate sentiment so much alive.

The visit to New Orleans was made by the Commander in

Chief for a conference with the Executive Committee on details connected with the Reunion.

ELEVENTH REUNION U. S. C. V.

On to New Orleans! The sixteenth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, the seventh annual convention of the Confederate Southern Memorial Associations, and the eleventh annual reunion of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held in the Crescent City Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, April 25, 26, and 27, 1906. Every preparation is being made by the citizens of the city, as well as the Veterans' organizations of Louisiana, to eclipse all previous reunion conventions not only in attendance but in attractive features.

Let all Sons of Confederate Veterans strive to induce full representation by all Camps. Let all old Camps be put in good standing, and let new ones be organized in all communities where none now exist.

REUNION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Camp Beauregard, No. 130, U. S. C. V., New Orleans, in connection with the Veterans and committees of citizens, is making extensive preparations for the Reunion, and no effort or pains will be spared to make the occasion most successful. The following Reunion Executive Committee has been named to which has been committed the task of caring for all details—viz.: William McL. Fayssoux, *Chairman*, Masonic Temple; G. K. Renaud, *Secretary*, 713 Hennen Building; E. K. Huey, *Treasurer*, 716 Hibernia Bank Building; and Messrs. W. O. Hart, G. S. Levy, W. H. McLellan, B. M. Clark, John D. Nix, R. A. Tichenor, T. S. McChesney, A. A. Bursley, and E. A. Fowler.

REUNION SPONSORS AND MAIDS OF HONOR.

It can be definitely stated that the Reunion Committee of the U. S. C. V. will supply free hotel accommodation for only one sponsor in chief, with two maids of honor and one chaperon, three department sponsors and one maid of honor for each, and one sponsor and one maid of honor for each Division. Brigade and Camp sponsors and maids of honor, as well as maids of honor and chaperons in addition to those indicated above, must be looked after by their friends. While the local reception and other committees will do all they can in a general way for the comfort and convenience of visitors, in all cases the officers appointing sponsors and maids of honor are charged with the duty of providing escorts, chaperons, etc., for them. Tickets and other courtesies will be supplied on application to the proper committees.

The committee will allow assignments for free entertainment only on the order of the Commander in Chief. It will be necessary, therefore, for all appointments to be promptly certified to him.

NEW CAMPS.

Since those reported in the last number the following Camps have been chartered—viz.:

No. 532, Camp Robert E. Lee, San Francisco, Cal., January 27, 1906, fifty-three members; Frank Walker, Commandant; J. Victor Massie, Adjutant.

No. 533, Camp Foulks-Lawrence, Christiansburg, Va., February 12, 1906, twenty members; J. Lewis Lawrence, Commandant; R. T. Mosby Montague, Adjutant.

NEW DIVISION COMMANDER FOR ARKANSAS.

By Special Order No. 12, February 12, Hon. John P. Logan, of Siloam Springs, Ark., was appointed Commander of the Arkansas Division to succeed Mr. L. E. Quinn, of

Lockesburg, whose term had expired. The new Commander is widely and favorably known all over the State, and he promises great activity.

WORK OF CAMPS.

The Camps of the Confederation are working with more systematic effort than ever before. In many regular courses of study are being carried on. Meetings are being more regularly and generally held. Several Camps have elected new officers.

A. M. Sea, Jr., the newly elected Commandant of Camp John A. Broadus, No. 61, Louisville, Ky., writes as follows under date of January 24: "I feel the responsibility, and I know what my Camp and what each Camp in the Confederation ought to do. The question is: 'Can I so awaken the interest of the boys in the proper objects and purposes for which alone our organization has an excuse for its existence, that they will themselves make an earnest effort to build up our organization along legitimate lines?' I am frank to say that it is a hard proposition, and I may fail. I shall know, however, that I have done all I could. I agree most heartily with many of the suggestions in your circular. It may seem strange, but in a city of this size it is very hard to get the boys to attend our meetings as they should. There are so many things to attract their attention and draw them away from our Camp meetings. I believe that the first thing to do is to make the meetings attractive and thoroughly enjoyable, and then the members will be more easily interested in the carrying out of the purposes for which they should have joined the order."

MEMBERS OF THE STAFF OF DIVISIONS.

In General Order No. 1, January 29, the Kentucky Division Commander, Neville S. Bullitt, reports his staff as follows:

Division Adjutant, Jesse N. Gathright, Louisville.
Division Quartermaster, R. J. H. Spurr, Lexington.
Division Inspector, Sam W. Bedford, Owensboro.
Division Commissary, R. C. P. Thomas, Bowling Green.
Division Judge Advocate, L. Meriwether Smith, Harrodsburg.

Division Surgeon, Dr. Henry H. Duke, Louisville.
Division Chaplain, Rev. M. B. Porter, Louisville.

J. J. McSwain, Esq., of Greenville, Commander of the South Carolina Division, has partially completed his staff. Its members, in part, with the names of his three Brigade Commanders, are designated in General Order No. 1, February 1—viz.:

Division Adj. and Chief of Staff, D. A. Spivey, Conway.
Division Judge Advocate, B. F. Mays, of Edgefield.
Division Chaplain, Rev. R. M. Marshall, of Summerton.
First Brigade Commander, George D. Rouss, of Bamberg.
Second Brigade Commander, G. B. Timmerman, Lexington.
Third Brigade Commander, Frank P. McGowan, of Laurens.

L. E. Mathis, Division Commander, Jackson, Tenn., in General Order No. 1, appointed Richard R. Sneed his Division Adjutant. In General Order No. 2, January 27, the remainder of his staff was named, as follows:

Division Inspector, J. J. Bean, Camp John A. Norman, Lynchburg.

Division Quartermaster, R. N. Warmack, Camp Joe B. Freeman, Jackson.

Division Commissary, C. T. Crawford, Camp Zollicoffer, Lawrenceburg.

Division Judge Advocate, John Lewis, Camp Sam Davis, Humboldt.

Division Surgeon, Jere L. Cook, Camp Joe B. Freeman, Jackson.

Division Chaplain, W. M. Anderson, D.D., Camp Joe Johnston, Nashville.

Assistant Division Inspector, J. Ben Fuqua, Waverly.
Assistant Division Quartermaster, Wardlow Steele, Ripley.
Assistant Division Commissary, W. H. Clark, Nashville.
Assistant Division Judge Advocate, T. B. Collier, Memphis.
Assistant Division Surgeon, W. A. McCord, Lewisburg.

The Commander of the Texas Division, J. M. Tisdal, of Greenville, has appointed his staff in General Order No. 1, February 9—viz.:

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, C. W. Goff, Greenville.
Division Judge Advocate, Hon. W. F. Young, Fort Worth.
Division Quartermaster, Hon. I. S. Roberts, Houston.
Division Chaplain, Rev. E. L. Spurlock, Sherman.
Division Inspector, Hon. Lawrence C. McGee, Waco.
Division Surgeon, Dr. James M. Fry, Wills Point.

ACTION OF SONS ON THE DEATH OF GEN. WHEELER.

The death of Gen. Joseph Wheeler on January 25 in the city of Brooklyn brought sorrow to the hearts of Sons of Confederate Veterans everywhere. In response to suggestion contained in Paragraph II. of General Order No. 4 memorial exercises were held by the Camps at the following points: Memphis, St. Louis, Nashville, Troy and Montgomery, Ala., Franklin, La., Louisville, and Macon, Ga. Exercises have doubtless been held at other points, no report of which has been made.

On February 1, in General Order No. 3, L. E. Mathis, Commander of the Tennessee Division, urged the Camps of that Division to hold memorial meetings.

The following is a copy of General Order No. 4 issued by the Commander in Chief from General Headquarters, U. S. C. V., Montgomery, Ala., January 26, 1906:

"Comrades: I. The South is again called to mourn! The death of Gen. Joseph Wheeler on yesterday at 5:35 P.M., after only a short illness, removes another of the few surviving general officers of the Confederate army, one of the most unique and striking figures developed by the great war between the United States and the Confederate States. He was preeminently one of the greatest of our cavalry leaders, and the historian will with pride accord him a rank with Forrest and Hampton and Stuart. Of superb and dauntless courage and restless energy, on hundreds of fields he earned a record the fame of which will grow brighter and larger each passing year. In peace his life was an example of heroic endeavor and achievement. He had the love of his people; he had the respect and admiration of others. He lived a noble, earnest, and useful life, and the world is better that he lived.

"II. The great lessons of the life of this gallant man should not pass unheeded; therefore it is ordered that the Camps of the Confederation hold, as far as possible, memorial meetings in his honor. At these meetings an excellent opportunity will be afforded to bring the Veterans and the Sons of Veterans into closer relation, and to that end it is suggested that in all programmes the leading place be given the Veterans."

"Respectfully, THOMAS M. OWEN, Commander in Chief."

"Official: W. T. SHEEHAN, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff."

The Commander in Chief on February 5 issued an open letter to the Camps and members of the United Confederate Veterans, which will appear in the April issue.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

GRIEVOUS LOSSES FROM THE RANKS.

Though far short of the facts, the "Last Roll" reports are appalling. So far as Nashville is concerned, there is just now depression that can't be overcome without exercise of that philosophy of life which must predominate if duty be exercised. Man has imperative duties to perform, and in direst distress to be truly heroic he must meet every issue. In the battle of Franklin, when there was hardly a corporal's guard left in the position held just outside the trenches, which had been fought over till the dead were in heaps and ridges—when it seemed that every duty in war had been performed, and that the fight should not be waged till all were killed—when the writer asked of Gen. Strahl in a suggestive tone, "What had we better do?" the gallant, the glorious patriot said: "Keep firing!" So it must ever be.

These thoughts occur now in the reunion season. Instead of bowing to the inevitable, so far as Nashville is concerned, we must pick our flints and try again. In the deaths of Maj. J. W. Thomas, a colonel on Gen. S. D. Lee's staff, of Dr. W. J. McMurray and Dr. J. R. Buist, leaders in our last Reunion, it would seem that for the future, with these and many other important losses, Nashville can hardly be an aspirant for the honor of entertaining again; but she must. She will do so. Maj. Thomas was the most useful Confederate in Tennessee, Dr. McMurray was the most useful in Nashville, while Dr. Buist was one of the best. The latter's service as Chairman of the Parade Committee at our last Reunion will long be remembered, as he did his part well and faithfully to the end. Sketches of these three are withheld to appear in the April—the Reunion—issue. That of Gen. Joseph Wheeler is also deferred to the same issue. Delay of these important notices is regretted. Many friends and organizations have sent tributes of merit, but they must not expect them used formally. Such proceedings would fill an entire issue of the VETERAN. This must be apparent.

There is an alarming growth of infirmity among veterans of the Confederate war during the last two or three years.

Comrade W. G. Alexander, of Knoxville, Tenn., suggests a badge for Reunions that he thinks will be most effective in bringing its wearer to the attention of those who wish to locate him. He has the regiment and State only printed in block letters upon white ribbon, which is very easily seen and read at some distance. This badge can be about two and a half by seven inches and should be the only badge worn at the general Reunion—of course, besides the regular Reunion badge. Badges for local gatherings should be left at home.

The Editor commends Mr. Alexander's suggestion with pride, since he used such identification originally from an experience in war times. Going on furlough to Virginia, he used the letters "TENN" on his hat, and it was helpful all the while.

TO HONOR GEN. WHEELER IN ATLANTA.—The memorial service that was to have been held in Atlanta in honor of Gen. Joseph Wheeler late in February was postponed to the

26th of March for a joint meeting with the organization known as the Blue and Gray, as that is the date fixed for its third annual gathering. It is expected that the attendance will be very large, and will comprise representative men from the North as well as the South.

PRINT OF WORTHY RECORD DELAYED.

President Roosevelt, in his message to Congress last December, 1905, stated: "It is a matter of unmixed satisfaction once more to call attention to the excellent work of the Pension Bureau, for the veterans of the War between the States have a greater claim upon us than any other class of our citizens. To them, first of all among our people, honor is due. Seven years ago my lamented predecessor, President McKinley, stated that the time had come for the nation to care for the graves of the Confederate dead. I recommend that the Congress take action toward this end. The first need is to take charge of the graves of the Confederate dead who died in Northern prisons."

The foregoing statement by the President called forth the following letter from Gen. Stephen D. Lee:

"VICKSBURG, MISS., Dec. 8, 1905.

"Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

"My Dear Sir: As the General Commander of the United Confederate Veterans' organizations and for them I am sending you my thanks for the paragraph in your message recommending that the general government care for the graves of Confederate dead, and especially those who died in Northern prisons during the war. I desire to say that this paragraph in your message is exceedingly gratifying to me personally.

"With kindest regards for yourself personally and for the welfare of your family, I am yours truly,

"STEPHEN D. LEE."

The Miami (Fla.) *Metropolis* says of the proposed centenary of Gen. Lee's birth: "It is not too early to begin the discussion of the question of a proper manner of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee—January 19, 1907. No man in the records of the English-speaking people stands higher than Gen. Lee. Of Americans, he and Washington are easily first. He did not have an opportunity to display his qualities of statesmanship, but he would have adorned any office where clearness of vision and maturity of judgment are the essential qualities. The commanding quality which Gen. Lee possessed was integrity of soul. He thought no wrong, knew no wrong, and could do no wrong intentionally. His motives were pure. As a man, in private life he had none of the faults which are attributed to many men, and no other man who ever lived in this country can so entirely be held up as a model for others to fashion their lives by. The celebration of the one hundredth anniversary should not be sectional. Gen. Lee was as much a patriot as was Lincoln, Grant, Jackson, or Washington. The student, the investigator, and the unbiased historian are in accord on this point. It would be a fine opportunity to exhibit the oneness of the country, this celebration of Gen. Lee's centenary. The day should be celebrated in Boston as well as in New Orleans, in Chicago as well as in Miami."

The article entitled "Two Years in Northern Prisons," by Lewis F. Levy, in this issue, beginning on page 122, is abridged from the original manuscript.

GEN. GRANT'S REGARD FOR GEN. LEE.

At the annual R. E. Lee dinner given in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel for 1906 Maj. Edward Owen presided, introducing Gen. Fred D. Grant, whose presence in uniform was greeted with cheers. The band played "The Red, White, and Blue" as he stood waiting to begin. He gave several anecdotes to show the scarcity of food on the Northern side in the war, and then told a story of a Southern man in New Orleans who was railing at Gen. Butler. Some one interposed and said that when Butler was in New Orleans there was no yellow fever. The New Orleans man said: "Don't you think God has any mercy at all? Wasn't Gen. Butler enough?"

Gen. Grant then read this brief tribute to Gen. R. E. Lee: "I thank you for the compliment you bestow on me in giving me this opportunity of doing honor to the memory of so great a man as Robert E. Lee. He was a soldier of the first order, and on many fields of battle handled his troops with such a skill as to elicit the commendations of military students and the admiration of his enemies. Lee's work in Mexico on the staff of that old hero, Gen. Winfield Scott, was of vast value to his country, and the battle of Cerro Gordo, planned by him, has left a model of a tactical battle for all times to the military student. It was in Mexico that my father, Gen. Grant, first met and admired Gen. Lee, and I am glad to say that they remained friends to the end of their lives. Whenever they met and whatever duties they found themselves called upon to perform I am happy to say that my father was enabled to show his friendship and admiration for Gen. Lee on more than one occasion, as one honorable, brave, and noble man shows them to another."

Gen. Fred D. Grant offered the following resolution during the further proceedings of the evening:

"Whereas the 19th of January, 1907, will be the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee; and whereas his record as an American soldier and his memory are to-day the heritage of a reunited and common country;

"Resolved by the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York and its guests assembled to-night to honor the memory of this great soldier, That the coming anniversary of his birth be made a great national memorial anniversary and that steps be taken by this Camp to carry into effect the object of these resolutions."

"He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, but while his memory lives patriotism can never die" was the toast by Gen. Fred Grant. "Old Plantation Days" was by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith:

"With the corn in the shuck and the barn door down
And the barrel just ready for the tap,
With Primus, the fiddler, come out from the town
And the maple tree going to sap,
While the coon climbs the tree and the dogs bark below
We dance in the barn till the sun's first glow."

Gen. Joseph Wheeler, one of those selected to make an address, had chosen "The Private Soldier of the Confederacy," but he had fallen on sleep, and Senator William Lindsay, of Kentucky, responded. Col. G. Grundy Jordan, of Columbus, Ga., paid an eloquent tribute to "The Women of the Confederacy."

"Unused to toil, they gladly worked,
Their sorrows silent bore;
At Duty's call they never shirked,
But nerved themselves the more."

Gen. C. I. Walker, of Charleston, S. C., and Corporal James

Tanner, of Washington, D. C., the present Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, made felicitous addresses. Corporal Tanner was so happy over the occasion that upon his return to Washington he wrote Commander Owen: "Coming back yesterday, as I did, from New York alone on the train, so far as acquaintance was concerned, I had plenty of time to review the affair of the night previous, and I cannot refrain from dropping you a line and congratulating you on the splendid management and preëminent success thereof in all respects."

After ex-United States Senator William Lindsay, of Kentucky, had talked of "The Private Soldier of the Confederacy," and Col. G. G. Jordan, who went to New York from Georgia especially to speak, had responded to the toast, "The Women of the Confederacy," F. Hopkinson Smith got a chance to talk on "Old Plantation Days." He said he loved the old-time negro, the black mammys and the uncles, and declared that giving these people immediate liberty was all wrong and giving them the franchise was a crime. Then he said it was the duty of all Southern men to uplift the negro. He declared that Booker Washington was doing no new thing, excellent as his work is; but that before the war the South taught the negroes to be carpenters and blacksmiths and bricklayers and that the work had been interrupted by the war. When he said, "Let us teach these men to be our friends, never our equals," "Dixie's" strains were sounded and cheer after cheer rang through the room.

The dinner was the sixteenth of the New York Camp and the eighth to which women were invited. There were about four hundred and fifty men and women seated around small tables on the main floor on the grand ballroom and about two hundred and fifty women occupied places in the gallery.

C. V. C. OF NEW YORK HAVE A "CAMP FIRE."

"Miss Katherine Lee McLaurin, of No. 142 West Sixty-Fourth Street, was the guest of honor Friday night at the



MISS KATHERINE LEE M'LAURIN.

annual camp fire of the Confederate Veterans' Camp, of New York, held at Tuxedo Hall. Miss McLaurin is a Mississippi and Arkansas girl. She is a niece of Senator McLaurin, of Mississippi, and has lived for the past several years at Helena, Ark. She is an elocutionist of unusual ability, and held her audience well as she recited 'This Father's Flag,' an episode of the Boxer rebellion in China." (From the New York World January 21.)

This camp fire was a much enthusiasm, with great success. There was many heart-to-heart talks from the grand old

men still left to us from that great period when war swept the land. The speakers of the evening were Hon. W. Lindsay, of Kentucky, and Col. Albert Akers, formerly of the 2d Tennessee, followed by Miss McLaurin. Mr. Lindsay spoke of the Confederates of forty years ago and their stand-

ing to-day. Col. Akers gave a potpourri of anecdotes. Maj. Owen, Commander of the Camp, presided, assisted by Mr. Edwin Selvage, a well-known Southern man, who has achieved commercial fame and fortune in the metropolis after achieving heroism in the South's great struggle.

Mr. F. D. Caruthers, formerly of Tennessee and now of the *World*, sends the foregoing and adds: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is often spoken of in the meetings of the New York Camp. I think bound volumes of it should be on file at all Camps. It is history."

Mr. Caruthers is an associate member of the Confederate Veterans' Camp, New York.

GAVE HIS LIFE TO THE CONFEDERACY.—Miss Eudora J. Moore, of Buda, Tex., still mourns the death of her brother, Joseph Layton Moore, who gave his life to the Confederacy. He was born in New York City January 11, 1833, and moved with his parents to Texas in 1846 and settled at Indianola. In the early fall of 1861 he joined the 1st Texas Cavalry, under Col. Augustus Buchell, and became orderly sergeant of Company B. They were stationed for a time on the Rio Grande, but in the spring of 1864 were ordered to Louisiana. There they participated in several engagements, and at Pleasant Hill the brave Buchell lost his life, about which time J. L. Moore was taken very ill and taken to Alexandria, where he died June 14, 1864. No nobler spirit ever beat beneath its jacket of gray, and it is not too much to say of him: "He gave his life for his country." Two children survive him: Mrs. Mary Hetty Rienhardt, of Houston, and J. Dan Moore, of Bay City.

RT. REV. RICHARD H. WILMER.

Rt. Rev. Richard H. Wilmer, of the Diocese of Alabama, was born March 15, 1816, in Alexandria, Va.; and died June 14, 1900, at Spring Hill, Ala. His father, Rev. William Holland Wilmer, was a native of Maryland and a distinguished clergyman of Virginia, being at the time of his death rector of old Benton Church and President of William and Mary College. So well beloved was he that all denominations united in placing a tablet to his memory. His mother was Marion Cox, of New Jersey, daughter of Maj. Richard Cox, a distinguished officer of the Revolutionary War.

Bishop Wilmer was called the "Rebel Bishop," having been consecrated without the consent of the Northern bishops in 1862. He left Richmond after the battle of Manassas when the pulse of the whole South was beating fiercely with a desire to grasp the sword. "One of my earliest recollections," writes his daughter, Mrs. Harvey E. Jones, of Mobile, Ala., "is of the bonfires and fireworks we had when Virginia seceded."

He was a loyal son of the South. His energies were always directed toward helping the Confederate soldier in every way. At the first battle of Manassas he went with a car load of food and medicine for the wounded, nursing and helping as he could so well do. Upon an old photograph of a house on the battlefield are printed these words: "In this house the wounded were nursed by the Bishop of Alabama." The following extracts from an old letter indicate his natural desire to go to the front: "We are under tremendous pressure. My blood often boils. My heart overflows. I feel ready at times to grasp the sword and try to cut the knot that tries to strangle us; but amid all these tumultuous feelings I cannot repress my instincts, nor can I shut out the sound of these words: 'The Son of man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.'"

All during the war his home was ever open to the needy Confederates. His biographer says: "Bishop Wilmer was noted for his unbounded hospitality and his limitless charity. His home was the center of a charity which radiated even to the Mississippi State line, and his unalterable rule was that no one should be turned away empty-handed from his door."

Just after the War between the States, which reduced the State of Alabama to the condition of a military province, Bishop Wilmer became the object of a military order which closed the churches of his diocese and subjected him to a notoriety which he neither desired nor anticipated. In his reminiscences he says: "When the war ended, I found the civil government of the State subverted, her constitution abrogated, her Governor deposed and held under duress, her whole civil power annihilated, the drumhead the only tribunal of justice. Prayer ought to be a very sincere thing; and when it came to asking the Almighty to give 'health, prosperity, and long life' to the commander in chief of this body of men who had settled down upon our whole country, and when officers with swords at their sides came to demand it, I, for one, had no doubt as to what course I should pursue."

A pastoral was issued to the clergy in Alabama. An officer of the Federal army, on the staff of the general in command, called upon Bishop Wilmer, saying he was sent by directions of that officer to know when the Bishop meant to use the prayer for the President of the United States. He was told that that was a question the general had no right to ask, and that no questions were answered if put in a tone of authority. The Church had her sphere of action and could not permit any intrusion. The officer was taken aback, talked much about the absolute power of the military, and intimated that the Bishop would have to succumb. He proposed to the Bishop that they should talk the matter over as "man to man," the Bishop replying that he had no sentiment which was not open to the world, but none that could be extorted. The officer then said: "When do you think you will use the prayer for the President?" The answer was:



BISHOP WILMER.

"When you all get away from here. The fact is, sir, the government as it is over us now and impersonated in the President is a government for which I desire the least 'length of life' and the 'least prosperity' that is consistent with the permission and will of God. We did ardently pray that he who held these reins of absolute power might have 'grace' to execute judgment and to maintain truth, and hoped our prayers would be answered." Continuing, the Bishop said: "Suppose our positions reversed; suppose we had conquered you and, amid all your desolation and sadness and humiliation, commanded you to fall down on your knees and ask God to grant long life, health, and prosperity to our commanding officer. Would you do it?" The officer intimated in strong terms that he would be — if he would. "Well," said the Bishop, "I am not disposed to use your phraseology; but if I do that thing you came to order me to do—addressing the Almighty with my lips when my heart is not in my prayer—I run great danger of meeting the doom that you have hypothetically invoked upon your own head."

In the course of a few days there came out "General Orders," shutting up all churches and "suspending" the Bishop of all his functions. These orders were accompanied with a shower of bad language that could only fall with its foul savor on the head of him who gave vent to it. Most of the churches were closed, and soldiers stationed at the doors to prevent entrance. Services were held in private houses and the rite of confirmation administered in unguarded churches, much to the commanding general's indignation. Gen. Thomas's official order was published in the Nashville papers December 22, 1865.

CONTRABAND CHICKENS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Comrade J. C. Steele, Mayor of Statesville, N. C., sends some humorous data: "Just before the battle of Gettysburg the 4th North Carolina Regiment was on picket duty near Carlisle, Pa. The band of that regiment was encamped near one of those fine Dutch barns, around which were several hog houses about six feet square with a hole in one side just large enough for a hog to go in and out, while a few chickens were scratching for a living. It was suggested that they were contraband of war. Nat said: 'This is an enemy's country, and we have a perfect right to confiscate those chickens.' Bob by this time had one at full run, and Charley was heading it off from the gate; and as it turned the corner of the barn, Bob was just tipping its tail when it darted into a hog house. Bob didn't take time to see whether a hog was in it or not; but as he started in an old sow started out, and both were in a hurry and they wedged in the door tight. Bob kicked his heels high to keep them out of the hog's mouth and held his head high to keep her tail out of his mouth. Finally the hog wiggled out and let Bob down. He looked up reproachfully and said: 'Charley, why didn't you help me?' Charley replied sympathetically: 'I was afraid de old sow'd bite me.' But all hands smoked the pipe of peace over the old hen when she was hot and let the old hog go—for want of a bigger pot. Bob sometimes played pranks. At one time he drew a wool hat, and by pouring hot water in it stretched it out to enormous length, and then folded it up so nicely that it didn't look as if it would hold more than a quart. He held it up to a sutler, who was selling 'goobers' at enormous prices, and asked him what he would fill it full for. The sutler, supposing it to hold about a quart, priced it accordingly; but as the sutler poured in Bob stretched out the crown, and finally the sutler looked under and saw

about one and a half gallons and still not full, so he said he would not fill it for that. Bob replied: 'Then I will not pay you.' So Bob treated the band."

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

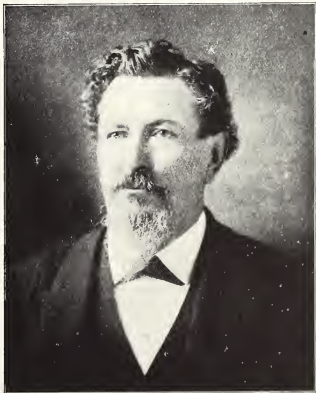
SEQUEL TO "THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER AS I SAW IT."

BY CAPT. J. C. FEATHERSTON (COMPANY F, 9TH ALABAMA REGIMENT, WILCOX'S BRIGADE), LYNCHBURG, VA.

In the rush of a conflict such as I have described in the "Battle of the Crater as I Saw It" in the January VETERAN there were necessarily transpiring many incidents which could not be comprised in the brief limits of a magazine article; therefore at the request of many comrades in the South I will give some of these occurrences illustrative of our situation and the general course of events at that time.

Lieut. Col. Pleasants, of the 48th Pennsylvania Regiment, the Federal officer who had charge of the mining operations which culminated in the blowing up of the fort known as Elliot's Salient (which then became the "Crater"), in his report says: "The charge of powder placed under the Confederate fort consisted of three hundred and twenty kegs, each containing twenty-five pounds, aggregating about eight thousand pounds." And he adds: "I stood on top of our breastworks and witnessed the effects of the explosion. It was a magnificent spectacle, and the mass of earth went up into the air, carrying with it men, guns, carriages, and timbers, and spread out like an immense cloud as it reached its altitude."

Another Federal officer says: "Just about sunrise a trembling of the earth was felt and a dull roar was heard. I looked to the front and saw a huge column of dirt, dust, smoke, and flame of fire apparently two hundred feet high, which on reaching its highest point curled over like a plume, then came down with a dull thud. While in the air I could



CAPT. J. C. FEATHERSTON.

see in the column of fire and smoke the bodies of men, arms and legs, pieces of timber, and a gun carriage. I felt very weak, and many of the faces of comrades never looked paler, while our troops in front broke back and became intermingled. They were soon rallied and moved forward. In the meantime our forts all along the line opened out with every gun, and they were immediately answered by the Confederates. The solid shots and shell howled and shrieked over our heads and ricocheted along the ground. The air seemed full of flying missiles."

Such was the account of the enemy in the extracts quoted.

At the time of the explosion, about 5 A.M., the fort was occupied by Capt. Pegram's battery of artillery with four cannon, supported by the 18th and 22d South Carolina Regiments. The loss of life caused by the explosion of the mine was two hundred and fifty-six officers and men of the South Carolina regiments and two officers and twenty men of the artillery. Two entire companies of the 18th South Carolina Regiment had not a man left to tell the tale. The Confederate troops on each side of the wrecked fort shrank back from this awful explosion, leaving about two hundred yards of our works unoccupied. The Federals, anticipating the destructive and demoralizing effect of such a surprise, had concentrated a force estimated at forty-five thousand men near by and in the rear of their works with which they expected to rush through the opening thus made and capture Petersburg and cut in twain Gen. Lee's army. Why they did not do this, I am unable to state. They did send into the Crater and adjacent breastworks after the explosion twelve thousand of their infantry, one division of which was composed of negroes. Instead of hastening on to Petersburg, however, strange to relate, they halted, which proved fatal to their enterprise. There was not an organized body of Confederate infantry between Gen. Grant's main line of battle and the city of Petersburg. They would have had only unsupported artillery to oppose their advance. But artillery was probably never more effectually used than on that occasion. This delay gave Gen. Lee time to prepare to meet this emergency, of which he promptly availed himself.

Since the publication of the article giving an account of this battle in the January number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN Lieut. Col. Hilary A. Herbert, ex-Secretary of the United States Navy, who was himself a lieutenant colonel in Wilcox's Brigade, gave me a copy of Gen. Mahone's order congratulating the three brigades on their successful fight:

"HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON'S DIVISION,
August 6, 1864.

"The glorious conduct of the three brigades of the division, Wilcox's, Mahone's, and Wright's, and especially the first two, employed on the 30th of July in the expulsion of the enemy from his front and the magnificent results achieved in the execution of the work, devolves upon the undersigned the ever-pleasing office of rendering his thanks and congratulations. The immortalized Beauregard has praised you. Your corps and army commanders have expressed their gratitude for your invaluable services on this occasion and their admiration of the splendid manner in which your duty was approached and performed. The enemy had sprung his first mine in the new plan by which he now seeks to penetrate our lines, he had gained possession of the Crater and of the contiguous works, he had previously massed three corps and two divisions of another to prosecute his anticipated success, and he had now given the order for the advance of his crowded lines; but, fortunately for the 'hour,' you had made

the ground. With the tread of veterans and the determination of men you charged the works upon which he had planted the hated flag. The integrity of the whole line was by your valor promptly reestablished, the enemy's grand effort to penetrate our rear signally defeated, and the results achieved unparalleled in the history of the war when compared to your strength and the losses you sustained.

"With less than a force of three thousand men and with a casualty of four hundred and ninety-eight you killed seven hundred of his people, and by his own account wounded over three thousand. You captured one thousand one hundred and one prisoners, embracing eighty-seven officers, seventeen stands of colors, two guidons, and one thousand nine hundred and sixty stands of small arms. These are the results of the noble work which you performed and which entitles your banner scroll of honorable deeds to the inscription:

THE CRATER, PETERSBURG, JULY 30, 1864.

"While thus we have so much cause for congratulation and pleasure, let us never forget the memory of the noble spirits who fell in the glorious work whose consummation we are spared to establish and commemorate.

"WILLIAM MAHONE, *Brigadier General.*"

Capt. Featherston wrote on August 1 and again on August 2 following to his wife, which letters have been preserved and published, verifying most accurately the remarkable story as given in the January VETERAN.

United States Senator Maj. John W. Daniel has written on the subject, quoting from Henderson's "Life of Stonewall Jackson" that "contemporaneous accounts are the life of history," and adds concerning Capt. Featherston's "admirably told story," which has the flavor of "the real thing." Maj. Daniel further states: "When the Alabama Brigade, under Saunders, was put in by Mahone at the right moment, and after his other brigades had captured the trenches close by the Crater Fort, the last infantry reserve of Lee was casting the die of fate, and Lee himself watched the movement of Mahone's Division and of his last brigade with indescribable feeling that a commander must possess when playing his last piece on the checkerboard of war, for at that time a considerable portion of his forces was on the north side of the James and the Petersburg line was in great attenuation. Capt. George Clark, the assistant adjutant general of the brigade, who now lives at Waco, Tex., related in a letter to Capt. Featherston that he went along the line of the brigade and told the privates that Gen. Saunders had been informed by Gen. Lee that the brigade was his last available reserve, and unless they recaptured the works he intended to reform it in person and lead it. 'Well,' said one of the men, 'if the old man comes down here, we will tie him to a sapling while we make the fight.'"

DR. WYETH'S TRIBUTE TO CAPT. GRACEY.

BY DR. JOHN A. WYETH, NEW YORK CITY.

My attention has been called to an omission on my part in failing to give credit due to Capt. Frank P. Gracey for the daring displayed by him in the incident of the capture of the steamer *Mazepa* by Forrest's command on the 29th of October, 1864. Letters written to me personally by Gen. H. B. Lyon, Lieut. E. B. Ross, and other witnesses of this exploit who are still living have convinced me of the importance of this correction as a simple act of justice to the memory of a gallant soldier no longer here to speak for himself. I have directed the publishers of my "Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest" to insert on page 521 the following correction:

"As the Confederates did not even have a canoe or skiff, volunteers were called for to swim the river and take possession of the boat. Several offered their services, but to Capt. Frank P. Gracey, more than to all others, is due the credit on this occasion. With him Capt. John Horn, Lieut. E. B. Ross, of the 3d Kentucky, and others volunteered. A rude raft was constructed of logs and driftwood, but at the first essay it went to pieces, whereupon Capt. Gracey, who had won especial notice for his conduct as an artillerist at Chickamauga, using a portion of the raft to sustain in part his weight, made his way across the river and boldly took possession of the boat, which at this time was in the hands of its captain and two of the crew, the rest having abandoned their craft to seek safety in flight. The boat's yawl was launched; a long line coiled in this which fastened to the steamer was paid out as the boat, by the aid of the captain, his two men, and Gracey, was rowed to the side where the Confederates were."

CAPT. CARTER B. HARRISON—"OUR FRIENDS, THE ENEMY."
—L. B. Kinsey writes from Dana, Iowa: "My old—what shall I say? Not 'comrades,' for we fought on opposite sides; nor shall I say 'foe,' for that does not express the feeling I hold to the boys in gray whom I met on so many fields in Tennessee and Georgia, where we exchanged leaden compliments not always at long range. No, I cannot find the word; but I would like to meet those boys in gray that we lined up against so often in Tennessee and the campaign to Atlanta, grasp their hands, and swap yarns of the times 'when you and I were young.' But now to what immediately caused this letter. In the *National Tribune* I saw an extract from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN about the death of Capt. Carter B. Harrison, of Murfreesboro. Capt. Harrison was the adjutant of my regiment, the 51st Ohio Volunteer Infantry. I knew that he married and settled down at Murfreesboro. He was loved by all the regiment. I recollect one dark night at Murfreesboro in the spring of 1863 after the battle of Stone River that I was on duty as picket. O how muddy it was and rainy! Capt. Harrison, accompanied by an orderly, was making the grand rounds of the pickets, going from one reserve to another. It was so dark that he lost his way and wandered over toward my beat. I halted and made them dismount in the mud and give the countersign. It was ugly in me to do so; but I was wet, cold, and covered with mud, and wanted them to enjoy 'the same blessings.' How good-natured he was and jolly over it! I shall never forget it."

MOSES AND STONEWALL JACKSON.—N. J. Floyd, 2117 North Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md., writes: "Lee-Jackson Day, January 19, was celebrated in Virginia more generally and more enthusiastically this year than ever before. Among the many inspiring addresses delivered in various parts of the State was one at Charlottesville by Hon. Claude A. Swanson, the Governor elect, which was fully up to that gentleman's reputation for chaste and stirring oratory. His impassioned avowal that Stonewall Jackson would have led the children of Israel through the wilderness in three days brought again the old war-time enthusiasm of the 'Rebel yell.' That night when Capt. J. C. Featherston (formerly of the 9th Alabama Regiment, and now residing at Lynchburg), who had delivered an address at Staunton on the hand-to-hand struggle for and capture of the crater at Petersburg, went to Charlottesville on his way home he was held up and made to deliver another speech. When in the course of it he told his auditors that the Governor, in contrasting Moses and Stone-

wall Jackson as leaders, had stated the case too conservatively, and added, 'Why, my friends, Stonewall Jackson actually did lead the children of the Confederacy through the Wilderness in half a day with Hooker's whole opposing army right in front of him,' the old veterans, and particularly Jackson's 'foot cavalry,' simply 'couldn't do justice to the occasion.' Many of them had to talk in whispers the next day."

ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO GEN. B. R. JOHNSON.

BY R. M. TUNNO, SAVANNAH, GA.

I read with great pleasure the tributes to Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson by Col. Tillman and by that grand gentleman and valiant soldier, Col. James D. Porter, whom I had the honor of knowing in the army. As a student at the Western Military Institute at Blue Lick Springs, Ky., and Drennon Springs, Ky., I knew Gen. (then Col.) Johnson. His military career has been given in the *VETERAN* by those who are eminently equipped to do so. I desire to add my tribute to my old President and friend of my youth, whose memory is green in my heart. Gen. Johnson was dignified, yet his heart was filled with fatherly kindness to his "boys," as he called us. He was as Superintendent and President strict, but easily approachable by us, sympathetic and eminently just. I never heard a cadet complain of harshness or injustice at his hands; and when we left the institute to take our places as men, we felt that we left behind us a true friend and one who had our highest respect. In dealing with those committed to his care he regarded us as his own; and when called on to reprimand or punish for infraction of rules (I speak feelingly), he tempered punishment with kindness. His sympathetic heart was always full of good advice and fatherly admonitions. He remembered each student; and when he met any of us in the army, his face beamed with pleasure. I had the good fortune to meet him at Humboldt, Tenn., just after Donelson and at Corinth, Miss., and often had the benefit of his instructive conversation.

By me is a letter received from him in 1869, in which he spoke so pleasantly of his old students, mentioning many who had proven fine soldiers and who had done credit to their *Alma Mater*.

The Western Military Institute was first established at Georgetown, Ky., then moved to Blue Lick, and then to Drennon. Col. Thornton F. Johnson was President at the first-named place and Col. Bushrod R. Johnson was Superintendent. Upon the death of Col. T. F. Johnson Col. B. R. Johnson became President at Drennon. Col. T. F. Johnson was President of a girls' school at Georgetown in which Miss Harriet Stanwood was a teacher. This lady afterwards married Maj. James G. Blaine, who was professor of ancient languages at the Western Military Institute and who was a most agreeable companion in and out of class room. Among the students I recall were Ben and Jim Cockrill, of Nashville, and my *fidus Achates*, lovable Dr. James P. Hanner, of Franklin, Tenn.

ON GEN. BUSHROD JOHNSON'S STAFF.

William Barfield, Huntsville, Tex.: "In the *VETERAN* for January I was made glad by the picture of that gallant man, Gen. Bushrod Johnson. Why has his name been kept in the dark? We who followed Gen. Johnson regard him as one of our best major generals. He was a grand man as well as a good general. In August, 1864, I think, while in the ditches in front of Petersburg, I was sent to Gen. Gracie's headquarters, from where I was sent to Gen. Bushrod Johnson's

headquarters. After staying there a few days, R. E. Foote, adjutant general under Gen. Johnson, had me detailed as courier for Gen. Johnson. That was the 1st of September, 1864, I think. From then on I was with the General all the time up to the surrender. The day after that Gen. Johnson took me by the hand and said: 'Good-by, William.' I never saw him again. He was a good friend to me. R. E. Foote was captured two days before the surrender. I was in forty steps of him when the Yankees got his horse by the bridle. I would like to know if he is still living. Gen. Johnson did not have charge of the command for two days before the last fight. I am glad that Hon. James D. Porter wrote that sketch for the VETERAN. I stayed with Gen. Johnson till April 9, 1865. I knew him well. I was a slip of a boy then, and belonged to the 23d Alabama Sharpshooters, Gracie's Brigade."

CONCERNING "LIEUT. WAGGONER."

BY G. W. BRECKENRIDGE, FINECASTLE, VA.

I have just read in the January VETERAN Col. J. D. Porter's sketch of Gen. B. R. Johnson, in which reference is made to the gallantry of Lieut. Waggoner, of the 17th Tennessee, on the battle of Drewry's Bluff. The VETERAN asks: "Who can tell of Lieut. Waggoner?" I have long intended to ask this very question. I saw him in the winter of 1864-65. My battalion was in the same brigade as the 17th Tennessee, at that time commanded by Gen. G. W. C. Lee, and during that winter we occupied the trenches on Chaffin's Farm, nearly in front of Fort Harrison, eight or nine miles southeast of Richmond and within a few hundred yards of the enemy's lines. Our pickets were within easy talking distance in many places.

One evening about twilight, on an occasion when I was in command of the brigade picket line, there approached me an officer in captain's uniform, who asked if I was in command of the picket. When I told him I was, he said he wanted to go through the line. Looking hard at the captain, I said: "Well, you can't go through here." He then pulled out a paper signed by Gen. R. E. Lee, in effect directing all pickets to allow Capt. Waggoner to pass. "How about that?" he said. "No good here," I replied. Seeing that I did not recognize Gen. Lee's authority, he proposed that I go down the line with him and talk with the officer commanding the picket from the 17th Tennessee. We went, and the lieutenant informed me that Capt. Waggoner commanded his company and vouched for his being all he represented himself to be. I told him that he could go ahead. He showed me a similar pass from Gen. Grant, and gave me some very interesting accounts of his adventures in the enemy's camp. He asked me if I would like to go through with him some day. I declined with thanks and without hesitation. I was willing to be shot if there was no possible way to avoid it, but hanging did not appeal to me at all, at all. I remember the Captain's narrow, thin face, high cheek bones, sharp Roman nose, keen gray eyes, and soft, low voice, as though it were yesterday that I saw him. He looked the man who would do what Col. Porter said he did at Drewry's Bluff.

SURVIVORS OF BUSHROD JOHNSON'S CADETS OF 1860-61.

Tom Gillespie writes from Starkville, Miss., in regard to the tribute by Col. J. D. Tillman to Gen. Bushrod Johnson, in which he expressed the opinion that he was the only member of the cadet class under Gen. Johnson (in the University of Nashville) now living. Gillespie writes that he was one, and that he knows of four others who survive.

SKETCH FOR HIS FAMILY BY GEN. GEORGE REESE.

[The following sketch is of a personal nature, but it is interesting and is a suitable guide for comrades who should leave with their families a record of their services in the Confederate army. The VETERAN gives this one in full not only as a suitable guide for comrades who would write on the subject, but as an additional tribute to one of its best friends and whose memory its founder will ever cherish in sincerest gratitude.]

Not having kept a diary during my time of service in the war for constitutional rights from 1861 to 1865, I find it difficult to remember dates so that I may write down consecutively and in regular order the incidents and experiences of my life during that time. After an interval of thirty-eight years, it is hard to remember all that would make this narrative interesting to my descendants. I will, therefore, only attempt to give such as I remember distinctly and which more closely affected my own life. Though a humble one, yet I rejoice that I was an active member of that brave, patriotic, and matchless Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by that great and peerless soldier, Robert Edward Lee. And now, nearly forty years after the close of that great war, I can calmly and deliberately say that I have no apologies to make, and the only regret I have is that I was not able to do more for my native Southland in her gigantic struggle for right and justice.

I was living in Pensacola, Fla., at the breaking out of the war and was a member of the Pensacola Guards, a volunteer company commanded by Capt. Henderson Wright, a veteran of the Mexican War. Florida seceded January 10, 1861, and on the morning of the 12th we marched with the Rifle Rangers, another company from Pensacola, and three companies from Alabama to the navy yard and took possession of it, of Fort Buchanan, the magazine, and other places. Nothing of special interest occurred while we were in service there, except that Capt. Bright organized an expedition of volunteers to capture Fort Pickens, which was then garrisoned by Maj. Slemmer, of the United States army, with about thirty men. The commander of the troops, Maj. Chase, hearing of this contemplated expedition, gave orders forbidding the attempt. I was a volunteer in this undertaking, which consisted of one hundred men, mostly from Pensacola.

After about three months' service in the navy yard doing guard duty, the two Pensacola companies were sent home to reorganize. About this time I was elected lieutenant of the company.

I was married June 6, 1861, and moved to Alabama, as I was anxious to go with Alabama troops to Virginia, where one of my brothers was then serving. I aided in organizing a company, which joined the 44th Alabama Regiment of Infantry, and went into camp of instruction at Selma. I was elected orderly sergeant of this company, which was Company A. After drilling and waiting several months, we were ordered to Richmond, Va., reaching there on the last day of the seven days' battle, which resulted in the defeat of McClellan. The next morning after our arrival in Richmond I learned the sad news of the death of my brother, Sergt. Horace Reese, Company H, 3d Alabama Regiment. He was killed in the charge at Malvern Hill. My brother, Dr. C. E. Reese, went out to the battlefield and brought his body to Richmond, and we laid him to rest in beautiful Greenwood Cemetery. His death was a sad blow to our father, who died

a year later. He never got over the shock. Though he gave five sons willingly to the Southern cause, Horace was the only one killed in battle. The youngest, only sixteen when he entered the army, was wounded the last year of the war, and died a few years ago from the effect of the wound. Brother Horace bore an enviable reputation for courage and gallantry on the battlefield. His comrades said that he was always ahead in the charge, and that he was several yards in advance of his company when shot down, receiving five wounds, each of which was mortal.

Our regiment was in Wright's Georgia Brigade at this time. We were camped south of Richmond until the army moved to get between Pope, the new commander of the Federal army, and Washington. This was our first hard march. The day before the second battle of Manassas I was made very sick from eating fresh pork and green corn without salt. While near the battlefield I was left at the house of a Mrs. Gaines, where I hovered between life and death for two weeks. I feel very grateful to this kind and hospitable family, and to their good nursing I owe my life. I joined the army at Winchester on its return from Maryland after the battle of Sharpsburg. We remained here until the last of November, when we moved to Fredericksburg to meet the new commander of the Federal army, Burnside, who had succeeded the braggart Pope.

About this time our regiment was placed in E. M. Law's Brigade of Alabama troops, composed of the 4th, 15th, 44th, 47th, and 48th Regiments. We held the extreme right of Longstreet's Corps in this battle, and were under very heavy fire from several batteries. After this battle we went in winter quarters until spring.

In February my name was drawn for thirty days' furlough, which I enjoyed at home, in Lowndes County, Ala. I joined the regiment a month later at Richmond on its way to Suffolk. The snow was about six inches deep in Richmond at that time. On this march we passed through a little town called Jerusalem, which called forth many queer remarks from the soldiers.

At Suffolk we were under fire for several days. I was sent with thirty men to support a battery of two guns at an isolated point on the Nansemon River, about two miles to the left of the army, and there was surrounded and captured with the entire command two days later. An account of this fight and capture is given in "Two Wars," by Maj. Gen. S. G. French. We were sent to Fort Norfolk, where we remained as prisoners of war two weeks. To our surprise and joy, we were sent up the James River to City Point, and were exchanged, reaching the army a few days after the great battle and victory of Chancellorsville. Here we learned that Gen. Jackson was badly wounded and died a week later.

Soon after Lee began his march to Pennsylvania we waded the Potomac River near Williamsport. The water was about waist deep, but the weather was hot and the soldiers enjoyed the cold bath. On this day some were remarked that all the army had marched in three States and some in four—the State of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and a large number in a state of intoxication.

We reached Gettysburg in time for the second and third day's fight. Our regiment, the 44th, lost heavily. Together with the Texas Brigade, Devil's Den was captured. This is between Round Top and Little Round Top. We had Meade's army completely flanked, but for want of reinforcements had to fall back. On the return of the army to Virginia, and while in camp at Culpeper C. H., I was taken very

sick with kidney trouble, brought on by exposure, and was sent to the hospital at Richmond, where I remained two or three weeks, hardly expecting to live. As soon as I was able to travel I was sent home. Here, with good nursing and wholesome food, I improved quite rapidly, and was able to join the army the latter part of September, just after the battle of Chickamauga, where Longstreet had been sent with part of his corps, which enabled Bragg to win a great victory over the Federal army under Gen. Rosecrans. A few days after joining the command I was in a fierce night battle near Raccoon Mountain, where for the first and only time I saw men wounded with the bayonet. I was in the hard marching and constant fighting in Longstreet's pursuit of Burnside up to Knoxville and several days' fighting around that place. I was in winter quarters near Morristown until about the middle of April, 1864. The winter spent here was the coldest I ever felt, and the men suffered greatly for want of clothing and shoes.

Again we were moving to join Lee in Virginia, which we did on May 5 in time for the Battle of the Wilderness. As we approached that battlefield we met the division of Wilcox falling back in great disorder. Our division, for want of time, was formed for the charge by brigades, and went into the battle in that way. Law's Brigade followed the Texans. It was here that Gen. Lee attempted to lead the Texans, but he was forced to the rear. We formed line of battle under the eyes of our great commander, and it was an inspiration. Knowing that it would be a death struggle, the men laid aside blankets, knapsacks, and cooking utensils, and with an encouraging word from Gen. Lee, who said, "Alabama soldiers, all I ask of you is to keep up with the Texans" (his eyes flashed and he silently pointed toward the enemy), the men went in with a yell, and the enemy was driven fully a mile and the lost ground regained.

At 2 A. M. May 7 began the night march to Spottsylvania. Here we were under fire for several days just to the left of what is known as the Bloody Angle. On the 12th Lee again moved to the right, stopping on the south side of the Northanna River. I came near being hit by a shell as I was crossing a field on my way to inspect the picket line on the river. Again Lee moved to the right. Our regiment was in a hot fight near Mechanicsville, where it was sent to the front to feel the enemy, and we did feel them. Here I was complimented in the colonel's report to the brigadier for charging front to the right under heavy fire and driving back a small force that was trying to flank us. We moved again to the right, reaching the famous battlefield of Cold Harbor. Here on June 3, 1864, Grant sustained a most disastrous defeat. During the charge of the enemy early in the morning I stood up by the breastworks and fired at four lines of battle as fast as three men—Tom Cooper, Frank Coope, and Dan Day—could load and hand me their guns. Some of the enemy were killed within twenty steps of our works.

We were behind breastworks below Richmond until winter, and here built temporary winter quarters. An incident occurred in August while on picket line. One of the men called to me for permission to cease firing. The enemy had requested this that both sides might get boasting ears from a field between the lines. I granted the request, as we were hungry, especially for green corn. Soldiers from both armies met as friends in this field, and our boys brought out a good supply of corn. After about one hour, the word was given and firing began again. Before the spring of 1865 we changed again; and our division being a strong one, we were con-

stantly on the move, fighting nearly every day. On Lee's left to-day and ten or fifteen miles to the right next day.

A kind Providence wonderfully protected me amid all of these dangers, for often my comrades were killed at my side. Fighting continuously against four to one until Lee's line could be stretched no longer, we were ordered to abandon our line and retreat toward Appomattox. This order was given on my birthday, the 2d of April. Lee began this retreat with less than thirty-five thousand men, pursued by Grant with an army of one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, the best-equipped army in the world. Lee's little army, though ill-fed, ragged, and badly equipped, was full of life and determination, the bravest army the world has ever seen. They struggled on, keeping in check Grant's mighty host until the 9th of April, when this remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia, surrounded on all sides, now reduced to twenty-eight thousand men, with nine thousand muskets, had to surrender. Well do I remember the appearance of this grandest of men as he passed through our lines the next day under escort of Federal cavalry, his head erect, his eyes as bright as though flushed with victory. I see his soldiers as they crowd around him; some have caught his bridle, some his stirrup, clamoring for a last word. He tries to speak, but breaks down, and with tears streaming from his eyes he moves from our sight. Soldiers are weeping, for they see for the last time their beloved chief, the greatest man this country ever produced.

Five days after this we were paroled and started upon our long and weary march for home. A remnant of Companies A and C, with sixteen men and three officers, Capt. Robert Powers and Lieuts. Burton and Reese, agreed to remain together for mutual protection until we could reach home. For five days after the surrender, and while waiting to be paroled, I lived on five little ears of corn and one pound of beef. Scant rations, but all we could get. Gen. Grant offered to give Lee's soldiers water transportation from City Point to Savannah or Charleston, but our little company were not willing to travel by water in crowded ships. Our first march was to High Point, N. C., about two hundred and fifty miles. From here we went by railroad to Charlotte. We marched from here across South Carolina to Washington, Ga. At this place I met Gen. Bob Toombs. I took dinner with Judge William Reese, a cousin whom I had not seen since I was a small boy. At Union Point, on the Georgia Railroad, we took the cars for West Point, Ga. Here I parted from my comrades. I got a horse from my uncle's plantation, reached Montgomery the next night, and on May 3 I reached home. The joy of being at home again with my wife and loved ones is indescribable. Wilson's raid had just passed through and had stolen and destroyed everything but houses. What a feeling of restfulness after so many months of hardship and suffering, and passing safely through so many battles and perils without ever being wounded! I must ascribe all the praise to the infinite mercy and goodness of Him who rules the universe.

Before closing this brief and imperfect sketch of my military career I wish to put upon record my appreciation of the services of my body servant, George White, whose fidelity and care for my welfare during the whole time of my army life was something wonderful. His watchful care and thought for my comfort and well-being is worthy of a green spot in my memory. He often went hungry himself that I might have something to eat. Though his skin was black, he had a heart possessed only by the great and good of earth.

GALLANT MAJ. PETER EVERETT.

BY CAPT. JAMES ROGERS, GREENWOOD, S. C.

Forty-two years ago we were in camp on the Kentucky River, near Harlan C. H., Ky. At day dawn we were attacked in the rear on the south side of the camp by the Federal cavalry. We had very little warning, but we had a ready man in command, the gallant Peter Everett (commander of Third Battalion Kentucky Mounted Rifles), than whom there was no better or braver man in the Confederate army. His shrill voice rang out, "Rally here, boys!" designating a double log cabin on the north side of the river. I had just joined him the previous evening with about forty tried and true men. A few minutes before the attack some loose horses had disturbed our slumbers, and John Wright, who was my orderly sergeant, called to me and said: "I heard the picket's fire." I sent him at once to Capt. Everett. Before his return the enemy was upon us pellmell. They came yelling and firing; but with that nerve always characteristic of him, Everett stood with a pistol in each hand, firing and yelling at the top of his voice: "Rally here, men!"

The conflict was "short, sharp, and decisive." Around Everett lay three dead and four wounded Yankees; a little farther off and just in front of our bunk two more Yankees had bit the dust, with several others wounded and struggling in a mass of dead and wounded horses. Everett was as cool as a May morning, and as I approached him he said: "Jim, we'll give 'em h—." He ordered me to mount my men and follow them, which I did as far as it was safe. Two miles below we met two thousand cavalry and returned, cut some trees to obstruct the road, and journeyed southward. We were cut off, as it were, but Everett never seemed to realize it. We crossed the mountain and camped for the next night, and before sunrise of the second day we were miles in the rear of the Federals, picking up stragglers and a few wounded. We did not lose a man or horse. Poor Everett! he has long since passed over the river, and few of us remain to think of his daring exploit of the 22d of January, 1864.

INQUIRERS ABOUT VETERANS.

H. J. Swales, of Lapine, La., inquires for Capt. Barlow and Lieut. Verlandingham and any other members of Barlow's Battery of Clinton, La. He states that "all the boys should remember me, as I was so small, only eleven or twelve years old. I would like to hear also from the Brookhaven (Miss.) boys or Capt. Bradley, who was promoted after Capt. Barlow was made major or chief of artillery."

James M. Duff, of Waco, Tex., who enlisted in Giraud's Savannah Battery in 1863 and was transferred to Baxter's Battery, of Nashville, Tenn., in 1864 and surrendered with it in May, 1865, desires to obtain the address of members of either or both of these batteries, as it is of great importance to him. Address him at No. 115 Bridge Street, Waco, Tex.

B. R. Hargreaves, of Sulphur, Ind. T., seeks to ascertain the fate of his brother, Robert B. Hargreaves, who was a member of Company A, Bushell's 1st Texas Cavalry. This regiment was raised at Point Isabel, at the mouth of the Rio Grande River. Col. Augustus Bushell was killed at the battle of Mansfield.

Mrs. Sallie McCandless, of Meridian, Tex., asks that any who remember William H. Boling, of Homer, La., as a Confederate soldier will kindly write her the facts that he may be enabled to get a pension. He is an invalid confined to his bed, with only his old wife to do anything for him.

U. C. V. CAMP MEMBERSHIPS, SUMMARY BY STATES.—The aggregate membership by Camps is as follows: Texas, 316 chartered, 15 dormant; Georgia, 146 chartered, 2 dormant; Alabama, 125 chartered, 13 dormant; South Carolina, 140 chartered, 36 dormant; Mississippi, 102 chartered, 7 dormant; Arkansas, 100 chartered, 7 dormant; Tennessee, 90 chartered, 1 dormant; North Carolina, 79 chartered, 2 dormant; Kentucky, 73 chartered, 4 dormant; Missouri, 80 chartered, 11 dormant; Louisiana, 69 chartered, 1 dormant; Virginia, 67 chartered; Indian Territory, 47 chartered; Florida, 49 chartered, 6 dormant; Oklahoma, 26 chartered, 1 dormant; West Virginia, 24 chartered; Northwest, 15 chartered; Pacific, 15 chartered, 1 dormant; Maryland, 13 chartered, 1 dormant; District of Columbia, 2 chartered; Illinois, 2 chartered; Indiana, 1 chartered; Ohio, 1 chartered; Massachusetts, 1 chartered, 1 dormant. Total, 1,583 chartered, 109 dormant, leaving 1,474 considered active.

FATE OF LIEUT. GEORGE WAGGONER.—Capt. W. P. Tolley, writing from Fayetteville, Tenn., responds to the editorial inquiry concerning Lieut. Waggoner, whom Gov. Porter, in his tribute to Gen. Bushrod Johnson, stated "went alone through a storm of fire and pulled down a white flag which a small, isolated body of our men had raised, receiving a wound in the act." Capt. Tolley relates that Lieut. George Waggoner was born and reared in Lincoln County, Tenn., enlisted in the 17th Tennessee Regiment (Col. T. W. Newman), and was conspicuous as one of the best soldiers in Bushrod Johnson's old brigade. There are, Capt. Tolley states, quite a number of incidents in his career equally as thrilling as that related by Gov. Porter, that he was recklessly brave on many occasions, and was lauded enthusiastically by his comrades. He further relates, in answer more directly, that Lieut. Waggoner was detailed during the winter of 1864-65 to go into North Alabama for recruits, and that he had succeeded well when there arose a contention between him and Robert B. Blackwell—called by the title of major—known as a bushwhacker and who had with him reckless men, and Lieut. Waggoner was killed by the party. "Bob" Blackwell was a noted character in the enemy's lines. If he had carried any flag on certain occasions, it should have been black. After the war, he moved with his family to Texas and lived in Parker County. One day, a few years after going there, he was riding alone on horseback near Weatherford, when he was shot from ambush through the back and instantly killed.

COMRADES FROZE TO DEATH—WHO WERE THEY?

Maj. John H. Leathers and Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., are to remove the remains of six Confederate soldiers that were buried in Jeffersonville, Ind., in 1863. These soldiers were frozen to death in cars, and their bodies were removed from the cars at Jeffersonville and buried in Eastern Cemetery in that city. All trace of them has been lost, and their names are unknown, but Maj. Leathers and Gen. Young are arranging to remove the remains and inter them in the Confederate lot at Cave Hill.

If anybody knows the names or anything of these comrades, they are requested to communicate them either to Maj. Leathers or Gen. Young at Louisville, Ky.

An appropriate memorial stone will be placed over the grave at Louisville. All trace of these graves was lost for quite a while, but they have recently been discovered, and the remains will be removed as soon as practicable.

STATE OF GEORGIA TO HER VETERANS.

A recent letter from Capt. R. E. Park, Treasurer of Georgia, states: "I am engaged in the pleasant task of paying Confederate pensioners. We will pay over the treasury counter to-day, Wednesday, five hundred and thirty-three pensioners \$60 each, and to-morrow I will pay one hundred and ninety-four soldiers who were disabled by wounds or diseases different amounts, from \$5 for the loss of a finger to \$100 for the loss of an arm or a leg. These last are a pathetic sight to me. Friday I will pay three hundred and fifty-four of the dear old ladies, classified under two heads: the indigent widows of Confederate soldiers, and the other the widows of soldiers who were killed during the war or have died since as a result of wounds received or diseases contracted during the war. Georgia will pay this year \$890,000 to the pensioners in her one hundred and forty-five counties. I cannot tell you how much real pleasure I experience in handing to these noble men and women of the Confederacy the annual tribute which Georgia pays to them. I wish that it could be a much larger amount. They are passing away so rapidly that I think in a very few years every Confederate soldier will be placed upon the list as deserving a pension on account of the service rendered to the Confederate States and without regard to his physical condition or his unfortunate indigence."

In the article on "Hard Fighting of 4th Texas" in the *VETERAN* for January, page 22, an omission was made in the name of the battle of which the author, Maj. J. T. Hunter, writes especially, which was Chickamauga.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

Mrs. Martha S. Gielow, President General of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, sends a message to Presidents of Chapters United Daughters of the Confederacy, to Commanders of Confederate Veteran Camps and Camps of Sons of Veterans, and to all other organized bodies of Southern men, women, and children, and to all friends in the United States. From "the message" are the following points:

"The Southern Industrial Educational Association has been organized and incorporated to promote industrial and practical education for white children throughout the South, to establish mission schools for the destitute whites in the mountain districts, and to help such schools already struggling. Grant us your combined and earnest cooperation to the cause of humanity and to the welfare of the future of the South. It is well that we have built monuments to our noble dead; it is well that we have made efforts to secure correct historical records; it is well that we have organized to take care of our helpless veterans and to lay flowers on those at rest. But as great a mission—aye! a greater one—yet awaits us; a greater monument than one of stone and granite yet to be built is the memorial work of the women and men of the South—the memorial of education to our uneducated whites. Monuments and historical records will be but a reproach to us as long as statistics show the appalling per cent of native-born illiterate whites in our Southern States. In Alabama we have, by the latest census, fourteen per cent of illiterate native-born whites above ten years of age. In North Carolina we have nineteen per cent; in Louisiana, seventeen per cent; South Carolina, thirteen per cent; and a far greater per cent than any of these in Tennessee and Kentucky mountain districts. Compare this with Massachusetts, New York, New Hampshire, Michigan, Iowa, and other States, where the per cent of illiterate native-born whites over ten years of age is

only *one* per cent. For years I have felt and known that the South was not only in need of educational institutions for its illiterates, but that if the Southern people did not soon realize the necessity for educating them a great cloud of ignorance, with its accompanying vices and depravities, will become a menace to her welfare.

"What is being done in this direction? With the exception of a struggling school here and there, a mere drop in this great ocean of necessity, the impoverished whites have had no opportunities, and even in the districts where there are public schools they are in many instances too poor to spare their children from minding babies and working patches to attend these schools. It would be impossible to force a hungry child to school half clothed and unshod. I have long studied the subject, have often spoken for it; but it is only now that I have found it possible to take the leadership of such mission. I have begun to realize that a great responsibility is resting upon us as the daughters and sons of the South.

"*What good will monuments to our ancestors be if our Southland is to become the land of educated blacks and uneducated whites?* A condition not at all improbable when we compare what is being done for the blacks, with millions from the philanthropists of the North to aid them and millions from taxation of the South for their public schools! But we are helpless without money, without organized effort, and our cause is hopeless if we rely upon time and events to adjust these conditions. And so, knowing the hearts of our Southern people and that with them it is 'do or die' when they work for a cause sacred to them, we come to ask you to help us lift the stigma of illiteracy from our fair land. There are nine hundred Chapters U. D. C., with a membership of forty-five thousand, and we desire to have every Chapter become an auxiliary to our Southern Industrial Educational Association. We desire that each Chapter become an auxiliary association and pledge an annual amount to the mother association, the amount to be decided by them according to membership and means of each Chapter. Then after each Chapter becomes an auxiliary association their State Division may become a State association, to take up the cause of the illiterate whites in their own State, establishing industrial mission schools in the needed districts which would be aided by the mother association. The work of the auxiliaries does not end with their annual pledge to the mother association. They are to appoint their own committees on this educational work. Think what we can do to rescue the children of from ten to twelve years old in another decade through these industrial missions! Then these missions may become industrial homes, agricultural schools, and Chautauqua centers for those who have never yet seen even a decent room to live in.

"Let the Daughters and Veterans help to build these living monuments not only as a memorial of love to the South but as a *duty*. In what better way could the Veterans build a monument to our women? What a monument such an institution would be if they would concentrate on one great industrial school for Southern girls and boys! Such a school, established by them and dedicated to the women of the South, would live throughout eternity.

"I spoke of this work to Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, of New York City, a woman of prominence and wealth and the founder of that vast system of day nurseries in New York, and asked her if she would not help me. 'The South must do its part first,' she replied. 'Your idea of the Daughters of the Confederacy becoming auxiliaries to your association

is a great one.' There are within a hundred miles of the capital of our own country white people who have never heard of the gospel of Christ and have never seen a Bible, and are in a state of ignorance and destitution worse than that of the heathen abroad, people who are not bad except through ignorance and the lack of the knowledge of civilization and Christianity. Some of them live in the most wretched of hovels, whole families in one room—old, young, married, and single—their food white salt meat, generally kept on the dirt or rough puncheon floor, and meal, in many instances poulticed with a pestle. Not a tin basin nor a comb to be seen, their clothes being in some instances hags pinned about them with thorns. This is no overdrawn picture, and I could tell you of conditions which I have seen that would make you weep. These people are white, of the pure Anglo-Saxon race.

"I beg you, Madame President and Sir Commander, to read this message before your respective Chapter or Camp, that you take action thereon, and send your earnest reply. Become an auxiliary, and send us your pledge per annum.

"After my address on the necessity of this work before the Division of the District of Columbia, that Division came in as a body, the first *Division auxiliary*, pledging ten dollars annually to the association. The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Washington, D. C., put itself on record also as the first Chapter to become an auxiliary, pledging ten dollars yearly to the association. The Bate Chapter, of Nashville, Tenn., becomes an auxiliary, pledging also ten dollars annually. The Knoxville, Tenn., Chapter becomes an auxiliary, their pledge being twenty-five dollars annually. The Children of the Confederacy, of New York, is the first children's auxiliary, their precious pledge being ten dollars annually.

"We want every *Division* to concentrate its efforts to secure and maintain an industrial mission in their respective States. The annual pledges to the mother association will give each auxiliary the right to call for aid when needed.

"Wherever I have spoken the Daughters were most enthusiastic, and many became individual members of our association, paying one dollar for membership, while others became members for life, paying ten dollars for the same, regardless of their Chapters coming in as a body. In Richmond, Nashville, Knoxville, and Washington I have delivered my message in person, and I am ready to do so whenever it is possible.

"The day is far spent, and we must be up and doing. Where there is one such struggling mission now there is need of many more. Miss Will Allen Dringcole, who has lived to a great extent among the mountain people of whom she writes, was enthusiastic in hearing of this movement. She said there were *great possibilities* in these people if education and enlightenment could penetrate the darkness of their present condition and show them how to *work*.

"All money sent will be deposited in the American National Bank, Washington, D. C., of which our Treasurer, Mr. Robert N. Harper, is President.

"All communications in reply to this message can be addressed to the Recording Secretary, Prof. W. J. Spillman, care the Mount Pleasant, Washington, D. C., who will reply and receipt for all donations."

The trustees of the association are: Rev. Dr. Randolph, H. McKim, Rev. Dr. Wilber L. Davidson, Judge Seth Shepard, Prof. W. J. Spillman, Dr. Monte Griffith, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, Mrs. J. Lowrie Bell, Mr. Charles C. Lancaster, Counselor—all of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Gielow is of Alabama and widely known in the South.

TENNESSEE MONUMENTS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY CAPT. W. W. CARNES, OF CARNES'S BATTERY, TAMPA, FLA.

A Tennessee Confederate, at his present home in South Florida, has been reading to-night for the third time Dr. Wyeth's "Life of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest." The accounts therein of the doings of some of the Federal Tennessee cavalry and Gen. Forrest's well-known opinion of said Federal Tennesseans cause my aging blood to stir with indignation as I recall the fact that a considerable portion of the money appropriated by the Legislature of Tennessee for monuments to our own soldiers at Chickamauga was invested in a monument to the Federal Tennessee cavalry in Gen. Rosecrans's army. That was the only incident following or connected with the Confederate war which excited in me a sorrowful resentment which time has not effaced. I know that the facts were never generally known in Tennessee, and ask you to publish the record in the case.

I was then a citizen of Memphis and the Chairman of the "Tennessee Commissioners for Chickamauga National Military Park," and the action of said Commission, of which I now write, caused my withdrawal from the Commissioners for Tennessee. I will here give a copy of my protesting communication addressed to the members of the Commission who attended the meeting which voted the appropriation to which I made objection, as all the particulars are therein shown:

LETTER FROM CAPT. CARNES TO THE COMMISSION.

MEMPHIS, TENN., SEPT. 14, 1895.

Dear Sirs: After some preliminary correspondence in relation to the time suggested for a meeting of the Tennessee Commissioners for Chickamauga National Military Park, as Chairman of said Commission I sent out notice through the Secretary, calling them to meet at Nashville on the 23d of July to consider what action should be taken as to making use of the appropriation of ten thousand dollars made by the State Legislature. I was prevented from attending said meeting by the death of a member of my family, buried the day the meeting was held. Of this fact I notified the Secretary, so that my associates on the Commission might be informed that I was not willingly absent, and in a letter to the Secretary I gave the views I should have expressed if able to be present.

I was informed of the action of the Commissioners assembled at Nashville through a notice of said meeting published in a Nashville paper, and I at once wrote to the Secretary protesting against the proposed appropriation of one-fourth the amount to be expended for a monument to Tennessee Federal troops, of which I knew only two commands were connected with Rosecrans's army, and neither of those commands was at any time engaged on the ground embraced within the battlefield.

Through advertisement-made in newspapers for bids on proposed monuments I learned that the meeting in Nashville had been adjourned to meet in Chattanooga on September 3 to receive said bids. I wrote to the Secretary at Nashville, to whom I had given notice that I could not attend the meeting during the first week nor the last week in any month, suggesting the propriety of postponing the meeting at Chattanooga. My suggestion was based not solely on my inability to attend at the early date named in the month, but because I had ascertained that no member from West Tennessee could attend at that time; and as there would be a greater probability of securing a full attendance at the time of the meeting of the State Association of Confederate Soldiers at Columbia on September 11 by having our Commission to meet

at that date, I urged a postponement of eight days to secure that end.

On August 31 I received from Secretary Hickman a letter saying that advertisement had been made that bids for monuments would be received and considered at Chattanooga on September 3, and bidders were expected there from a number of places over the country. I wrote urging the advisability of the postponement for reasons given, and advising that bidders could be at once notified of the change, so that they would not go to Chattanooga. To make sure of having time for said notices to be given, I wired Secretary Hickman officially as follows from Memphis August 31, 1895: "As several members of the Chickamauga Commission cannot attend the Chattanooga meeting, I think it advisable to postpone the meeting to Columbia on the 11th. Mail notice will reach members, and wiring bidders of postponement will cost less than another meeting to secure full attendance, which is very desirable."

In reply I received the following message: "Will meet in Chattanooga on the 3d, receive bids, and insist on adjournment to 11th."

On the same day Morriss Bros., of this city, called on me with four handsome designs to go before the Commission. They told me they did not submit their figures as to cost with the plans, as they understood that the meeting at Chattanooga was to consider only the appropriateness of the designs submitted at that time, the cost to be within the limit.

That the meeting at Chattanooga should receive the plans, as advertised for, and adjourn for final action at Columbia, eight days later, as urged by me, for what I thought sound business reasons, seemed to present so equitable and easy a solution of the matter that I gave myself no further concern about it. I had previously written to the Secretary that the publication of the proposed division of the appropriation had stirred up a very strong spirit of opposition among Confederate Veterans in Memphis, and I had been urged, and made promise, to combat it at the meeting of the Commissioners.

I cannot well express the degree of surprise and chagrin I experienced when I received from the Secretary a report of the proceedings of the meeting at Chattanooga, from which I learned not only that my proposition for adjournment to Columbia was ignored, but that the Commissioners assembled there had gone beyond the programme laid out at the former meeting, from which the Chattanooga meeting was adjourned, and had made selection and closed a contract without even having figures as to cost from all the bidders. I was unable to understand, and cannot yet understand, why any necessity should have existed for this hurrying through of the work of the Commission, when the proposed adjournment to the 11th would cause a delay of but eight days and enable us to consult with the body of men we are supposed to represent. As most of the members present at said meeting were my personal friends, I was loath to accept the conclusion, which the circumstances seem to force upon me, that their action was designed to cut me out of their deliberations and avoid the opposition of which notice had been given as coming from this end of the State. I have no wish to refer further to my personal position in the premises but to say that a minority is entitled at least to an opportunity to be heard, and the injustice of overriding the rights of the minority has received no stronger condemnation from any source than from Southern men, who, as we know, counted it even a justification for war.

I did not doubt, nor do I now doubt, that if I could have

personally presented to the State Commissioners for Chickamauga the facts I had taken care to secure a majority would not have voted for the proposition made as to the distribution of the monument fund. It was, and is, my belief that some of them gave their consent to a plan proposed without a full knowledge of the facts I would have been able to place before them.

According to notice given to the Secretary, I did present those facts to the representatives of the Tennessee Confederate soldiers assembled in annual convention at the meeting in Columbia on the date to which I had asked an adjournment. Full opportunity was given for argument on the other side by Capt. M. H. Clift, who (not being a member of the Association) was allowed the courtesy of the floor for that purpose; and when all had been said, the Association by a practically unanimous vote justified my position in the premises.

Have I not reason to believe that the showing which induced every voter in the State Association, except two, to sustain me in my position might have been expected to influence the Commissioners if they had given me an opportunity to present the same to them at a meeting only eight days from the one at which they cut me off from a hearing?

The arguments I made at Columbia before the State Association I now take this means of laying before you for your careful consideration.

There were fifty-six organizations of Tennessee Confederate troops (infantry, cavalry, and artillery) actually engaged in the battle of Chickamauga. There were but two Federal Tennessee commands (the 1st and 2d East Tennessee Cavalry) connected with Gen. Rosecrans's army. The proposed appropriation for four monuments of equal cost and style, one each to the three branches of the Confederate troops and one to the Tennessee Federal troops (counting them as all engaged and of equal honor on that field), would give for one thousand dollars to a Tennessee Federal command but a fraction over one hundred and seven dollars to each Confederate command. This is giving the Tennessee Federals a valuation of about ten to one over our Confederate troops in such distribution, and I am not prepared to acquiesce in such an arrangement, nor do I believe any one of our Commissioners would, understandingly, make such invidious distinction. These figures show the injustice of the proposed distribution of the appropriation even on the supposition that all the commands, Confederate and Federal, stood on an equal footing as to participation in the battle.

But, as a matter of fact, the two Federal Tennessee regiments were not in that battle. At the meeting of the Commissioners for organization in Nashville Gen. Thruston, being present, stated that he appreciated the compliment of the appointment by the Governor of himself and his colleague representing the Federal soldiers in Tennessee; but he recognized the fact that the work of this Commission must be in the hands of the Confederate members, for as there were but two Federal Tennessee commands in Rosecrans's army and they not in the battle, so far as he knew, the Confederates on the Commission would represent those whose performance on that field was to be commemorated. I do not pretend to quote his words, but give the substance of his remarks before the Commission, and I refer to the same now as showing that at that early date in our work we had notice from their own representative in our body that the Tennessee Federal regiments were not in the battle.

But I did not rest on such information. I have carefully

gone over the official records which were placed in my possession as Chairman of the Tennessee Commission. The 1st (Federal) Tennessee Cavalry, under Lieut. Col. James P. Brownlow, was attached to the 1st Brigade, Col. Campbell commanding; and the 2d East Tennessee Cavalry was attached to the 2d Brigade, commanded by Col. D. M. Ray, colonel of said regiment; and these two brigades formed the 1st Division of Cavalry, commanded by Col. Edward M. McCook. The reports of these officers are printed in the official "War Records," Series 1, Volume XXX, Part 1, "Reports." It may be seen from the reports of the commanding officers of these regiments above named that they took no part in the battle. They were along the upper fords of the Chickamauga and in the vicinity of Crawfish Spring, and were never on the Chickamauga battlefield either on the 19th or 20th of September. The 1st Regiment (Brownlow's) was not engaged at all. The 2d Regiment (Ray's) was with the 2d Brigade in a small fight over a supply train near Stevens's Gap on the 19th; but the fighting was done by the Wisconsin and Indiana Regiments of that brigade, and the 2d Tennessee was not engaged at all. Their brigade had a skirmish two days later, of which particulars are not given; but the extent of fighting service performed by this regiment is indicated by the fact that they lost one killed and two wounded during the entire campaign, while the 1st Tennessee (Brownlow's) had no loss at all. The official reports show that neither of these regiments of Tennessee Federals bore any active part in the fighting of the 19th and 20th of September, and that neither of them ever set foot of man or horse on those dates on the battlefield marked out by the United States Commissioners for Chickamauga. It therefore seems entirely outside the scope and purpose of the Tennessee Commission for that battlefield to undertake the erection of any monument for men who bore no part in the battle.

The action taken by the Commissioners, according to information received by me through newspaper report of their proceedings, provided that the monument is to be erected to the Tennessee Federal troops *engaged in that battle*; and, the above showing being true, their appropriation of one-fourth the amount to be expended to a monument to Tennessee Federals must be set aside for want of a basis for the erection of such a monument.

It has been further pointed out that the act of the Legislature plainly names fifty-six Tennessee organizations, engaged in the battle of Chickamauga whose acts of valor are to be commemorated by the expenditure of the sum appropriated, and those fifty-six organizations exactly correspond with the Confederate troops that were so engaged. I did not make this point in my presentation of the matter to the Confederate Association at Columbia; but on a reading of the act, which was called for, the point was made and very clearly argued by Gen. W. H. Jackson and others, who insisted that the funds could not be diverted from the fifty-six organizations so named.

I brought this question before the State Association of Confederate Veterans at Columbia because I believed the members of the State Commission were appointed by the Governor of the State as representatives of the Confederate soldiers of the State, for whom the State Association, composed of representative delegates duly chosen, is the highest authority from which to ask instruction in a matter of this kind. I should have preferred to first make my showing before the assembled Commissioners, but I was cut off from this privilege by their action taken at Chattanooga. I am

aware that the action of the State Association in giving expression to its views in the matter will not control the action of the Commissioners, except by their own consent based upon a change of views on the showing there made and herein presented for their consideration.

I am sending out this paper in the hope that it may serve to change the views of members of the State Commission, who, in their disposition to be generous, agreed to more than they would have done had all the facts been clearly before them. I have a sincere desire to see the work of the Tennessee Commission carried on without any contention. To that end I have deterred others from taking legal steps to contest the recent action of the Commissioners; and if that action is to stand, as was intimated by one member, in the face of all that has been shown, it is my purpose to withdraw and leave the others to carry out their programme without that opposition on my part which my ideas of duty, justice, and propriety would prompt me to make while bearing the responsibility of a member of the Commission. The expressed wishes of the Confederate Veterans of the State would control my actions in the premises. I not only believe that other members of the Commission will be disposed to regard such expressed wishes, but I can hardly doubt that what I have herein shown will present the matter to them in a light in which they have not heretofore considered it.

It has been said to me by one of our members that it is *policy* to do this thing because we want the help of Republican members of the Legislature for future use. Shall right and justice be violated for policy? The great Henry Clay, when he received a suggestion that his political prospects would be advanced by *policy*, replied, "I'd rather be right than President," and these words will live a monument to his integrity when other men in high station who have been governed by policy shall be forgotten. If policy and not principle had controlled the South in 1861, there would have been no war, and we would now be in a condition little short of political slavery instead of having the protection of the principles for which we made a manly fight.

I have no fear that any man of sufficient ability to be sent to our Legislature, whether Republican or Democrat, will fail to understand that no monument is due where there were no soldiers to be represented thereby.

The foregoing communication having been sent to every one of the Tennessee Commissioners for Chickamauga Park who had attended the Chattanooga meeting on September 3, there were but two of them who gave me even the courtesy of a reply. Gov. Turney was outspoken in his approval of my position, but said he had no control of the Commissioners after appointment.

Finding a majority of the Commission determined to hold to the action already taken, I sent my resignation to the Governor, and asked that my name should not be anywhere mentioned as having been connected with the Tennessee Commissioners for Chickamauga Park.

The men who voted the appropriation for this monument to Tennessee Federals never on the battlefield were as good Confederates as lived in the State, and I have never been able to understand their action. From others in West Tennessee I heard the suggestion "politics." As I read of Forrest to-night I thought of what he would probably have said about a proposition to show unmerited honor for any cause to men of whom he had so often expressed a poor opinion.

I have never felt any personal bitterness toward the men

who voted that appropriation and then ignored my protest, backed, as I was, by the vote of the State Confederate Association on a motion made by Dr. Cowan, but I could not help feeling that they had been unjust to me and to the large body of Tennessee Confederates who had expressed their views at the Columbia meeting.

The majority of the State Commission carried out their purpose and had the Federal cavalry monument made of equal style and cost with the three for Tennessee Confederates; but as the act of Congress which created the National Commission for Chickamauga Military Park prescribed that a monument there should be located at a spot where the organization commemorated *did its fighting*, the United States Commissioners were obliged to exclude from the limits of the park the monument provided for those Tennessee Federal regiments which were never on the field, and that monument is now to be found near the railroad at the station outside of the battlefield.

Believing that all the facts should be known for the truth of history, I ask that you will publish this for the information of all Tennessee Confederates and in justice to the writer before his time comes to "pass over the river."

LONG AGO—FAITHFUL SLAVES.

BY ELIZABETH HARRISON, FAUQUIER, VA.

W'en ole mar's die, 'twas long ago;
De groun' hit was kivered white snow,
An' ole mis' and de little boys lef' alone.
But wuz no one livin' to keer fur dem
But me an' Lizy an' crazy Lem,
An' mis' jest set an' mo'n.

But Lem an' me plow de gyarden deep
An' plant de co'n an' keer fur de sheep;
De little boys play in de sun an' sing;
Lizy she cooks an' cleans an' sews,
While de gyarden grows an' blooms lak rose;
Ole mis' she look at her weddin' ring.

Many a day done gone since den,
De boys is grow' to fine young men;
Dar's many a sheep bofe far an' near,
An' me an' Lizy an' crazy Lem
Des knows we done it fur luv of dem,
Ole mis' an' de little boys dear.

"THE OLD SOUTH."—Hon. Tully Brown, of Nashville, Tenn., an exacting critic, has written the author of "The Old South" in regard to the little book, the pages of which he states "are all too few," and concludes: "The beautiful short story you tell is as true as it is beautiful, and the like of it never was before and will never adorn the earth again. Our struggle was not in vain, and the earth will be made better for the great exemplars we gave to posterity. To hold Lee up so all the world could see him is itself worth all the cost we paid, even defeat. I thank you very much for the privilege of reading your beautiful, eloquent story of the Old South."

Chancellor W. S. Bearden, of Shelbyville, Tenn., writes of it: "I read the book on Thursday night with much pleasure, and I read it again on Friday night. Saturday I loaned it to Brother Broyles, who read and returned it the same day, and I loaned it again; so it is going the rounds among the sons of the Old South."

COMMANDER OF THE CALIFORNIA BRIGADE.

In the years succeeding our great civil conflict many ex-Confederates moved westward and settled in California. They were scattered over a wide area, and for a long period no efforts were made in the direction of organization. This was not due to any want of pride in the cause they had served or lack of any spirit of comradeship. With the building of railroads, bringing the sections and communities of the State into closer relationship, the ex-Confederates of California got together and organized Camps that have contributed their full share to the noble work so successfully carried forward by our lamented Gordon and his collaborators.

In San Diego the desirability of becoming a part of the active workers in the cause was discussed for several years before anything was really effected. In 1898 Maj. Hugh G. Gwyn infused the movement with vigor, brought the several elements together, and organized a Camp which was named in honor of his former commander, Gen. John H. Morgan, the dashing cavalry chieftain of the Confederacy. Col. John C. Moore, formerly of the 6th Alabama Cavalry, was chosen Commander, with W. T. Baltimore as Adjutant, and the Camp was chartered as No. 1198. This Camp took up beneficent work in a spirit and with an energy deserving commendation.

Among the many who have wended to this land of promise in the hope of restoring broken health has been a fair proportion of Confederate veterans. Most of them were as poor in purse as they were broken in health and spirit; some laid down their burden of life where they had hoped to find a new lease of it, but they found kind hearts and gentle hands to minister to them while living and to take honorable care of their bodies when dead. Maj. Gwyn and his comrades of John H. Morgan Camp, along with the ladies of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., have tenderly cared for every needy Southern veteran.

The John H. Morgan Camp and Stonewall Jackson Chapter accepted the care of worn and needy veterans as a duty, and faithfully have they performed their duty to those who were stranded here moneyless and friendless. In Mount Hope Cemetery there are fifteen or sixteen graves, each marked with a stone four feet in height and bearing across the beveled top the inscription, "Confederate Veteran," while across the face of the stone the name and a brief record of the sleeping soldier are recorded. Despite the ravages of time, wounds, and disease, that hope which "springs eternal in the human breast" animated them to struggle on while they had any strength. No hand of cold and indifferent charity ever humiliated their proud hearts; they were lovingly tended in sickness and buried in honor when dead by sympathizing comrades and noble Southern women.

As the graves were scattered, the idea of securing a large plot in "Mount Hope" occurred to Maj. Gwyn, and at his suggestion comrades and the ladies of Stonewall Jackson Chapter acted promptly. The ground was purchased (though not yet entirely paid for), and it is safe to predict that a Confederate monument will be erected and the scattered dead will be gathered as indicated.

For a period the condition of the Confederate Veterans' organization in Southern California was deplorable. It is significant of the esteem in which Maj. Gwyn is held that in this dilemma he was unanimously chosen as the one man who could restore harmony, comradeship, and prosperity. At an election held in Los Angeles last September Maj. Gwyn was chosen Brigade Commander. In formally declaring his elec-

tion Gen. Cabell, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, added to his order: "The Lieutenant General congratulates the California Brigade on the election of so gallant a soldier, and hopes that every true Confederate will aid and assist him in the discharge of his duty and that the spirit of brotherly love will prevail in the future."

Maj. Gwyn accepted at once and formed his staff by the appointment of T. W. T. Richards, of Sam Davis Camp, No. 1280, Los Angeles, Adjutant General, and William R. Gunnis, of John H. Morgan Camp, No. 1198, San Diego, Inspector General.

Maj. Gwyn's address of acceptance is so characteristic of the man, is so imbued with his modesty and sincerity, that it will be read with interest by every ex-Confederate. Extracts are as follows: "In assuming command I desire to thank its members for the honor they have conferred upon me. It is but just to say that I have not sought this honor in any manner, and, while I feel a sense of pride in the confidence reposed in me by my comrades of the brigade, I would, if I could consistently, avoid the oftentimes unthankful duties attached to the office. Under the conditions of your choice I want to assure my comrades of the brigade that during my administration I shall do all in my power to promote the good of our organization and to foster among its members a feeling of comradeship and affection. I desire to express the hope that in these efforts I may receive the cordial and hearty cooperation and support of every member of the brigade. Our sacrifices and suffering in the past surely entitle us to peace and harmony in our declining years."

Maj. Gwyn served in the Confederate army from the beginning of the war until the end. He was adjutant of the 23d Tennessee Infantry, in the brigade of that gallant soldier, Gen. Pat Cleburne, until after the battle of Shiloh,



MAJ. HUGH G. GWYN.

when the regiment was transferred to the brigade of Gen. Bushrod Johnson. When Gen. John H. Morgan escaped from the Ohio penitentiary, he procured the services of Maj. Gwyn to aid him in reorganizing his command. Gen. Morgan visited the War Department in Richmond and personally requested Secretary Seddon to assign Maj. Gwyn to his command. The Secretary complied, and Maj. Gwyn served on Morgan's staff until the latter was killed, on September 4, 1864. Gen. Basil W. Duke, who succeeded Gen. Morgan, retained Maj. Gwyn as his inspector general, and he served on Duke's staff until the Bonnie Blue flag was furled forever. At the end of the war Maj. Gwyn turned his natural energy to the arts of peace, and he has made as good a citizen as he was a soldier.

The foregoing data is from Fergus P. Ferris, formerly of Company F, 2d Kentucky (Duke's) Regiment, Morgan's Cavalry, C. S. A.

FAITHFUL SERVICE OF THE INDIANS.

BY J. N. HAYS, ADJT. 2D INDIAN BRIGADE, BECKVILLE, TEX.

I am an ex-Confederate soldier, born at Liberty, DeKalb County, Tenn., July 5, 1838. I was carried by my parents to Holly Springs, Miss., in 1840, and at the age of eighteen went with them to Panola County, Tex. From there I went to Carthage with the first company from this county for the Confederate service under Capt. S. Holland, and was present when Fort Washito, Choctaw Nation, with its immense quartermaster and commissary stores, was turned over to Capt. Holland. We then met with our lamented Douglas H. Cooper, who was agent for the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Creek, Seminole, Big and Little Osage, and Tonkawan Indians. He organized, in April, 1861, the first Choctaw and Chickasaw regiment, and was made colonel by our War Department, our company of white troops being styled Company C, 1st Choctaw and Chickasaw Regiment, C. S. A. From then on nearly every Indian in the Territory without persuasion or force came forward and enlisted in the glorious cause to which we had taken the oath of allegiance.

I read in the VETERAN an article by a Mississippian as to the faithfulness and firmness of the Mississippi Choctaws, and would have the old Confederates know that no better soldiers ever shouldered muskets than the 1st Choctaw and Chickasaw Regiment, including the other tribes which in 1862 composed the 1st Indian Brigade, commanded by Brig. Gen. D. H. Cooper and who commanded the Indian Division in 1863-65. I have never heard of a Choctaw or Chickasaw Indian forsaking his company, country, or cause, or ever intimating that the cause of the Confederacy was not altogether right. In the battles in the Territory, Arkansas, and Missouri the Indians charged the enemy every time an opportunity was furnished them. They were always kind and courteous to their white comrades in arms. I had the honor of being the only full-blood white man in the 2d Indian Brigade, commanded by that other grand old Choctaw, Brig. Gen. Tandy Walker. I was assigned to Walker's Brigade by Gen. Cooper in March, 1863, as its adjutant from the position of regimental adjutant; hence my being with the Indians so long, and I therefore had exceptional opportunities for properly judging them in camp and on the battlefield.

About four hundred of the Creek Indians espoused the Union cause in the beginning of the war, and remained so until the close, in 1865. They were commanded by Chief Noopothabola. The main cause of the split in that nation was because the old chief disliked to join in any enterprise

with the grand old Creek, Col. Chitty McIntosh. He and all of his family were intensely Southern. Brig. Gen. Stand Watie commanded the Cherokees during the entire war, and was a noble, brave, and true Confederate.

My old company, C, has but twenty-two members living, and we meet in reunion in this county on the third Tuesday in July of every year, and will until only two are left to answer to roll call. There were enlisted in this company during the war, rank and file, one hundred and seventy-six men, all volunteers for the war. Our next reunion will be held at this place, and, knowing the Chocks and Chicks as I do, would be proud to have many of them with us.

GUNPOWDER FOR THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

No other feature of supplies for the Confederate army was quite so efficient yet so uncertain perhaps as that of the manufacture of gunpowder. Thousands of people who have visited Mammoth Cave in Kentucky have seen evidences of how saltpeter was procured. Of course that did not last long, as the Federals possessed that country early in the war. But Dr. G. W. F. Price, who established the Nashville College for Young Ladies some twenty years ago, was engaged in that service, and he sought the cooperation of fellow-officers to procure a comprehensive report for the VETERAN in its early history; but death claimed the noble patriot and devoted Christian before he accomplished it. There are few, if any, now living who could supply the information.

William L. Marrs, a laborer in that work, sent a few years ago some data on the subject, but it was held over in the hope of a better report. Mr. Marrs was in the Trans-Mississippi Department. He was in an Arkansas command and enlisted in the Indian Territory when detailed to work in a saltpeter mine on Cane Creek, in Carroll County, Ark. They next procured saltpeter from the "Cistle" Cave, on Buffalo River, Arkansas. The men carried this dirt four hundred yards in sacks. Soon the Federals drove them away, capturing many of the laborers. Lieut. Kincaid had charge of the work. None of these efforts, according to Mr. Marrs, were very successful except at New Braunfels, near Austin, Tex., and at Rio Frio. At the latter place there was a good supply of saltpeter, and it was carried from the cars on burros in rawhide baskets, and about six hundred pounds were procured daily for about two years, until the final surrender.

According to Mr. Marrs, the Confederate way of manufacturing saltpeter was as follows: A cave was found that contained bat guano; then logs were cut eight feet long, were split open, and troughs made of them. Logs were built into a pen about four feet high with a log floor, boards were split open, and the cracks in the floor and sides stopped with them to retain the dirt. Large log heaps were burned into ashes, and those pens were filled with a mixture of the bat guano from the cave and the ashes from the log heaps in the proportion of two portions of dirt, or guano, and one of ashes; then water was poured into the pens to leach the dirt and ashes, like old-fashioned lye for soap-making. Then large vats or kettles were used. This lye, or ooze, was boiled until it became of a muddy thickness, when it was dipped off and placed in wooden vats to settle. When settled, it was dipped off carefully and put back into vats and boiled until it became "muddy" again; then it was dipped out into vats to cool. When it began to cool, the saltpeter formed and was ready to take out. Then it was placed in a small hopper like an old-fashioned ash hopper and two or three buckets of water poured

on it to wash out the lye. The hopper was open at the bottom, so the water could run out. The saltpeter was sacked and stored. We hauled this saltpeter to San Antonio, and it was sent from there to the powder mill near Galveston. To manufacture powder it takes half a pound of saltpeter, one-fourth pound of sulphur, and one-fourth pound of charcoal to make one pound of powder. Put all in a mortar and beat it up together and pour in water until it is thick dough, then grain and glaze, and you have Confederate powder.

Mr. Marrs says the powder was manufactured "to perforate blue uniforms."

VARIOUS SMALL FIGHTS IN MISSOURI.

BY R. B. COLEMAN, M'ALESTER, IND. T.

[Comrade Coleman, of Company F, 1st Missouri Cavalry, has been for years an active veteran in the Territory as one of the Commanders of the Division, U. C. V.]

Many write of the great battles of the War between the States, and most of them seem to ignore the small skirmishes, a great many of which developed as much personal courage and cool bravery as was shown in the great battles. To write complete history, we should not overlook the small details. I write now of one of our small skirmishes had on the last raid made into Missouri by Gen. Sterling Price:

We broke camp at Crooley's Ridge, on the line of Missouri and Arkansas, and marched up the Iron Mountain railroad, fought at Fredericktown, Ironton, and the Gasconade, near Jefferson City. Here the gallant Col. Shanks was killed, and one of Company F's most gallant privates mortally wounded, brave, noble Henry Wall, son of B. F. Wall, of Wall's Store, Johnson County, Mo. We housed the enemy in Jefferson City, but found they were too well-fortified for a cavalry force to dislodge. Our brigade (Shelby's) then marched westwardly to Sedalia, and engaged Col. Phillips, of the 8th Missouri Militia. After a short sharp fight, he surrendered and delivered to Gen. Jeff Thompson his gold-mounted sword and pistols. Little Dock Snelling, of our company, climbed to the top of the courthouse and took down the flag and wrapped it around him and rode out of town with it as a scarf. Our brigade then moved in the direction of the Missouri River, and a great many of the boys who lived west of Sedalia went by home on a visit. We had a fine time with the girls.

About the 1st of October we began to assemble on Honey Creek, about ten miles from Clinton, Mo. Capt. Golden W. Wasson, of Company K, of our regiment, the gallant old 1st Missouri Cavalry (Gordon's), and Capt. Quarles, of Gen. Price's Escort, took command of the stragglers as they collected. About the 10th of October we started to Clinton, about ten miles away, to engage Capt. Bill Weaver, a militia captain who was holding the town, being fortified in the courthouse with about two hundred militia. Our force consisted of about one hundred and fifty men with mostly shotguns, and we were compelled to have commissaries from the mill at Clinton, which was situated on the outskirts of the town and picketed by three Yanks. About nine o'clock on the morning of the 15th Capt. Quarles, Dan Franklin, Jesse Gatliff, Commodore Fewell, and I drove in the picket at the mill. The three Yanks fired at long range and ran into the town. We then moved around the town to the west and south and formed a line about three sides of the courthouse and advanced simultaneously to within about one hundred yards of it, and held Capt. Weaver housed until we had plenty of flour ground at the mill.

My part of the squad advanced through an apple orchard near a house, and I think every tree had a bee gum by it. We lay near a stone fence and shot at everything that moved around the courthouse from about ten o'clock in the morning until about three in the afternoon. One of our company, Frank Snodgrass, becoming impatient, got on his horse and rode boldly into the courthouse yard and up to the north door and demanded the surrender of the place. The Yankees at once fired a volley at him, wounding him in the knee, the ball passing through the kneecap and the leg and wounding his horse. We had to leave the poor fellow to the mercy of the enemy, who took him to Alton Prison. He was as brave a boy as ever pulled a trigger. We camped that night on Grand River, and had plenty to eat.

Our intention was to march westward and join the main army; but we learned that the army had taken up its march South, so we turned south and went in the direction of Newtonia. We had not marched far when we struck a Federal column and turned to the east. The Federals were after us now from all quarters. We marched all night and two days and a half following. We camped on Horse Creek, and got a little rest for our horses. I got so sleepy in the night that I dismounted, walked along, and went to sleep and lost my horse, and finally fell into a ditch; and when I awoke, I could not find my horse. The rear guard brought him up.

Long before day we moved out of the bottom of Horse Creek very cautiously. The Federals had us almost surrounded. I have learned since from some of them that they thought they had us trapped and were in no hurry to take us until daylight. Sunday morning we moved very rapidly. We had fallen in with five hundred recruits from North Missouri, who were under the command of Lieut. Col. Perkins and unarmed. We were escorting them, Capt. Williams, of Smith's Regiment, as the advance and about sixty of us under Capt. Wasson, of Company K, of Gordon's Regiment, as the rear guard. We were halted about twelve o'clock on the edge of a wood and drawn up in line of battle and exchanged a few shots with twenty or thirty prowlers who were hovering on our trail. We were held there probably an hour for the purpose of replenishing our commissary at a mill (I think Bullard's Mill). We had had no supper, no breakfast, no dinner, and could tell by the movements of the recruits that we would get no supper.

Soon after we started again we passed the mill, and the recruits began to trot up and throw away their heavy bedquits. Our little party in the rear was kept closed up by Capt. Wasson. We had gone about half a mile from the mill when the column quit the road, filing directly to the left through the timber without a road. We knew what this meant. Sergt. Billie Craig, of Company F, and I were the last two file men in the rear guard when we turned out of the road, and we were not farther than twenty steps from it when "Crack! crack!" came from ten or fifteen rifles immediately in our rear, and Billie said: "I am hit." Our squad at once formed and fired at the parties, who fell back out of sight. Billie Craig was shot squarely in the back of the neck, the bullet burying itself in the flesh only sufficiently to stick. He said, "Pull it out;" and I did so and handed it to him.

We moved on a little faster, and the Federals kept attacking us all along until we crossed the road from Newtonia to Springfield. This was the head of a large Yankee force. We formed to try to hold them in check until the recruits could get away, but our little force was like chaff in a storm.

I learned afterwards that there were about ten thousand Federals there. From that time on for about ten miles we would form and give them a volley, then fall back, re-form, and give them another volley, until almost surrounded.

The last we saw of about twenty of our recruits who had lost their horses in the race they were crossing an old field, and we formed about eight hundred yards from where we passed them. The Federals came on and captured and killed them in the field. Here we made the last stand. Capt. Wasson had lost his hat and I gave him mine. I had shot away all the ammunition that I had for my shotgun, and I put it down by a sumac bush. (A man from Washington County, Ark., afterwards picked it up and has it now.) When the enemy had us almost surrounded and we could hold them in check no longer, our ammunition being exhausted, Capt. Wasson ordered us to retreat at will, and we made a general stampede, every man for himself, to make our way South.

COL. HENRY M. ASHBY.

BY JAMES P. COFFIN, BATESVILLE, ARK.

The early spring of 1861 found Henry M. Ashby—for this is the correct name—a guest at the home of his uncle, Col. Daniel F. Cocke, in Knox County, East Tennessee, being at the time but little past his majority. There he joined others in raising the first company of cavalry made up in that county for the Confederate service, and at its organization was elected its captain. This company became part of the 3d Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, and formed, with the company to which the writer belonged, a squadron, which Capt. Ashby commanded. He rendered conspicuously gallant service during the first year of the war; and in May, 1862, when the 3d and 5th Battalions were consolidated to form the 2d Regiment, Tennessee Cavalry, Capt. Ashby was elected its colonel.

This regiment rendered service in East Tennessee and Kentucky (save that it participated in the battle of Murfrees-

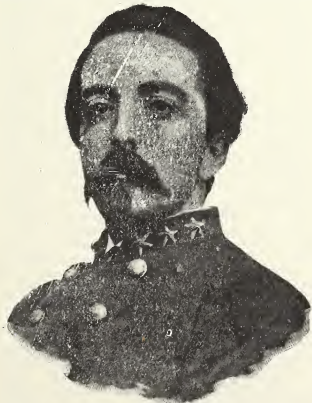
boro under Gen. Bragg in December, 1862) under Gen. E. Kirby-Smith and Buckner until the autumn of 1863, when it withdrew from East Tennessee to join the Army of Tennessee in the campaign and battle of Chickamauga. In the battle of Murfreesboro Col. Ashby, with his regiment, being a part of the forces under Gen. Wheeler, passed around the left flank of Gen. Rosecrans's army, dispersed the escort, and destroyed a large section of his wagon train. During 1862 and 1863 Col. Ashby led his regiment, under Col. John S. Scott and Gen. John Pegram, at different times commanding the brigade, on three raids into Kentucky. In one small but severe engagement in Kentucky he received his only wound, losing the bone of his right heel (his horse being severely wounded by the same shot), from which he ever after had trouble. After the battle of Chickamauga, Col. Ashby's regiment remained in Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. The day after the battle of Resaca, in May, 1864, Humes's Brigade was increased to eight regiments and organized into a division of two brigades, one of which, designated as the Tennessee Brigade, Col. Ashby was assigned to command, and it was thereafter known as Ashby's Brigade. With this brigade Col. Ashby rendered conspicuous service under Gen. Wheeler, hovering on Sherman's flanks and rear down through Georgia and up through the Carolinas, one of its most conspicuous fights being at Aiken, S. C., by which a flanking column sent out by Gen. Sherman was defeated and the capture of Augusta, Ga., was prevented.

In March, 1865, in an engagement near Fayetteville, N. C., Gen. Humes was wounded; and Col. Ashby, being the senior colonel, assumed command of the division, and was in command of it during the battle of Bentonville and when the army surrendered under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

From the first to the last of his service Col. Ashby was on the front, always in the face of the enemy; and his ability, vigilance, and efficiency are attested by the fact that at no time during the four years of service was any body of troops, large or small, under his command surprised by the enemy. Personally he was one of the most genial of gentlemen, and no officer of any rank was more devotedly loved or implicitly trusted by his troops. Few officers were better known in the Army of Tennessee, and his superb horsemanship, particularly when mounted on his favorite Bayard, was the admiration of all who knew him. Whether in camp, on the march, or in battle, Henry M. Ashby was a born soldier.

The article is mistaken in giving him the rank of general, as he held the rank of colonel at the surrender, and the parole of the writer, dated May 3, 1865, is signed by him as "Col. Comdg. Div." It was stated after the war closed that a commission as brigadier general had been ordered for him, but that the exigencies of the evacuation of Richmond had prevented its issuance. But the fact remains that at the age of twenty-one he was in command of a company, at twenty-two of a regiment, at twenty-four of a brigade, and surrendered, at twenty-five, in command of a division. The writer was a lieutenant in Col. Ashby's regiment, and during the last year of the war, under detail, served on his staff.

[The foregoing from Comrade Coffin was published in the Baltimore *Sun* on last New Year's day. The author served as a private in Lieut. Col. Bramer's 4th Tennessee Battalion from the summer of 1861 for a year, was then elected second lieutenant, and later promoted to first lieutenant, his battalion having been a part of the 2d Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry. In May, 1864, he was detailed for service under Col. Ashby as acting assistant adjutant general.]



COL. HENRY M. ASHBY.

TWO YEARS IN NORTHERN PRISONS.

BY LEWIS F. LEVY (COMPANY F, 12TH MISSISSIPPI CAVALRY),
NEW ORLEANS.

Near Mechanicsburg, Miss., about thirty miles northeast of Vicksburg, on June 4, 1863, a body of Confederate cavalry, two or three hundred strong, halted and dismounted for a brief rest. The roads were dusty, the men weary, and the horses jaded. After a short stop, the order to remount was given, and the company, of which the narrator, yet scarce sixteen, was a humble private, brought up the rear. Suddenly about two or three hundred yards behind us appeared a regiment of Federal cavalry, only the heads of the men and the bright gleam of their sabers as they flashed in the sunlight being visible above the dense clouds of dust which enveloped them as they rushed headlong upon us.

We hastily formed across the road, which at that point was fenced on both sides, making a lane, and gave them the best reception we could; but our line was too weak to resist the onslaught from such a superior force, and they broke through it like a whirlwind, sweeping along with them our shattered and disorganized remnant and dashed on in pursuit of our main column a short distance ahead. At short intervals some luckless horse and rider went down, which caused others in turn to fall; and wildly leaping over such piles of men and horses, the balance of the cavalcade swept madly on, leaving in each instance one, two, or three of our men, dismounted and unarmed, perhaps stunned or wounded, prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Among these unfortunates was the writer.

Our captors proved themselves as kind and generous toward us in defeat as they had been brave and fearless in action, showing us numerous little courtesies and attentions, calculated to lessen the humiliation and discomfort of our pitiable condition. We were marched down to Sataitia, thence by boat to Young's Point, on the Mississippi River, where we were detained several days awaiting transportation. While here we were abundantly fed, and particularly enjoyed the steaming hot coffee (the genuine article), quite unknown to the Confederate soldier, with whom sassafras tea, dried sweet potatoes or acorns, and parched corn meal were generally the substitutes for coffee.

Within the week we started up the river on a steamboat. . . . One evening, as the steamer slowed down to take on wood and was approaching the bank on the Missouri shore, a sudden and rapid fusillade was opened from behind the wood pile, demoralizing the boat's crew and guard and causing no little excitement among the prisoners confined in the engine room, who all hugged the floor to avoid the flying bullets and solid round shot from some small field pieces, but made no attempt to conceal the exultation and joy inspired by the hope of a possible recapture. Unfortunately for us, the attack was a trifle premature. Before a landing was effected the pilot, being case-mated, safely turned the boat out into the stream again and rapidly drew away from her assailants. It was a narrow escape for the boat and crew and a great disappointment to the prisoners.

We finally reached Alton, Ill., which proved to be our destination. It was after dark when we were marched into the prison, with its gloomy, stone, iron-barred buildings, surrounded by a massive rock wall, perhaps twenty-five feet high and several feet thick, with sentinel towers on top. We were thoroughly searched and descriptive lists taken of each, all contraband articles being appropriated, including knives, belts, spurs, and some other accoutrements, which up to this time

we had retained. Most of us were without coats, blankets, or wearing apparel other than what we had on when captured.

There were no lights in the rough barracks to which we were assigned; and as we groped our way in the dark, hunting for a place to lie down, we were greeted with the cry of "fresh fish," proceeding from other unfortunates who had preceded us and who, instead of offering encouragement, added to our unhappiness and dejection by narrating the discomforts and miseries of our new surroundings, which were pitiable in the extreme. It developed that smallpox was epidemic, and the hospital, with some fifty or more patients suffering from this loathsome disease, was right among the other quarters, not over twenty feet from the one we occupied, so that we could easily see through the open windows and even converse with the sick. This caused considerable apprehension at first, but we were all freshly vaccinated and settled down to our new order of life. It is but just to the authorities to say that later the smallpox hospital was removed to some isolated spot outside the prison inclosure; but this terrible disease, as well as most others, continued to prevail to an alarming extent, and many of our unfortunate comrades fell victims to its ravages.

We had sufficient to eat and were fairly well treated; but with nothing to do time passed slowly and monotonously, with no knowledge of what was transpiring on the outside except as occasional "fresh fish" arrived. Special mention is due to the brave and worthy Federal commandant of the prison, whose many kind words and gracious acts to a poor, destitute Confederate lad can never be forgotten, and now evoke this grateful tribute to his memory. In addition to about two thousand Confederates, there were also one hundred or more Union soldiers confined with us, but in separate barracks—convicts who had been court-martialed for various crimes while in the army, several for murder and insubordination, with sentences ranging from two to twenty years—a rough, disorderly, vicious set, with whom the Southerners frequently became involved in brawls and conflicts, resulting in serious bloodshed and several deaths, and to stop which the authorities were finally compelled to build a substantial fence between these two factions.

There were from time to time bold and daring attempts to escape, and a few were partially successful, enabling a small number to get beyond the prison walls, but generally not much farther before they were intercepted and brought back. In most instances the plots were discovered and thwarted through the extreme vigilance of the authorities, who exercised the strictest surveillance, and even employed spies to circulate among the prisoners and report what was going on.

The method most adopted was to tunnel from the nearest inside point available to a short distance beyond the wall; but it was attended with so many hardships, delays, and difficulties as to render nearly all endeavors futile. The starting point was the first great obstacle; then the work had to be done in the dead of night with extreme caution and secrecy, pocket knives being the only tools procurable; while the disposition of the removed dirt became a serious problem, the slightest trace of fresh earth upon the ground, shoes, or clothing being most prominent and conclusive evidence, leading to immediate investigation and discovery. These tunnels, called "gopher holes," were barely large enough for a man to crawl through; and as the work was necessarily laborious, slow, and tedious, several weeks were required to complete one, while, notwithstanding all the patience and excessive labor incurred, the result usually proved abortive.

Upon one occasion a few of the boys, after arduous and tedious effort, filed the iron bars, perhaps an inch thick, from a third-story window, and one black, stormy night with a rope made from strips of blanket lowered themselves to the ground, but none succeeded in getting through the lines. Two brave and adventurous spirits undertook to slip out by substituting themselves for two dead bodies awaiting burial, but failed through a trifling accident. One desperate wretch tried to scale the wall with a ladder, and was killed by the guard; while various other plans and schemes were at intervals attempted, though without success.

Winter came—the cold, dreary winter of 1863, with a temperature frequently far below zero, causing untold misery and distress among our thinly clad men. Many sickened and died; while a few weaklings, unable to endure the strain, especially among those whose homes were within the Union lines, yielded to temptation in the form of liberty by taking the oath of allegiance; but the percentage of the latter was infinitely small, and the great bulk of those undaunted hearts of oak bore their sufferings in heroic silence, saddened and in a measure disheartened, it is true, by the reports of disaster to our arms—Vicksburg taken! Jackson fallen! Lee repulsed at Gettysburg!—yet still defiant and resolute, ready and willing to sacrifice their liberty and, if need be, their lives for their beloved South.

The spring of 1864 dawned at last, and it became known that some movement of the prisoners was contemplated. One day in March at roll call five hundred men were selected at random and ordered to step to the front as their names were called and instructed to prepare to move at a moment's notice. After considerable effort and some bribery, our little mess of six or eight, tried friends and true, succeeded in having their names all enrolled and were happy. Our fate and destination were unknown; but any change was welcome, and whatever or wherever it might be we would face it bravely and share our fortunes together. The day soon arrived, and with buoyant hearts and elastic steps we passed without the gloomy portals of our prison home into the bright and beautiful world once more. We were hustled aboard the cars, passed through Terre Haute, Indianapolis, Dayton, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, and numerous smaller towns. Whenever the train stopped, the people thronged about it as close as the guards would permit, gazing upon us curiously and begging for "Rebel buttons." Notwithstanding the utmost vigilance of the guards, a few dare-devils succeeded in jumping from the windows at night while the train was in motion, but whether they landed safe and escaped we never heard.

Reaching Philadelphia, we left the cars and were conveyed by steamer to Fort Delaware, which proved to be our destination. We soon discovered that we had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. We disembarked next morning, and after inspection and roll call were divided according to States and assigned to our respective quarters, which arrangement separated our little squad. We discovered shortly after, however, that the authorities were not very rigid in the enforcement of this regulation, and our little band were soon reunited in the Georgia barracks, though compelled to answer roll call every day with our respective States.

The fort occupied the southern end of the island, and on the other were located the prisoners' quarters—long, crude, wooden, barnlike buildings, rectangular in shape and all opening to the center, thus forming an inclosure to which we were confined. These barracks were subdivided into sections, capable of sheltering four or five hundred men each,

and, as previously intimated, the troops from each State were quartered together, making a grand total of perhaps ten thousand. The accommodations (?) consisted, simply of rough, continuous platforms, without divisions of any kind, extending around the walls in three tiers, four to five feet apart, slightly inclined toward the center, on which the men slept with their heads to the walls, entirely destitute of bedding beyond the single blanket to which each was restricted.

We were fed twice a day upon scant rations of bread and meat, with coffee for breakfast and soup for dinner, poor in quality and altogether insufficient in quantity, prepared in one large kitchen and served to the men as they filed in by States through the long dining-room, each meal requiring two to three hours. Being half-starved, the men resorted to all kinds of schemes and tricks to steal an extra ration, and were sometimes successful; but the authorities used the greatest vigilance and precaution to prevent this, and any offender detected was severely punished. The water supply was caught from the roofs into overground tanks, or cisterns, and unless rains were frequent became exhausted, when we would be compelled to drink the river water, which was decidedly brackish and unwholesome.

We were not required to perform any labor beyond keeping our yards and quarters clean, but voluntary services were rendered by some in the kitchen and hospital departments, for which they were compensated by additional food and comforts. Occasional details of five hundred men were called for to unload supplies arriving, which were eagerly responded to, affording such volunteers an opportunity for a little recreation outside and a chance to fill their empty stomachs and pockets with the spilled contents of intentionally broken packages of hard-tack, sugar, and other eatables.

There were some daring escapes attempted, though but few succeeded, swimming ashore being about the only feasible method, and this extremely hazardous, owing to the distance. Occasionally tin canteens, tightly corked, were used as life preservers or small pieces of plank or lumber secured; but the authorities soon destroyed all the former and exercised the greatest caution in regard to the latter, thus wholly preventing such reckless endeavors.

We did not come into contact here with the superior officers as at Alton, and the subordinates, who had immediate charge of us, were often unnecessarily severe and at times cruel. Our condition was immeasurably worse than when at Alton, where at least we had enough to eat, and became still more distressing as the weary months rolled past.

Another winter was upon us with its bitter cold. We were without clothing, shoes, overcoats, or blankets, destitute and in rags. The open and poorly constructed quarters exposed us to the freezing blasts which swept across the ice-bound shores of our prison home, driving the chilling snow through the cracks and crevices and weaving a frigid mantle over us while we slept. Enfeebled by long confinement, exposure, and want, many of our comrades perished; only the strongest survived. The hospitals were crowded and the mortality frightful, far greater, perhaps, than with soldiers in the active field.

As the end drew near the hatred and bitterness increased. Our stern captors retaliated upon us for alleged ill treatment of the Union soldier prisoners at Andersonville and Libby. With the spring of 1865 the end came. In March active preparations to move the prisoners were inaugurated, we were notified to get ready, and all was bustle and excitement. Each man was required to swear and sign a written parole "not to take up arms against the United States Government until

legally exchanged." It was quite apparent that we were going South, and all hearts beat high with hope and joy. Fifteen hundred of us marched gayly forth through our prison gates and aboard the immense black transport which was to convey us thence. Down into the dark hold we crowded, huddled together like sheep, far below the water line.

Where day and night were both alike we could not keep record of the passing hours, which slowly dragged along as we sped out through Delaware Bay into the Atlantic Ocean, across the mouth of the Chesapeake, through Hampton Roads, past Fortress Monroe, and up the James River to City Point, or thereabout, and disembarked. Although still within the enemy's lines, no armed guards were needed, but accompanied by a cavalry escort we reached the Federal outpost. The officer in charge rode rapidly up and down, waving a white flag, and in a few moments a like signal came from the Confederate pickets, who could be seen a mile or two distant. Dismissing the escort, the officer ordered us to advance and accompanied us to a point about midway between the two lines, where we were turned over to a Confederate officer, who had driven out alone to meet us. Waving a hasty adieu, the Federal retired, and the last link was severed in the chain which had so long held us in cruel bondage. A boat was awaiting us on the river about five miles distant, and after a short run we reached Richmond, where we remained three days, were given one year's back pay, and provided with rations, clothing, and transportation, with leave of absence for thirty days unless sooner exchanged. Three weeks later the end came at Appomattox.

M'NAIR'S ARKANSAS BRIGADE.

BY J. C. MOORE, M'KINNEY, TEX.

Noticing in the *JANUARY VETERAN* the sketch of Maj. Gen. Bushrod Johnson at Chickamauga, in which his division was composed of Johnson's and Gregg's Brigades (all Tennesseans except the 7th Texas), with Gregg's and McNair's Brigades, composed of Alabama, Arkansas, and other State troops, it is as to McNair's Brigade that I wish to correct the statement, as I was a member of this brigade from its organization in 1861 to April, 1865, when arms were stacked at Greensboro, N. C. This was Gen. Churchill's old brigade, and never had troops from any State except from Arkansas until after the battle of Chickamauga, when a North Carolina regiment, commanded by Col. Coleman, was attached to it. Gen. McNair being badly wounded at Chickamauga and Col. Coleman being senior colonel, he commanded the brigade until Col. D. H. Reynolds, of the 1st Arkansas, was promoted to brigadier general, and he commanded the brigade until the surrender at Greensboro.

Mention is made of the Tennessee troops on Snodgrass Hill on September 20 under Gen. Johnson. Now I wish to say, though it has been over forty-two years, that my memory is as clear as if yesterday. McNair's Arkansas Brigade was lying under the brink of this Snodgrass Hill as low as they could get and Deas's Florida Brigade was in front, or it has always been my understanding that they were Florida troops. Any way, the Yanks drove them near to McNair's boys, and they were rallied and pushed forward again, when in less time than it takes to tell it they came back in double-quick and made no halt until they got down, jumping over us, when that gallant hero, Gen. Johnson, shouted: "Arkansas boys, forward!" He was in ten feet of the writer. Just then I saw a picture that will be with me as long as life lasts. Gen. Johnson's horse was standing up on his hind feet.

Johnson, with his hat off and sword elevated, cried: "Arkansas, go for them!" This, I think, was about 2 P.M. Sunday evening, September 20. We fought them nearly hand-to-hand until sundown, using dead guns for breastworks and their cartridges and guns when ours would become heated, and never did they drive McNair's Brigade a foot, nor did we force them over fifty yards. We got two twelve-pound Napoleons on top of this hill with ropes, and about six hundred men were tugging at the other four guns, but were never able to get them up. I could have walked two hundred yards and not stepped over eighteen inches without walking on dead Yankees. My captain, William Moore, Company E, 25th Arkansas, fell, as many of earth's bravest sons did, on that fatal evening.

I have never visited Chickamauga field since, but understand that tablets are located where each division and battery was actually engaged. If so, the two Napoleons just to the right of the sink hole I helped to pull up, and they mowed down line after line. It was McNair's Brigade, all Arkansas troops, that did the heavy fighting on Snodgrass Hill, to which, if living, Gen. Johnson would testify. I grant that Tennessee furnished as gallant sons as ever faced a foe, but Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the greatest of military chieftains, called Reynolds's Arkansas Brigade "the star brigade of the Army of Tennessee." He visited our city here several years after the war, and in taking our boys by the hand would ask to what command or brigade we belonged. The writer told him that he belonged to the brigade he had called the "star brigade of the Army of Tennessee," when Gen. Johnston said: "D. H. Reynolds, of Arkansas."

Our boys are lying on fourteen battlefields, from Oak Hill, Elkhorn, Pea Ridge, Ark., Richmond, Perryville, Ky., and Murfreesboro, Tenn., to Greenville, N. C., where we were surrendered. On the morning of the surrender my company, E, 25th Arkansas, went out one hundred and forty-one strong, and at the surrender mustered only fourteen. My brigade contained two hundred and eighty-six present.

I would not pluck one laurel from gallant sons of any of the thirteen States, but merely want it known that McNair's Brigade was composed of Arkansans only, who were transported east by Gen. Price to participate in the battle of Shiloh, but got to Corinth after this battle had been fought. Churchill's wife was the boys who put "Bull" Nelson to flight at Richmond, Ky., and sent him to Louisville in double-quick. This was the brigade, nine hundred and sixty strong at Lovejoy Station August 31, 1864, that put Gen. Kilpatrick to flight with three thousand picked cavalymen and ran him back to Decatur, Ga. [Ran him to Decatur?—Ed.], when he was making his raid to destroy our supplies at Griffin.

LAST DAYS OF THE GREAT WAR.

ADDRESS BY J. H. FOWLES TO BIRMINGHAM COMRADES.

Commander and Comrades of Camp Hardee: In taking my turn to-day in giving personal reminiscences of the war, I shall endeavor to interest you by relating some incidents which occurred during the last three months of the Confederacy, my experiences during that period being out of the ordinary, as I spent most of my time outside of its borders.

After the loss of an arm from a wound received in the cavalry fight at Brandy Station, Va., in 1863, I was employed for a few months in the medical purveying department of the government at my home, in Columbia, S. C. Early in 1864 the note engraving department of the Confederate Treasury was transferred from Richmond, Va., to Columbia, S. C., as

the former city was so constantly threatened by the Federal army, and I received an appointment in that department. A few details of this business may be interesting to you.

The notes were lithographed by Walker, Evans & Cogswell, of Charleston, S. C., and Keating & Ball, of Richmond, Va., the first-mentioned concern printing the smaller and the latter the larger denominations. The chief building used for that purpose was Kinsler's Hall, which had been the principal opera house in Charleston prior to the war, and was burned by Sherman the following year. If you will examine the bills printed at that date, you will find on them the names of these firms and will notice that the signatures are in female handwriting. More than a hundred young ladies were employed to sign, number, and clip the bills apart. Most of them were Virginians, refugees from their homes in Winchester, Norfolk, Fredericksburg, and other towns occupied by the enemy, and they added greatly to the gaiety of the city. Though unaccustomed to work, they did it cheerfully and efficiently.

One of the rules of the department was that a written excuse had to be handed in for absence from duty. Early one summer morning a cloudburst flooded the streets and made walking impossible. Late in the day Miss Ada Gilliam, a charming young lady of Richmond, Va., brought her excuse, consisting of only four words written in the center of a foolscap page: "Because I can't swim." I remember, too, a foolish bet of a pair of kid gloves which I made with one of them and which, of course, I lost, the gloves costing me fifty dollars Confederate currency, which played havoc with my modest monthly salary.

On February 1, 1865, I was sent to Nassau, N. Y., with letters to Fraser, Trenholm & Co., of Liverpool, of which firm George A. Trenholm and Theodore Wagner, of Charleston, S. C., were partners. They had a branch office at Nassau, through which their blockade-running business was conducted. I sailed from Charleston on the night of February 2, which was dark and stormy, on the steamer Fox, belonging to that firm. In passing through the blockading ships, on which no lights were visible, we shaved so closely by a large gunboat that I could have thrown my hat on board of her. A guard on her deck gave the alarm, but we passed safely through without being fired at.

The sea continued rough through the following day, and I became very seasick. I mention this because I discovered on that day a cure for this dreadful disease. Two other passengers on board, Dr. William Bennett, of Richmond; Va., and the Rev. Asbury Mood, of Charleston, S. C., were Methodist ministers, who had been sent to England by their Conferences to procure a supply of Bibles, of which the South was then in great need. These gentlemen came into the little cabin where I was lying on a bunk very sick and commenced to swap jokes and humorous stories. At first I thought they were heartless and even cruel, as they could see my helpless condition; but I soon began to take notice, and a little later I was smiling between gasps. In a few minutes I found myself sitting up, laughing, and was soon seated beside them, joining in their mirth, which was now uproarious, my seasickness all gone. My prescription for this disease, then, is as follows: Take with you at least one, but preferably two Methodist preachers; and when the first symptoms of seasickness appear, require them to relate some of their humorous experiences.

We reached Nassau safely on the evening of the third day, and my two Methodist friends and myself were soon taken to a comfortable boarding house. They visited the Wesleyan

minister of the city, and were invited to preach the following Sunday in his church, which they did at morning and evening services, each of them delivering an admirable sermon. They were much surprised to find that the Wesleyan Church used a prayer book, and the pastor was obliged to officiate in that part of the service. These good men soon sailed for Liverpool, and I never met them again; but I have read an autobiography of Dr. Mood, in which he describes his blockade-running experiences. He became President of a Texas college, and died in that State a few years ago. . . .

Two weeks after I left Charleston that city and Wilmington, N. C., the only ports of the Atlantic Coast through which blockade-running was conducted, were evacuated by our troops, and I could not return home. I little dreamed that my home in Columbia was at that time in ashes, having been burned by Sherman's army.

There were about thirty blockade runners in the harbor of Nassau at that time, all of them out of business. On each of those boats there was a signal service man detailed from that department of our army whose duty consisted in giving signals to our forts by lamps of different colors as they went in and came out of our ports. Like myself, all of these young men were anxious to return home, and we applied to the Confederate agent at Nassau, Col. M—, to send us to Havana, from which place we hoped to take a blockade runner to Galveston, Tex., or St. Mark's, Fla. He told us to wait until he had an opportunity to send us, but nearly a month elapsed before we could leave. On March 13 he sent for us, and, pointing to a steamship which had just arrived and was anchored outside of the little island opposite the town, he told us it was a new Confederate war vessel on its way to Havana, near which port it was to receive its armament. We went on rowboats to the vessel, which soon started on its voyage.

The ship was built of steel, painted black, and was bark rigged, having three masts, so she could be navigated under sail if necessary. She was built in England, and was the first steamship I had ever seen with double propellers. We found that she was indeed a Confederate ship sailing as a merchantman with a small cargo under a fictitious name, the Fanny and Louise. Though the sea was not rough and the voyage comparatively short, I was again seasick; and how I did long for my Methodist preachers! Trying to cure myself by repeating some of their best stories would not work. None of them seemed funny, showing that in the cure I had discovered that the preachers must be on hand.

We steamed into Havana under the heights of Moro Castle early on the morning of March 15, being closely followed by a large sailing vessel from China having a thousand coolies on board intended for the sugar fields of Cuba. We had just anchored when she was towed by a tug past us, her deck fairly swarming with the coolies, all of them "looking alike to me." Just as we were landing a large British man-of-war, a three-decker, entered the harbor and was given a salute by the fort, to which she replied with the usual number of guns. The Fanny and Louise was moved farther up the harbor, and we never saw her again. I have not learned whether she was put in commission, but conclude she was not, the war being so near over.

The young men who accompanied me were soon settled at the different hotels in the city, about a dozen of us going to the Hotel de Cubano, which was kept by a Southern lady and seemed to be headquarters for Southern sympathizers. We reported to Maj. Helm, the Confederate agent, who

promised to send us home as soon as possible on a blockade runner, a number of which were at Havana, all of them the property of the Confederate States. While waiting we had nothing to do but amuse ourselves, and we succeeded admirably. A splendid Italian troupe was giving performances at the Tacon Theater, and I attended three of these, "La Traviata," "Hernani," and "Trovatore." The last-named opera was given on Sunday night, and, being told that the governor general and the beauties of the city would attend that performance, I am ashamed to say that I not only went but enjoyed every minute of it.

Among the guests at our hotel were Mrs. Dreux, widow of the Col. Dreux who was killed at Bethel, Va., in the first fight of the war, and Charles Kean, Jr., the great English tragedian, whose sympathies were with the South. An old Spanish gentleman of wealth, who made his home at our hotel, took a great fancy to us young fellows, and gave a ball in our honor, inviting a number of his young Cuban lady friends. As none of them knew a word of English, and we could not speak Spanish, the situation was ludicrous. After being introduced all around, the ball commenced with a grand promenade to allow us to become better acquainted. Our frantic efforts to make ourselves understood, mingled with the very natural giggling of the young ladies, pleased our old Spanish friend so immensely that he insisted we had placed him under obligations to us. The promenade was immediately followed by dancing, and in this I was handicapped by the loss of my arm; but I had not forgotten the steps, so I sailed in and got there with the rest of them.

The first blockade runner to leave for the South was the Owl, under Capt. Maffit, who had been in command of the Confederate steamer Florida, which vessel, as you know, was captured in a neutral port, contrary to international laws, and was sunk in Hampton Roads. The day before the Owl sailed some of us urged Capt. Maffit to take us with him, but he stated that he already had as many passengers as the ship could accommodate, much to our disappointment. Two of our number determined to go anyhow by hiding in the coal bunkers of the vessel, and they succeeded in getting off. One of these was Charles Hemming, of Florida, a great favorite with all of us, who could not resist the temptation of going on a ship bound for St. Mark's, in his native State.

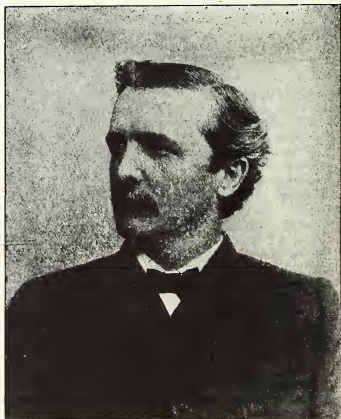
The Cherokee, a Yankee gunboat, anchored near the dock from which the Owl started with steam up prepared to follow her when the three-mile limit was reached, and Capt. Maffit, with a view to teasing the Federal officers, hoisted a large Confederate flag on the little mast at the stern of his steamer and, making a complete circuit of the gunboat, sailed out of the harbor in dramatic style.

I may state that the Owl could not enter St. Mark's, which was too closely blockaded, but Hemming and a few others were landed by a rowboat on the Florida Coast. A few years ago he erected a Confederate monument in Jacksonville, Fla., at his own expense; but this did not surprise me, as I had sized him up forty years before in Havana.

Maj. Helm stated that another steamer would leave in a few days, and on the morning of March 25 he informed us that the steamer Wren would leave for Galveston that afternoon and that some of us could take passage on her. Our preparations being made, we took leave of the ladies at the hotel, who had been so kind to us. Among these I must mention a gentlewoman of the South, a Mrs. Newcome, whose kindness to me I shall ever hold in grateful remem-

brance. I left Havana late that evening, after staying ten days. The cargo of the Wren consisted principally of Enfield rifles, medicines, etc.; and our voyage was without incident, except that we encountered a storm from the west, which brought on my third attack of seasickness—and not a preacher on board of any denomination! We reached Galveston without encountering any of the blockading ships, though a number of them were just outside of the bar.

After staying several days in Galveston, then only a small town, we were sent by rail to Houston, which was not much larger. While waiting for transportation to Shreveport some of us were most hospitably entertained by the family of Judge Avery, who owned the famous Louisiana salt mines, at that time in the enemy's hands. I had a letter of introduction to them from Mrs. Newcome at Havana, and they made us feel as if we had reached home. Our trip to Shreveport was made by way of Navasota, and from thence by stage across the State of Texas. Our party, consisting of seven men, had a long, weary ride, lasting several days; but our spirits were kept up by some of them, two in particular, Clifford Lanier, now an esteemed citizen of Montgomery, and the late George T. Goethius, who became a prominent Presbyterian minister of Washington, Ga. After reaching Shreveport, the headquarters of Gen. Kirby-Smith, who commanded the Trans-Mississippi Department, I met an old college mate, Ernest Walworth, of Natchez, Miss., who was on Gen. Smith's staff. He introduced me to the members of the staff, and I was intrusted with the last dispatches sent by Gen. Smith to headquarters, which were supposed to be still at Richmond. Gen. Lee's surrender, on April 9, took place while I was in Shreveport, and the dispatches were not delivered.



CHARLES C. HEMMING,
Who gave the Confederate Monument to Florida.

Let me close with a Confederate sentiment: However expedient it may have been, the legal right of the Southern States to dissolve copartnership with those of the North was absolute. We recognize that it was God's will that our cause should go down in defeat, and we have long since forgiven our friends, the enemy—especially those who did the fighting—and we sincerely hope that those who controlled the conduct of the war and of the reconstruction following it have asked and received God's forgiveness for their manner of carrying out his will. But

"Right is still right,
Though its defenders fall."

"THE BALTIMORE GRAYS."

BY BUTLER BHAYNE MINOR.

Ah, well I remember that long summer's day
When round about Richmond our broken ranks lay
Week in and week out they had been at the front,
And bore without flinching the battle's fierce brunt,
Till, shattered and weary, we needed repose.
Ere we met in death struggle our numberless foes.
Our knapsacks were empty, our uniforms worn,
Our feet, from long marching, were naked and torn;
But not a man grumbled in the rank or the file,
We bore all our hardships with a joke and a smile,
For Jackson was with us, and under his eye
Each soldier determined to do or to die.

That evening old Jack had us out on review,
When a glance down the line showed us all something new—
Eighty-seven young boys from old Baltimore,
Who had run the blockade and that day joined the corps.
Their clothes were resplendent, all new, spick and span—
'Twas plain that a tailor had measured each man.

When we learned who they were, what a shout we did raise!
How we cheered our new allies, the "Baltimore Grays!"
There were Lightfoots and Carters, and Howards and Kanes,
The grandsons of Carroll, the nephews of Gaines,
And in each of the brave boys dressed up in a row
You could see the pure blood of the proud Huguenot.

But we were old vets of Stonewall's brigade;
We'd been fighting so long that war seemed a trade;
And some of us laughed at the youngsters so gay
Who had come to the battle as if coming to play;
And all through the camp you could hear the rough wits
Cry, "Hullo, young roosters!" and "Dandified cits!"
But the boys took it bravely, and heartily laughed
At the hungry "Confeds" by whom they were chaffed,
Till one ragged soldier, more bold than the rest,
Fired off this rough joke, which we all thought the best:
'Boys, you'd better go home; 'tis getting quite late."
Then the girlish-faced captain spoke up and said, "Wait!"

They didn't wait long, for the very next day
We were ordered right off to the thick of the fray;
For early that morning we'd heard the dull roar
Of the guns of our foe on Rapidan's shore,
And all of us knew, with old Jack in command,
If fighting was near him, he'd at once take a hand.
And, sure enough, soon marching orders we got,
And we swung down the road in "foot-cavalry" trot.
The boys were behind us. I fell to the rear,
To see how the youngsters on march would appear.
Their files were close up, their marching was true;
I reported to Stonewall, "Yes, General, they'll do."

In a few minutes more the action began.
We met the first shock, for we were the van;
But we stood to our ranks like oaks of the field,
For Stonewall's brigade never knew how to yield.
Upon us, however, a battery played,
And huge gaps in our ranks were now and then made,
Till Jackson commanded a charge up the hill.
We charged—in a moment the cannon were still.
Jackson said to the Grays: "Such valor you've shown,
You'll veterans be ere your banners are all-gone;
In this, your first action, you've proved yourself bold;
I'll station you here, these guns you must hold."

Then the girlish-faced captain, so straight and so tall,
Saluted and said: "You'll here find us all,
For, wherever stationed, this company stays."
How we laughed, how we cheered the bold Baltimore Grays!
But the red tide of battle around us still flowed,
And we followed our leader, as onward he rode;
Cried "Good-by" to the boys; "take care of the guns;
We'll relieve you as soon as the enemy runs."
Ah, yes, indeed! soon the brave boys were relieved,
But not in the manner we all had believed;
Alas, the sisters who weep and the mothers who pine
For the loved and the lost of the Maryland line!

By some fatal blunder our left was exposed,
And by thousands of Federals the boys were inclosed;
They asked for no quarter, their Maryland blood
Never dreamed of surrender, they fell where they stood.
We heard in the distance the firing and noise,
And double-quickened back to the help of the boys.
The guns were soon ours; but O, what a sight!
Every Baltimore boy had been killed in the fight,
Save the girlish-faced captain, and he scarce alive.
When he saw us around him he seemed to revive,
And smiled when we told him the field had been won,
And the Baltimore Grays had saved every gun.

Then Stonewall rode up and endeavored to speak,
But his utterance was choked, and down his bronzed cheek
The hot tears flowed, as he gazed on the dead.
'God pity their mothers and sisters!" he said;
Then, dismounting, he knelt on the blood-soaked sand,
And prayed while he held the dying boy's hand.
The gallant young hero said: "General, I knew
That the Grays to your orders would always be true;
You'll miss not a Gray from our final call;
Look around you, my General—you'll here find us all."
The blood gushed from his mouth, his head sunk on his breast,
And the girlish-faced captain lay dead with the rest.

THE BATTLE OF ARKANSAS POST.

BY L. V. CARAWAY, GRANBURY, TEX.

S. S. Cox, of New York, said of the battle of Arkansas Post in his history of the War between the States: "The capture of the Arkansas Post was made on January 11, 1863. The place is situated a few miles up the Arkansas River from its mouth, and was defended by a large Confederate force. The movement was planned by Gen. Sherman and Commodore Porter before Gen. McClernand took command of the army. To these officers belongs the honor of its execution. The loss of the Unionists was six hundred in killed and wounded. The Confederates lost only sixty-five in killed and eighty-three wounded; but their whole force of seven thousand men and officers was surrendered, with eight thousand stands of arms, twenty cannon, and a large amount of stores."

Thus we have it from the Union side of the battle. I will give the facts as I gathered them from observation and most reliable sources.

The Confederate army, consisting of Carter's Brigade and other regiments, were put in charge of this post in the fall of 1862, and remained there drilling, eating poor pumpkins, mean sorghum, and coarse corn bread very well contented, as the winter was unusually mild until just before the battle and our surrender. The army had gone into comfortable winter quarters. Our cabins were of logs and covered with split boards, and we felt quite secure from all danger, as there was no enemy nearer than Vicksburg. We could hear of the war, but had not experienced a taste of its realities.

On the night of January 9, 1863, our boys retired after having amused themselves at checkers, chess, and cards, which games were quite the rule to pass the time from home. Alas! our slumbers were abruptly ended. The stillness and

quietude of the night was broken by the alarming announcement that the "Yankees are coming-up the Arkansas River with a large fleet of gunboats and transports." We sprang out of our bunks, leaving our warm beds and camp equipage. All we could hear was the command, "Fall in," "Attention, men!" "Forward, march!" and off we went. We dropped down the Arkansas River some two miles and soon learned the real condition, which justified much haste. We approached near the Federal army on boats and land and formed a line of battle ready to receive a charge. Col. F. C. Wicks, at the head of the 24th Texas, gave the command: "Cap your guns; shoot low; shoot at their knees." At that moment the Federals opened fire on us by shelling the woods. They continued shelling while landing troops. It was discovered by our cavalry that they had men enough to completely surround us. We fell back to our fort, and went to work in earnest erecting temporary breastworks from the fort north, knowing that we would soon have some hard fighting to do; and if men ever did work faithfully, it was our little army on the night of the 10th of January, 1863.

That night the gunboats moved up close to our fort, and put in the time till about nine o'clock shelling us; but they did not get our range, as most of the bombs passed in our rear and exploded in the heavy timber to our left. After they had amused themselves sufficiently, they ceased firing for the night, to our great satisfaction. We lay on our arms in line of battle until morning, and it is needless to say that we did not sleep very soundly and we ate no breakfast.

On January 11 it was easy to divine what to expect. We had our ditches dug, breastworks up, and behind them our seven thousand as courageous and determined soldiers, Texans and Arkansans, as could be found in the Confederate service. We were now ready for the attack, guns in hand, big cannons pointing down the river. While all was calm Gen. Churchill on his charger rode up our line in full Confederate uniform and said: "Boys, we will hold the fort or all will be shot down in these ditches."

Gen. McClellard, the Union commander, put his army in motion by moving up his gunboats and putting them in position. He planted their batteries in front of ours, formed a blue line in front of ours, then opened fire on us simultaneously with all their instruments of destruction, and such a noise I never heard. The infantry made a desperate charge on level ground with no shelter. When at the proper distance from our line, we turned loose a deadly volley, thinning their ranks. They fell back, re-formed, and charged again and again, with the same result. Our side stood firm and unwavering, causing much disaster to each charge. The gunboats opened fire on us with solid shot and shell, and blew up our magazine, captured our fort with all our siege pieces, including our "Big Susan," that they drove a solid cannon ball into and burst. They turned some of our guns on us, sweeping our line of battle its entire length. They disabled all the cannon of our battery and killed all our artillery horses, as their cannon were directed by a man with much skill.

They massed all the men they could against our left, and were pressing it hard when Gen. Churchill ordered every alternate company from the right to the left to support the left wing, as it had almost given way; but when our boys doubled up, the carnage was awful in front of our line. The earth was literally blue from one end of their line to the other. Things were growing hotter and hotter, and it was plain to see that the Confederates could not endure the great odds they had to fight much longer. The Union side then

formed for the next charge, four deep, and to the great relief of our army the white flag was hoisted without orders from one end of our line to the other. It has always seemed providential to surrender just at that time, as the next charge would have annihilated us. Thus ended one of the worst battles of the war.

As soon as we surrendered Gen. McClellard, of Illinois, who commanded the Union army, rode up in front of our company in our line near enough for us to get a good look at him. He seemed very kind and was dignified, making quite a military appearance. He looked up and down our line, and asked our captain: "Is this all the men you have?" When told it was, the General said: "You have killed as many of our men as we have captured of yours." The next man that arrested my attention was a Federal major. His uniform was covered with blood. He rode right up to our line, dismounted, crossed our breastworks, and with a smile on his face said: "Give me your hands, boys; you are good soldiers. You shot two horses under me and killed my comrades all around me." We saluted him so cordially that it seemed like an old-fashioned camp meeting. He was an ideal soldier.

The blue line now moved up on us and never broke ranks. The men were in a good humor, and divided crackers with us. We were ordered to take up our guns and march down the line to the old fort. In passing our dead and wounded some of the mangled begged for water; but we could do nothing for them, as we had changed conditions. I suppose they were cared for by the Union soldiers or a detail of our own men. We camped that night on the bank of the river near the fort. A terrible snowstorm added to our disasters, and it turned intensely cold. We were thinly clad, having left our clothing in camp, expecting to go back where we left it.

On the morning of January 12 we boarded three transports, the Sam Gaty, John J. Roe, and the Nebraska. Then there was another boat for the sick and wounded. We were sent down the Arkansas River to its mouth, thence up the Mississippi River to Memphis, on to St. Louis, and then twenty-two miles farther to old Alton, Ill. We were nineteen days and nights on the boats. Here we took the cars for Camp Butler, Springfield, Ill. Some of our army were taken to the barracks in Camp Douglas, Chicago, and part to Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio. We were very well fed and kindly treated by the regular soldiers who had the honor of capturing us at the Post. Our trouble was with the camp guards in charge of the prisoners, who were cruel. They shot into our barracks occasionally. The change of climate was about the worst thing for us—from mild to frigid. When we got off the cars, after eleven hours without a spark of fire, we were all nearly dead. Some of our boys were chilled to death. I was almost out of the scrape. I went to the guard line and sold a forty-dollar watch for ten dollars to a small soldier. I noticed the sergeant of the guard, and said to him: "Can you tell me where I can get something that will stimulate me?" Said he: "Come and go with me." He took me to the sutler's store, where there was a good fire. He ordered a stimulant for me by which I was thoroughly thawed out, and it seemed to do him good to save my life. He saw me get the ten dollars for my watch, but would not let me pay for the "thawer," but paid it himself. We soon parted. I looked for my generous-hearted soldier friend, but could never identify him any more. After lingering in prison for a few months, we were taken to City Point, Va., where we were exchanged.

HOMES FOR WIVES AND WIDOWS IN TEXAS.

BY S. P. ALLEN, JOHN H. REAGAN CAMP, PALESTINE, TEX.

There is perhaps no nobler work in the hands of any organization than the building of a home for the "wives and widows" of Confederate soldiers, which enterprise is now being actively pushed to success by the Texas Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Sufficient money has been secured for the purchase of the grounds, and they have been bought, and the fund for the buildings is steadily growing. The Legislature was asked to take charge of the enterprise and make an appropriation for its maintenance as a State institution, and did pass a bill through both Houses to that effect, but on constitutional grounds it was vetoed by the Governor. This action has roused in the Daughters a more determined spirit, and we feel that the final success of the work has met only a temporary check.

At the last State meeting the Committee on Wives' and Widows' Home was increased to one hundred members, and Mrs. A. R. Howard, of Palestine, in recognition of her rare talent for organization and indefatigable energy and capacity for work, was retained as chairman. By her splendid ability, nobly assisted by the small committee heretofore engaged with her, she brought the work up to its present state of perfection. She has so enlisted the interest of the lawmakers of Texas and the veterans to whom she is known that all look confidently for its completion. Mrs. Howard's social position brings her in contact with the best people in the land, and in her zeal for the cause espoused she has assurance of little difficulty in winning general cooperation in the glorious work of preparing a refuge for the dear women who were the

inspiration of the grandest army that ever marched to victory or defeat. The roses of life's springtime are faded, but to us every wrinkle on their dear faces is a curved line of beauty; their gray locks are crowns of burnished silver; and when they, weak and frail with advancing age, become subjected to the chill blasts of life's winter, somebody should rally to their support. To this work Mrs. Howard is devoting her time, talent, energy, and her financial aid, and she is being ably seconded by a splendidly organized committee.

Commander Allen adds concerning his Camp, the John H. Reagan: "Mrs. Howard has shown herself the best friend the veterans have in this section of Texas. The John H. Reagan Camp delights to do her honor, and we have conceived the idea that no higher honor can be given her than suitable mention in the VETERAN."

OCTOBER REUNION, MISSOURI DIVISION.

Gen. Gantt, member of the Missouri Supreme Court, makes a just criticism of an error: "I was disappointed to read in the VETERAN of November that the Missouri Division, U. C. V., had no reunion this year. You were absent in California at the time the Missouri Division held its regular annual reunion at Kansas City, Mo., on October 3 and 4. The meeting was held in the large auditorium at Forrest Park. We were entertained by the Kansas City Camp, No. 80, and our Confederate friends in a most hospitable way. Dr. J. William Jones, of Richmond, Va., the Chaplain General of our organization, was present, and gave one of his eloquent, earnest, and instructive addresses. The VETERAN is still regarded as our most valuable ally in the good work in which we are engaged. Active steps have been taken to prepare a complete official roster of all the Camps for this year, and we hope to be able to give a good account of ourselves at the next Reunion, at New Orleans. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: James B. Gantt, Major General; W. S. McClintic, Brigadier General Eastern Division; Col. George P. Gross, Brigadier General Western Division."

STAFF OFFICIALS OF THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

James B. Gantt, Major General Commanding.

J. W. Allen, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Jefferson City.

Lieut. Col. Charles H. Howard, Inspector General, Crocker; Lieut. Col. Felix R. Porter, Chief Quartermaster, Springfield; Lieut. Col. John Will Hall, Chief Commissary, Platte City; Lieut. Col. John W. Wofford, Judge Advocate, Kansas City; Lieut. Col. Dr. John H. Britts, Chief Surgeon, Clinton; Lieut. Col. Robert C. Atkinson, Assistant Surgeon, St. Louis; Lieut. Col. Thomas M. Cobb, Chaplain, Lexington; Lieut. Col. John M. Landis, Chief Artillery, St. Joseph.

Aids-de-Camp.—Maj. John E. Organ, Salem; Maj. Ed Barton, Linneus; Maj. James C. Wallace, Keytesville; Maj. W. P. Gibson, Warrensburg; Maj. Robert McCulloch, St. Louis; Maj. John M. Weidemeyer, Clinton; Maj. O. H. P. Catron, West Plains; Maj. A. M. Fulkerson, Kennett; Maj. Thomas C. Love, Seymour; Maj. T. C. Holland, Sedalia; Maj. A. L. Zollinger, Otterville; Maj. J. N. Bradley, Papinville; Maj. B. F. Murdock, Platte City; Maj. Adam A. Breckinridge, Plattsburg; Maj. J. D. Ingram, Nevada; Maj. R. W. Nichols, Marshall; Maj. A. J. Furr, Fayette; Maj. Thomas J. Cousins, Hannibal; Maj. J. J. Fulkerson, Lexington; Maj. Albert O'Allen, New Madrid; Maj. John W. Halliburton, Carthage; Maj. John P. Bull, St. Louis; Maj. J. R. Chowning, Madison; Maj. B. S. McKinney, Mexico; Maj. Henry Newman, Huntsville; Maj. W. A. Via, Rolla; Maj. W. J. Courtney, Liberty.



MRS. A. R. HOWARD.



"To the past go more dear faces
Every year,
While the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
In the eventide they meet us,
Everywhere their sad eyes greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year."

FRANCIS M. STOVALL.

Francis Marion Stovall died in Augusta, Ga., December 17, 1905, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

An Augusta paper states: "He was one of the quietest, gentlest, and most modest and lovable of men, and yet he had been an actor in the fiercest drama of the age. He was a striking example of the fact that the bravest are the tenderest. At the age of twenty he left his class of the University of Georgia and enlisted in the Rome Light Guards, 8th Georgia Regiment. In the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, his brother, fighting at his side, was shot down. Subsequently Marion Stovall joined the Troup Artillery of Athens, commanded by the gallant Henry Carlton, who died last month in Athens. Mr. Stovall was taken prisoner and confined several months in a Northern cell. After being exchanged, he was dangerously wounded at Fredericksburg, Va. He never recovered the use of his left arm. After the war Comrade Stovall married Miss Jessie Craig, daughter of the late John Craig, of this city. His wife survives him. He was the son of the late Pleasant Stovall, of Athens, Ga., and youngest brother of Gen. Marcellus A. Stovall, of Augusta. He was loyal always to the cause for which he fought, and for a number of years he was Secretary of the Confederate Survivors' Association of Augusta. His last request was that he might be buried in the old service overcoat which he wore when he was wounded in Virginia. He was a good and true man and a noble Christian gentleman."

It may be said that no man was more watchful for accurate record in the VETERAN, and he contributed freely to its pages.

COL. JOHN B. RICHARDSON.

[Extracts from sketch in New Orleans *Picayune*.]

Universally esteemed was John B. Richardson, who has been suddenly removed from our midst. The sorrow of his death is widespread. He entered the Confederate army as an officer in the First Company, Washington Artillery, May 27, 1861, and soon obtained honorable distinction in the ranks of that famous command. Louisiana furnished to the Southern cause many noble sons, but none with a brighter, stronger record than John B. Richardson. His heart of gold throbbed at all times for a comrade of the Washington Artillery, the helping hand was ever ready to aid the needy, while the voice of sympathy encouraged and strengthened with renewed hope those of his comrades who in the struggle of civil life failed to reach that goal that assures rest and comfort in old age.

In the winter of 1863, when the Battalion Washington Artillery was encamped in winter quarters near Petersburg, Lieut. John B. Richardson was transferred to the captaincy of the Second Company. The members of the First Company, distressed over the prospect of losing so valuable and popular an officer, submitted their grievance to Col. J. B. Walton in a petition, requesting the revocation of the order transferring Lieut. Richardson to the Second Company, but to no avail.



COL. J. B. RICHARDSON.

He was a born leader; he was earnest, chivalrous and independent, and as honest as he was brave. He did not walk the stage in mask. Men saw his robust virtues and admired them; they likewise saw his faults and forgave them, because he wore them both upon his breast; he was what he seemed to be. But all is over now. The life of John B. Richardson during the last fifty-four years is so closely interwoven with the history of the Washington Artillery that in the recital of one would be but the story of the other.

Comrade John Holmes, Past Commander of the Washington Artillery Camp, No. 15, in sending the foregoing states: "The tribute speaks for itself, and expresses so feelingly the sentiments of all his comrades that I feel that no worthier place could be found for its republication than in the columns of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

MAJ. DAVID HUMPHREYS.

The death of Maj. David Humphreys, at his home, in Norfolk, Va., July 5, 1905, removed from the community a citizen of prominence and one deeply interested in the welfare of the city. He was the son of John Humphreys, of Jefferson County, W. Va., and was born at Charlestown in 1832.

Enlisting as a private in the Confederate army, at the close of the war David Humphreys had been commissioned as

major and placed in charge of the quartermaster's department, his successive promotions having come through bravery and devotion to duty. He entered the service as a member of Company G, 2d Virginia Infantry, in the famous Stonewall Brigade. He was severely injured during a drill while the army was in camp at Centerville, Va., and while disabled received his discharge and went home. He again enlisted in the spring of 1862 as a private in the 7th Virginia Cavalry, under Gen. Ashby. In the battle of Brandywine he was again disabled by a Federal bullet, and again during a raid upon the enemy's camp at night, while crossing the Rappahannock under cover of darkness, another severe bullet wound was received. He was promoted from sergeant of his company to captain for his bravery on this last occasion. When the war ended, he returned home, and engaged in business there till 1869, when he removed his family to Norfolk, and resided there till his death. He is survived by two sons and two daughters.

JOHN MILTON BROWNSON.

It is with sincere sorrow that the news is received indicated by this Last Roll caption. During the first reunion at Nashville, in 1897 (our Centennial year), Comrade Brownson, wife, and daughter made a prolonged visit to Nashville, and he honored the VETERAN quarters by his presence.

Mr. Brownson died at Victoria, Tex., January 26, 1906, after an illness of many months, when every remedy that medical skill could suggest and every effort that wealth could employ was found unavailing to prolong his life. He was born in Illinois December 28, 1836, and had entered his seventieth year. He was of distinguished ancestry, being ninth in his line from John Brownson, who came with Hooker to Hartford, Conn., in 1636, and who was in the Pequod war, and was one of the seven who organized the Church of Farmington, Conn., in 1652. Two of the line held office under the



J. M. BROWNSON.

English king. His military record is replete with acts of daring and heroic deeds. In 1852 he went to Texas with his parents, who settled at Clinton, Dewitt County. He was living in Dewitt County when the call was made for volunteers from his adopted State to resist invasion, and he volunteered promptly, enlisting as a private in Company E, 8th Regiment Texas Cavalry, the regiment known as Terry's Texas

Rangers. He fought at Woodsonville, Ky., and shared the retreat to Corinth. On the first day of the battle at Shiloh, on April 6, 1862, he was severely wounded, causing partial paralysis from which he always suffered. The conical shell which wounded him at the same time passed through his horse. He was sent home on furlough, but by June 1 he had recovered and was again with his regiment. He was tendered a position on the staff of a Confederate brigadier general, but preferred to continue with his company. Being disabled and on account of his qualifications as well as his wound, he was made assistant quartermaster for the regiment in the winter of 1862. Being practically on the staff of Gen. Thomas Harrison, he shared the service of Gen. Wheeler's cavalry in the Tennessee, Georgia, and Carolina campaigns, his final battle experience being Bentonville.

In 1866 Mr. Brownson settled in Victoria. He was married there August 23, 1870, to Miss Kate Fleming McDow. He engaged in banking at Victoria from 1869, having associated with him for several years Mr. Eugene Sibley. Later it became the First National Bank, and Comrade Brownson was chosen president.

The *Victoria Daily Advocate* states: "In every department of life he was influential. He was noted for his numerous acts of kindness and charity. In Church affairs he was always a leading member, having held successively the offices of deacon and elder in the First Presbyterian Church of this city. He held many positions of honor and trust. At the time of his death he was president of the school board, was a Mason and Knight Templar, and was a member of the Benevolent Order of Elks. He was also a member of the W. R. Scurry Camp of Confederate Veterans. At the annual reunion of the Terry Rangers held in this city in 1899 he was elected President. As a mark of respect all the business houses of the city closed for the funeral. His widow and two children, Mrs. B. B. Burns, of Bristol, Va., and John M. Brownson, Jr., of this city, survive him."

DR. W. H. WALTHALL.

Dr. W. H. Walthall, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Roanoke, Va., died on the 18th of October after a long illness from paralysis, resulting from a severe fall. He was born in Prince Edward County, Va., in 1836. His grandfather, Peter Walthall, was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary War.

Dr. Walthall graduated in medicine at Virginia Medical College, Richmond, and in the spring of 1861 he enlisted for the Confederacy in the Montgomery Fencibles, under Capt. Trigg, which was afterwards known as Company G, 4th Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. He served the first year in the infantry, was then transferred to hospital service, and later commissioned surgeon. When Richmond was evacuated, in 1865, Dr. Walthall was placed in charge of a car load of wounded soldiers and started with them to Lynchburg. The entire party was captured at Farmville, but as it was after the surrender he was paroled and allowed to proceed homeward; but for three weeks he stayed with his wounded comrades and administered to their necessities, although his family did not know whether he was living or dead, all mail service being suspended.

While Dr. Walthall was steward at the hospital in Lewisburg, W. Va., in 1863, the Confederates were ordered to leave the town, as the enemy was coming in great force. He unfurled the yellow flag over the hospital and found it adequate protection. His wife and four children survive him.

NICHOLAS P. TREDENICK.

If in history the heroic part the private soldiers took in the War between the States were truly written; if their deeds of bravery, courage, devotion to and love of country were faithfully portrayed in that long list of heroes, the glory of our land, the name of Nicholas Tredenick would be among the foremost. Born in North Carolina, he threw himself heart and soul into the cause of his native State; and died January 5, 1906, as he had lived, faithful and loyal to the spirit of the Confederacy.

A comrade, J. P. McGinnis, has written that "Nicholas Tredenick was one of the best soldiers in the old 1st North Carolina Cavalry. He enlisted in June, 1861, in Company B, 13th North Carolina Infantry, and later was transferred to Company C, 1st North Carolina Cavalry. It is believed that he did not miss a fight in which his company was engaged. When the bugle sounded, he was the first in line, and I believe he really loved fighting, for I never saw him dodge a bullet or shell. In the second cavalry fight at Brandy Station, when the troopers, who dismounted, were, after hard and continuous fighting, driven back, Lieut. Morrow fell exhausted, and 'Nick,' who had been in charge of the horses, seeing his danger, rushed in and brought the Lieutenant out, utterly oblivious of the Yankees, who were firing at him all the time. In the Wilderness May 4, 1864, Tredenick and eight others fought the advance guard all day. We would shoot until at too close range, then run, reload, turn, and shoot again. We killed one captain, wounded several men, and shot many horses. The next day he captured from a Yankee a fine horse in a single-handed fight. On the 8th of May 'Nick,' with two others, captured three ambulances and several men. Near Atlee's Station, five miles from Richmond, at two o'clock in the morning in a blinding snowstorm the 1st Cavalry, consisting of two hundred and eighty men, charged and routed Kilpatrick's camp of five thousand men. Tredenick had a fight with a lieutenant colonel, shot him through the shoulder, and captured him and the prettiest sword I ever saw. Many are the deeds of daring that could be written of him, but throughout the war he was unscathed. Both of his brothers served the cause. W. S. Tredenick was accidentally killed in camp, Richard was lost in the Wilderness campaign, a cousin, Richard, was killed at Chamberlain's Run, and his brother-in-law lost his life in one of Johnson's last battles in North Carolina. They were fighting stock."

COL. H. J. REID.

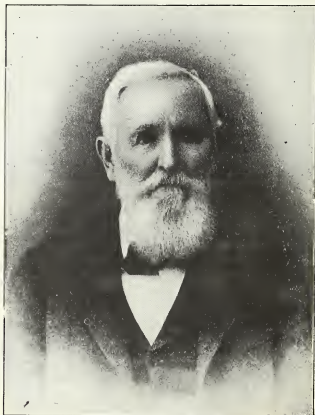
Col. Reid, of Lexington, Miss., late comrade of the U. C. V. Camp there, was born February 25, 1827, near Woodville, Miss. He served in the war with Mexico as a private in Comstock's company, 3d Louisiana Volunteers, from which he was honorably discharged on account of ill health. He moved with his family and located in Holmes County, Miss., near Acona, in 1850. In 1861 he raised a company mainly in Holmes and Carroll Counties, called the Black Hawk Rifles, of which he was elected captain. This company was mustered into the State service and went into camp at Iuka, Miss., in July, 1861. In September it was mustered into the Confederate service for the war and ordered to Memphis, where it joined Bonham's 1st Mississippi "War Regiment," afterwards designated as the 22d Mississippi Infantry.

Capt. Reid commanded his company on that long, hard march in midwinter, the ground covered with snow and sleet, from Bowling Green, Ky., after the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson back to Iuka, from which it had started the

July previous. This hard march and the conditions of the Confederacy sorely tried the endurance and spirit of the boys; but Capt. Reid was always cheerful, sharing every hardship with his men and encouraging them by example as well as precept, and endeared himself to them in many ways.

After the battle of Shiloh, Capt. Reid became the major of his regiment; and after the battle of Baton Rouge, through the death of Col. Hughes, he was promoted to lieutenant colonel. In the hard-fought battle of Corinth, under Gen. Van Dorn, Col. Reid's horse having been shot, he went afoot with his regiment in that magnificent charge upon the enemy's breastworks, when the 22d Mississippi Regiment with the 1st Mississippi Battalion carried the works and captured the twenty-pound gun called the Lady Richardson. At Baker's Creek and Jackson, Miss., and the retreat to Meridian Col. Reid was in command of the regiment. On account of ill health he was sent to the hospital, and he did not regain his health sufficiently to rejoin his command before the surrender.

Col. Reid's first thought was for the care of his men. Then he required every officer and man to do his duty. He was just in his condemnation of wrongdoers, but always tempered justice with mercy. At the few Confederate Veterans' Reunions Col. Reid was able to attend it did one's soul good to witness the enthusiasm with which his old boys, now reduced to a small remnant, would greet and embrace him.



COL. H. J. REID.

After the war Col. Reid engaged in farming on a small scale. For years he taught the public school of his neighborhood, served his beat as magistrate for several terms, and was elected several terms to represent his county in the Legislature.

Col. Reid was a great reader and thoroughly posted on public matters; but he was so modest and retiring that he hid his light under a bushel, and one had to know him well to appreciate him thoroughly. He was brave, cool, and collected in battle, never sending his men where he failed to go.

In his family he was a devoted husband and father. In the death of Col. Reid this Camp lost one of its most zealous and efficient members; and while we sadly mourn our loss, we glory in the bright example he has given us, and live in the hope that when we come to respond to the last roll call we shall be able to show as unsullied a past as his and through the mercy of God be found worthy to safely cross the mysterious river of death and "lie down in the shade of the trees" with our glorious comrades who have passed before us.

The following-named committee, G. C. Phillips, William Eggleston, and J. W. Whittington, submitted appropriate resolutions to the Camp, which were unanimously adopted.

LIEUT. ARTHUR BRYDE.

Lieut. Arthur Bryde died on January 12, 1906, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, near Woodlawn, Md. He served in Company E, 5th Louisiana Regiment. He was a nephew of the late Capt. George H. Graham, of the Crescent Regiment, who was killed at the battle of Shiloh, and of Peter Graham, of Finner's Battery, who was killed at Dalton, Ga.; also of David R. Graham, of New Orleans. He married Miss Addie Todd, of Maryland, and left his widow, five sons, and one daughter (five of whom are married) to mourn his loss.

Lieut. Bryde's military record reads as follows: He enlisted in Company E, Orleans Cadets, May 4, 1861, under Capt. Charles D. Dreux. Later his company was merged into the 5th Louisiana Regiment. During his connection he was present in all engagements until wounded at Sharpsburg, when he was relieved on furlough. He was in the battle of Fredericksburg May 11, 1863; at Gettysburg, first, second, and third days; was at Mine Run, at the Wilderness, May 5, 6, and 9; at Spotsylvania May 10, 12, and 18, 1864; was wounded again at Monocacy Bridge May 18, 1864; then captured, and was a prisoner at the close of the war. His reputation for valor was like that of all his comrades in the famous regiment, and it was only due to his indomitable spirit that he resisted amputation of a leg while wounded and a prisoner. Owing to his residence being in Maryland, he had never associated himself with any of the Camps in Louisiana.

C. H. HARWELL AND G. T. COFIELD.

H. W. Martin, Secretary Camp Rodes, No. 661, Quanah, Tex., writes that during the past year that Camp has been called to mourn the loss of two of its most cherished members.

Clarence H. Harwell, born in Montgomery, Ala., 1844, answered the call of his State for volunteers in January, 1861, to seize the forts along the Gulf Coast, and joined the Montgomery Blues, which with other State troops took the ports at the entrance to Mobile Bay. Then upon the first call for troops from President Davis he went with the first company from Montgomery, which afterwards became a part of the 5th Alabama, under Col. (afterwards Gen.) Rodes, and he served with that command in the Army of Northern Virginia throughout the war. Comrade Harwell never shirked a duty, and was always on the firing line in every engagement of his command. He was near Gen. Rodes when he was killed, at Winchester, and through his influence Camp Rodes was named for that gallant officer. After the war Comrade Harwell removed to Arkansas, where he married. He afterwards went to Texas, and from 1890 had resided at Quanah, where he was at the head of the C. H. Harwell Bank, regarded as one of the safest banks in the State. His sterling integrity and high business character won for him the confidence and esteem of the people with whom he was associated.

Death came to him in May, 1905. His wife and two children survive him.

George Thomas Cofield was born in Perry, Ga., in February, 1847; and when in his seventeenth year he joined Harris's Battery, Georgia Light Artillery, serving with this command till its surrender, under J. E. Johnston, in North Carolina, in 1865. He was with his command throughout the Georgia campaign, in the battles around Atlanta and Jonesboro, and with Gen. Hood at Franklin and Nashville. He made a good and faithful soldier, never being absent a day from duty from the time of his enlistment. He returned to his Georgia home after the war, attended school two years, and in 1870 went to Texas. He was married in 1877, and of this union were born five children, who, with their mother, were left to mourn his death, in May of 1905.

MAJ. CHARLES MORGAN PEARRE.

Charles M. Pearre was born near Unionville, Carroll County, Md., April 22, 1838; and died at his home, near Guion, Taylor County, Tex., July 29, 1905. After leaving school at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., he was with a mercantile house for two or three years, but in 1860 he went to Texas and engaged in stock-raising. In 1861 he joined Terry's Texas Rangers, and commanded Company A from 1862 to 1865. After the war closed, he returned to Texas, disposed of his scattered stock, and again engaged in the mercantile business at Bryan, where he married Miss Anna V. Martin in 1870. In 1872 he removed to Galveston, and there became prominent as a citizen and business man, as in every community where he lived a high place was given him in the estimation of all the people.



MAJ. C. M. PEARRE.

Comrade Pearre was on the staff of Gen. Van Zandt, of the Texas Division, U. C. V., ranking as Major. His wife and one son survive him.

FEATHERSON.—Died November 22 John C. Featherston, of Bryant Station, Tenn., an honored Confederate veteran. He joined Capt. Peyton's company, 3d Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., and served with it until the fall of Fort Donelson, when he made his escape and joined Company C, 9th Tennessee Cavalry, and was serving with it when on the Straight raid, when his hip was injured. He was then on other duty until April, 1865, when he received his parole. He was in his seventy-fourth year, and for ten months previous to his death suffered severely with rheumatism. A wife and many friends mourn the passing of this comrade.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE J. D. BEALE, OF MONTGOMERY.

The White House Association of Montgomery at a recent meeting passed fitting resolutions of sympathy for Mrs. J. D. Beale, prepared by Mrs. John W. A. Sanford. Mrs. Beale is bereaved by the death of her husband. The association records its deep sympathy for the bereft widow and children, and made record that "We remember with admiration and love the many generous acts of our departed friend, the loving-kindness of his great, tender heart, his sympathy for the distressed, and his never-failing interest in and liberal aid to all the work of the White House Association; that we shall never forget his nobility and strength of character which enabled him to advise with prudence and good judgment."

It was ordered that a page be set apart in the minutes of the association to record the memorial of its sympathy and esteem for his family. The committee is composed of Mrs. John W. A. Sanford, Mrs. Edward Trimble, and Mrs. A. M. Allen.

MRS. ELLEN WARREN.

Mrs. Ellen Warren, wife of Capt. Walter Warren, of Amarillo, Tex., was born September 24, 1843, in Mercer County, Va. When a child she was taken by her grandparents to Maury County, Tenn. In her girlhood she experienced the hardships and privations incident to the women and children of the South during the bloody conflict which raged from 1861 to 1865, and with the spinning wheel and the loom did well her part in clothing her loved ones, who were battling for their homes and honor.

On December 6, 1866, she was happily married to Capt. Walter Warren. Her strong type of true Southern womanhood, coupled with her sweet, Christian character, made her a model wife, mother, and friend. To know her was to love her, as was truly attested in her sickness and death. A few months previously she officiated in the bestowal of crosses of honor to the members of W. B. Plemons Camp, U. C. V. She went home to heaven November 14, 1905, and left a husband, four sons, and three daughters, together with a host of friends, to mourn their loss. The funeral procession was led by the members of the Confederate Camp in a body to the M. E. Church, South, of which she had been a worthy and efficient member for many years.

ROBERT HARRIS.

Robert Harris, of Hardeman, Tex., aged sixty-eight years, was accidentally killed by the fall of a tree in November, 1905. He was orderly sergeant of Company C, 22d Tennessee Infantry, Capt. Richardson, Col. T. Freeman. In the first day's fight at Shiloh he was wounded in the right arm; and when the Federals got in his section of the State, he went to North Carolina, joined a cavalry command, and remained with it till

the close of the war. He then went home and began farming, with much success. He was never married. Comrade Harris lost two brothers in the war, serving in the same company, and he had another brother in Forrest's old cavalry regiment.

JOHN T. HARDAWAY.

Died near Mount Vernon, Tex., on February 6, 1905, John T. Hardaway, who was a private in Company I, 11th Texas Cavalry, Harrison's Brigade. He served in the Trans-Mississippi Department. As a soldier, his reputation for duty and for heroism was unsurpassed. He was struck by a Federal sabre while sustaining an Arkansas battery in a hotly contested engagement. No Confederate veteran was a greater lover and admirer of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN than this comrade. He has said to me: "My Bible is first and my VETERAN is next in estimation." He died of cancer, and was a great sufferer, but endured it all as a good and a righteous soldier. He was a devout member of the Baptist Church. His place will be much missed and difficult to be filled. He was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., Mount Vernon, Tex.

This sketch is from P. A. Blakey, Commander of the Ben McCulloch Camp at Mount Vernon.

MRS. I. P. MOFFETT.

Died December 29, 1905, at her home, in Augusta County, Va., Mrs. Isabella Patrick Moffett, a charter member and Vice President of the Waynesboro Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Moffett was a typical Southern lady, both by inheritance and character. Her father, Capt. William Patrick, led the first company that left Waynesboro, on April 19, 1861, to do battle for the Confederacy, and at Second Manassas sealed his devotion to the cause with his blood. Her husband was also a gallant Confederate soldier. She was ever true to the South and our cause. To a quiet dignity and lovely disposition she united a strength of mind and character that made her the noble woman she was.

CAPT. J. D. WOODS.

A man honored and loved by his people was Capt. J. D. Woods, of Grayson County, Tex., whose death occurred October 16. He was born in Carroll County, Tenn., in 1834, and at the age of twenty-four removed to Texas. For little less than a half century he had been a resident of Sherman and an active factor in the progress of the community. He enlisted for the Confederacy in the 16th Texas Cavalry, commanding Company C, and served until the surrender. He was always on the firing line, calling his brave boys to "come on," yet he came through the war without injury.

Capt. Woods was a graduate of the Lebanon Law School, and for a year before going to Texas he had practiced in the courts of Tennessee. He had just been sent to the Legislature by his district, of which Grayson County was a part, when the war broke out, and hurried home to enlist. After the war he again served his people in different capacities, as State's counsel, as chief magistrate of the city, and as mayor two terms; twice he was made county judge; in 1892 he went to the Legislature as Senator; in 1902 he was elected as one of the local representatives from Grayson County, and reelected in 1904, the last term being unfinished. He was always ready to do his duty for his party and people.

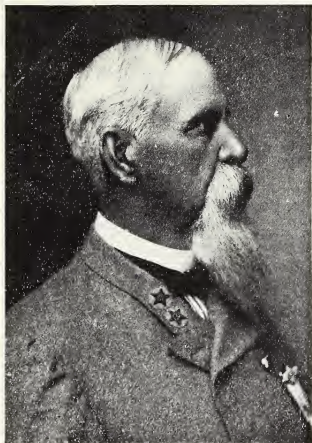
Capt. Woods was a member of Mildred Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Sherman, of which he was Commander for several years. He was twice married, and is survived by a wife and several children.



MRS. ELLEN WARREN.

JUDGE G. H. GOULD.

Judge G. H. Gould, late Commander of the John H. Reagan Camp, No. 44, U. C. V., has taken his place in the ranks of the silent majority. Born in Michigan, he came to Texas before the great war and settled in Rusk County,



JUDGE G. H. GOULD.

where he taught school and studied law. So true and loyal was he to the people of his adopted State, and so well did they love him and so highly did they honor him, that even in sectional discussion no one ever questioned his fidelity to the interests and institutions of the country which he had chosen to be the birthplace of his children and which was his own burial place. When the State withdrew from the Union, he at once offered her his services, and served with distinction as a lieutenant in Texas.

At the close of hostilities he resumed the rôle of teacher and the practice of law in the town of Henderson. He was singularly gentle, courteous, and dignified, commanding the respect and esteem of even those whose views were widely different from his own. An unswerving devotion to principle characterized alike his political and private life. He was spared the sickness and disappointment of age and decay, but died in the full vigor of an unimpaired intellect. Besides being a Past Commander of his Camp, he served as Judge Advocate General on the staff of Gen. Van Zandt, commanding the Texas Division.

JOSEPH H. FRANCIS.

There is peculiar sorrow in the death of Mr. J. H. Francis, who had been so staunch a supporter of the VETERAN for several years. He died at a hotel, having no family.

Comrade Francis was an efficient scout, serving Gens.

Wheeler and Forrest as such in the war. He was a successful man in business, having a fine estate in Alabama. He was a member of Southern organizations in New York. His remains were sent to Jacksonville, Ala., for burial.

B. R. GEORGE.

Beverly R. George, a native of Lynchburg, Va., enlisted with the Buffalo Blues, of Buffalo, Va. (now W. Va.), which was afterwards Company A, 36th Virginia Infantry. In the second year of the war he was transferred to Company D, 8th Virginia Cavalry, and participated in many battles with that famous regiment from the border. He was known as a fearless soldier. After the war he returned to Buffalo, married Miss M. F. Fry, and engaged in farming and timber interests. He passed from earth on December 12, in his seventieth year, leaving wife, three sons, and five daughters.

DEATHS IN CAMP NO. 21, U. C. V.

Hattiesburg (Miss.) Camp, No. 21, U. C. V., lost the following members during 1905: John A. James, Company G, 4th Tennessee Cavalry; Rev. L. P. Meador, Company F, 36th Mississippi Infantry; James A. Barnett, Company E, 16th Mississippi Infantry; J. T. McLemore, Company E, 9th Mississippi Cavalry; N. L. Herrin, Company A, 9th Mississippi Cavalry; G. I. Wainwright, Company B, 14th Mississippi, and Company B, 37th Mississippi Infantry.

J. T. DEARMAN.

Commander of Camp Pelham, Anniston, Ala., Jake T. DeArman, died on July 3, 1905. He was a gallant soldier throughout the war and devotedly attached to the association of Confederates. After the war he entered on life's duties as a farmer in Calhoun County, Ala., and through successful undertakings accumulated a competency, of which he contributed with a liberal hand to the needs of others. His friends were numbered in all stations of life, and his people miss him for his good works and kindly deeds.

R. B. BROWN.

Forrest Camp, of Roff, Ind. T., reports the death of R. B. Brown, an able and good member, who had served in Company G, 30th Alabama Regiment, Pettus's Brigade. Comrade Brown was born in November, 1842; and died January 11, 1906. Although but a short while in the community mentioned, he had made many warm friends by his integrity and readiness to lend a helping hand to those in need.

HARWELL.—Patten T. Harwell, a veteran of two wars, died near Elmo, Tenn., January 27, in his eighty-second year. He served his country honorably and faithfully in the war with Mexico and as a private in the War between the States, the last two years in Lane's Confederate Regiment. He was a true man and soldier, ready for any service, however hazardous. After the war he went to Kaufman County, Tex., and lived there till near the time of his death. Two sons and several grandchildren are left of his family. He will be kindly remembered by all who knew him as soldier and citizen.

STEPHENS.—Benjamin W. Stephens was born in Columbia, Boone County, Mo., in 1837. He joined the Confederate army in the spring of 1861, and served throughout the war under Gen. Shelby. He died at Phenix, Mo., August 24, 1905, and rests with his comrades in the Confederate cemetery.

TWO WARS:

The Mexican and the War between the States.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

There is no manner of describing the eventful scenes of life so pleasing and attractive as that of autobiography, which is a description of events written the day of their occurrence. This is demonstrated in Col. French's book, "Two Wars." Gen. French, then a brevet second lieutenant of artillery, United States army, sailed from Baltimore, Md., with Maj. S. Ringgold's battery of horse artillery for Aransas Pass, Tex. He was with Gen. Z. Taylor in all his battles. At Buena Vista he was severely wounded, and Gen. Taylor in person helped to place Col. Jefferson Davis and Lieut. French in a wagon and hauled them eight miles to Saltillo.

When the troops encamped at Corpus Christi, in October, 1845, Gen. French was a brevet second lieutenant; but when it ended he was a captain on the general staff of the army, outranking officers who had been in service many long years. He was the only officer in the army who received six commissions during the war.

His autobiography narrates the camp life at Corpus Christi. An account of the journey he made from Corpus Christi to San Antonio will astonish the present age in regard to the abundance of game in that untrodden wilderness. The party consisted of five persons. In all sincerity it was declared that on the journey they saw over twelve hundred deer and antelopes; that in one piece of timber over a thousand wild turkeys would roost. Some of the herds of deer numbered over two hundred. Herds of wild cattle were seen. In connection with this we will remark that on the march of the army from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande they had regular bullfights on the prairie, and that a herd of wild horses broke through the line of march between our battery and the brigade of dragoons. At Corpus Christi every night a solid stream of wild geese, more than a mile in width, would for half an hour pass overhead and settle in the bay. In a few minutes more geese would be killed than a pony could carry. The deer, turkeys, geese, swans, and ducks would move just out of gunshot and stop and gaze at the men as intruders. They had never heard the sound of a gun.

After the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the army was withdrawn from Mexico and encamped at East Pascagoula, Miss., and in the autumn sent to occupy the frontier posts and seacoast posts. Capt. French was ordered to Galveston and Houston, thence to Austin. From Austin he sent companies with guides to find comfortable camping grounds. They selected Waco, Dallas, Fredericksburg, and other camps now grown into large cities. The garrison for El Paso was not sent until the spring of 1849.

Capt. French was ordered to fit out the expedition. It required about three thousand animals. A road from San Antonio had to be made. Col. J. E. Johnston was engineer, Maj. J. Van Horne, 3d Infantry, was in command of the troops, and Capt. French was quartermaster. There was only one house in El Paso on the American side. Capt. French's report can be found among the United States Senate documents of 1849-50.

During the year 1850 a great drought occurred in Western Texas, and all travel ceased to El Paso. But supplies had to be sent there. Capt. French was selected to fit out a train of one hundred and fifty wagons and take charge of the expedition. He made it a success by marching the train ninety-six miles in fifty-two consecutive hours without water.

The Mexican War as written by Capt. French is the most interesting account we have, so far as relates to Gen. Taylor's campaigns. It is not extracts; it is just as seen by a participant. It tells how the administration tried to cloud the star of Gen. Taylor's destiny as it rose higher and higher after each victory until he became the President of the United States.

In the spring of 1856 Capt. French resigned from the army and made his home on his plantation, near Greenville, Washington County, Miss.

When the State of Mississippi withdrew from the Union, Capt. French was appointed chief of ordnance of the Army of the State of Mississippi with the rank of colonel. In October, 1861, Col. French received a dispatch from President Davis asking: "Will you accept an appointment of brigadier general?" Ten days later he wrote accepting it.

On reporting for duty, in October, 1861, he was ordered to the command of the troops at Evensport and to blockade the Potomac River at Washington. Batteries were constructed and all intercourse by water stopped. On the 8th of March the whole Confederate forces fell back to Fredericksburg. Immediately Gen. R. E. Lee ordered Gen. French to proceed to Newbern, N. C., and take command of the troops there. One hour after Gen. Lee handed him the order came the dispatch, "Newbern has fallen." However, he went down and assumed command in that section. Four days after he was ordered to Wilmington, N. C., to defend the city, as a great fleet was coming down from Fortress Monroe. The fleet passed on down the coast.

While in Wilmington he fortified the city, the river, and "laid out" and built Fort Fisher, and put Col. Lamb in command. Early in July he was placed in command of the Department of North Carolina and Southern Virginia, a line three hundred miles in length from the James River to the mouth of Cape Fear River. Headquarters were at Petersburg. Here commenced the burden of his military life.

The diary now becomes intensely interesting. It is not a story of the war produced from memory of the long, long ago, but a faithful record of events—marches, fights, battles, trials, and sufferings from cold and hunger. Desolation and starvation closed the struggle at Appomattox.

Then come "Reconstruction" years, and Gen. French's account is the only one that presents the proceedings in the events written down during the reign of the carpetbaggers and freedmen's bureau, or autocracy.

The last three States readmitted into the Union in 1870 were Texas, Mississippi, and Virginia.

What a world of victories, defeats, joys, crushed hopes, agonies of mind, broken hearts, bodily suffering from the pangs of hunger amidst desolation does this volume disclose! And still from the lakes to the gulf goes up the prayer:

"O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

[This autobiography of "Two Wars" is doubtless as attractive a history as ever was written. The author is a thoroughly educated gentleman, a thoroughly trained soldier, a man of Northern birth, but so familiar with all sections that he could justly estimate the spirit and motive of all the people. He elected to cast his lot with the South in its heroic defense of State rights. How ably he met every responsibility is well known.

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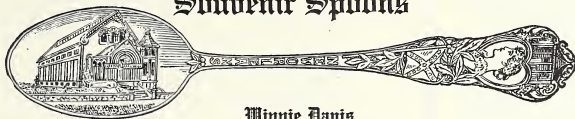
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OF HANDLE AND THE MEMORIAL HALL IN THE BOWL

Ben T. Murphree, of Mount Pleasant, Tex., reports an old comrade, J. M. Slaughter, who, in sad circumstances out there, is trying to establish his record, so as to secure a pension. He was a member of Company C, 39th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, Capt. Brad Brown, of Staunton, Va. He also mentions Lieut. Alfred Pettigrew, Nat Christian, James Franklin, and Gen. Sam Garland, all of Lynchburg. Any who can testify in behalf of this comrade will please write him immediately.

N. B. Haney, of Millsap, Tex., writes of a poor comrade in that community, J. W. Merritt, who is trying to establish his record, so as to secure a pension, and he wants to hear from any of his old comrades. Merritt was third lieutenant of Company D, 34th Battalion Virginia Cavalry. V. A. Witcher was his colonel and — Collins his captain. Write to him or Mr. Haney at above address.

David Cardwell, of McGregor's Battery, Stuart's Horse Artillery, will be at the St. Charles Hotel during the Reunion in New Orleans, and wants to see any of the old "Horse" who desire to see him. His address is Columbus, S. C.

James F. Askew, of Georgetown, Ky., wishes information of Creel Hood, a member of Company E, Duke's Regiment, Morgan's Command. When last heard from, he was in the custody of home guards on the Poor Fork of the Cumberland River, in Harlan County, Ky., in the spring of 1865. He inquires also of Capt. Estis, a citizen of Texas, who in 1865 commanded a squadron of cavalry under orders of Gen. Echols in the valley of Powell River, Lee County, Va.

The VETERAN office needs copies of January and November numbers of 1902 to fill out some volumes for that year, and will be glad to credit subscribers who will send these numbers to that extent on their subscription. Only copies in good condition are wanted.

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Gen. J. L. Lomas, our Gettysburg Commissioner, says: "Every Confederate who was in the charge should possess a copy of Capt. Douthat's 'Gettysburg.' I do not see how any man could write a nobler poem of that tragic charge." Book may be had of the author, Morgantown, W. Va., or of the N. & N. Pub. Co., 431 Eleventh St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Address the author, Dr. R. W. Douthat, The Gettysburg Battle Lecturer, Morgantown, W. Va.

R. E. LEE.

The drapery of heaven hung low
In dark and gloomy shrouds;
The angels used the weeping stars
In pinning back the clouds;
The shades of gloom and woe prevailed
O'er all the land and sea,
And eyes that were unused to tears
Now wept for Robert Lee.

A Christian soldier, true and brave,
Beloved near and far;
He was the first in time of peace
And first in time of war.
Virginia never reared a son
More brave and good than he,
Save one, and he was Washington,
Who lived and died like Lee.

The nation wept when cruel Death
Into his mansion stole,
But angels in the "better land"
Received his peaceful soul;
For that, belonging to God alone,
He gave it to him free,
And left the South the name and fame
Of Robert Edward Lee.

His peaceful sword is laid away,
His work on earth is done;
He loved the people in the South,
They idolized their son.
There's not a woman, man, or child,
I care not where they be,
Through the still sweet Sunny South,
But loves the name of Lee.

He had no enemies on earth;
There's not a voice that can
Say aught against the name of Lee,
The soldier or the man;
And that would be a proud cold heart
That e'er would cease to be
The place where memory wrote the name
Of Robert Edward Lee.

Bow down your heads, ye Southern sons,
A few brief moments spend
In weeping for the loss of one
Who lived and died your friend.
He loved you as he loved his life;
And when on bended knee,
Look up and let the angels hear
Your prayer: "God bless our Lee!"

J. A. Reeves, of Camden, Ark., wants to hear from Penn Mason, who joined the 6th Arkansas Regiment in the "Dixie Grays" Company in June, 1861, at Little Rock, Ark. He was first lieutenant, and later promoted to a position on the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and last with Gen. Hood. He surrendered with the army in North Carolina, and returned to his home, in Virginia.



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W. S. Wolfe, of Carmi, Ill., wore the blue during the war, but writes that he is interested in the VETERAN, proof of which is the renewal of his subscription for another year. Mr. Wolfe is trying to secure some relics of the war with which to decorate his office in Hotel Wolfe, and asks his "Johnnie" friends to send him something, on which he will cheerfully pay charges. Comrades living near the large battlefields may have something that he would appreciate. It might be well to write him in advance and inform him as to what you have.

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The widow of B. C. Stigall, who served in Col. Newsom's Cavalry Regiment, Tennessee, 1864 and 1865, is now living at Magnolia, Ark., in firm and in indigent circumstances. To get a pension, she needs the testimony of persons who knew her husband in the service. Soon after the war Comrade Stigall went from Tennessee to Arkansas, where he died some five years ago. Any information that can be given of his service should be sent to G. B. Mixon, County Clerk, Magnolia, Ark.

A collection of stories under the title of "How Henry Allen Won His Wife" has been issued by the Tennessee Valley Fertilizer Company, of Florence, Ala., designed to bring before the people in an interesting way the value of fertilizers made by the company. John Trotwood Moore's "Little Sister" is another story of the collection, and is one of the many good things that writer has sent out. Directions on the use of fertilizers, good advice on management of farm and household, funny-graphs, and a list of the Presidents of the United States, with a short biographical sketch of each, make this a valuable little book and well worth the small price of fifty cents. See advertisement of the company in this number of the *VETERAN*.



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TALKS ABOUT THE OLD SOUTH.

Rev. J. H. Young, St. Louis, Mo., pastor Wagoner Place Methodist Church, writes to Dr. H. M. Hamill: "God bless you, old fellow, for your tribute to the Old South! I have just finished reading it with eyes full of tears, as it recalled the memories of the long ago. Dear old Southland! My heart is full of the tenderest affection for the Old South, as I, too, knew it in my boyhood days. I thank you for the delightful hour I have had to-day as I have followed your lead into old scenes and experiences in the South. We shall never see the like again, but thank God! we shall meet in the by and by many of those 'ole massas' and black mummies, those worthy children of the 'uncrowned queen of the centuries.' I thank you again for this able and touching tribute, which has so beautifully expressed what I have always felt, but could not tell."

The Cumberland Presbyterian says of this book: "Himself a noble product of the Old South, from which, as he says, came his inspiration and aspiration, Dr. Hamill is well fitted to speak on the subject of this monograph. While a Southern man by birth, his residence in other sections of the country and his broad experience have enabled him to speak without that narrowness of vision which is so apt to characterize one who has lived all of his days in one section. Sympathetically and truthfully Dr. Hamill portrays the real Old South and its influence upon the country."

No recent book of its scope treating the causes of the War between the States has been more warmly received in the South than "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession," by E. W. R. Ewing. Only a few copies remain unsold. Order them through the VETERAN. If you will send two dollars, we will mail you a copy of this book, and when it is out one copy of "The Negro's Struggle in the White Man's Courts," advertised in this issue.

The author of "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession" through his bookseller is asking orders for his new work. See advertisement.

The Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., wishes to complete a file of the VETERAN, for which the first ten copies of 1893, February, 1894, and November, 1902, are needed. Those who can supply these copies will kindly write in advance of sending.

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Mr. J. F. Burns, Roadmaster at Elizabethtown, Ky., for the L. & N. Railroad Company, writes of the little cemetery near the bridge at Green River, which has been looked after by the division officers of the railroad for a number of years. The headstones are of marble set in a base of limestone, and this base is rapidly disintegrating, allowing the headstones to fall. Two headstones have fallen and broken, and Mr. Burns offers to have them reset if friends or relatives will furnish new stones and bases. One was erected "In memory of the dead of the 29th Mississippi Regiment, C. S. A., who fell in battle at Mumfordsville, Ky., on September 14, 1862. Erected by this grateful State." The other is the same, except it is for the "9th Mississippi Battalion." Mr. Burns calls attention to the incorrect spelling of "Munfordsville" and "Battalion."

Leonard Grace Gee, of Valasco, Tex., who served in Company E, 5th Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, wants to learn what became of a little Yankee boy taken by the 1st Texas Regiment at Second Manassas. His father was a member of the 5th New York Zouaves, and was killed on his gun that day. The boy was about seven or eight years old, dressed in the Zouave uniform. The last seen of him he was being carried off on the shoulders of the 1st Texas boys.

Capt. W. S. Ray, of DeQueen, Ark., asks that any one who knew Sam Smith in the army will kindly write him. He volunteered in White County, Ark., at West Point, and served west of the Mississippi, dying about the close of the war. His widow is old and poor, and desires proof of service in order to get a pension. She does not remember the number of his regiment or the names of any officers.

Mrs. C. A. Combs, of Adamsville, Tenn., asks to hear from two survivors of Company G, 9th Tennessee Cavalry, Biffle's Regiment, in which command her husband, Charles A. Combs, served. She wishes to establish her rights to a pension.

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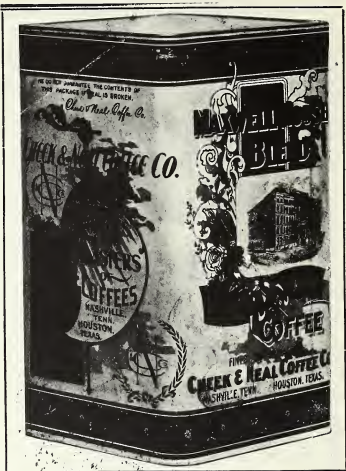
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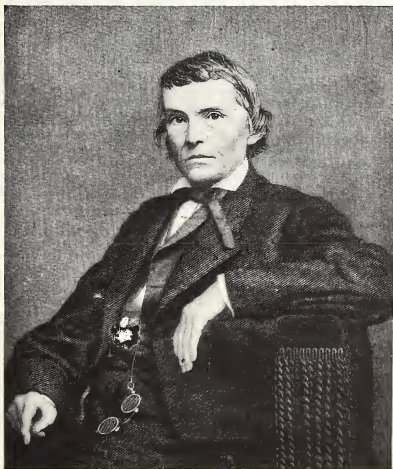
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(See pages 167-173.)

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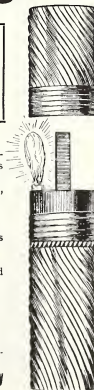
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NEW ORLEANS CHAPTER NO. 72, U. D. C.

BY MRS. D. A. S. VAUGHT, PRESIDENT, 1527 SEVENTH STREET.

In May, 1896, the patriotic ladies of New Orleans determined to make an effort at securing for New Orleans the Battle Abbey offered by Mr. Rouss on certain conditions. A handsome festival netted three thousand dollars, and some of the ladies, desirous of continuing the good work, decided to organize a Chapter, U. D. C. The general order was then two years old. Seven women eligible for membership, being wives and daughters of Confederate soldiers, sent for a charter. Owing to various untoward circumstances, the Chapter was not fully installed for several months.

Mrs. F. G. Freret was elected President, and served for two years. During that time, besides fraternizing with the Veterans, celebrating historic anniversaries, and decorating graves of Confederate dead on Decoration Day, April 6, the Chapter joined in the work of sending supplies to the troops in the Spanish-American War, presented Col. Duncan Hood, U. S. V., with a handsome sword, and prepared for and entertained sister Chapters organizing a State Division in 1899. State President Mrs. J. P. Smith was chosen from Chapter 72. The convention was again held in New Orleans in 1900. Mrs. W. H. Dickson had been elected Chapter President in 1899 and reelected in 1900. It being found that conditions in regard to the Battle Abbey had been set aside, the members of the Battle Abbey Association determined to utilize its fund in two scholarships in Tulane University, one for a son and one for a daughter of Confederate soldiers. The Chapter turned its attention to other matters, the membership increased, some benevolent plans were laid out, and historical matters claimed attention. A case was secured in Memorial Hall and filled with relics and valuable papers.

In 1901 Mrs. Alden McLellan became President. On June 3 a joint celebration of the birthday of Jefferson Davis was held with the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association and the Jefferson Davis Monument Association in Memorial Hall, and thereafter on each June 3 the date has been kept by the Chapter with appropriate ceremonies.

In November, 1901, Mrs. Pinckney Smith, on behalf of New Orleans Chapter, invited the general order to hold its convention in New Orleans in November, 1902. Preparations for this important event and ways and means for raising funds occupied the attention of the Chapter. January 25, 1902, Mrs. F. G. Freret was again elected to the presidency. The convention was brilliant and successful in every respect, and the Chapter presented to the Beauregard Monument Fund the balance of one hundred and two dollars remaining after all convention bills had been settled. The Chapter had steadily increased in membership; but, owing to the interest aroused by the U. C. V. convention in 1903, one hundred and twenty-six new members were added to the roll. The Chapter entered enthusiastically into the plans of the Veterans, established U. D. C. headquarters with a rest room for the Daughters, and in conjunction with the Division, which cordially cooperated, made this quite a feature of the Reunion.

The Historical Committee is on the alert for falsifications in histories, poems, and songs relating to 1861-65 and other matter published, and joined the U. C. V. Historical Committee in cutting out a stanza interpolated into the "Star-Spangled Banner" and in causing to be rejected other books containing false statements.

In January, 1904, Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught was elected President, and is now serving a third term in that capacity. Mrs. Vaught is also President of the State Division and Second

Vice President of the general order U. D. C. The Chapter assists the Soldiers' Home, visiting the old veterans and entertaining them at times, giving generously at Christmas time. They have a benevolent fund for needy Confederate veterans and their families, and are collecting money for the Beauregard Monument Fund, to be turned over at the proper time to the Beauregard Monument Association of Veterans.

Four times a year (on January 19, April 6, June 3, and September 25) crosses of honor are bestowed upon faithful and worthy Confederate soldiers and given to the descendants of such as died before the order was instituted.

The Chapter recently gave a handsome reception to veterans and others attending the State Reunion, U. C. V. They number now four hundred members, and are preparing to join the State Division in greeting and entertaining the Veterans, Sons of Veterans, delegates to the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and all visiting Daughters at their rest room, which will be situated in the same building as the general offices and State headquarters of the U. C. V. The Chapter instituted the practice of sending flowers and having a committee attend funerals of inmates of the Soldiers' Home. The sponsor for the South, Miss Josephine



MISS JOSEPHINE H. NICHOLLS,

Sponsor for the South, U. C. V., New Orleans, 1906.

Nicholls, has been selected from its ranks, as was the case in 1904, when Miss Corinne Tebault was sponsor.

The Rice E. Granis Camp, U. C. V., of Owensboro, Ky., has elected Miss Frances Todd sponsor for the Camp, and she has designated Miss Lucile Spottwood Terrell, of New Orleans, her maid of honor for the General Reunion. Miss Todd is the daughter of Dr. C. H. Todd, President of the Medical Association, and Miss Terrell is a grandniece of Gen. Jubal A. Early.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom all contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, } Montgomery, Ala.
WILL T. SHEEHAN, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF, }
E. LESLIE SPENCE, JR., COMMANDER A. N. V. DEPT., Richmond, Va.
L. W. RYLAND, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., Jackson, Tenn.
HOMER L. HIGGS, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.
I. J. STOCKETT, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., Tyler, Tex.
C. S. WELSH, DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT.

(No. 9.)

CONFEDERATION NEWS.

The Commander in Chief is daily in receipt of the most encouraging advices in reference to the attendance for the coming Reunion, April 25-27. Indications point to the largest number in our history.

Camp John A. Broadus, Louisville, Ky., has engaged a special train for the Reunion over the Illinois Central Railroad. The chairman of the committee is George R. Wyman, Inspector General of the Confederation.

The Oklahoma Division, in command of Brant H. Kirk, expects to attend the Reunion three hundred strong. Efforts are being made to induce all who attend to secure uniforms. Plans are being considered looking to a sham battle on the part of the delegates from this Division.

The Reunion Executive Committee, Hon. William McL. Fayssoux, Chairman, is anxious to do everything possible for all who contemplate attending the Reunion.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

General Order No. 5, issued February 24, 1906, by the Commander in Chief, contains details concerning the Eleventh Annual Reunion. Full particulars will be found therein on



COMMANDER IN CHIEF DR. THOMAS M. OWEN.

the subjects of representation, per capita tax, muster rolls, committees, sponsors, maids, etc.; mailed to all Camps.

NEW CAMPS.

New Camps since the last number have been chartered as follows—viz.:

No. 534, Camp Dickinson, Palatka, Fla., March 2, 1906, twenty-one members; E. W. Warren, M.D., Commandant; H. F. Tucker, Adjutant.

No. 535, Camp Jefferson Davis, Roswell, N. Mex., March 17, 1906, fifty members; George M. Slaughter, Commandant; Fred J. Beck, Adjutant.

No. 536, Camp Stonewall Jackson, Stonewall, Ind. T., March 19, 1906, twenty-six members; M. T. Heard, Commandant; E. S. Ratliff, Adjutant.

NEW DIVISION COMMANDERS.

By Special Order No. 13, February 20, E. Fontaine Broun, of Charleston, was appointed to the vacancy which existed in the office of Commander of the West Virginia Division. The previous incumbent was Dr. V. T. Churchman.

By Special Order No. 14, February 21, Chilton Atkinson, of 421 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo., was appointed to succeed Judge F. B. Williams in command of the Missouri Division.

The new appointees are enthusiastic members of the Confederation, and had previously held the position of Commander of their respective Divisions.

ORGANIZATION OF THE U. S. C. V., 1905-06.

Commander in Chief and Staff.

Commander in Chief, Dr. T. M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Will T. Sheehan, Montgomery, Ala.

Inspector General, George R. Wyman, Louisville, Ky.
Quartermaster General, Richard G. Banks, Montgomery.
Commissary General, Leroy S. Boyd, Washington, D. C.
Judge-Advocate Gen., J. A. Collinsworth, Humboldt, Tenn.
Surgeon General, C. Hamilton, M.D., Rome, Ga.
Chaplain General, Rev. J. W. Caldwell, New Orleans, La.
Asst. Adjutant General, William Conniff, Montgomery, Ala.
Asst. Adjutant General, William L. Wooten, New Orleans.
Asst. Inspector General, Thomas E. Powe, St. Louis, Mo.
Asst. Inspector General, H. G. McNeer, Greensboro, N. C.
Asst. Quartermaster General, J. W. Stovall, Stovall, Miss.
Asst. Quartermaster General, J. G. Wardlaw, Gaffney, S. C.
Asst. Commissary General, W. L. Fleming, Morgantown, W. Va.

Asst. Commissary General, J. B. Johnson, Chicago.
Asst. Judge-Advocate General, Marshall D. Haywood, Raleigh, N. C.

Asst. Judge-Advocate General, Henry R. Shorter, Montgomery, Ala.

Asst. Surgeon General, Dr. J. T. Wiggins, Rusk, Tex.
Asst. Surgeon General, Dr. A. Stephens, Wapanucka, Ind. T.
Asst. Chaplain General, Rev. J. M. Gross, Durant, Ind. T.
Asst. Chaplain General, Rev. W. T. Allan, Springfield, Mo.
Courier, Thomas M. Owen, Jr., Montgomery, Ala.

Department Commanders.

Army Northern Virginia Department, E. Leslie Spence, Jr., Richmond, Va.

Army Tennessee Dept., R. E. L. Bynum, Jackson, Tenn.
Trans-Mississippi Dept., I. J. Stockett, Texarkana, Tex.

Division Commanders.

Alabama: George W. Duncan, Auburn.
Arkansas: John P. Logan, Siloam Springs.

District of Columbia: Thomas R. Raines, 813 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Washington.

Florida: H. J. McCallum, Jacksonville.

Georgia: W. Lamar Williams, Macon.

Indian Territory: Otis B. Weaver, Ada.

Kentucky: N. S. Bullitt, Louisville.

Louisiana: John D. Nix, New Orleans.

Maryland: J. Mercer Garnett, Jr., Baltimore.

Mississippi: W. Calvin Wells, Jr., Jackson.

Missouri: Chilton Atkinson, 421 Olive Street, St. Louis.

North Carolina: E. R. MacKethan, Fayetteville.

Oklahoma: B. H. Kirk, Oklahoma City.

South Carolina: J. J. McSwain, Greenville.

Tennessee: L. E. Mathis, Jackson.

Texas: J. M. Tisdal, Greenville.

Virginia: W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk.

West Virginia: E. Fontaine Broun, Charleston.

HISTORICAL COMMITTEE ACTIVITIES.

George W. Duncan, Auburn, Ala., Chairman of the Historical Committee of the Confederation, through general headquarters issued a circular (No. 4) March 1, 1906, outlining the activities and proposed contents of the report in preparation for the Reunion.

The members of the committee are:

George W. Duncan, Chairman, Auburn, Ala.; W. M. Kavanaugh, Little Rock, Ark.; Thomas R. Raines, Washington, D. C.; T. T. Stockton, Jacksonville, Fla.; William F. Jones, Elberton, Ga.; Rev. J. M. Gross, Ardmore, Ind. T.; Ed Porter Thompson, Jr., Frankfort, Ky.; W. H. McLellan, New Orleans, La.; J. Pierce Bruns, Baltimore, Md.; Dunbar Rowland, Jackson, Miss.; Lee Meriwether, St. Louis, Mo.; Dr. H. Hill, Raleigh, N. C.; E. T. Bynum, Norman, Okla.; Dr. P. H. Mell, Clemson College, S. C.; John H. DeWitt, Nashville, Tenn.; Homer D. Wade, Waco, Tex.; R. S. Blackburn Smith, Berryville, Va.; E. Fontaine Broun, Charleston, W. Va.; R. E. Lee Duval, Portland, Oregon.

DIVISION NEWS ITEMS.

In General Order No. 1, February 26, Commander E. Fontaine Broun, of the West Virginia Division, named the following members of his staff:

Division Adjutant, Charles C. Lewis, of Charleston.

Division Surgeon, Dr. V. T. Churchman, of Charleston.

In General Order No. 2, March 8, he announced the remainder of his staff as follows:

Division Inspector, C. N. Simms, Ronceverte.

Division Quartermaster, Herbert Fitzpatrick, Huntington.

Division Commissary, W. D. Slavin, Lewisburg.

Division Judge Advocate, W. G. Peterkin, Parkersburg.

Division Chaplain, Rev. Charles Ghiselin, Shepherdstown.

On March 16 W. W. Old, Jr., Commander of the Virginia Division, issued Order No. 2, relating to the Reunion.

Division Commander Otis B. Weaver, of the Indian Territory, on February 24 issued his Reunion order, No. 3, urging a full attendance at New Orleans.

On March 17 George W. Duncan, Commander of the Alabama Division, issued General Order No. 16, naming his staff and committees: Adjutant and Chief of Staff, A. C. Sexton, Montgomery; Inspector, William W. Brandon, Tuscaloosa; Judge Advocate, Boswell deG. Waddell, Seale; Quartermaster, Charles Tullis, Montgomery; Chaplain, Rev. William B. Hope, Guntersville; Surgeon, Dr. R. F. McConnell, Attalla; Commissary, George H. Jones, Mobile.

Brigade Commanders were named as follows:

First Brigade, Dr. Charles C. Thach, Auburn.

Second Brigade, P. W. Hodges, Greenville.

Third Brigade, J. Clifton Elder, Birmingham.

Fourth Brigade, Frank N. Julian, Tusculum.

Fifth Brigade, Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Anniston.

On March 17 Division Commander G. W. Duncan also issued his General Order No. 17, covering Reunion details, naming sponsor and maid of honor.

Division Commander J. M. Tisdal, of Texas, on February 3 issued a circular appeal to the Sons of his Division, urging a revival of interest and enthusiasm.

Division Commander L. E. Mathis, of Tennessee, has issued the following General Orders:

No. 4, February 22, urging all Camps to renewed activity, to pay up arrearages, etc.

No. 5, March 2, appointing the Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, Leland Hume, Nashville.

Second Brigade, J. D. Newton, Jackson.

Third Brigade, S. G. Gilbreath, Chattanooga.

Upon the recommendation of Division Commander John D. Nix, of the Louisiana Division, the following appointments were made by the Commander in Chief in Special Order No. 16, February 26—viz:

Commander Third Brigade, Dr. F. E. Girard, Lafayette.

Commander Fifth Brigade, H. T. Liverman, Mansfield.

SPONSOR AND MAIDS OF HONOR FOR 1906.

In Special Order No. 15, February 24, the sponsor and maids of honor for the Reunion of 1906 were appointed:

Sponsor in Chief, Miss Catherine Jelks, daughter of Hon. William D. Jelks, of Montgomery, Ala.

Maid of Honor, Miss Mary Morris Clarke, daughter of Hon. Richard H. Clarke, of Mobile.

Maid of Honor, Miss Julia Fulton Williams, daughter of Hon. John Sharpe Williams, of Yazoo City, Miss.

Maid of Honor, Miss Julia Byrne, of New Orleans, La.

Chaperon, Mrs. Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery.

Matron of Honor, Mrs. J. C. Lee, of Montgomery.

The following paragraphs of General Order No. 5 are printed for the information of all concerned:

"The Reunion would not be a success without the attendance of the fair daughters of the South. Following the usual custom, therefore, it is expected that sponsors and maids of honor will be appointed by Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders, and sponsors by Camps. The Reunion Committee will supply free hotel accommodation for only one sponsor in chief, with two maids of honor and one chaperon, three department sponsors and one maid of honor for each, and one sponsor and one maid of honor for each Division. Brigade and Camp sponsors and maids of honor, as well as maids of honor and chaperons in addition to those indicated above, must be looked after by their friends. While the local reception and other committees will do all they can in a general way for the comfort and convenience of visitors, in all cases the officers appointing sponsors and maids of honor are charged with the duty of providing escorts, chaperons, etc., for them. Tickets and other courtesies will be supplied on application to the proper local committees.

"The local Reunion Executive Committee will allow assignments for free entertainment as above only on the order of the Commander in Chief."

OPEN LETTER TO VETERANS.

The Commander in Chief on February 5 issued an open letter to the Camps and members of the United Confederate

Veterans, appealing for aid and assistance in reviving old Camps and urging the organization of new ones. It is as follows:

"To Camps and Members of the United Confederate Veterans: On more than one public occasion you have declared your sympathy with the objects and purposes for the accomplishment of which our organization was formed. Indeed, the existence of our Confederation was made possible only after you had given the suggestion there for your unqualified indorsement and pledge of hearty Godspeed. Our constitution and our literature, our scheme of administration, our objects and purposes are yours in miniature. In your constitution the Sons are formally made your legatees. In resolutions adopted in New Orleans you declared 'that the Veterans see to it that in all Confederate gatherings and celebrations the Sons shall be given prominence. They are the heirs of and must by association with the Veterans be taught the glorious heritage that belongs to them.' Projected and carried forward under such auspices, the Sons have a right to expect, and do expect, a continuance in an enthusiastic way of your support and encouragement.

"The approaching Reunion in New Orleans affords an opportunity upon which to base a renewed appeal to you and each of you for help in making our part of the Reunion the success which would delight both you and us. In many localities our Camps are practically dead. These we desire to revive. In hundreds of communities in the South where



MISS E. VIRGINIA JONES, LAUREL, MISS.,
Chief Maid of Honor, Army of Tennessee Department.



MISS ELLEN LOWRY JAYNE,

Sponsor for Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V.

Camps should exist we have no organization. These places we ought to enter.

"Appeal is made to you to come to our help. If you love the 'cause,' if you wish to see our Confederation live, if you wish to see it an active and growing factor in the preservation of the history and traditions of the Confederacy and its people, if you wish us to become a more powerful agency in our opportunities for relief work, if you wish us to accomplish the task that we have set for ourselves in the erection of a monument to the women of the Confederacy, you will at once go to work on the boys in your vicinity, and you will not cease your efforts until their Camp is placed in good standing, until it holds regular meetings, and until it projects some specific activity. If no Camp is already in existence, you will persist until one is formed.

"You will the more readily respond to this appeal if you reflect that the success of our Confederation is inseparably bound up with the future of the 'cause' you so much venerate and love. Our failure will surely be taken as an indication that the heritage of the Confederate soldier is not sufficient to sustain a great patriotic organization.

"You are assured that the officers of the Sons are laboring earnestly, faithfully, and constantly. They ought to have, they must have, your help.

"The Commander in Chief hopes to have more than a thousand replies to this appeal from Veterans in the next thirty days, and he hopes also to hear from interested Sons."

Samuel Turner, of Barnes, Ark., is anxious to learn where the body of Eli Hufstetler was buried. He was colonel of the 25th Arkansas Infantry. In the battles around Atlanta it is said that he was commanding his brigade. At Peachtree Creek he was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy, and as his wounds were undoubtedly mortal the place of his burial by friend or enemy is anxiously sought.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS U. C. V.



GEN. W. E. MICKLE, ADJT. GEN., IN HIS OFFICE.

Official notice has been issued of the appropriation by the general government of \$200,000 for marking in the best practicable way graves of Confederate soldiers who died in Federal prisons during the great war. Special mention is made in gratitude to United States Senator Foraker, of Ohio, who worked zealously in behalf of the bill, to Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, for his hearty recommendation to Congress to pass the bill and for his approval, thereby making it a law.

Thanks are officially expressed to Dr. S. E. Lewis, of Washington, D. C., Commander of the Charles Broadway Roush Camp, to Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and to Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, "and her able assistants everywhere" for their coöperation in securing the passage of the law.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The general commanding with much pleasure announces, at the request of its most energetic President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its meeting at the same time as the Veterans.

COMMANDER FOURTH KENTUCKY BRIGADE.—Maj. Gen. Bennett H. Young has appointed Capt. Stone, who was terribly wounded in the great war, to the command of the Fourth Brigade to fill out the unexpired term of Brig. Gen. J. B. Briggs, deceased.

GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

Again, in Official Order No. 39:

"The General commanding is pained to announce to his comrades the death of another distinguished Confederate leader—Joseph Wheeler, a lieutenant general in the Confederate army, who died January 25, 1906, after a brief illness at the home of his sister in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the seventieth year of his age.

"Gen. Wheeler was born at Augusta, Ga., September 10, 1836; graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1859; entered the Confederate service early in 1861 as first lieutenant of artillery; in September following made colonel of the 19th Alabama Regiment; commissioned brigadier general of cavalry in July, 1862, and major general early in 1863; and was promoted to lieutenant general on the 28th

of February, 1865, being at that time only twenty-nine years of age.

"It is quite impossible to enumerate the engagements in which he led his various commands; but they run up into the hundreds, and few of the battles of the Army of Tennessee took place without his presence, and his conduct in all, whether viewed as an able leader or brave Confederate soldier, was such as to receive the high commendations of his superiors, and called forth a vote of thanks from the Confederate Congress. His record is a series of triumphs and successes.

"The brilliancy of his movements and his wonderful aptness to command while an officer in the Confederate army directed attention to his fitness for a leading position in the regular army of the United States; and when in the war with Spain he tendered his services to the government, he was commissioned a major general in the volunteer army. His coolness in action, his skill and dash at San Juan Hill are a part of the history of that war.

"With a heart void of harsh feeling, kind and gentle in disposition, courteous to all, a consistent member of the Church, he has passed from earth with a good record; and as a soldier, statesman, orator, author, and citizen measured up to a high standard, and is mourned by the whole country."

MAJ. JOHN W. THOMAS.

Official notice from headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans was issued in regard to Maj. John W. Thomas, who was a member of Gen. Stephen D. Lee's staff of the great organization, in which appears the following:

"Col. Thomas, as a major in the Engineer Department, held a most important position in the service of the Confederate States. He was placed in charge of the rolling stock



MAJ. JOHN W. THOMAS.

and equipment of a leading railroad of the South. By his great capability he kept this invaluable, accessory of our cause in splendid working order, and by his unerring judgment and superior management he was able to move the troops

from point to point as they were needed with promptness and expedition, thus often rendering more valuable service than a general in the field. No man ever accomplished greater results from such defective material."

The notice mentions further his presidency for many years of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railroad, possibly "the best piece of railroad property in the South," and so perfected under his management.

REWARD FOR LARGE ATTENDANCE OF CAMPS.

Messrs. Paul Granzin & Son, Watchmakers, of New Orleans, La., have donated a 14-karat filled hunting case, 15-jewel Waltham watch, chain, and locket to be awarded to the Adjutant of the Camp of United Confederate Veterans which shall have the largest number of members in the line of march in the parade in New Orleans, La., on April 27, 1906.

The count is to take place just before each Camp shall pass the review stand, and no Camp in Louisiana will compete for the watch. Camps in competition must give written notice to the U. C. V. Reunion Executive Committee of New Orleans on or before April 25, 1906, and get contest flag to carry in parade at the head of contesting Camp.

CHIEF SPONSOR AND MAIDS OF HONOR.

The General commanding announces for the New Orleans Reunion as sponsor for the South Miss Josephine Hamilton Nicholls, of New Orleans, and for her maids of honor Miss Mary Sharp Askew, of Columbus, Miss., and Miss Sarah Ruth Frazier, of Chattanooga, Tenn. These young ladies can boast Confederate ancestry equal to any in the South. Brig. Gen. Francis T. Nicholls, whom the people of Louisiana delight to honor and twice made Governor of the State, attested his loyalty on many a hard-fought field and came out of the Confederate army deprived of one arm and one leg; Brig. Gen. Jacob H. Sharp, grandfather of Miss Askew, won his promotion by gallant conduct on various occasions, being particularly conspicuous at the battle of Franklin, while her father as a member of Forrest's escort left a leg on one of the last battlefields of the war; Capt. S. J. A. Frazier was in command of a company of the 19th Tennessee, and came home at the close of hostilities with numerous wounds, not to mention his fearful prison experience.



COL. ANDREW R. BLAKELEY,
Member of Gen. S. D. Lee's Official Staff.

SPONSOR FOR THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

Miss Ella Lowry Jayne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Jayne, of Greenville, Miss., and the only granddaughter of the late Col. Joseph M. Jayne, who commanded



MRS. M. R. BOLTON,

President J. E. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., Wharton, Tex.; also Second Vice President State Division. She is a daughter of Col. W. P. Rogers, who fell at Corinth, Miss.

the 48th Mississippi Regiment in the Army of Northern Virginia. Her maternal grandfather is ex-Gov. Robert Bowry, of Mississippi, who was brigadier general in the Confederate army, and who at present is the Commander of the Mississippi Division of the United Confederate Veterans.

The foregoing appointments comport clearly with the following law: "That no person shall be eligible nor admitted by this organization to the position of sponsor or maid of honor from any organization unless she be the wife or lineal descendant of a Confederate soldier or sailor who was honorably released from the service or a member in good standing of some regularly organized Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy."

AUDITORIUM FOR THE NEW ORLEANS REUNION.

Lewis Guion, Esq., writes of the Reunion auditorium: "Three blocks from Canal Street, one of the grand avenues of New Orleans, to and from which all car lines run on the vacant courthouse square, stands the auditorium in which will be held the sixteenth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, on April 25, 26, and 27, 1906. The building is two hundred and seven feet square, with a vacant space on all sides of fifty-five feet between it and the sidewalk, and bounded by St. Louis, Conti, Royal, and Chartres Streets. There is a floor space of one hundred and fifteen feet square, which with the tiers of seats, it is estimated, will accommodate fifteen thousand people. The platform is on the Chartres Street side, and there are large entrances from all four

streets. Just across from the St. Louis Street entrance is the Hotel Royal, four stories high, and expected to accommodate about two thousand Veterans with sleeping quarters. On the second floor on the Royal Street side, in the spacious and once elegant parlors, the United Daughters of the Confederacy will make their headquarters. Before the war the hotel was known as the St. Louis, and was a fashionable resort for the wealth and chivalry of the South. The dome of the very large and handsome rotunda is ornamented with very handsome frescoing by Canova, which is much admired by visitors. On the lower floor of the hotel the States having delegations at the Reunion will be conveniently located. Royal Street will be illuminated with electric lights."

CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association announces that the Seventh Annual Convention will be held in the city of New Orleans, La., April 25-27, at the same time and place as the United Confederate Veteran Reunion. The Association will hold its convention in the hall of the New Orleans Progressive Union (Continental Guards Armory), on Camp Street, opposite Lafayette Square. The first session will convene on Wednesday, April 25, at 9 A.M., when the official programme will be distributed.

As the election of officers for the ensuing three years will take place during this convention and other matters of importance will be considered, delegates are requested to allow nothing to interfere with their prompt and regular attendance.

Morning sessions will convene at 9 and adjourn at 12, and delegates are invited to partake of a luncheon which will be served in the hall. Afternoon sessions will be resumed at 1:30 to adjourn at 4, thus giving the delegates an opportunity to visit the different places of interest in the city or to take part in the various entertainments planned for them by the people of New Orleans.

A Bureau of Information will be located in the same building, and a supply of stationery, circulars, railroad folders, etc., will be furnished. Delegates are requested to register upon arrival at convention headquarters. Arrangements have been made with the postmaster to have mail received and delivered at the convention hall.

There are at present over sixty Memorial Associations enrolled in the Confederation; but as it is known that many Memorial Associations are still in existence which are not enrolled, State Vice Presidents, officers, and members of the Confederation are requested to urge these Associations to join the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, that they may have representation in the forthcoming convention. Application blanks for membership can be procured from Mrs. George A. Williams, 3303 Coliseum Street, New Orleans, La.

At the invitation of the Commander in Chief, Stephen D. Lee, it has been decided to hold a joint memorial service with the United Confederate Veterans instead of following our usual custom of opening the convention with the "Jefferson Davis Memorial Service." This joint service will be held in the United Confederate Veterans' Auditorium on Wednesday, April 25, at 3 P.M. Seats will be provided for the delegates and alternates, who are especially invited.

Two credential blanks are sent to be filled out with the names of delegates and alternates to represent their Association at the convention. One of these credentials must be mailed on or before April 19 to Miss D. M. L. Hodgson, 1816 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, La. The other is to be presented by the delegate to the Chairman of the Credential

Committee at the convention headquarters Wednesday morning, when she will receive her badge.

Delegates are requested to include in their reports a general sketch of the work done since the last convention, especially all that pertains to "Memorial Day." Reports should be typewritten if possible. Reading of reports will be limited to five minutes.

Attention is called to Section I, Article III, of the By-Laws, which says that each Association shall pay in advance an annual fee of two dollars to the general treasury. Please remit to the Treasurer, Mrs. Charles G. Wright, 112 East Crawford Street, Vicksburg, Miss.

Officers of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President; Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary; and Mrs. George A. Williams, Corresponding Secretary—all of New Orleans, La.

Mrs. Charles G. Wright, Treasurer, Vicksburg, Miss; Miss Mary A. Hall, Historian, Augusta, Ga.

Vice Presidents: Alabama, Mrs. J. C. Lee, Montgomery; Arkansas, Mrs. J. D. Walker, Fayetteville; Florida, Mrs. W. D. Chipley, Pensacola; Georgia, Mrs. C. A. Rowland, Augusta; Louisiana, Mrs. Alden McLellan, New Orleans; Mississippi, Mrs. M. A. Stevens, Vicksburg; Missouri, Mrs. Leroy B. Valliant, St. Louis; North Carolina, Mrs. Garland Jones, Raleigh; South Carolina, Mrs. Alice A. G. Palmer, Charleston; Tennessee, Miss Missie Ault, Knoxville; Texas, Mrs. Sterling Robertson, Waco; Virginia, Mrs. Shelton Chieves, Petersburg.



MRS. W. J. BEHAN,
President Confederated Southern Memorial Association.
(Photo by G. Moses & Son, New Orleans.)

MEDICAL OFFICERS AT THE REUNION.

Dr. C. H. Todd, President, issues the following: "The Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy will hold its ninth annual meeting in the Medical Department of Tulane University, New Orleans, La., April 25, 26, and 27. The first session will be called to order at 10 A.M. Wednesday, April 25, 1906."

From recent information from the Secretary of the Association, Dr. Deering J. Roberts, of Nashville, and Dr. Hermann B. Cessner, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements at New Orleans, it is learned that every indication points to a most successful meeting. There will be morning and afternoon sessions, with a luncheon each day. The address of welcome will be delivered by Dr. E. S. Lewis, of New Orleans, medical inspector of Gen. Wheeler's Cavalry.

The Committee of Arrangements, of which Dr. Stanford E. Chaille is Honorary Chairman, have extended a very cordial invitation to all the survivors of the medical staff of the Confederate States army and navy whose addresses they have been able to obtain to attend the meeting. Any who served as surgeon, assistant surgeon, acting assistant or contract surgeon, hospital steward or chaplain, are invited.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Gen. W. L. Cabell, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., has appointed the sponsor, the maid of honor, and the chaperons for the sponsor and maid of honor for that department for the New Orleans Reunion. In General Order No. 101 the Commander of this department of the U. C. V. takes pleasure in announcing the following appointments for the New Orleans Reunion: For sponsor, Miss Bobbie Newton Jones, daughter of Col. Dan W. Jones, of Little Rock, Ark.; for maid of honor, Miss Alice Wimberly

Park, daughter of Col. Milton Park, of Dallas, Tex.; for chaperon for the sponsor and maid of honor, Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, of Dallas, Tex.

Gen. Cabell writes of them: "These selections are all from the ranks of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the



MISS ALICE WIMBERLY PARK,
Maid of Honor, Trans-Mississippi Department.

commanding General commends them to the chivalric care, courage, and attention of his beloved comrades, with the assurance that every consideration and honor will be extended them, which is due from the surviving remnant of the grandest army ever marshaled in defense of constitutional rights."

TO COL. W. H. KNAUSS.

BY M. M. TEAGAR, FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

Thy motives pure, from passion's dross refined,
Thy soul inspired by impulse from above,
Thy heart sincere, are silken cords that bind
Fraternal peace with confidence and love.
Ten thousand prayers from Southern hearts ascend
And tears of thankful gratitude are shed
For thee, the widow's and the orphan's friend,
Who guards their silent City of the Dead.
Thy Christian virtues have their own reward:
When eyes Supreme the golden records scan
Again the names of those who love the Lord
For love bestowed upon their fellow-man,
Its pages show, of those whom God has blest,
Thine, like Abou ben Adhem's name, leads all the rest.

[The foregoing comes as a tribute to the South's noble friend, Col. Knauss, who has done so much in caring for the Confederate dead, upon receipt of the prospectus of his book, "The Story of Camp Chase," published on a full page of this VETERAN.]



MISS BOBBIE NEWTON JONES,
Sponsor for Trans-Mississippi Department.

FORREST CAVALRY CORPS.

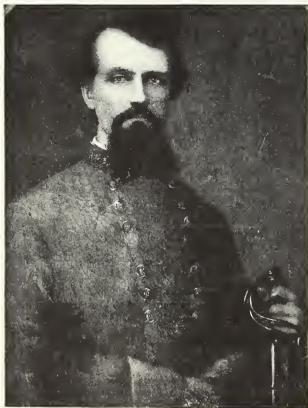
Maj. Gen. H. A. Tyler, in command of the gallant men who fought under Nathan Bedford Forrest, is arranging to give the old boys a good time in New Orleans. His headquarters are located in the St. Charles Hotel, and the brigade commanders in battle days are to be his guests.

At a recent meeting held in Nashville Maj. Charles W. Anderson presided as Chairman of the Executive Committee. There was much pleasure manifested in the order of reorganization and of the Reunion plans. By reason of the death and retirement of a number of officers, reorganization became a necessity. The present organization is as follows: Major General commanding, Henry A. Tyler. First Division: Maj. Gen. Baxter Smith, commanding; First Brigade, Brig. Gen. M. H. Clift, including all East and Middle Tennessee regiments, including the Second Tennessee; Second Brigade, Brig. Gen. W. A. Collier, including all West Tennessee regiments. Second Division: Maj. Gen. Edmund R. Rucker, commanding; First Brigade, Brig. Gen. J. C. Blanton, including all Mississippi regiments; Second Brigade, Brig. Gen. R. A. D. Dunlap, including all Alabama regiments. Third Division: Maj. Gen. V. Y. Cook, commanding; First Brigade, Brig. Gen. Sid S. Johnston, including all Texas regiments; Second Brigade, Brig. Gen. Henry George, including all Kentucky regiments; Third Brigade, Brig. Gen. A. L. Zollicoffer, including all Arkansas and Missouri regiments. Artillery Division: Commanded by Capt. John W. Morton. The surviving commanders of Morton, Rice, Thrall, Hudson, and King Batteries will command their respective batteries.

The following official letter was addressed to members of the entire organization:

"March 23, 1906.

"1. By an article of our organization every soldier of any



GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

From portrait by Marichall. Property of William M. Forrest, the son.

and all arms of service who at any time during the war served under Gen. N. B. Forrest and remained true and faithful to the cause unto the end is entitled to recognition and membership in the corps.

"2. All field and company officers now living are hereby reappointed to the same position with same rank as held by



COL. C. W. ANDERSON, COL. WILLIAM M. FORREST, GEN. H. A. TYLER, MISS NELLE BROWN, GEN. D. C. KELLEY, GEN. W. A. COLLIER, DR. J. B. COWAN, COL. JOHN W. MORTON.

them at the very close of the war, and are hereby directed to at once notify every member of their old commands to meet them in New Orleans April 25, 26, 27.

"3. Officers and members of this corps are hereby notified to assemble in the Washington Artillery Hall, New Orleans, at 10 A.M. April 26, and attend a business meeting of the corps.

"4. All officers and members are requested to register at said building on the 26th, and to those so registering a beautiful souvenir metal badge will be given, suitable to be worn on all occasions as a badge of honor.

CHARLES W. ANDERSON,
Col. and Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff.

"By order of H. A. TYLER, Maj. Gen. Commanding."

The staff of Maj. Gen. Tyler will include officers from all over the South, including Maj. Charles W. Anderson, Colonel



MISS MAY BELLE LYON, EDDYVILLE, KY.,
Sponsor for Forrest's Cavalry.

and Adjutant General, Chief of Staff; Capt. John W. Morton, Colonel and Chief of Artillery; and Dr. J. B. Cowan, Colonel and Chief Surgeon.

The Major General's party will include Miss May Belle Lyon, of Eddyville, Ky., sponsor of the corps at New Orleans, with her two maids of honor, Misses Julia McGhee Young, Oxford, Miss., and Kathleen Malone, Memphis. Mrs. Alice Collier Neeley, of Bolivar, Tenn., will be chaperon.



MISS KATHLEEN MALONE,
Maid of Honor for Forrest's Cavalry.

WOMAN'S MONUMENT—PLAN SUGGESTED.

BY MRS. MARTHA S. GIELOW, PRESIDENT S. I. E. A.

The Southern Industrial Educational Association has the honor of presenting to the Veterans and Sons of Veterans the following suggestion in regard to the proposed monument to the women of the South, to which it earnestly asks their serious consideration. In deference to the almost universal objection to a "shaft" by the women of the South, we do ask and urge that the proposed monument *will not* be a shaft, but that it may take the form of an industrial college.

Such a monument would be the noblest memorial they could erect. If they desired, there could be a lofty dome crowned with a figure of a Southern woman, with a tablet dedicating it to the Women of the Confederacy. Such a monument, with its great purpose and lasting results, would challenge the admiration of the world. Situated in lands for agricultural training, it could be made self-supporting by the numerous industries that could be developed—vegetables, fruits, bees, butter, poultry, etc., and numerous handicrafts. If the Veterans will build this "Memorial College," our Association will work for its endowment and maintenance.

The Southern Industrial Educational Association was incorporated and organized to promote industrial education in the South. The trustees, mainly of Washington, D. C., are: Rev. Drs. Randolph H. McKim and W. L. Davidson, Judge Seth Shepard, Charles C. Lancaster, Esq., Prof. W. J. Spill-

man, Dr. Monte Griffith, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, and Mrs. J. Lowrie Bell.

OLD NORTH STATE AND CONFEDERATE GROVE.

As Secretary of the U. D. C., I desire to correct in the VETERAN an omission that was made in the published minutes of the U. D. C. Convention at San Francisco. The reporter who furnished the account of the planting of the trees for the different States in the Confederate Grove omitted any mention of North Carolina's tree. It was a handsome yellow poplar sent by Mrs. Henry A. London, President of the North Carolina Division, and was planted by Mrs. Henry Robinson, the representative from North Carolina at the U. D. C. Convention. It is much regretted that the omission was made, and this is written to do justice to the "Old North State."

MRS. JOHN P. HICKMAN, *Rec. Sec. U. D. C.*

CONVENTION TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

This convention meets in Memphis May 2-4, 1906. On arrival at Memphis all delegates are requested to report at the Peabody Hotel, taking their baggage checks, where the Committee on Entertainment will give them every attention. Business sessions of the convention will be held in the Grand Opera House.

COMPANY D, FIRST TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

Comrades: Henry Hunter Smith, who went out with service on March 22, 1861, has left a written history of his war services. I will soon publish it for free circulation among you and his friends. I earnestly request survivors of Company D to open correspondence with me, in order that I may add a history of the company, a copy of its muster roll, and your recollections to this book. Correspondence is also solicited with living members of the First Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers, staff of Brig. Gen. Preston Smith, staff and "escort" of Brig. Gen. N. B. Forrest. Address T. Cuyler Smith, 61 East Seventy-Second Street, New York City.



COL. ANDREW R. BLAKELEY,
On Staff of Governor of Louisiana.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

LAST ROLL SKETCHES DEFERRED.

No greater disappointment has occurred in the history of the VETERAN than the failure to use the "Last Roll" sketches in this issue. It was the rule some years ago to omit that department from Reunion numbers for the spirit of good cheer. This time it is done because of the encroachment of advertisements on the space intended to be so used and the large number of sketches in type. For these reasons it is deemed best to omit all, and to make the May number more of a memorial number in a sense. That will include a report of the Wheeler memorial service in Atlanta. It is expected to have the May issue ready for distribution early in the month, so the delay will not be so long as usual.

Request is made in this connection that when an article is desired for a certain number the manuscript be supplied as early as practicable. Patrons hardly realize the magnitude of the work. The paper in this edition weighs nine thousand two hundred and forty pounds, so the printing, folding, stitching, binding, and mailing require a large force of laborers, in addition to the editing, typesetting, and make-up.

GREETING FOR ANOTHER REUNION.

THE VETERAN again greets its thousands and thousands of faithful patrons. Gratitude continues to them for their faithfulness in maintaining it. The South may feel just pride in its career, well on in its fourteenth year, with never yet a known criticism among the harshest of those who were on the other side, while perfectly satisfactory to the ultra of its own. The fact that in all time no monthly periodical has prospered so long in the South is an incentive to the highest endeavor. The splendid indorsements year after year by the great organization of Confederates—men and women—have done more for its sustenance than is readily conceived. The indorsement at the last Reunion in Louisville is here reproduced as an illustration of what is meant in the foregoing:

"It is appropriate to mention the official organ of this body, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, founded, edited, and conducted exclusively for the benefit of the Confederate soldiers' name, fame, and cause by our comrade, S. A. Cunningham. For many years it has been the official organ of our own great Association as well as of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, publishing the proceedings of their sessions, their work, and their achievements. Thus it has been the medium through which all that concerns the work of Confederate Associations can be so published that their cooperation may be made effective. As a magazine devoted to the objects of these Associations, it is a secure repository of war incidents, biography, reminiscence, history, and documents, and is already a full treasury of Confederate data. It is very gratifying that this ally of ours has attained a high position among our country's magazines. Its issue of 22,000 copies this month proves its popularity and certifies its stability. But your committee believes that in consideration of its worth and of the broad area of its circulation, South and North, it deserves the united support of this

body, and it would become of greater service to us if all Camps and Chapters would adopt measures to double its subscriptions.

"Committee: Clement A. Evans, Georgia, Chairman; Winfield Peters, Maryland; Basil W. Duke, Kentucky."

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIANS.

INFORMATION SOUGHT CONCERNING A "UNION" WITH "THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES."

The undersigned desires to procure information concerning the sentiment of the Southern people in regard to merging the Cumberland Presbyterian Church into what is designated as a "Union" with "the Presbyterian Church in the United States." Explanation may be made later.

Reply to questions herewith requested will be greatly appreciated. Send on separate sheet from other writing.

1. Please give name and location of Church and an approximate of its membership. Then what proportion are Southerners in their sympathies.

2. What proportion of the members are supposed to favor "Union," as the term is understood, and what is the pastor's position on the subject?

3. What is the prevalent sentiment of other Southerners than members of the Cumberland Presbyterians on the subject?

Please as a patron and a friend of the VETERAN give prompt attention to this request regardless of denominational connection. Address Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

INFORMATION TO CORRESPONDENTS.—It has been the rule for years to condense everything, when practicable, for the VETERAN, and yet many seek the publication of very long articles. There must be regard for this request. Month after month through the years the VETERAN has yielded to pressure for long articles, and they have precluded many short articles of merit. Correspondents are informed that short articles shall have preference. Contributors should rewrite and condense as carefully as practicable. There is never anything wanted to "fill up." Twice as much as can be used is supplied every month. Articles for the VETERAN should be absolutely truthful and as carefully condensed as possible. Articles should be carefully prepared, and typewritten when practicable. In writing of battles, correspondents should not forget that the "Records," published in Washington, give official reports, so it is never desirable to give space to what commands faced Confederates and what they did, etc. What a soldier of the line should write about is what he saw and knows that his command did. "Last Roll" sketches must be concise. Let them relate to the comrades in service.

In renewing his subscription to the VETERAN recently, Dr. J. William Jones, of Richmond, Va., who is now Secretary and Superintendent of the Confederate Memorial Association, says: "I will have my set of the VETERANS bound and put in the library of the Battle Abbey as soon as we complete our building, which we are hoping to begin at a very early date and which has been delayed by the suit of Underwood."

Mr. T. C. Harbaugh, of Casstown, Ohio, writes that he has several copies of "A Youth's History of the Civil War," published for the Southern youth in 1866, which he will dispose of. It is now out of print.

MAJ. GEN. JAMES B. GANTT.

Judge James B. Gantt, Major General commanding the Missouri Division, U. C. V., is a native of Putnam County, Ga., and was educated in private schools at old Clinton and Macon, Ga. When a little over sixteen years of age, he enlisted in Company B of the 12th Georgia Infantry, at that time in camp at Shenandoah Mountain, northwest of Staunton, Va. A month or so later he began experience as a private soldier under Stonewall Jackson in his famous Valley campaign. He served with his regiment through the seven days' battles near Richmond, and was in the engagements of Cedar Run, Second Manassas, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg of that year, and with his regiment in the famous flank movement of Gen. Jackson at Chancellorsville. In fact, he was with his regiment in all of its marches and engagements of 1863 up to and including the first day at Gettysburg. He was wounded twice that day, but succeeded in escaping capture. He returned to the regiment on the Rapidan in September. On May 5, 1864, the regiment was with Gordon's Brigade in the restoration of our lines that had been temporarily broken just at that time. Gen. Jones was killed on the left of the division. He received a severe wound in his left ankle that day which incapacitated him for further service for the time being. About the middle of September he rejoined his regiment at Winchester, Va., and served with it under Gen. Early until Cedar Creek, on the 19th of October, 1864, when he received a gunshot wound in his left knee by which he was permanently lamed for life. He reached his home in Georgia about the 1st of February, 1865, and was there when Gen. Lee surrendered. For two years succeeding the surrender Judge Gantt taught school and studied law under Col. L. N. Whittle, of Macon, Ga. He then attended the University of Virginia's Law Department for two sessions, graduating in law in July, 1868.

In the fall of 1868 Judge Gantt went to St. Louis and began the practice of law. In 1869 he moved to Clinton, of that

State, and practiced his profession until 1875, when he formed a partnership with Senator George G. Vest at Sedalia. In 1878 he returned to Clinton, and in 1880 was elected judge of the Circuit Court of that circuit for six years. At the expiration of that term he resumed practice, and in 1890 was elected judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri for ten years. In 1900 he was renominated without opposition in his party, and was elected for ten more years, and is now serving.

At the reunion of the Missouri Division, United Confederate Veterans, last October Judge Gantt was elected Major General of this Division for 1905-06.

GEN. WILEY ANNOUNCES STAFF APPOINTMENTS.

Major Gen. C. M. Wiley, Commander of the Georgia Division of the United Confederate Veterans, has made the following staff appointments. The list includes many of the most illustrious names known to Southern history. They are chosen from every quarter of the State, the smallest towns as well as the cities coming in for a share of the honors.

J. W. Wilcox, Macon, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

J. W. Lindsey, Irwinton, Judge Adjutant General.

R. M. Clayton, Atlanta, Chief of Engineers.

W. D. Burroughs, Brunswick, Chief of Surgeons.

W. M. Dunbar, Augusta, Commissary General.

George H. Merrifield, Brunswick, Naval Attaché.

John O. Waddell, Cedartown, Quartermaster General.

William Reed, Columbus, Assistant Quartermaster General.

L. A. Matthews, Dublin, Assistant Quartermaster General.

James R. Sheldon, Savannah, Assistant Adjutant General.

M. J. Coffer, Atlanta, Chaplain.

A. H. Hinton, Greenville, Frank S. Lofton, Franklin, and

A. W. Foutte, Cartersville, Assistants Judge Advocate.

M. Corbett, Lumpkin, Assistant Commissary General.

W. W. Graham, Baxley, Chief of Cavalry.

Amos Fox, Atlanta, Commissary General.

G. M. Davis and C. P. Roberts, Macon, Aids-de-Camp.

In the appointment of George H. Merrifield, of Brunswick, as Naval Attaché a new office has been instituted. Though heretofore this position has not been recognized on the Commander's staff, Gen. Wiley felt that the Confederate navy, which did such daring service in the great war, should have a place among these latter-day honors of peace.

GEORGIA VETERANS AND THE REUNION.—The Georgia veterans are urged to attend the Reunion at New Orleans, notwithstanding its conflict with the date—April 26—of the general memorial services which we inaugurated in Georgia. Gen. C. M. Wiley, Commander of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., says to them: "I hope the veterans of Georgia will be in evidence in no uncertain numbers and once more have the pleasure of a handshake with the fast-diminishing number that are still spared to us and of renewing old friendships and ties. The battle of life with us will soon have been fought and we'll pass to the great beyond, where we hope to live forever with the great Commander of the universe and again be with the majority of the great Confederate army, who have gone before. . . . Camp Commanders will at once appoint delegates and alternates and send their names to their brigade headquarters, to be forwarded to Adjutant General J. W. Wilcox, Macon, Ga., who will prepare a list for Gen. William E. Mickle at New Orleans. Send also annual dues, ten cents per capita, to him, post office box No. 1197, New Orleans, La., and two cents *per capita* to Col. J. W. Wilcox, Macon, Ga."



JUDGE J. B. GANTT,
Major General Missouri Division, U. C. V.

HOWARD WEEDEN, POETESS AND ARTIST.

BY MARY BRABSON LITTLETON, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

It was my great pleasure to meet and know personally Miss Howard Weeden, who dedicated her pen and brush to that page of literature that remembers with undying devotion the Old South and ante-bellum institutions. Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, John Fox, Jr., James Lane Allen, and a host of others of equal renown have created a distinctive school of literature, chaste in conception, deep-tinted with romance, spirited as a cavalier ballad, and all bathed in the pathos of the War between the States. In this memorial literature the ex-slave has place and part. Dignified by his fidelity, unconsciously humorous, he, with the shadowy pageantry of "the storm-cradled nation that fell," has become the heritage of "song and story."

What many have achieved in literature, Miss Weeden has accomplished with her brush—preserved a type, illumined an era. She made a specialty of negro heads, little masterpieces that commanded instant recognition in the world of art and letters. These heads have reached the public as illustrations of three volumes of poetry, shyly humorous, quaintly modest verses that attract us by a homely phrase and haunt us like regret for something loved and lost. Her verses, for all their dainty charm, are in line with the writings of many others; but as an artist she enjoys the unique distinction of standing alone, a *specialist*, in a field of rich poetic and humanic interest.

When I last conversed with Miss Weeden, she spoke with a certain shy enthusiasm of her artistry. "I have always drawn and painted from my earliest childhood," she said, "but only as an amateur. My specialty, the thing I felt I could do *really* well, came to me at the World's Fair, Chicago—a spark of inspiration, as it were, from the conflagration of minds in the White City by the lake. While examining the exhibit of great original drawings by Frost and Kemble I noticed that, while the negro had been portrayed in many characters and garbs, he was not there as I best knew him—the quality negro, the old family servant, self-respecting and respected. Then and there I awoke to the realization that right around me was a subject of supremest artistic interest—the old ex-slave, who henceforth became theme for my muse and model for my brush. I have found great content in my work, though I hold it second to my interest in friends and kindred. The books are but modest songs and verses snatched from the fading remnant of a people now nearly passed away, only valuable because the past is always precious and only beautiful for being old and gone."

The Southern writers to whom I have referred have pictured these ex-slaves, but they have the atmosphere and environment of romance—mammy and the big, dark kitchen, the broad chimney and glowing hickory fires, mahogany sideboards and generous dinners, old massa and mistis, the gallant young captain and pretty Miss Rose—the war and all that have come along together. But these heads of Miss Weeden's stand alone in the self-sufficiency of noblest art. It demanded

nothing short of conscious power to take the faces of negroes, common household servants, and make of them objects of interest before which eminent critics would stand and exclaim in astonishment: "This is genius, this is art!" These black faces, akin as to color and contour, are marvelously individualized from within by what artists call the "informing spirit of nature." Herein lies Miss Weeden's skill, the supreme excellence of her specialty. Grotesque in feature, commonplace in garb they are, not by so much as a hair-breadth line caricatured. "Beaten Biscuit," in "Bandanna Ballads," has the character impress of patient industry and painstaking. The pose is that of enforced labor, heritage from slavery's industrial system of education, the dress is in good taste, the texture of the skin rich and warm with livingness, the rhythmic movement of incantation is here, and, too, the racial sadness of superstition.

Memory's "Feast" is informed by the benevolence of the kitchen, plenty to cook and plenty to eat and plenty to throw away, suffices for the content of this. She is the typical cook of the times when housekeeping was the glory of the Southern lady and hospitality a fine if not the finest of arts.

Of the original drawings which I have before me, I consider "A Mystic" of exceptional interest. The massive structure of the head, the hoary hair and beard, the dim eyes and wrinkled brow might well belong to the patriarch of some primitive tribe in the jungles of Africa. A half belief in the revenant ghost and the unearthliness of low, flickering lights in the deserted graveyard probably limit his "mysticism;" but as to the philosophy of the barnyard and forest—that is a different thing. "Bre'r Rabbit, Bre'r Fox, Mr. Coon, en ole Miss Owl en de childun" are familiar acquaintances of his, and their ways and thoughts are known to him. The fumbling utterance of the thick lips, the confused intelligence of the slanting forehead have been conscientiously observed by the



MISS HOWARD WEEDEN.



WEEDEN PLACE, HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

artist without in the least obstructing the character of trustworthiness that shines through them. This is the type of the faithful slave, who all during the trying times of the war that liberated him stood by the women and children of the South in their hard struggle with devastated fields and empty smokehouses.

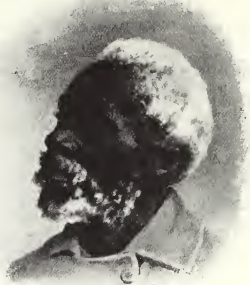
Miss Weeden probably purposed no message to the politicians of the day, but nevertheless such faces as this old "Mystic's" speak loudly of qualities that endure and endear employer and employee. "Nature sleeps in the plant, dreams in the animal, wakes in man. Everywhere throughout her vast domain we seem to see the striving after individuality." (Schelling.) May not the unrest of the negro in our times be a deep cry from the heart of nature that we deal with him, not *en masse* as a race, but individually as himself?

"Me and Mammy," the typical nurse, is positively lovable in the spirit of kindly sympathy and natural goodness that oozes from her rough features. The world of childhood might be entrusted to her care without fear of any greater harm to them than overkindness and indulgence in their whims and fancies. The face wears a smile that belongs to the whole race—indescribably warm and young and sweet.

In the head "Too Late" the tragic note has been struck. It is the story of one who waited long and longingly for gloriously heralded freedom, which when it came, in wreck and ruin and cruel poverty, found him too weak and old to adapt himself to the new order of things.

"I Sont My Howdydo" has the content of modern prosperity. This is the face of one in whom the imitative faculty is strongly revealed. Every faculty of his brain is strained to have clothes, manners, and respectability as much like his "White Folks" as is possible. He has executive ability, and where he has correct business methods to follow he will make a good business man.

The more I see of the ex-slave through the kindly vision of Southern genius in art and literature, the more am I convinced that the South understands the negro at his best. I half suspect that the "colored brother" so much patronized



"OLD VOICES"—"THE MYSTIC."

by the excitant legislators of the North is the picturesque creation of romance that deals tenderly with "things past and gone." I am quite persuaded that the negro of the New England era of literature who shone forth so pathetically through the vision of Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, and others who stimulated the war was not a negro at all, but a finely organized, painfully sensitive, delicately complex creation of the poet's frenzy. No wonder the North went into chimerical schemes of legislative philanthropy over a Mrs. Browning, a Charlotte Brontë, a Lowell, painted black and quivering in agony under the lash of cruel slavery. The negro and the mule are valuable industrial factors, but they are not the ethereal manifestations that vex the statesman of New England with insistent demands for social equality.

I found Miss Weeden not a great while before her untimely death in Huntsville, Ala., a town tenacious of the olden times. Her lifetime residence, Weeden Place, is just the environment for the talents she developed. It is a colonial mansion set in deep shadows, asleep, as it were, under the spell of antiquity. Here is an abiding presence of restfulness, simple hospitality, a something of noble permanence to which old associations climb and cling and blossom, like the moonflower, in the starshine of memory.

Personally, Miss Weeden was a lady of high respect, retiring almost to shyness, yet serenely poised, as if she had no need to fret and fume and hurry and slur her life work to meet the fierce commercial greed of the hour. Three volumes of poetry and portraits attest her answer to the high call of art, which yields nothing of excellence save to the rapt meditations of genius and industry. That her inspiration was the humble folk about her, models that lacked sensuous beauty of form and the splendid radiance of thought, detracts in no wise from her unique place in the world of art and letters. She wrought modestly in clay, and realized in truths that may some day aid the historian to explain how a wise and beneficent Providence tempered the outworn institution of slavery with affection and mutual good will.

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"OLD VOICES"—"ME AND MAMMY"

APPEAL FOR MONUMENTS AND MARKERS.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT U. D. C.

The following resolutions were unanimously passed during the Reunion of Confederate Veterans held in Louisville, Ky., in June, 1905:

"Whereas the general government has established several battlefield parks, such as those at Chickamauga and Shiloh, by liberal appropriations, and as many States and Associations, acting separately, have placed monuments in such parks to commemorate the battles fought thereon and the valor of soldiers in the War between the States; therefore be it

"Resolved, That this convention of Confederate Veterans respectfully and earnestly requests the Legislatures of the Southern States to make further and liberal appropriations, which are urgently needed, in order that the particular points where Southern soldiers distinguished themselves and honored their respective States may be appropriately marked by some monumental inscription.

"Resolved, That the Adjutant General and the Secretary of this convention forward copies of these resolutions to the Governors of all Southern States, with the request that the same be communicated to their respective Legislatures."

The following resolutions were reported by the committee and unanimously adopted by the Veterans at the Reunion held in Charleston, S. C., in May, 1899:

"Whereas the government of the United States has undertaken and is pushing forward the work of permanently marking the lines and positions of the troops of both of the contending armies on several great battlefields of the War between the States, among them Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Shiloh, Vicksburg, and others, with the design of making these battlefields permanent memorials of the prowess of American soldiers without respect to section; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we, as Confederate Veterans, sympathize with and commend this patriotic purpose of the government, and will lend our influence and aid toward its full realization.

"Resolved, That we trust the people of the Southern States will take early and effective steps to erect upon these battlefields suitable monuments in honor of our glorious heroes in gray who fought and died for what they believed to be right."

Daughters of the Confederacy, I have placed these two sets of resolutions, passed by the Veterans at their general Reunions on two separate occasions, at the head of my article that you may see and begin with that which I am trying to persuade you to take up as Divisions is right in line with the work recommended in these resolutions; that you may know that the Veterans as a body want this thing done. That they want us to help them with the work will

be seen from the following letter I have recently received from Gen. Stephen D. Lee:

"My Dear Mrs. Henderson: I have yours of March 1, and rejoice with you in the passage of the 'Foraker Bill,' and I want to thank you and your Daughters for their valuable aid. The *Commercial-Appeal* of to-day will show that you have credit for your splendid work there.

"I will now rely greatly on your help in building up public sentiment in the different Southern States for placing markers and memorials in the parks to commemorate the valor of our Confederate heroes, and that, too, on the invitation of the general government.

"With kind wishes, sincerely your friend,

STEPHEN D. LEE."

To sum up my reasons for wishing to put these things in your minds and hands: The Veterans want their work done, they want us to help them get it done, and more than all, O Daughters of the Confederacy, future generations, yet unborn, cry aloud to us: "See that markers and monuments are put in these great parks commemorative of the valor and deeds of the heroes of the Southern Confederacy, that we may visit those parks with uplifted heads, bright eyes, and steps quickened by the knowledge that we spring from a people brave and chivalrous, and who even in the very act of being defeated by overwhelming odds wrested honor and glory from defeat."

The South *must* see that correct markers are put to preserve the positions held and taken by her brave troops. *We* must take up the work of helping the Veterans to get this done by each Southern State; and that each Division may know just what has already been done in this line by her State, I have written to the Secretary of every Southern State for the information. Only seven have yet responded to my letters, but I hope to hear from all before very long.

I find that Virginia has never had a commission appointed for the purpose of seeing that the positions of her troops are properly and correctly marked in any of these parks. Gen. L. L. Lomax is one of the commissioners of the Gettysburg Park appointed by the government, and he is a Virginian. So, Daughter of Virginia, you have plenty of work to do for your State in this line. Texas appointed a commission several years ago to see about the positions of her troops in all the parks. I have not yet heard what they did, but hope to be informed soon. Missouri had a commission to mark the location of her troops at Vicksburg, but for no other park Mississippi has never done anything about any of the parks except Vicksburg. She appointed a commission to locate the positions of her troops, and this winter has passed a bill appropriating fifty



MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT U. D. C.

thousand dollars for markers and memorials to those troops in that park. Tennessee has had a commission to establish the positions and put markers and memorials at Chickamauga. North Carolina has done nothing at all so far about it. Gen. Lee writes me that "Georgia, North Carolina, and Tennessee have put markers and memorials at Chickamauga. None have been put at Gettysburg or Shiloh or Vicksburg by any Southern State, except Mississippi has just passed a bill appropriating fifty thousand dollars for markers at Vicksburg." Louisiana has a commission to see that the positions of her troops are properly marked at Vicksburg, and a bill appropriating a nice sum for markers and memorials is pending now.

These are all the facts I have been able to gather as to what has been done already. Compared with the bravery displayed, the hardships endured, and the daring deeds of our army, they seem but infinitesimally small. Shall we, Daughters of the Confederacy, sit quietly and let things remain, so that when the world visits these parks it will see the handsome monuments and markers put there by Northern States in memory of their troops, and right by the side of them the unmarked and unhonored graves of our brave men who fell during those memorable battles? Are we to enter no protest against our States neglecting the memories of our unfortunate brave? I am sure not. We will attend to this matter, for our unfortunate braves have always been successful in their appeals to the woman's heart.

To my mind, it is *much* more important to erect monuments to the brave who go down in defeat than to those who are victorious. Victories and victorious armies *live*. Life is one of the very attributes of victory; but those who suffer defeat lie in unmarked graves, and are finally lost sight of save as the foe of the victorious army, unless those who love them and the cause—their own countrymen—erect monuments to their memories. I will not protest against their being neglected by all the world except their own people. We who know that they were defeated through no lack of bravery or honor or generalship must see to it that the world shall know that when they fell on the field of battle in defeat they did not lose the admiration, gratitude, and love of their own people, who know that they fell because *even they* could not accomplish the impossible.

Shall we be less generous to our fallen heroes than the North has just shown herself to be by putting through Congress unanimously a bill appropriating two hundred thousand dollars for the preservation and care of the graves of Confederates who died in Northern prisons and are buried there, thus saying to all the world, "These men made records which we are proud of, although they were fighting against the United States government? They were brave soldiers and true men, and we will not allow their graves to be neglected. They were Americans and *we* are Americans, and the government of the United States will care for their graves."

I heard a Confederate veteran say: "Why erect monuments only to those who fell in these four great battles, while thousands and thousands of our brave men fell to whom no monuments have been erected?" And I say to that: True, but there must be a beginning somewhere, and I pray most earnestly that wherever there was a fight during that terrible war there will be monuments erected commemorating the bravery and self-sacrifice of the Confederate troops. I'd like to see a stone wherever a Confederate soldier fell, for it would mark the spot where fell a brave man and a patriot—fighting for love of country and home and the right. Because we cannot get it all done at once, shall we fail to try

to have it done in these parks thrown open by the government equally to North and South for monuments and memorials to American soldiery?

Let every Southern State see to it that her soldiers are honored, whether they fell in victory or defeat, whether on Southern or Northern soil. And I want to beg of each Division of Daughters, organize yourselves for this work in your State, and don't wait for your Legislature to meet. Begin now to urge the members to vote for appropriations of this kind. Take the park you wish to begin with and concentrate your energies on that, and keep on at it until *every* park has proper and correct markers and memorials to the troops from your State. I believe the U. D. C. in any State can get this thing done if you only will to do so. Appoint a committee of your *best workers* to keep the fight up until it is finished. Do not let defeat discourage you. Do not let the fact that many who should be with you turn out to be against you discourage you. Begin well, and *never* give up until victory crowns your efforts.

PETERSBURG, VA., WANTS A MILITARY PARK.

Mr. Archibald Gracie, as has been stated in the *VETERAN*, is very diligent in creating sentiment for marking battlefields, and has sent out to Camps and Chapters a printed petition, from which the following extracts are made, especially as regards a government military park at Petersburg:

"Whereas Petersburg, Va., was the scene of the most prolonged, sanguinary, and desperate battles of the great War between the States, a bitter struggle, deciding the Confederacy's fate, having been waged there incessantly, day and night, for nearly one year; and whereas, because of these many months of battle, more historic occurrences and incidents, more places of interest, and more troops were on the Petersburg field than in any other contest of the war; and whereas Virginia, although the very theater of the war and the severest sufferer because of the fighting done on her soil, has no military park or national field to commemorate any of those battles, more numerous than in any other State; and whereas, because of the central location of Petersburg, its easy access by several railroads to the centers of population, its proximity to the most historic localities of the Old Dominion, and the peculiar nature of the battles waged there, of greater duration, more interesting in novel features, and embracing troops from more States than other battles; and whereas the United States government has established and maintains other battlefield parks to commemorate the valor and deeds of both armies, and to better preserve the movements of the troops, perpetuate history, and promote patriotism; therefore be it

"Resolved, That Petersburg has enough to demand its preservation, in the interest of history and the greatness of our country, as the location for the establishment of a National Military Park."

One of these petitions is signed by Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, Honorary President General U. D. C., and by Mrs. J. D. Beale, ex-Second Vice President. They ask response to Mr. Archibald Gracie, 1527 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRIZE BY THE U. D. C.—Mrs. Lela R. Schuyler writes from Scarsdale, N. Y., March 15: "Owing to the many letters of inquiry which I have received concerning the prize at Teachers' College, Columbia University, I ask the *VETERAN* to publish the following: The prize is for the sum of one hundred dollars, and it is to be awarded an-

nually to that student whose essay is adjudged the best 'on topics pertaining to the South's part in the War between the States.' Dr. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia, Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, Dean of the Department of English in the University of North Carolina, and Dr. John Huston Finley, President of the College of the City of New York, are the three men who are to act as judges. Any comment is unnecessary, as these names carry unmistakable conviction that the Daughters have been fortunate in having such eminent men consent to act for them. It will be of interest to the Daughters to know that in connection with their work at Teachers' College Dean Russell has given me opportunity to meet the most prominent Southern educators, who have not only expressed the deepest interest in this work but have aided materially in its advancement. We are indebted to Professor Mitchell, of Richmond College, who is also President of the Southern Educational Association, for a list of topics from which will be selected the subjects for this year."

THE REAL LINCOLN FROM THE RECORDS.

BY MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND.

A recent writer in the *Baltimore Sun* (March 6) calls attention to the continued circulation and propagation of falsehoods as to the true character of Abraham Lincoln, the man who in 1861-65 was the chief foe of the South and of civil liberty. Brief extracts are quoted by the correspondent of the *Sun* "from the mass of material which Dr. Minor, the author, has with great pains collected from Mr. Lincoln's eulogists to make it possible for future generations to know the truth on this subject." As the writer well says: "The adage, 'The truth is mighty and will prevail,' is itself true only when the truth has at its back lovers of truth. Untruth, sedulously inculcated, with none to hinder, all too often prevails over the truth. This is painfully shown in the annual apotheosis of Mr. Lincoln, which takes place afresh at each return of his birthday."

It is satisfactory to know that this book of the late Dr. Minor's refuting the "apotheosis," now in a second and enlarged edition, is surely if slowly doing its work and making its impress upon thinking people wherever it has found readers. A tribute to its value and importance as a historical monograph is manifest in the effort made by the devotees of "untruth" to "suppress" it. The *Boston Journal*, a partisan Republican sheet, apparently the organ of the G. A. R. in Massachusetts, undertook last summer to conduct what it called a "crusade" against "The Real Lincoln." Its editor gave a graphic account of the valiant services of the G. A. R. Posts of Boston in having the pamphlet (for copies of the first edition are the only ones mentioned) removed from the libraries. A veteran called the attention of the Mayor of Somerville to the existence of the book, "and the Mayor ordered it removed from the library and destroyed." Then such pressure was brought by the G. A. R. Posts, aided by the *Journal*, upon the trustees of the Cambridge Public Library that they had the offending volumes removed "for all time." The "crusade," we were told, was likely to continue until the book had been ousted from all other Northern libraries and destroyed, perhaps publicly burned. The *Journal* refused to publish a letter replying to its charge that "The Real Lincoln" "was a vicious and scurrilous attack" by a Southern man upon its idol. And this is enlightened Boston, "the hub of the universe."

An *auto-de-fe* may be very effective as a punishment, whether inflicted upon a heretic or a book, still it is not an argument

or a refutation. But the real authors of "The Real Lincoln," as is made evident, are Lincoln's personal friends and fullsome eulogists. The "scurrilities," if they are there, are to be traced to these "friendly" sources. Indeed, it was objected to the first edition of Dr. Minor's compilation that the author said nothing himself, but only gave "what other people have said or written." To this Dr. Minor replied that his purpose was simply to "submit the testimony and to leave the reader to draw his own conclusions."

In order to sustain the Lincoln myth, more than one attempt has been made to suppress the ugly facts related by Lincoln's early biographers. For instance, as Dr. Minor points out, Lamon's life of Lincoln, published in 1872, containing what Herndon, another biographer, admits as "revelations" and "ghastly exposures," has been withdrawn from circulation, and in its place appeared in 1895 the expurgated "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," edited by Dorothy Lamon, with all the damaging matter left out and no intimation given of the existence of the genuine biography. New England's intolerance of truth was shown some years ago in the case of Percy Greg's "History of the United States." This admirable and brilliant English writer in his exposition of State rights and the justice of the Confederate cause gave offense to a certain individual from the land of the Puritans, and he bought up every copy he could find in order to suppress the book. An American edition of Percy Greg's history, published in Richmond, through the efforts of prominent Southern men now happily supplies the place of the English edition, and is well known in our schools and libraries. And by a singular chance the American edition is owned by the publishers of "The Real Lincoln," which has also had the compliment paid it of attempted suppression. Both of these books are indorsed by the U. C. V. and the U. D. C.



MRS. BRAXTON BRAGG, NEW ORLEANS.

THE FORAKER BILL FOR CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

The Foraker Bill for appropriating two hundred thousand dollars to be used in marking the graves of our Confederate dead who died in Northern prisons has been the occasion of hearty expressions of gratitude. The Daughters of the Confederacy in convention at San Francisco last fall passed resolutions commending the bill. Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, was ardent in her advocacy of the measure, and Dr. S. E. Lewis, of Washington City, who was active for the measure, telegraphed Mrs. Behan on March 2: "Victory is ours. Foraker Bill passed. The whole South will further honor you."

Gen. Stephen D. Lee wrote Mrs. Behan from Columbus, Miss., March 3, 1906: "I have your letter of February 24, and thank you for aiding Dr. Lewis and myself so bravely as you have done, and feel that we owe much to your assistance in the passage of the Foraker Bill."

Senator Foraker wrote on the 13th of March: "I write to acknowledge receipt of your letter of March 3 and to thank you for its kind and beautiful expressions, all of which, I assure you, are most thoroughly appreciated. I did in the matter referred to only what my sense of duty prompted. In that fact I had abundant reward, but such letters as you have written enhance it to the richest proportions."

DELAYED NOTICE ABOUT GEN. R. E. LEE.

BY COMRADE A. O. WRIGHT, MASTER C. S. N., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Capt. C. T. Allen, of Mexico, Mo., calls me to task for some statements I made in the June (1905) VETERAN when I said that I held Gen. Lee's horse during part of the battle of Fort Harrison. In stating that it occurred in March, 1865, I was in error. I wrote without referring to any history, and I was impressed that this was the breaking through by the Federals of our line of intrenchments just before the fall of Richmond. I was on the same spot in March, and without considering the matter acutely I ascribed the event to that time. I was also there on the 29th of October, 1864, when an effort was made by Gen. Lee, aided by Gen. Ewing and a part of Field's command, to retake the fort, which was captured the day before. I do not care to enter into any controversy about this, and am willing to leave it to the survivors of that fight, who I know will bear me out in the assertion that, whether in personal command or not, Gen. Lee was certainly there, and I am also certain that I held his horse, as I stated in the article referred to.

History is indebted to my error for the opportunity it afforded Comrade Allen, not only to correct me but to record in the bright pages of the VETERAN his gallant fight at the same time and place.

"HIS WORKS DO FOLLOW HIM."

It is a grand thing for one to have it said of him at the close of life that the world is better for his having lived. Such is the record of one of God's earnest workers whose resting place is in one of the far-away islands of the sea. In a pretty church on the island of Anitumy, in the New Hebrides, is a tablet erected by grateful natives to the memory of their missionary, Rev. John Geddie:

"When he landed, in 1848,
There were no Christians here;
And when he left, in 1872,
There were no heathen."

—Selected.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.

No more historic paper or more pathetic appears in this number of the VETERAN than the prison diary of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens. It was published imperfectly in the first volume of the VETERAN, thirteen years ago. Then there were less than one-tenth the present number of subscribers.

Vice President Stephens was a most worthy representative of the Confederate government in his exalted capacity. Ever extremely delicate in health (he told the writer that he hardly remembered the time that he "expected to live longer than two years"), his great mind and soul were ever heroic. Feeble as he was, looking like a beardless, sickly boy, even in his later years his great, dark eyes seemed to penetrate whatever they met; his memory was marvelous, and he demanded his rights even at the peril of challenging to mortal combat the most stalwart of his fellows. As will be seen in the diary, he maintained courageous consecration to duty as he saw it all the days of his eventful life. It was a charm and a blessing to be in his good company. As an ardent Whig, he opposed secession; but with his people he espoused the Confederate cause, and was steadfast to the end.

Some reminiscences of which the writer treasures the fondest memory are given of this most extraordinary man.

At the particular time mentioned Mr. Stephens was on a stay of several weeks at Catoosa Springs, Ga., some thirty miles from Chattanooga, and the writer was proprietor and publisher of the *Daily Times*. The citizens of Chattanooga approved most cordially his suggestion that Mr. Stephens be invited there and given a public reception. After accepting the invitation, Mr. Stephens was constrained to cancel it because the wife of his nephew, John A. Stephens, had sprained her ankle and he was needed at home, and besides, an old negro woman had become involved in a lawsuit and he had to attend the case, as she was not able to employ counsel. He yielded to persuasion, however, although he was usually tenacious when he had decided any matter, and went to Chattanooga on the morning, gratifying the thousands who sought to do him honor, and took the same train to Crawfordville that he originally intended. The event was memorable to the Tennesseans and Georgians who saw and heard him that day. He had not been in Chattanooga since the great armies of the South and the North had destroyed the magnificent forests, extending all the way from Boyce Station into the city, and he expressed acute pain in seeing the widespread devastation that had been wrought.

During his visit to Catoosa exceptional opportunities were enjoyed to talk with him about public men and measures, and his memory was so extraordinary that he recalled the exact dates when he had made public addresses in the years before the war, whom he saw on such occasions, and the personal conversations held.

A somewhat critical remark was made to Mr. Stephens because of his opposition to Hon. Horace Greeley, the Democratic nominee for President against Gen. Grant, when, instead of confessing that he had erred (he was editor and proprietor of the *Atlanta Daily Sun* at the time), he became excited and paid a most eulogistic tribute to Gen. Grant.

Mr. Stephens educated fifty or more young men and spent much of the money he made in educating young men.

A high school exists on the property adjacent to Liberty Hall grounds, and is named in honor of Mr. Stephens.

One of the objects of the Stephens Monumental Association when chartered, as expressed in the charter, is the establishment of a school in his honor, and an effort will be

made by the Association to establish a college to educate young men as a fitting monument to commemorate the memory of him who did so much to educate young men.



INSCRIPTION, ALEXANDER STEPHENS'S MONUMENT.

South Side:

Born February 11, 1812.
Member Ga. House of Representatives
1836 to 1840.
Member Ga. State Senate 1842.
Member U. S. House of Representatives
1843 to 1859.
Retired from Congress 1859.
Vice President of the Confederate States
1861 to 1865.
U. S. Senator Elect from Georgia 1866.
Member U. S. House of Representatives
1873 to 1882.
Governor of Georgia 1882.
Died in Atlanta, Georgia,
Sunday Morning, March 4, 1883.
Author of "A Constitutional View of the War
Between the States" and a "Compendium of
the History of the United States from Their
Earliest Settlement to 1872."

East Side:

EXTRACTS FROM AUGUSTA SPEECH 1855.
"I Am Afraid of Nothing on Earth
or above the Earth or Under the
Earth, Except to do Wrong—the

Path of Duty I Shall Ever Endeavor
to Travel, Fearing no Evil and
Dreading no Consequences."

"Here Sleep the Remains of One Who
Dared to Tell the People that They Were
Wrong When He Believed So, and Who
Never Intentionally Deceived a
Friend or Betrayed Even an Enemy."

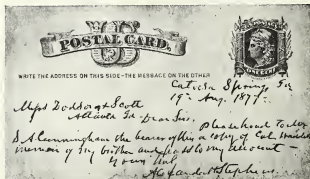
North Side:

The Great Commoner,
The Defender of
Civil and Religious Liberty,
"He Coveted and Took from the
Republic Nothing Save Glory."
Non Sibi, Sed Aliis.
Erected 1883.

West Side:

Throughout Life a Sufferer in Body,
Mind, and Spirit, He was a Signal
Exemplar of Wisdom, Courage, and Fortitude,
Patient and Unwearying Charity.
In the Decrepitude of Age Called to
Be Governor of the State, He Died
While in the Performance of the Work
Of His Office, and it Seemed Fit
That, Having Survived Parents,
Brethren, Sisters, and Most of
the Dear Companions of Youth,
He Should Lay His Dying Head
Upon the Bosom of His People.

In a conversation with Mr. Stephens he showed deep interest in the explanation that his old colleague in Congress from Tennessee, Meredith P. Gentry, died soon after the murder of President Lincoln, when no newspaper dared to pay tribute to a Southern man, and he promised to write a sketch of the life of the most musical orator doubtless that ever lived. Before having opportunity to do that he became so critically ill that all hope of his recovery was abandoned and his obituary appeared in many leading papers of the country. When he had recovered and was able to take up



COPY OF ORDER MENTIONED ON PAGE 169.

the matter, he wrote a paper, and it is now of record in his [Stephens] history of the United States. It is to appear in the VETERAN for May with some introductory notes and a fine engraving of Mr. Gentry. There will also be given some data about Liberty Hall, Mr. Stephens's home for many years. The monument here illustrated is at his old home, and the inscription gives a concrete account of the remarkable career of this most remarkable man.

PRISON LIFE OF VICE PRESIDENT STEPHENS.

Alexander Hamilton Stephens, a native Georgian, was born February 11, 1812. He was of poor parentage in purse and was always poor in health. Entering politics at an early age, he became a Whig leader, but some ten years before the war of the sixties he "drifted to Democracy." Mr. Stephens served in Congress from 1843 to 1859, then after the war was elected to Congress again in 1877, and served four years. In 1882-83 he was Governor of Georgia—Governor at the time of his death.

Mr. Stephens's career is too well known to require extended notice here. Through a personal friendship of several years the writer recalls some of his peculiarities. Concerning his relations with Robert Toombs, with whom he so widely differed in many things and with whom he was so intimate, he explained that "Toombs acting and Toombs speaking are very different things." While discussing this topic he suddenly asked, "Have you read the life of my brother, Linton?" and, quickly turning his wheel chair to a table covered with slips of white paper, he asked his black servant, Alex, to get a postal card, and on the address side of the card wrote an order to Dodson & Scott, Publishers, for the book. Amused at his using such material, I said, "I will retain the card if they are willing;" and he replied, "Ah, well, if you would like to keep it, I will try to write better;" and he made a duplicate, a very twin.

The extracts from Mr. Stephens's diary will give a vivid account of how ignorant people were of what to expect from the victors when our armies surrendered.

A complete history of the Confederate war will never be printed. Occasionally, after a lapse of several decades, new chapters will appear, seeming incredible, because the vigilant author did not "hand it in" sooner.

These reflections are given as introductory to a few chapters concerning the surrender and imprisonment of the Confederate Vice President that it becomes my fortune to possess. Many items will appear of general interest, and altogether it will be interesting to those who most admired the extraordinary statesman. Strange as it may seem, a dismal blank occurred in a Southern record of events just at this period.

Mr. Stephens's own language is used, except where there are necessary abbreviations, and then the substance is given with the least change possible.

Fort Warren, near Boston, Mass., May 27, 1865.—This book was purchased this day of A. J. Hall, sutler of this post, by Alexander H. Stephens, a prisoner on the fort, with a view of preserving in it some regular record of the incidents of his imprisonment and prison life. It may be interesting to himself hereafter sometimes, should he be permitted to live, to refer to it; and if his own life should not be spared, it may be of interest, in like manner, to some of his relatives and friends. He knows it will be of intense interest to his dear and only brother, Hon. Linton Stephens, of Sparta, Ga. Besides, he feels sure that all his relatives will be exceedingly glad to peruse it, especially in the event that they never see him again. For these reasons the book has been purchased.

Thursday, May 11, 1865.—This was a most beautiful and charming morning. After a refreshing sleep I rose early. Robert Hull, a young about sixteen years of age, son of Henry Hull, Jr., of Athens, Ga., spent the night before with me. After writing some letters for the mail, my custom being to attend to such business as soon as breakfast is over, Robert and I were amusing ourselves at a game of

casino, when Tim came running into the parlor where we were, saying: "Master, more Yankees have come; a whole heap of them are in town, galloping all about with guns." Suspecting what it meant, I rose, told Robert I expected they had come for me, and entered my bedroom to make arrangements for leaving if my apprehensions should prove correct. Soon I saw an officer with soldiers under arms approaching the house. The doors were all open. I met the officer in the library. He asked if my name was Stephens. I told him it was. "Alexander H. Stephens?" said he. I told him that was my name. He said he had orders to arrest me and put me in custody. I asked him his name and to let me see his orders. He replied that his name was Capt. Saint, of the 4th Iowa Cavalry, or mounted infantry. He was then under Gen. Upton. He showed me the order. It was by Gen. Upton, at Atlanta, for my arrest and that of Robert Toombs. No charge was specified. He was directed to go to Crawfordville and arrest me, and then proceed to Washington and arrest Mr. Toombs, and to carry both to Gen. Upton's headquarters. I told Capt. Saint that I had been looking for something of this kind—at least, had thought it not improbable for some weeks—and hence had not left home. Gen. Upton need not have sent any force for me. Had he simply notified me that he wished me at his headquarters, I should have gone. I asked the Captain if I would be permitted to carry any clothing with me and how long I would be allowed to pack up. He said a few minutes—as long as would be necessary. He said: "You may take a servant with you, if you wish." I asked him if he knew my destination. He said first to Atlanta and then to Washington City. I called in Anthony, a black boy from Richmond, who had been waiting on me for several years, and asked him if he wished to go and told him that I would send him to his mother in Richmond from Washington. He was willing to go, and was soon ready. It was about 10 a.m. when Capt. Saint came to my house. In about fifteen minutes—not much over—we started for the depot. Friends and servants followed, most of them crying. My own heart was full—too full, however, for tears. While Anthony was getting ready I asked Capt. Saint if I could write a note or two to some friends. He said I could. I wrote my brother in about these words:

"CRAWFORDVILLE, GA., May 11, 1865.

"Dear Brother: I have just been arrested by Capt. Saint, of the 4th Iowa Cavalry. The order embraces Gen. Toombs. We are both to be carried to Atlanta, and thence to Washington City, it seems. When I shall see you again, if ever, I do not know. May God enable you to be as well prepared for whatever fate may await me as I trust he will enable me to bear it! May his blessings ever attend you and yours! I have not time to say more. A kiss and my tenderest love to your dear little ones.

"Yours most affectionately, ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS."

This letter I sealed and addressed to him, and told Harry to send it over to Sparta immediately after I should leave. The Captain said he preferred I should not send the note then, that we would come back, and after that I might send it. I told him it was a note simply announcing my arrest and destination. I told him he might read it. I opened it and handed it to him. He still objected, and I tore the note up. At the cars a great many people had assembled. All seemed deeply oppressed and grieved. Many wept bitterly. To me the parting was exceedingly sad and sorrowful. When we left the depot, the train backed up several hundred yards,

where several soldiers, that seemed to have been put out there as scouts, got on. There was no stop until we reached Barnett. There we took another engine and started to Washington. About four miles from the town the train stopped at a shanty occupied by a supervisor of the track. Here I was put *c.d.*, with about twenty soldiers to guard me. The Captain and the others went on to Washington. He said I was expected to be back in an hour. He did not come until after dark. In the meantime there came up a cloud and a heavy fall of rain. The man of the house gave me dinner—fried meat and corn bread, the best he had. I was not at all hungry—indeed, had no appetite—but I ate to show my gratitude for his hospitality in sharing his homely but substantial fare. Soon after dark the returning engine was heard coming. I was intensely anxious to know what had been the cause of detention. When what we supposed was the returning train came up, it was nothing but the engine. The Captain had returned to bring his men some commissary stores, and went back immediately. I asked him what was the cause of detention, what had occurred, if Gen. Toombs was at home. He answered evasively, and left me in doubt and great perplexity. About nine o'clock the train came. The ground was saturated with water, and I got my feet partially wet—damp. This, together with the chilliness of the night after the rain, gave me a sore throat, attended with severe hoarseness. When the train was under way for Barnett, I asked the Captain if he had Mr. Toombs. "No," said he; "Mr. Toombs flanked us." This was said in a rather disappointed, irate tone, and I made no further inquiries. About eleven o'clock we took the night schedule up train at Barnett for Atlanta. It was cool and clear; some panes of glass were broken out of the windows of the cars, and I was quite chilled by the exposure. This was one of the most eventful days of my life. Never before was I under arrest or deprived of my liberty.

May 12—Reached Atlanta about 8:30 A.M. Morning clear and cool; quite unwell; carried to Gen. Upton's headquarters. He had gone to Macon, but was expected back that night. Capt. Gilpin, on Gen. Upton's staff, received me and assigned me a room. Anthony made a fire and Capt. Gilpin ordered breakfast. Walked about the city under guard. The desolation and havoc of war in this city were heartrending. Several persons called to see me. Gen. Ira R. Foster called. He was allowed to address me a note and I was allowed to answer it, but no interview was permitted. Col. G. W. Lee called. He was permitted to see me, to speak to me, but not permitted to have any conversation. John W. Duncan was permitted to visit my room and remain as long as he pleased. The same permission was extended to Gip Grier. Grier and Duncan called several times during the day. Capt. Saint called and said he would send the surgeon of the regiment to prescribe for my hoarseness. The surgeon came and prescribed remedies that did me good. Maj. Cooper called and gave me a bottle of whisky. I started from home with about five hundred and ninety dollars in gold, which I had laid up for a long time for such a contingency. Gip Grier offered me one hundred dollars additional in gold if I wished it. I declined it. John W. Duncan offered any amount I might want. Gen. Foster, in his note, offered me any assistance in the way of funds I might need.

May 13—Did not sleep well last night. Gen. Upton called in my room early. I was so hoarse I could hardly talk. He informed me he had removed all guards; that I was on my parole. I told him I should not violate it. He seemed very courteous and agreeable. I learned from him that Mr. Davis

had been captured; that Mr. C. C. Clay had surrendered himself; that Mr. Davis and party, with Mr. and Mrs. Clay, would be in Atlanta to-night on their way to Washington also. Said he would send me in a special train to-night to Augusta, but from there to Savannah I should have to go in the same boat with Mr. Davis and party. I had frequent talks with Gen. Upton during the day, and was well pleased with him. Several friends called again to-day—Maj. Cooper, Duncan, Gip Grier, and others several times. Duncan gave me a bottle of Scotch ale, which I put in my trunk. He also gave me the name of a banking house in Europe with which he had funds, and authorized me to draw on it for any I might need. This evening a Col. Peters came to renew his acquaintance with me. We talked pleasantly and agreeably of past events and associations.

From my window just before night I took a bird's-eye survey of the ruins of this place. I saw where the Trout House stood, where Douglas spoke in 1860. Thought of the scenes of that day, the deep forebodings I then had of all of these troubles, and how sorely oppressed I was, at least, in their contemplation—not much less so than I now am in their full realization, and myself among the victims. How strange it seems to me that I should thus suffer—I, who did everything in the power of man to prevent them! God's providence is mysterious, and I bow submissively to his will. In my survey I could not but rest the eye for a time upon the ruins of the Atlanta Hotel, while the mind was crowded with associations brought to life in gazing upon it. There is where, on the 4th of September, 1864, for resenting the charge of being a traitor to the South, I came near losing my life. And now I am a prisoner under charge, I suppose, of being a traitor to the Union. In all I am now I have done nothing but what I thought was right. In my whole life, public as well as private, I have been governed by a sense of duty. I have endeavored in everything to do what was right under the circumstances surrounding me. The result, be what it may, I shall endeavor to meet and bear with resignation.

At 9 P.M. Gen. Upton informed me that my train would start at eleven o'clock; that I might stop at home and get breakfast and take more clothing if I wished. The train that would carry Mr. Davis and party would leave two hours later, and I could remain until it reached Crawfordville. . . . I told Gen. Upton that there was another colored boy at my house, Henry, a brother of Anthony, whose mother was in Richmond. I should like, if there was no objection, to take him along with me to Fortress Monroe, whence I could send him to his home. He consented.

Sunday, May 14—This is ever a memorable day to me. It is the anniversary of my stepmother's death. It is the day on which was severed the last tie that kept the old family circle together around the hearthstone at the old homestead. My father died just one week before, on the 7th. This was in 1826. At 11:30 this morning the cars reached the depot at Crawfordville. My coming was known, and a large crowd was at the depot to see me. I hastened to my house, as I had much to do. Church was just out, preaching over, and the congregation leaving. I could but give a hearty shake of the hand to many whose eyes were filled with tears. Nearly all my servants from the homestead were at church. I learned that John had been over to Sparta and informed my brother Linton of my arrest; also that he was sick. O what a pang that intelligence struck to my heart! In a hurried manner I had a repacking of clothes. Henry and Anthony were soon ready. Such hurried directions as could be were given to the servants on the lot and at the homestead.

The leave-takings were hurried and confused. The servants all wept. My grief at leaving them and home was too burning, withering, scorching for tears. At the depot there was an immense crowd—old friends, black and white. They came in great numbers and shook hands. That parting and that scene I can never forget. It almost crazes the brain to think of it. I could not stand it until the other train arrived, but told the Captain to move off. This he did. When we arrived at Barnett, we waited for the other train. Gen. Upton came in to see me, and suggested that I would be more comfortable in the car he had on the other train. In a short time we were under way again. Reached Augusta some time before sundown. Gen. Upton had a carriage for me to ride in to the boat, which was four or five miles from the city, down the river. After the other train came up, which was half an hour behind us, Mr. and Mrs. Davis were put in a special carriage, some officer with them, and Mr. Clay and Mrs. Clay in a separate carriage by themselves. Then, as our carriages passed each other, I for the first time saw them. They both bowed to me, and I to them. Mr. Davis did not see me until we reached the boat. A major from Indiana rode in the carriage with me. Mrs. Davis's white nurse came and asked to ride in our carriage. We let her in. She had Mrs. Davis's infant in her arms. Guards were in front, on the side, and in the rear—some mounted on horses, some in wagons—all well armed. After the carriages started, which looked much like a funeral procession, and we had got away from the depot, we found the streets lined on both sides with immense crowds of people. I recognized but one familiar face in the whole passage through the city, and that was Moore, of the *Chronicle and Sentinel*, although I bowed to several who bowed to me. All that I saw looked sad and depressed. When we reached the landing, it was a long time before we got on the boat. The walk to the river's edge was rough. Deep ravines without bridges had to be crossed, and it was with great difficulty, even with assistance, that I was enabled to get along. The boat was a miserable affair to bear the name of steamboat. It was a river tug without cabin. There were a few berths, which the ladies occupied. All the rest of us were put on deck, except Mr. Davis. He stayed in the part of the boat occupied by the ladies. There was a covering over us, but the sides were open.

Gen. Wheeler and four of his men were on the boat. They had been captured near Albany some days previous, and had been sent down to the boat some hours before our arrival. The whole party were Mr. Davis and those captured with him, Mr. and Mrs. Clay, myself, Gen. Wheeler, and his men, numbering over twenty. I don't know exactly how many were in Mr. Davis's party. I recognized Gen. — and Col. William Preston Johnston, of his staff, Mr. Harrison, his private secretary, and Postmaster General J. H. Reagan. Mr. Davis had with him a man and woman, also colored servants, and a little boy; his children, Jeff, Maggie, and Varina; also Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell, and her brother, J. D. Howell. A young man, a grandson of Judge —, of Kentucky, was also with him. I did not see him after we got on the boat. Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay came on the deck where we were. Our meeting was the first Mrs. Davis and party knew of my arrest. Gen. Wheeler had not heard of the arrest of any of us. Mr. Clay told me he had been on parole all the way, and that he did not come on in the procession with the rest of us; that he had been permitted to drive his carriage out in the city (Augusta) and visit some lady acquaintances of his wife. He gave me all the particulars of his surrender.

On taking leave of me Gen. Upton turned me over to Col

Pritchard, of the 4th Michigan Cavalry, who had captured Mr. Davis, and who then took charge of all the prisoners. The General told Col. Pritchard that I and Mr. Clay were on parole, and he allowed us the run of the boat. I asked him to grant me permission to write to my brother, and he said he supposed this permission would not be denied whenever I got to a place where I could write.

On the cars from Barnett to Augusta I traveled with Gen. Elzy (C. S. A.), who had been paroled. I requested him to write to John A. Stephens at Crawfordville and say to him that I wished him to remain with his mother until he heard from me. I greatly and deeply regretted that I did not meet John at home to-day as I passed there.

My feelings this night on this boat pass all description. We were all crowded together in a small space on the boat's deck, covering over us, but both sides open. The night was cool and the air on the water damp, and I was suffering from a severe headache. No mention was made of supper, but I thought not of supper. I had taken breakfast at 12, and did not feel as if I should ever want to eat again. Clay and I united our cloaks, coats, and shawls. Gen. Wheeler sent us a blanket. Mrs. Davis sent us a mattress, and we made a joint bed in the open air on deck. I put the carpetbags under our heads, and, strange to say, I slept sweetly and soundly and arose much refreshed the next morning. The boat raised steam and left the bluff—not wharf—about nine o'clock at night. Reagan, Wheeler, and the rest, including the servants, stretched themselves about on the open space the best way they could. All had covering of some sort but one little boy.

Just before I fell asleep I witnessed this scene: A little black boy about fourteen years old, ragged and woe-begone in appearance, was stretched on deck right in the passageway. Whose he was or where he was going, I knew not. An officer came along, gave him a shove, and told him in harsh language to get away from there. The boy raised up, waked from his sleep, and replied in a plaintive mood: "I have no lodging, sir." That scene and that reply were visibly on my mind when all my present cares were most opportunely and graciously, if not mercifully, drowned in slumber as I was being borne away from home and all that was most dear to me on the broad and smooth bosom of the Savannah.

May 15.—Waked much refreshed, morning beautiful, got a rough soldier breakfast. Mr. Davis came out on our deck soon after I got up. It was our first meeting since we parted the night after my return from the Hampton Roads Conference to Richmond. Talked to-day a good deal with Clay, Reagan, and Wheeler; but spent most of my time in silent, lonely meditation on the side of the boat, looking out upon willows on the margin of the sluggish, muddy, crooked stream. Most of my thoughts were filled with home scenes and Sparta scenes and their kindred associations. Col. Pritchard introduced to me Capt. Hudson, of his regiment, and a Mr. Stribling (?), who was a correspondent of the *New York Herald*. We talked a good deal on the state of the country, etc. The entire day was clear, mild, and beautiful.

May 16.—Went to sleep last night as the night before. I omitted to note yesterday that we got dinner and tea at the usual hours—potatoes (Irish) and beef stewed together for dinner; at tea a good cup of black tea that suited me well. There was hard-tack on the table; some pruned fruit, but I chose the soft, or what is known as light bread or "baker's" bread. The table was small: only four could be seated at once. It took some time for all to eat. We reached Savan-

nah this morning at four o'clock; did not land, but were transferred from the tug to a coast steamer bound to Hilton Head—a much more commodious boat. On it we got a good breakfast—beefsteak, hot rolls, and coffee.

On the passage to Hilton Head I took a berth and slept most of the way. Reached Hilton Head about 11 A.M. The day was clear and rather warm, though not hot or sultry; anchored off in the harbor, and were transferred to another steamer bound for Fortress Monroe. This was the Clyde, a new boat, a propeller of about five hundred tons. There were several good berths in the cabin below and quite a number of staterooms on deck above. The ladies and most of the gentlemen selected staterooms. I preferred a berth below, and chose my place there, which I found on the voyage was a most excellent choice. After we were transferred to the Clyde, quite a number of officers and other persons came aboard. They bought New York papers, *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated News*. It had been a long time since I had seen these prints. Here for the first time I heard of the military commission trying the assassins of Mr. Lincoln. The officers came down into the cabin where I was, and talked some time of the state of the country. They were all courteous and agreeable. Capt. Kelly, formerly of Washington City, who knew me there, told me he was now in the Quartermaster's Department at Hilton Head. He was pleased to speak kindly of his former recollections of me; alluded to my Milledgeville speech in November, 1860, spoke highly of it, and expressed regret that I had not adhered to it. I told him I had. In that speech I had, with all my ability, urged our people not to secede. The present consequences I then seriously apprehended, but in the same speech I told them that if in solemn convention the people of the State should determine to resume their delegated powers and assert their sovereign and independent rights I should be bound to go with the State. To her I owed ultimate allegiance. In that event her cause would be my cause, and her destiny my destiny. I thought this step a wrong one, perhaps fatal, and exerted my utmost power to prevent it; but when it had been taken, even though against my judgment, I, as a good citizen, could not but share the common fate, whatever it might be. I did as a patriot what I thought best before secession. I did the same after. He did not seem to have recollected that part of the speech which acknowledged my ultimate allegiance to be due to the State of Georgia. The whole conversation was quite friendly. He manifested a good deal of personal regard toward me.

At about three or four o'clock the Clyde put out to sea. Before leaving Mrs. Davis addressed a note to Gen. Saxon (?), who had charge of colonization, in confiding to him the little orphan mulatto boy she had with her. The parting of the boy with the family was quite a scene. He was about seven or eight years old, I should think. He was little Jeff's playfellow; they were very intimate, and nearly always together; it was Jeff and Jimmy between them. When Jeff knew that Jimmy was to be left, he wailed, and so did Jimmy. Maggie cried, Varina cried, and the colored woman cried. Mrs. Davis said the boy's mother had been dead a number of years, and this woman had been as a mother to him. As the boat that was to take Jimmy away left our side he screamed, and had to be held to be kept from jumping overboard. He tried his best to get away from those who held him. At this Jeff and Maggie and Varina screamed almost as loud as he did. Mrs. Davis also shed tears. Mrs. Clay threw Jimmy some money, but it had no effect. Some one on the deck of his boat picked it up and handed it to him; but he paid no

attention to it, and kept scuffling to get loose and wailing as long as he could be heard by us.

After all, what is life but a succession of pains, sorrows, griefs, and woes! Poor Jimmy! He has just entered upon its threshold. This will hardly be his worst or heaviest affliction, if his days be many upon this earth.

The Clyde is long and narrow and rolls very much at sea. The purser on the Clyde is named Moore, a son of the captain of the boat. He expressed some kind personal regard for me this evening, said he was from Philadelphia, gave me a copy of *Harper's Weekly*, and requested anything I could spare as a little memento. I chanced to have in my pocket a chess piece of a set that was very prettily made. It was a bishop. I took it out and asked him how that would do. He seemed highly pleased with it.

May 19.—We enter Hampton Roads this morning; a pilot boat meets us; we are asked where we wish to be piloted to. "To Washington," was the reply.

The Tuscarora leads the way, and we arrive at Hampton Roads. Col. Pritchard goes to Fortress Monroe, returns, and says we must await orders from Washington. Before going ashore I asked him to inquire if I would be permitted to telegraph or write home. He could, on returning, give no information on that point. We anchor in the harbor, and the Tuscarora anchors close by. We see near us the iron steamer Atlanta, captured at Savannah. Dinner at usual hour, and all hands at the table except Miss Howell; all with good appetite except myself. My throat is still sore from continued hoarseness, but much better than it was when I left Hilton Head. I have, however, no relish for food.

May 20.—Still at anchor in the Roads. Col. Pritchard informs us he got a telegram last night informing him that Gen. Halleck would be at the fort at noon to-day and give him further orders. The day is dull; nothing to enliven it but the passing of steamboats and small sails in the harbor. A British man-of-war and a French lie near us.

Called Henry into the cabin; told him he would go from there to Richmond; gave him ten dollars, and told him to be a good, industrious, upright boy, and never to gamble. Col. Pritchard came to the cabin at eight o'clock at night and told Judge Reagan and myself that some officers in the captain's room wished to see us there. We went immediately and found Capt. Fraley, of the Tuscarora, and Capt. Parker, of the war steamer, in the cabin. Capt. Fraley received us courteously, and told us he had orders to take Reagan and myself aboard the Tuscarora the next day at ten o'clock. He had come over that night to give us notice, that we might be ready. In reply to the question of our destination, he told us Boston. I knew then that Fort Warren was my place of confinement and imprisonment. I told him I feared the climate would be too cool and damp for me; I should have greatly preferred to go to Washington, if the authorities had so decided.

Before we left the captain's office Gen. Wheeler and party came in. His conference was with Capt. Parker. We learned from what passed that Capt. Parker was to take them in his steamer the next morning to Fort Donaldson. Reagan and I left Gen. Wheeler in the office. I sent for Capt. Moody, who was a fellow-prisoner with us, taken with Mr. Davis, and who had been a prisoner of war at Fort Warren, to learn from him some of the prison regulations there. He spoke in very favorable terms of them; said he had been in several prisons, and he had been better treated at Fort Warren than anywhere else. Being relieved of the suspense we had been in for several days, Reagan and I went to our berths at an

early hour. I slept but little; thought of home, sweet home; saw, plainly that I was not to be permitted to see any one there. This was the most crushing thought that filled my mind. Death I felt I could meet with resignation, if such should be my fate, if I could be permitted to communicate with Linton and other dear ones while life should last.

May 21.—Anthony was not permitted to go with me. Gave him five dollars and same advice I gave Henry. I gave him my leather trunk he had brought his clothes in. Saw Mrs. Clay and requested her to write to Linton and Mrs. D. M. DuBose the same thing—my destination and present condition. We do not know what is to be done with Mr. Clay or where he is to be sent. After that shall be made known, it is Mrs. Clay's intention to go North, if allowed—that is, if her husband shall be confined. Yesterday evening we got New York papers; saw the progress of the trial of the assassins. Mr. Clay expressed to me the fullest confidence that nothing could be brought against him in such a crime. He spoke in the strongest terms of deepest regret at it; said how deeply he deplored it, and his exclamation to that effect, when he first heard of President Lincoln's assassination. We had a long talk this morning.

Gen. Wheeler and those who went with him left at 6 A.M. I was up and took my leave of them. The parting all around was sad. At ten o'clock Capt. Fraley came up in a tug; came aboard the Clyde. Reagan and I were ready; we took leave of all. Anthony and Henry looked very sad; Anthony stood by me to the last. Mrs. Davis asked Capt. Fraley if he could not go. He said that he had inquired of the officer commanding the fleet, and he had informed him that his orders related to only two persons. This closed the matter just as I had at first looked for. I bade Anthony good-by—the last one. Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Clay, and Col. Harrison I had before taken leave of. Upon taking leave of Mr. Davis he seemed to be more, affected than I had ever seen him. He said nothing but good-by, and gave my hand a cordial squeeze. The tone of the voice in uttering good-by evinced deep feeling and emotion.

With assistance, I descended the rope ladder to the deck of the tug. All the baggage being aboard, off we steamed to the Tuscarora. Gen. Wheeler and four of his men we found on the boat. The tide was coming right ahead of us at about six miles an hour, and it was all that the stout seamen with their oars could do to make any head against it. For some time it seemed as if we were drifting farther off. Capt. Fraley called twice for the tug—"Send the tug!"—but he was not heard by the officer on the Tuscarora, and the tug did not come. After a long while we reached the ship, but not without some wetting from the splashing of the waves over the sides of the light boat. Right glad was I when we reached the steps on the ship's side. On deck we were introduced to several officers—Lieut. Blue and others. The captain took us to his cabin and showed us our quarters: we were to be in the cabin with him. There was but one berth or stateroom in it. This the captain said he would assign to me, while he and Reagan would sleep on the circular sofa that ran around the cabin. I declined depriving him of his room and bed. He said that it was no deprivation; that he generally slept on the sofa or in a chair; that he resigned it to me in consideration of my "age and past services to the country." These were his words. He was very polite and courteous. When he went on board the Clyde, he took some strawberries to Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay and the children of Mrs. Davis. He already knew Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay.

Sunday, October 1.—Another month is gone. October is

here, and I am here too, in Fort Warren. How time flies, and how we become adapted to its passages with its changes! If I had known in May last, when I first reached these walls, that I would be here by an October sun, it would have about crushed me. But, as it is, I am here, and I am more cheerful than I was then. We walked out three times this beautiful day. I went to see Reagan in the forenoon. Had a good long talk with him. He was transcribing his biography in a blank book. Seemed to be oppressed, but not uncheerful. My morning reading was in Psalms. The one hundred and nineteenth came in my reading. Dr. — called and delivered messages from Mrs. Maj. A. She sent two photographs of herself, out of which I was to select one for myself. One was a bust or head view; the other was a portrait of the whole person in full dress. I chose the latter. The boat whistles at Gallop Island. O, if the boat should only bring good news for me from Washington, my heart would leap for joy and in gratitude, thanks, and praise to God for his mercy, his kindness, and his deliverance. Boat came; brought papers. No news, except that Hon. L. D. Walker has been pardoned. So it goes. I don't complain of that, but I do complain of being kept here, to the hazard of my health and the ruin of my private affairs, while all the leading men who forced the South into secession against my efforts are not only allowed to go at large, but are pardoned. This is gall and wormwood to me. It almost crazes my brain. It tempts me to distrust God. This is the most painful reflection of all. My agony of spirit to-day is almost more than I can bear. The course of the administration at Washington toward me is personal and vindictive. No other construction can be given to their acts. If they had avowed it openly to my friends, and not have hypocritically pretended to be friendly disposed toward me, I should not have been so much affected. An open enemy I can meet face to face and defy, even if I fall under his blows; but a sneaking, hypocritical Jacob I have no tolerance toward. Judge Reagan came round this morning after the boat left and brought us the joyous news that he had had an indulgence extended to him to visit his friends generally, to mess with Linton and me [Linton Stephens was then on a visit.—Ed.], and that he is to be transferred from his damp, underground cell to a room on a level with the one now occupied by me. This was good news indeed, and I felt exceedingly glad to hear it. He, Linton, and I immediately took a walk together on the rampart. The day was beautiful, but rather warm. On our return Reagan and I played —. We all took dinner together. . . . I felt deeply mortified with myself for the irritation of spirit I permitted myself to indulge in to-day, simply mortified that I had suffered myself to give way for a moment to such sentiments or allow such feelings as I expressed on the foregoing pages. Human nature is frail and weak. I was smarting under a deep sense of wrong. The heart alone knows its own sorrows, but then it was wrong to grow impatient under suffering conscious wrong. I know it; I feel it. O God, forgive it, and, above all, forgive my temptation temporarily to distrust thy divine justice and mercy. Teach me in meekness, resignation, patience, and faith to bow to all thy dispensations, whatever they be. Thy will be done! O forgive me this great trespass as I forgive all who trespass against or wrong me! May I, with the same spirit as Christ upon the cross, say, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," even in this wrong and injustice to me! Judge Reagan, Linton, and I supped together. I felt bad, thinking of my passion to-day. May the Lord forgive it!

NOTES ON MR. STEPHENS'S PRISON DIARY.

BY GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS, ATLANTA, GA.

The story of the arrest and imprisonment of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederate States, could not be told so well by any one as he himself tells it in his prison diary. With artless charm, the great statesman turns the outflow of his meditations while in prison into a record which will be read by the present and the future generations with a far better result than the mere satisfaction of curiosity concerning the experience of a prisoner who is lustriously celebrated as a statesman, a philanthropist, and a lover of his country. The reader will join him heartily in utterances such as this: "How strange it seems to me that I should suffer thus—I, who did everything in the power of man to prevent secession!" With sublime poise, he rests himself on the height of conscious integrity, and there, recalling his active public life, writes an epitaph that might blazon a monument of this nation's ideal citizen. This is what he writes: "I have done nothing but what I thought was right. In my whole life, public as well as private, I have been governed by a sense of duty. I have endeavored in everything to do what was right under the circumstances surrounding me. The result, be what it may, I shall endeavor to meet and bear with resignation." This sentiment he amplified in his great work, "The War between the States," and emphasized by his life after his honorable restoration to liberty. It is also proper to observe that in these expressions Mr. Stephens represented the all-pervading sentiment of the Southern people before and after military hostilities had ceased, in April, 1865.

There is another expression in this diary, under date of May, 1865, in which Mr. Stephens represents the general Southern feeling of regret that any causes had ever risen to suggest a division of the Union and produce a war between the Northern and the Southern States. Coupled with that statement, he also affirms that the principle of loyalty to the States thoroughly controlled the people of the South. Referring to his fear of the unhappy consequences which he seriously apprehended would follow secession, he writes that when the people of his State in solemn convention determined to resume their delegated powers and assert their independent rights he was bound to go with the State. "To her I owed ultimate allegiance; in that event her cause will be my cause and her destiny my destiny." This view prevailed among that large number of Southerners who deprecated secession and held to the hope of yet another settlement of the ever-recurring vexatious sectional controversy. It was this view of duty that gave Robert E. Lee not only to the service of the Confederacy but his name and fame to the whole country.

It is not the purpose of these notes to exhaust the great suggestions of this remarkable diary, but there is one other fact which it brings into view that deserves special consideration. The illustrious Vice President of the Confederacy mentions several times that he was expecting arrest. In describing the sudden appearing of many Federal soldiers on April 11, 1865, in Crawfordville, the town of his residence, and noting the information given him that they were "galloping all about with guns," he writes: "Suspecting what it meant, I arose and told Tim that I expected they had come for me." He writes further that he said to the captain who soon came to Liberty Hall to arrest him: "I have been looking for something of this kind, and hence had not left home. Gen. Upton need not have sent any force for me. Had he simply notified me that he wished me, I should have gone."

It is well remembered that very soon after the return of

the Confederate soldiers to their homes the earliest feeling that the "war is over" had been supplanted by a general apprehension of trouble through a policy adopted in the heat of passion and the exhilaration of success which threatened disaster to the Southern people who had already resumed the pursuits of peace as the proper sequel to their surrender. Lincoln had created this hope. Lee had said to his disarmed regiments at Appomattox: "Go home and make as good citizens as you have been soldiers." Joe Johnston had dismissed his armies with the confidence that the bitterness was all past. But now in the beginning of this peace the new President, successor to the assassinated Lincoln, gave birth to the saying: "Treason must be made odious." Terms of restoration to citizenship excluded the great civil and military leaders of the South and all men who were possessed of twenty thousand dollars in wealth. Meantime arrests of prominent Confederate leaders were made, among whom were Clement C. Clay, Gen. Wheeler, Judge Reagan, as well as President Davis, and many others. Even Robert E. Lee was selected for arrest. Military guards were scattered over the country and military courts were established to supplant civil authority.

One who takes these conditions into consideration cannot fail to understand the almost universal fear of a reign of terror. Several prominent men had left the country for Europe, Mexico, South America, and elsewhere under the pressure made upon them by their friends and kindred to escape the tortures of imprisonment. As a part of the events of this day it may be stated that one of the most conspicuous of the Southern military chieftains sought the writer of these notes early in May to unfold a plan of escape from this threatened humiliation by going to Brazil, for which there was at that time an immediate opportunity. But a decision having been already made to remain and abide the results, the plan was declined. Everywhere, indeed, throughout the South the uneasiness was so great that it occupied the minds of all the people. No one could foretell to what length the evils (social, civil, and financial, would spread under the inflamed influences then at work. Mr. Stephens in his wonderful wisdom understood, and notwithstanding his fears he remained at home, as he writes, "to suffer with his people."

This diary will be read with absorbing interest. It is evidence furnished by a witness, esteemed for all virtues by the people of the United States. The record will cause no acrimony. It will open the understanding of many to the conditions from 1865 to 1870, which explain the course of the South in that most trying period. All the true light which can be thrown upon our country's history will only enhance the spirit of our common patriotism.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PASS TO RICHMOND.—A story of Mr. Lincoln is taken from an old Southern newspaper. A gentleman from a Northern city entered Mr. Lincoln's private office in 1862 and earnestly requested a pass to Richmond. "A pass to Richmond?" exclaimed the President. "Why, my dear sir, if I should give you one, it would do no good. You may think it very strange, but there's a lot of fellows between here and Richmond who can't either read or are prejudiced against every man who totes a pass from me. I have given Gen. McClellan and more than two hundred thousand others passes to Richmond, and not one of 'em has yet gotten there."

William Wrenn, of the Confederate Soldiers' Home, New Orleans, desires any addresses of Company F or others of the 14th Regiment Confederate Cavalry.

FITZHUGH LEE'S BURIAL IN HOLLYWOOD.

However belated this token may seem, it is born of honest admiration for a great chieftain who has fallen asleep. Our gallant Fitz was the idol of Virginia, deep-rooted in the Southern heart and secure in the nation's esteem.

Who does not deplore the swift, sure passing of the old guards in gray—the vanishing host? Longstreet, Hampton, Beauregard, Mahone, Gordon, Forrest, Ransom, Fitzhugh Lee, and but now Wheeler—these, with others who led immortal legions, have all crossed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees and to bivouac on the other shore with Marse Robert, Stonewall, A. P. Hill, Johnston, Wickham, Stuart, and other invincible heroes who glorified arms and gave posterity an unchallenged record of daring and deeds.

Impressive indeed was the pageant attendant upon the obsequies of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, soldier, statesman, patriot.

Fairer days than May 4, 1905, have rarely or never worn to sunset and few days have witnessed such a deluge of Southland tears. Sturdy hearts, caloused by the fury of many a gone tempest, beat slower at the thought that the gallant chieftain had fallen; fragrant reminiscences of the soldier's honored life thronged the memories of those left to mourn his departure; busy feet stayed their going and paused in reverence beside his grave.

Historic St. Paul's Church in Richmond was the last bivouac of the distinguished dead before the grave received its own. The spacious auditorium was thronged with reverent multitudes. Men and women from all the honored walks of life looked upon his flower-strewn casket and, though blinded by the tears that would somehow flow, gave thanks for a life so generous, ennobling, and chivalric.

Two flags entwined Gen. Lee's honored casket—flags he had loved and served unwaveringly through all the turmoils of sanguinary wars and the blessed aftermaths of peace.



GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

No discordant sound did violence to the solemn State occasion. Outside in the streets the hushed throng waited. Upon the Capitol Square the innocent birds chanted their tuneful songs and the squirrels gamboled nimbly over the greensward, while the organ in old St. Paul's gave the strains of "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

Patriotic, memory-fraught Richmond—the soldier's Mecca and the storm center of two bloody wars—has witnessed many pageants, but none perhaps so impressive as that which attended Fitzhugh Lee's last passage through her beautiful, quiet streets to ivy-embowered, restful Hollywood. Here let it be lovingly enjoined:

"Soldier, rest. Thy warfare's over!"

Statesmen, soldiers, civilians, organizations—in a word, a great population—formed the long procession and vied one with another in showing respect and love for him who wielded an untarnished blade till its sheathing at Appomattox, and long years later heard a reunited nation's acclaim and salvos of praise upon his home-coming after faithful performance of consulate duties in war-ridden Cuba. Command after command of soldiery, mounted and afoot, martial music, constant booming of deep-toned cannons, flags drooping midway their staffs, emblems of mourning on every hand, and the muffled footfall of countless thousands were some of the striking features of an unprecedented march through the streets of the capital of the Confederacy upon the occasion when George Washington and Robert E. Lee, looking down from their splendid bronze mounts, seemed to smile a welcome to our gallant Fitz, soldier home from the wars. These whose brows are diademed with glory seemed to hail with joy unutterable this latest comer to "fame's eternal camping ground."

Six black and draped horses with a "Howitzer" plume at the head of each drew the caisson upon which the remains lay covered with a profusion of rare exotics. A coal-black steed in the habiliments of mourning, with an empty saddle and sheathed sword, followed the caisson and told in mute but eloquent language the story of death. Along the whole line from St. Paul's to the place of burial in Hollywood the multitudes uncovered as an individual in the presence of the illustrious dead. As memory of the beloved and honored soldier recurred to many hasty tears were widely dashed. Comrades of the tent, camp, and field during the long-gone days that had tested the quality and fiber of Southern manhood looked on and wept at memory of their beloved leader, who had been the knightliest among the knightly, the bravest among the brave.

One said: "I came from New York to be at Gen. Lee's burial." Another: "I came from Boston that I might see the last of a great Virginian and a great man." As the caisson bearing the dead entered the ivy-twined portals of Hollywood an old darky said: "De Gen'rul was a mighty pop'l'r man; who 'ceptin' him could 'a' drawed out all dis crowd?"

Then came the last impressive scene in life's fitful drama—the grave! It was meet that our gallant Fitz should sleep until the final reveille in his native soil in the bosom of the old dominion. Here loving and loyal hands bore his mortal remains to the final sepulture in Hollywood, whose beauty is a proverb wherever known. Magnolias, stately oaks, cedars, and cypress whisper their deep meditations around his grave, and the waters of the noble James, hurrying forward, lend unceasing lullaby.

[The foregoing is by Robert W. Grizzard, member of A. P. Hill Camp, S. C. V., Petersburg, Va.]

AN EXAMPLE FOR THE ANNAPOLIS FACULTY.

[Gen. W. J. Green, of Fayetteville, N. C., writes an interesting account of a fight that he had with Archibald Gracie at West Point in the famous class of 1850.]

At drill one day my file closer happened to be Archibald Gracie, who seemed disposed to amuse himself by stepping on my heels. Giving him due caution in undertone, he still persisted, when, my patience being exhausted, I told him that I would whip him as soon as ranks were broken, to which he replied: "You can't do it." Of course that was the proverbial challenge of the chip on the shoulder, which no son of the South could stand, so as soon as ranks were broken we laid aside our arms and accouterments and proceeded to test the mooted question. Old Patrice de Janon, then master of fence and later one of the professors of Spanish, officiously interfered and broke up the fun. Turning to me, he asked, "Vat is your name?" to which I declined answer, and started back to the barracks. Poor Gracie was not so considerate, but gave himself away without hesitation. On being further asked, "Who is that other man?" he replied, "Find out from him; I'm no d— informer."

Gracie was reported for fighting on the parade ground, while my name was not mentioned. The next morning as soon as official doors were opened I waited on the superintendent, then Col. R. E. Lee, of eternal fame, when the following colloquy took place:

"Colonel, Mr. Gracie was reported for fighting on the parade grounds yesterday."

"And the other fellow escaped the report?"

"Yes, sir."

"I presume you were the other fellow," was his gentle rejoinder.

"I am, sir, and whatever punishment is meted out to Mr. Gracie I insist upon having the same allotted to me."

"It is a heavy penalty attaching to the offense," was his reply.

"I am aware of it, Colonel, but am unwilling for Mr. Gracie to monopolize the whole of it."

"No, sir; you will get no punishment for this offense, and neither will Mr. Gracie, for I shall erase the report against him. Don't you think, Mr. Green, that it is better for brothers to live together in peace and harmony?"

A few minutes afterwards, while looking out of my window, I saw Gracie go by with the Colonel's orderly following on, and at once divined that he had been sent for. A short while later on my door was opened without knocking, and my late antagonist grasped and wrung my hand, and from that time until his glorious life was poured out a rich libation on the altar of freedom in the closing days around Petersburg a harsh word or an unkind thought never passed between us.

Does not the incident prove that the great soldier was likewise a great peacemaker? While grand old Gracie was in command of his brigade in the trenches he was surprised by a visit from the great captain, who informed him that he wished to make personal observation of the enemy's lines in his front, as he was told that they were shifting position at that point. Mounting the parapet, field glass in hand, he proceeded to examine, while men below were calling out in plaintive tones: "Come down, Gen. Lee; for God's sake come down!" The sharpshooters had picked off every one who dared show his head above the level. To all of them he turned a deaf ear, until suddenly the brigadier also mounted and placed himself between him and the enemy. "Get down, Gen. Gracie," was his imperious command, to which came the response, "After you, Gen. Lee. I never expected to disobey an order

of yours, but I'll be d— if I will do that one until you first set me the example." Both came down together, while the bees were beginning to buzz uncomfortably close to their ears.

Poor Archie was a man of wealth and varied accomplishments, and was taking high stand in Heidelberg when the struggle became inevitable. Throwing aside his books, he hurried home; and although a half Northerner and half Southerner, he was of the first to espouse the Southern side.

Would not an imitation of Gen. Lee's conduct on the occasion referred to have been more sensible and more judicious, not only on young Meriwether but the whole corps of incipient sailors who were learning the art of fighting at Annapolis, than any punishment that could have been inflicted on the unfortunate survivor of that unfortunate brawl? But fortunately it takes generations to evolve one R. E. Lee.

HISTORY OF THE SURPRISE OF KILPATRICK.

BY N. A. HOOD, ASHVILLE, ALA.

As a much-interested reader of the VETERAN I notice that writers vary in giving accounts of happenings during the War between the States, yet notwithstanding these differences we must conclude that all are alike honest. It has been more than forty years since the war closed, and most of the writers are guided by memory alone.

In the VETERAN of February Comrade W. H. Davis, of Lebanon, Tenn., gives an account of the capture of Kilpatrick's "Spotted Horse." In some of his statements he is evidently mistaken. He says "that famous spotted horse was captured at Rock Springs. Anyhow, it was during Kilpatrick's attempt to reach Augusta, Ga., to destroy the cotton mills there." In this he is mistaken. The taking of the camp of Kilpatrick was at White Pond, near Fayetteville, N. C. We had a little skirmish at Fayetteville the afternoon before, and we marched nearly all night to reach the camp. The capture of the pickets by Capt. Shannon and the crossing of the marsh, making the attack at daylight, is correct. The cabin, or Kilpatrick's headquarters, was at an angle, as he describes it, but about three hundred yards from the marsh.

I was a member of the 51st Alabama Cavalry, and I have always believed that I was one of the first to cross the marsh safely. The camp lay on our right and but a few rods from the marsh, which only the best horses succeeded in crossing. We had orders not to enter the camp until ordered to do so. We passed along the edge of the camp for some two hundred yards, coming to a road leading up to the cabin, some two hundred yards to the right. The adjutant of my regiment and myself turned and galloped up to the "cabin," passing first some artillery and then two horses tied to stakes immediately in front of the cabin, one of which was the celebrated "spotted horse," the other a large black stallion. On the ground in the yard lay what I would call a flat no-horn saddle, attached to which were the holsters containing the pistols. I dismounted, knife in hand, cut the holsters loose from the saddle, and threw them across my own, remounted, and, passing beyond the house, gave no further attention to the horses at the time.

I never knew who loosed the horses, but I could have taken them if I had so desired. The enemy quickly rallied and came upon us on foot, and very soon it was made so warm for us that we retreated. Orders came to cut down the artillery. I held the horse for my Lieutenant while he aided in cutting it down, which was done under a heavy fire. The 4th Tennessee was formed, mounted, near the edge of the woods and near the camp, and I think the 4th did the most

gallant fighting that I ever saw men do standing in line on horses. Col. Hagin, who commanded the Alabama Brigade, was wounded in the fight.

The next day I saw Gen. Wheeler riding the spotted horse and Gen. Allen, our division commander, the other, which was the black stallion. As I was only an orderly sergeant, frequently having to dismount, the holsters did not suit me, and I tried to get belt and scabbards with the purpose of giving them (the holsters) to Gen. Wheeler. Before I had succeeded Col. Ashby, of Tennessee, sent for me, and I let him have the holsters for belt and scabbard. In a day or two I saw Gen. Wheeler with the holsters.

Now I wish to say that I am sure that I was among the first "Rebs" to reach Kilpatrick's headquarters. Again, I wish to state that I do not know who loosed the horses or who gave the spotted horse to Gen. Wheeler. I would not rob any command or individual of honors justly belonging to them. I have many living witnesses to what is here written.

GEN. R. E. LEE WITH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

BY DR. CHALMERS DEADERICK, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Before the war Washington College, at Lexington, Va., was not largely patronized; but when Gen. Lee assumed control as President, the attendance immediately took on a new impetus. Young ex-Confederate soldiers who had placed Gen. Lee upon the highest possible pinnacle of exalted manhood flocked there. When I entered the university, in January, 1866, I suppose fully three-fourths of the students had served in the Confederate army. Having lost four years of educational advantages during the war, they were anxious to complete their education, and went to Lexington with earnest and worthy intent. Never did college students enter upon or resume their work with greater zeal or determination, consequently their demeanor was unusually quiet and orderly; but even staid, earnest students of spirit must have a little sport occasionally. The boy who has no taste for fun and sport is to be pitied. The schoolboy or college student who sits on the grass whittling a stick while his companions are energetically indulging themselves in athletic exercise will later in life be a lazy and inefficient man.

The Washington and Lee student body were not lazy, and occasionally their spirit for fun and mischief would boil over. One method with them when they wanted to work off a little superfluous steam was a resort to the callithump. Notices of the approaching event were issued among the students and the cadets of the neighboring Virginia Military Institute. The tinner of the town were kept busy making long, loud-mouthed horns, and the cadets were bidden to prepare plenty of blank cartridges and bring their four cannon. The din produced by a line of six or seven hundred boys blowing horns, beating on tin pans, shouting, and firing cannon (the cannon were not fired except in the suburbs) was enough to disturb the dead, were such a thing possible. Doctors' and lawyers' signs were torn down, and placed over shoemakers' shops, and *vice versa*. A druggist's pestle and mortar were put over a blacksmith shop, and the blacksmith's big horse-shoe sign was hung over the drug store. Gates were lifted from their hinges, and numerous other evidences of mischief were visible on the following morning.

A favorite time for the column to move from the college campus was at midnight, and the boisterous revelry was continued until the whole town had been traversed. The town marshal, Mr. Bumpus, was utterly powerless to stay the noisy tide. At first he halted the head of the column, and

announced the arrest of those in the front ranks, but he was summarily compelled to stand aside and retire from the field. The good people of the town were greatly disturbed and vexed at having their early morning slumbers so rudely interrupted. Instead of passing it all by as an evidence of fun and frolic on the part of the students, they took it seriously; and after two or three repetitions of the disturbance, they appealed to Gen. Lee for relief; but the General, knowing full well that it was only intended for sport and amusement, did not think it best at that time to interfere.

Finally the courts took it in hand, and summoned dozens of the boys to give testimony that would bring the perpetrators up for trial; but of course not a single boy could be found who was willing to betray his comrades. Accordingly the court adjourned *sine die*, having accomplished nothing. In the meantime the callithumps continued, from time to time, during that and the succeeding year.

In the winter of 1868 it was heralded about among the students that on a certain night the biggest rally and callithump that had ever occurred anywhere would put the staid and sober Scotch-Irish element of the town severely on their mettle again. Extensive preparations were being made, and almost the entire student and cadet (V. M. I.) bodies were going to fall into line. Influential professors took it upon themselves to visit the students rooming in the college buildings and persuade them to use their influence toward the abandonment of the project. One of them interviewed me. He said Gen. Lee would expel every student who took a hand in it, but such threats only made the matter worse.

In the meantime Gen. Lee was very quiet, and threatened no one. He said nothing about it whatever to the students, and kept his own counsel until the appointed night was very near at hand. About thirty-six hours before the din was to have commenced Gen. Lee posted a notice upon his bulletin board. It was couched in the gentlest and most friendly language possible. I cannot at this distant day give the paper *verbatim*, but it was nearly, if not exactly, as follows:

"Young Gentlemen: I have heard that on a certain night you propose to have another callithump. Heretofore such demonstrations have created a good deal of disturbance among the citizens of the town, and I would rather you would not engage in another."

Gen. Lee's bulletin board was always carefully scanned by the boys; and when they saw the notice, the callithump was promptly dropped.

The following day battered tin horns could have been gathered from the grounds by the wagon load. It was astonishing with what promptitude and unanimity the matter was abandoned. Only one student, a Californian, wanted the thing to proceed. He attempted to persuade himself and others that Gen. Lee had not ordered it off; but he could get no followers, and he came near getting into a fight for daring to propose so unreasonable a breach of propriety.

Gen. Lee managed his boys just like he managed his soldiers. Both were influenced by the greatest possible reverence, admiration, and love for him, and his slightest request or intimation was enough to command their instant attention and obedience.

General —, who had served with distinction in Gen. Lee's army, undertook to give the boys instruction in declamation every Friday afternoon. To this arrangement the students strenuously objected. They thought it smacked too much of the old field school plan—a very good thing for children, but beneath the dignity of college students. So, after consulting among themselves, they determined that "the emer-

agency had arisen to demand" that they free themselves from this disagreeable feature of their college course.

In a spirit of forbearance and loyalty to authority a few exercises were allowed to proceed peacefully in the old college chapel. Then, notwithstanding their respect and high regard for General —, the work of demolition began, at first in a very quiet way. As a speaker wended his way down the narrow aisle on his way to the stage numerous scraps of paper or old cloth were pinned to his coat tail; and when he mounted the stage, he was greeted with a vigorous applause before he had spoken a word. General — removed the ridiculous decorations, and administered a short lecture upon decorum. In addition to pinning sundry articles to his clothing, the boisterous audience fired a shower of paper wads, chestnuts, etc., at the speaker, which again caused General — to remonstrate and denounce the perpetrators severely. The student manifested no sign of offense at the behavior of his comrades, because he was in the scheme himself.

At every succeeding meeting the disturbance and uproar grew worse, until General — requested Gen. Lee to sit by him on the stage, and during that performance perfect order prevailed. Not a boy raised his voice or hand. Had Gen. Lee sat with his back to the audience, the effect would have been the same. His mere presence was enough to quiet them.

At the following meeting Gen. Lee was not present, and there was a perfect storm of discordant hoots, yells, and blowing of trumpets. The latter were thrust through open windows from outside, and pandemonium reigned. Finally a small dog was thrown into the hall through a window. A tin can containing gravel decorated his tail. The dog took the floor, howling, yelping, and running all over the room, amid the shouts and laughter of the boys. This proved to be the climax. General — bitterly denounced the perpetrators, and declared that henceforth he washed his hands of them forever. That was the last attempt that was ever made during my sojourn at Washington and Lee to drill the boys in declamation. Had Gen. Lee desired such exercises to continue, his presence at each meeting would have effectually secured the best of order and decorum.

In the world's record of universities no President was ever so ardently admired, so implicitly and cheerfully obeyed, or so universally beloved by his students, and to-day the influence of his noble and exalted character must be still keenly felt by all who knew him personally.

INCIDENTS OF THE CRATER BATTLE.

[Paper read before Camp W. J. Hardee, Birmingham, Ala., by P. M. Vance, first lieutenant of Company F (Bibb's Grays), 11th Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Old Brigade, at that time commanded by Gen. John C. C. Saunders.]

The morning before that desperate and bloody battle I was in charge of the picket line immediately in front of our camp. About ten o'clock, while I was standing on an embankment which had been thrown up for protection, the Federal pickets being just in front, Gen. R. E. Lee rode up and dismounted. Stepping to my side, he asked: "Lieutenant, have you noticed any unusual movement of the enemy?" Bringing my sword to a salute, I replied: "I have not. Lookout, General, do you see that tree? There is a sharpshooter in the top of it." At that moment I saw a puff of smoke, heard the whiz of a bullet and the discharge of the gun, and the missile ended the life of a picket just relieved as he lay in his tent. Gen. Lee stepped down from the embankment, remounted his horse, and rode away. We were expecting something unusual to

happen, it having been rumored that Gen. Grant was preparing to blow us up.

On the morning of July 30 about sunrise we heard a mighty noise that shook the earth. Soon Saunders's Brigade was ordered from the right to the left, and moved up a ravine fronting the Crater. It was here that Gen. Mahone made a speech to the brigade, telling them that they had been selected to make a desperate charge and that Gen. Lee would be present with him to witness their achievement. Gen. Lee was sitting on his horse in a cluster of trees near by at the time, scanning the Federal movements with his field glasses. Gen. Mahone complimented the men and officers of the brigade as Alabamians, who never failed to discharge their duty to their country at any peril.

Then the brigade was ordered forward. Arriving at the top of the slope, we marched straight forward into the open field, in full view of the Crater and under a heavy fire from the Federal musketry and cannon. The men were then ordered to front face and "Forward to the Crater" through a continuous fire of musketry, grape, and canister. When a soldier was shot down, the order was passed along the line, "Close up, men;" and I never saw a prettier line kept on drill. Arriving close to the Federals, who were in the Crater and ditches, the order came down the line from Gen. Saunders, "Fire and charge bayonets!" and with a yell that tended to drown the rattle of musketry, the screeching of shells, and the moans of the dying, into the ditches the brigade went.

Words fail me to describe the scene that followed. Gen. Mahone had told the soldiers of the brigade that negro troops were in possession of the Crater and had come in yelling, "No quarter for the Rebels!" He did not say, "Show no quarter," but Saunders's men decided that point.

Having driven these negroes out of the first line of ditches, Gen. Saunders, ever on hand, shirking no danger, dashed to the front on his beautiful black charger and ordered me to take my company and go over the embankment that had been thrown up by the explosion. Giving this order to my company, we climbed to the top of the embankment. Lieut. Harkness, of Company C, was soon by my side waving the colors of the regiment and shouting to the boys to "Come on!" At this moment a big negro soldier down in the pit raised his gun and fired, sending a ball through my leg, which grazed the bone above the knee. My leg was paralyzed for a moment, and I fell forward into the pit on top of the negro.

Then it was, who will get the best of it? The negro had a large spring-back dirk in one hand, and made a desperate effort to thrust it into me. I grasped the negro's hand, holding it fast and making an effort with my right hand to run my sword through him; but I could not do so, owing to the smallness of the pit. In this situation but one thing was left for me to do: that was to hug the negro and wait until my men came to my assistance. Meanwhile I had to inhale an odor equaled only by a skunk. My comrades came to my relief none too soon, as I was growing weaker and weaker from loss of blood. They plunged their bayonets through the negro's body. One of my company, Fred James, now living near Centerville, Ala., gave the negro a blow on the top of his head that killed him.

By this time night had set in, and I was placed upon a litter made of blankets by some of my comrades and carried back to the rear. I was exhausted from loss of blood and deathly sick. On reaching the field hospital I was placed upon a rough table. I still had the dirk knife in my hand, and laid it by my side. When the surgeon began to examine

my wound, probing into it, I was kept so busy watching him for fear he would cut my leg off that I forgot all about the knife, and never saw it again.

When the war broke out, Gen. Saunders and I were together at the State University. We were close friends. He was a modest man, a tried and true soldier.

[At the reading of the foregoing there was present a sister of Gen. Saunders, who was introduced by Comrade McLaughlin to Camp Hardee.]

CONFEDERATE CARTRIDGES AT APPOMATTOX.

[J. R. Birdleough, who served consecutively in three New York regiments, 1861-65, now of Madison, Tenn.]

The great War between the States left in the minds of the survivors many interesting incidents, both pathetic and humorous. Many of these survive only in the hearts of comrades (on either side) and are buried with them when they die. I will relate one incident of the surrender of Lee at Appomattox of which I was an eyewitness. I never but once saw it referred to in print. I will tell it as it was for the benefit of VETERAN readers.

On the day of the capitulation, April 9, 1865, or it may have been the following day, April 10, our corps, the 5th, was drawn up in two lines to receive the arms of the Confederates. They marched up by brigades and divisions in the little main street of Appomattox C. H., stacked arms, and, unbuckling their belts, hung their accoutrements on the stacks of guns and broke ranks, going wherever they were inclined, being free on parole. All the arms were stacked—and, by the way, out of approximately thirty thousand men who surrendered that day only about ten thousand stands of small arms were surrendered. What became of the rest? Will some Confederate soldier who knows enlighten me? [There were not thirty thousand armed men there.—ED. VETERAN.]

Our troops soon thereafter started on the march to Burksville Junction, utterly destitute of rations. There were no rations for either army, as we by order had divided equally with the Confederates all that was in the quartermaster's stores. Before we started occurred the incident which I am to relate. About midway of the stacks of arms there was an old abandoned cistern which had fallen in and which formed a sloping hole in the ground perhaps five or six feet deep in the lowest place. One of our men, "Doc" Smith (not a doctor), seeing a chance for some fun and not realizing what the result would be, went to a house near by and, getting a shovelful of coals and throwing them down into the hole, began throwing in some of the cartridges which had previously been taken out of the boxes and emptied upon the ground. This made a considerable diversion at the time, but shortly an officer made his appearance and put a stop to the proceedings. Just about that time a gust of wind carried a spark up the bank, and in an instant pandemonium broke loose. One-half of the cartridges took fire and the bullets flew thick as hailstones, mules stampeded, and men had to take shelter behind houses or any place that was handy. When the officers came around, which they did at once, and inquired who did it, no one knew (?). While they were pursuing the investigation another spark caught the remaining cartridges, and for a few minutes the bullets flew thicker and faster than they were ever known to in battle. All were consumed. This is the true story. The ammunition was not destroyed by official order.

Another memorable scene at Appomattox was this: While the arms were being stacked a considerable number of specta-

tors—soldiers of both armies, camp followers, etc.—were crowding up behind the lines of the 5th Corps, anxious to witness all they could of the historic scene. On a fine black horse sat a Confederate captain, a noble-looking man of about thirty-five years. While watching the events he fell into conversation with some of our men, in the course of which he expressed himself as follows: "We have had four years of bloody war, and you have beat us. I cannot say that I am sorry. I am a Virginian by birth; was educated in the North; and when Virginia proposed to pass the ordinance of secession, I opposed it; but when she determined to secede, I felt it to be my duty to cast in my lot with my native State, and this is the result." Looking into the future as with a prophetic eye, he continued: "I do not know what we are going to do. We have no money, we have no niggers, and we have no credit. What we are to do, God only knows. We must go to work."

I have given the above almost word for word as I heard it, as it made such an impression on my mind that I have never forgotten it. I have often wished that I knew who this gallant and patriotic captain was. Thank God! we are all Americans. We are a united people, and the combined armies of the world cannot conquer us. Federals and Confederates meet and clasp hands with warmest friendship. Gen. Grant's plea, "Let us have peace," has come to pass.

MISSOURI DAUGHTERS TO BUILD MONUMENT.

J. W. Halliburton writes from Carthage, Mo.: "As a matter of Confederate news, I will state that recently the Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri finished raising a fund to pay for the erection of a five-thousand-dollar monument in the cemetery at the Confederate Home of Missouri, at Higginsville, and enough additional to put the cemetery in good condition and place headstones at all the graves not yet supplied. The contract for the monument has already been made; and on June 3, 1906, in connection with the memorial services, the monument will be unveiled and dedicated. It is hoped to have the State reunion at Higginsville on the same day and make it a day to be happily remembered by the Confederates."

MONUMENT TO THIRD MISSOURI INFANTRY.—Dr. J. M. Allen, surgeon (now living at Liberty, Mo.), Capt. W. M. Chamberlain, Company I, of Vicksburg, Miss., and W. A. Everman, private Company H, of Greenville, Miss.—all of the 3d Missouri Infantry, 1st Brigade, C. S. A.—are raising funds to erect a monument in the Vicksburg National Park to the memory of the men of their old command who fell in the siege of Vicksburg, in 1863. They urge every comrade of their old regiment to contribute some little amount, no matter how small. Remit to Capt. Chamberlain, who is acting treasurer and who has already in bank a nice little start from contributions raised by the efforts of the three. They would like to erect the monument before the next Reunion, to be held in New Orleans April 25-27. Members of their old command who attend the Reunion can stop over at Vicksburg and visit their old battle line and see what has been done in memory of those who participated in the siege.

A CAPTAIN IN FREEMAN'S MISSOURI CAVALRY.—W. H. Magehan, 323 Pacific Avenue, Webster Groves, Mo., is anxious to locate or learn the fate of a Confederate captain in Col. (T. M.) Freeman's Missouri Cavalry. In his letter Mr. Magehan states: "When this captain was making a perilous trip with a squad through Southwest Missouri, he was captured in the vicinity of Lebanon, with eleven privates, by the

Federal forces under Gen. McNeil, after which by a court-martial he was tried and condemned to be executed, with the eleven of his squad, in retaliation for twelve men similarly dealt with who were captured by Gen. Quantrell, Confederate. Being a military telegraph operator then at said station, and overhearing the noble but brave plea the said captain was making not only for himself but his men, I volunteered my influence toward his rescue, which object I accomplished, making an exchange of prisoners of an officer for like rank through Gratiot Street Prison, St. Louis. Coming in contact with said party again after the lapse of about six months aboard the steamer Belle of Memphis on a trip from Memphis to St. Louis, a meeting was agreed upon in St. Louis. Intervening circumstances then prevented—the death of my mother—and I omitted to obtain the aforesaid captain's address. If you could obtain for me a slight clue, I would endeavor to trace him farther. I believe the captain, as stated, claimed his original home to be in close proximity to Gen. Pillow's plantation, near Helena, Ark. This was during the last interview as named, where it was intimated that he was *en route* to Europe via New York, where he had friends and relatives to accompany him. For no other motive I make this inquiry other than admiring the valor and patriotism of the party in question, and being so interested in his welfare then as now induces me to write this letter to the VETERAN. Other attempts for information have failed."

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

H. I. Brackett, 1464 Girard Street, Washington, D. C., desires to learn some particulars of Anson S. Brackett, who enlisted at Nashville, Tenn., May 21, 1861, as corporal in Company H, 7th Tennessee Infantry, and was discharged September 5, 1861, on surgeon's certificate of disability. He reenlisted at Camp Cheatham as a private in Company G, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, and was killed June 2, 1863, near Cumberland, Md. At one time he lived in Memphis. An aunt of his, Lucy Brackett, married Isaac B. Kirtland, a cotton broker in Memphis.

Mr. Brackett says: "I hope by finding some of his comrades they might give me information concerning him. He married a widow of wealth, I understand. I am writing a family history, and I would not consider it complete without particulars concerning this gallant fellow."

The following is a statement from Anchorage, Ky.: "Anson S. Brackett was killed in 1863 near Columbia, Tenn., in a personal difficulty with W. W. Suddath, who was a member of the same company. There is a singular inconsistency in the statements as to where Brackett was killed."

Capt. R. G. Carter, U. S. A., Birmingham, Ala. (late 22d Massachusetts Volunteers, 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps, Army of the Potomac), makes this inquiry: "On the night of July 3, 1863, while on picket in front of the Round Tops, Gettysburg, among the dead and wounded of the Texas Brigade (Robertson's) I talked with a captain of the 5th Texas who was wounded in the leg. He stated that he was born in Georgia, but I did not ask his name. He drank from my canteen, which was filled with water mixed with coffee and sugar. I should like to know if he survived his wound, and, if now living, to be placed in communication with him if possible."

CREDENTIALS WANTED TO JOIN U. D. C.—A daughter of John H. Stockley, of Quarles's Brigade, desires information concerning her father's service under Gen. Quarles. She wants the name of the Alabama regiment and company from

which Mr. Stockley was transferred, date of transfer, whether as a private or an officer. The fact that he kept a horse indicates that he was an officer. He was an intimate friend of Gen. Quarles, slept in his tent, and was accorded unusual privileges and courtesies by his commanding officer. In April, 1865, Mr. Stockley, accompanied by Gen. Quarles, Dr. McMillan, Lieut. (or Capt.) Shute, and another of Gen. Quarles's staff officers, came to the home of Benajah King, Mrs. Stockley's father, a mile from Burnsville, Ala. Not long after their arrival Wilson's army appeared above Burnsville. Wilson went to the King home, hoping to capture Gen. Quarles and staff, but they escaped. Accompanied by Robert H. and William R. King, Mr. Stockley's brothers-in-law, the party crossed Big Mulberry Creek, and sought safety in Autauga County. After going a few miles, they met Col. Wilkinson, of Autauga County, who guided them to a deep ravine, where they were safely concealed in a dense pine thicket. Wilson advanced upon and captured Selma. Correspondence is desired with any surviving member of the little party mentioned or any others who knew Mr. Stockley.

The address of Comrade Stockley's daughter is not given, but Joshua Draper, at Oxford, Ala., is interested for her, and any response should be made to him.

LONE CONFEDERATE GRAVES IN KENTUCKY.—Capt. George C. Norton, of Robinson, Norton & Co., Louisville, Ky., writes: "One of our men who was out in Shelby County, Ky., reported the grave of a Confederate soldier nine miles from Shelbyville, which has on the headstone, 'Lieut. Tarleton L. Lewis, Scott's Cavalry, Bragg's Army, 1863,' and also the grave of another Confederate soldier on the adjoining place that has simply the name 'Dickson.' Feeling interested, of course, to let friends know their resting places, I wrote to Mr. T. C. Bailey, of Woodburn, and he replied that he had been trying to find out something of the man who was killed at the time Lieut. Lewis was wounded. He says: 'Lewis was brought by my mother after the battle, and died at my father's house some weeks after he was shot. I was then a boy about ten years old, but remember Lewis perfectly. I remember him as being very handsome and altogether a nice-appearing man. The man who was killed was buried on a farm near here, then owned by John Branch. I have never heard his name. My father had Lewis buried in a fine coffin, the best that could be procured at that time. I think I could find the exact spot where the man was buried. Lieut. Lewis was a gallant man. He and nine other soldiers of Scott's Cavalry fought four companies of Jacob's 9th Kentucky Cavalry at the time he was wounded. I have often heard my mother tell of the fight, as she was an eyewitness. She was coming from Shelbyville in her carriage and brought Lewis home with her after the battle.'"

HANDCUFFS CAPTURED ON MANASSAS BATTLEFIELD.—Your work has great value as a storehouse of material for the truth seekers of the future, and I suggest that, in view of the pending measures in Congress regarding the graves of Confederate prisoners especially, you develop somewhat material bearing upon their abuse. For instance, I happen to know intimately a perfectly trustworthy man who saw barrels filled with handcuffs on the battlefield of the First Manassas, yet I confidently defy any one to find a reference in print to the fact. Similarly one of the finest officers of my service, the navy, was entirely ready to doubt the late Prof. A. D. Wharton's statement that he was put in irons while a prisoner of war on a United States man-of-war with-

out reasonable justification. This in spite of the fact that he had been Wharton's classmate at Annapolis. He weakened to suppleness when I showed him in the record that the officers captured by Farragut at Mobile had been ironed by Commodore Paulding at the New York Navy Yard, and kept so throughout the journey to Fort Warren. The commanding officer of the prison was man enough to refuse to receive them in that condition, I am glad to add.

FREDERICKSBURG—PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY H. A. BUTLER, PRES. FIRST NATIONAL BANK, MALVERN, ARK.
In a late VETERAN I read an interesting article about the battle of Fredericksburg, and this has prompted me to write for the first time. For three years I was assistant adjutant general of Cooke's Brigade, composed of the 15th, 27th, 46th, and 48th North Carolina Regiments. Gen. John R. Cooke was a brother-in-law of Gen. Jeb Stuart and a first cousin of John Esten Cooke. He was among "the bravest of the brave," a lovable man, a perfect gentleman. Gen. Cooke was in business for twenty-five years in Richmond, Va., when he died, honored by a host of friends.

On the night of December 12, 1862, Cooke's Brigade bivouacked on Marye's Heights, overlooking Fredericksburg. As we lay on the cold ground we could see the smoke and even the flames ascending from the burning city. My thoughts were particularly of the beautiful home, Hazel Hill, of the Hermonds (Mr. H. had been major of the city), where I had often visited, as I had also the Braxtons. Before daylight on the 13th we were ordered back a short distance under cover; but soon the battle opened, and we were ordered to support T. R. R. Cobb's Brigade at the stone wall. Passing the Washington Artillery and going over the hill, we lost several of our men by the awful cannonading from Falmouth Heights.

While Gen. Cobb, his assistant adjutant general, Capt. Brewster, Gen. Cooke, and I were together a Minie ball struck Gen. Cooke a glancing shot on the forehead, breaking the skull. At the same moment Gen. Cobb and Capt. Brewster fell. I had Gen. Cooke placed on a litter, taken down the lines, and then in an ambulance, and to the home of a friend, Mrs. French, some three miles to the rear. It had been previously understood in case of either of us being wounded we were to be sent to this delightful home. We had often visited the ladies of this kind family, composed of Mrs. French, a widow, and two daughters. At this particular time there was at this home a Miss Patten, who afterwards became the wife of Gen. Cooke. I and my wife visited Richmond years ago and had the great pleasure of being in the home of Gen. John R. Cooke, whom I loved as a brother.

GEORGIA U. D. C. TO HONOR HENRY WIRZ.

The resolution of Mrs. L. G. Young, of Savannah, adopted by the Georgia Division, U. D. C., in Macon October 25, 1905, was as follows:

"Whereas Capt. Henry Wirz, commandant of the Stockade Prison at Andersonville, Ga., was judicially murdered under false charges of cruelty to prisoners, and after an interval of forty years these false charges are reiterated on signboards in public places, from the pulpit, and on monuments; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Georgia use their influence to obtain the necessary funds to place a suitable memorial to Capt. Wirz in Andersonville, Ga., upon which a statement of facts shall be engraved in

enduring brass or marble, showing that the Federal government was solely responsible for the condition of affairs at Andersonville.

"Be it further resolved, That as four Federal prisoners were permitted to go from Andersonville to Washington to plead for an exchange of prisoners, and when refused a hearing returned to prison, thus keeping their parole, a tribute to their honor be inscribed on said monument."

Miss A. C. Benning, of Columbus, moved its adoption and that the Georgia Division secure funds to erect at Andersonville the monument. The motion was seconded by Mrs. M. L. Johnson, of Cass Station, and carried.

EXTRACTS FROM AN APPEAL BY MRS. YOUNG.

The following quotations from E. M. Stanton, United States Secretary of War, and Gen. Grant, Commander in Chief of Federal armies, furnish the following statistics:

"Mr. Stanton, in his report July 19, 1866, made the statement that there were of Confederates in Northern prisons, 220,000; Union soldiers in Southern prisons, 270,000; excess of Union prisoners, 50,000; deaths in Northern prisons, 26,536; deaths in Southern prisons, 22,756."

"This report of Secretary Stanton was corroborated the next June by the report of Surgeon General Barnes, and shows that twelve per cent of all Confederate prisoners died in Northern prisons, while less than nine per cent of Union soldiers died in Southern prisons. Does not this show the falsity of the South's severer treatment of prisoners in her hands?"

"The South was all the time anxious to exchange man for man, and desired to exchange prisoners on the field where they were taken, thus avoiding the many horrors of prison life."

In Gen. Grant's dispatch to Gen. Butler August 18, 1864, he said: "It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. At this particular time to release all Rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here."

What a tribute to Southern valor! The weak, ill-fed Confederates just from Federal prisons would insure the defeat of Sherman's well-fed veterans and imperil the safety of Grant's army!

"The Richmond authorities proposed to permit Federal surgeons to go to the Southern prisons, carrying and administering their own medicines and not asking a similar right for the Confederates. This was not accepted, though they well knew that the great mortality and suffering their prisoners were undergoing was for want of medicine.

"All hope of exchange being abandoned, Judge Auld, the Confederate commissioner, offered early in August, 1864, to deliver to the Federal authorities all their sick and wounded at the mouth of the Savannah River without asking for an equivalent of Southern prisoners. This offer was made early in August; and, though the deadly malarial season was just ahead, the United States government did not send a vessel to receive these dying prisoners till in December, thus allowing a scarcity of food and medicine and the burning sun of the dog days to have full sway over their brave prison soldiers. As soon as a Federal vessel reached the mouth of the Savannah River thirteen thousand Federal sick, wounded, and some able-bodied soldiers were turned over to the authorities, while three thousand Confederate soldiers were delivered to the Richmond authorities.

"The supplies for hospitals in the South having become absolutely exhausted, the authorities offered to buy hospital supplies from the North for their own prison soldiers, payable in gold or cotton, promising on the honor of the South that none of them should be used for Southern soldiers, yet this was declined.

"While there are hundreds of instances of personal cruelty on both sides, the tale of woe from Andersonville had its counterpart on Johnson's Island."

Mrs. A. B. Hull, President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., in accordance with the decision of the convention, makes an earnest appeal to all of the Chapters in the State and to all individuals interested in the work to make liberal contributions to the fund. She asks that the ninety or more U. D. C. Chapters in Georgia go to Americus next October prepared to pay one dollar for each name on their roll toward this fund. She desires to lay the foundation of the monument next October. The granite for it has already been contributed by Col. T. M. Swift, of Elbert County.

Mrs. Hull has appointed the following committees: On Selection of Site: Mrs. J. E. Mathis, Americus, Chairman; Mrs. J. W. Wilcox, Macon; Mrs. James Taylor, Americus. On Incriptions: Mrs. L. G. Young, Savannah, Chairman; Miss Alice Baxter, Atlanta; Mrs. George W. Lamar, Savannah; Miss A. C. Benning, Columbus. On Designs: Mrs. John E. Donaldson, Bainbridge, Chairman; Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, Macon; Mrs. T. D. Caswell, Augusta.

Advisory Board: Mr. R. E. Park, Atlanta, Chairman; Col. T. M. Swift, Elberton; Col. J. H. Fannin, LaGrange; Mr. Hugh V. Washington, Macon; Capt. D. G. Purse, Savannah; Capt. W. H. Harnett, Neal, Pike County; Capt. John A. Cobb, Americus; Mr. H. W. Daniel, Savannah; Capt. R. E. Park, Atlanta; Mr. William Riley Boyd, Atlanta.

These committees may be increased in the discretion of the Executive Committee.

The treasurer of the Wirz Monument Fund is Mrs. C. C. Sanders, of Gainesville, Ga. Send contributions to her.

REMARKABLE SCOUTING IN ARKANSAS.

BY A. M. RICH, MANNSVILLE, IND. T.

In the summer of 1864 Gen. W. L. Cabell advanced with his brigade on Fort Smith, Ark. The Federal commander there became alarmed and sent a large wagon train of supplies across the Arkansas River headed for Fayetteville, another Federal post. Capt. William Sharron, of Col. W. P. Adair's 2d Cherokee Regiment, and a few of his men were scouting in Washington County. Capt. Crouch, who had a small Partisan Ranger company, with a few of his men and Capt. Alvin Beaty, commanding a Partisan Ranger company made up in that county, with some thirty of his men, with Lieuts. A. M. Rich and Hannibal Moore, hastily united their squads, hoping that they could catch this train while strung out on the road and burn it. In place of keeping the military and telegraph road, they took the road leading up Blackburn fork of Lee's Creek, keeping in the Boston mountains and striking the telegraph road near Fayetteville. We had difficulty in learning just where they camped.

In the meantime the Federal officer commanding the escort was informed of the Confederates in the neighborhood. This caused them to "park" their train ready for defense. The next morning they started an officer and squad of twenty to twenty-five men to Fayetteville for reinforcements. We had selected a long sloping bench of the mountain as a desirable

place to attack the train, expecting them to move out early in the morning. We stationed Lieut. H. Moore with twenty-five mounted men at the top of this bench, or slope, with instructions to fire on the Federals as soon as they reached that point. The balance of our command dismounted and strung out in the brush to attack them on the side as soon as Lieut. Moore fired, which he did as directed, supposing it to be the advance of the train. The dismounted men fired on those in their front, killing fourteen men and every horse at one volley. As soon as Lieut. Moore fired he charged down the road after the few remaining Federals, expecting to meet the train constantly. In place of this they ran into the train "parked" and supported by the troops. When nearly to the train, say a quarter of a mile away, some one commanded: "Get your horses!" After they ran back and mounted, it was discovered that neither one of our officers had given any such order. By this time Lieut. Moore and his squad saw they could not dislodge those at the train with our small command of some seventy men and officers, so we went to Cane Hill.

That evening we struck the "wire," or military, road from Fayetteville to Van Buren and Fort Smith and followed our usual custom—to examine the roads we crossed for signs of Federal scouts. We soon discovered that two small scouting parties had passed, both headed for Van Buren, one with wagons and one all cavalry. We soon ascertained that we could not come up with them before night. We learned that the one in advance had two four-horse wagons loaded with sutler's goods for Fort Smith. The second squad was a lieutenant and some thirty cavalrymen who carried the United States mail from Springfield, Mo., to Fort Smith, Ark. Our officers held a conference and decided to locate their camp and attack them the next morning on the march.

We came on to their camp by Dick Oliver's, at the junction of Cove and Lee's Creeks. We moved into Cove Creek bottom, staked out our horses, and rolled up in our blankets only a mile or two from the Federal camp. A few of our boys hovered very near the enemy's camp fires all night, and reported that we were well matched in numbers. Before daylight the next morning we moved down the bottom on the west bank in advance of the Federals, crossing over to the east side and moving up to the main road, striking it at "Beaver Pond" hill, Capt. Crouch with his men taking position near an old cabin about halfway up this long bench, or hill, and the balance forming in a dim road coming into the main road at the foot of this "Beaver Pond" hill. We were to charge them from the rear at the first shot by Capt. Crouch's men.

After forty-one years I can remember the first four in that charge—Capt. Beaty and myself in the center of the road, James Sharp on my right, Montgomery Wilson on Capt. Beaty's left, and Lieut. Han. Moore on our extreme right. At Capt. Crouch's signal shot our whole command struck them like a whirlwind, riding over them, through them, and around them. As we rushed into the fight several of the boys sang out: "Remember Norwood and Carey!" Inside of thirty minutes it looked as though they had.

The Federals put up the best fight they could under the circumstances, but were so badly rattled that they could shoot with no certainty. The infantry with the wagons scattered through the woods, and what was left of the mail escort tried to see how soon they could reach Van Buren, with our boys in hot pursuit. The last and only Federal in sight was a lieutenant on a fine brown horse which Jonathan Buffington, myself, and another one of the boys tried to run down, but gave it up after a three-mile chase, as his horse was too fast.

The fight at the wagons did not last over ten minutes. There was a large mulatto negro sitting sideways on one of the sutler's wagons, and as Jonathan Buffington dashed by he threw out a dragoon pistol and the mulatto fell back on the wagon a corpse. Buffington was a Cherokee Indian, and one of the best soldiers I ever saw. His younger brother has been one of the late principal chiefs of the Cherokee Nation. This mail escort was the same that guarded John Norwood and Bill Carey from Fayetteville to Fort Smith only a week or two before, where they were convicted by a "drum-head court-martial" and shot, after Maj. Galloway had promised to treat them as prisoners of war if they would surrender.

According to the Federal reports, they had all told sixty-four men, and only fourteen ever reported to their commands, making a total of fifty killed. We had seventy-two men. Two or three of these were unarmed, having dropped in with us the day before, making the highest estimate of six more men than the Federals.

After gathering up all the arms and ammunition, we loaded the six mail sacks on to the wagons, turned them round, and took the Cove Creek road for Cane Hill. After traveling several miles, we turned up a deep canyon and unloaded the wagon. Every kind of merchandise that would go round was divided equally to each man and officer. I remember a few items that went round—about a peck of real, genuine Rio coffee, twenty-five or more yards each of calico and domestic, two overshirts, two pocketknives, etc. Every other item was sold at auction and the money divided. George Scott bought the wagons, but I do not remember who bought the horses. We had the first square meal in two days on oysters and crackers and all kinds of canned fruit. We took the mail in the bags to Cane Hill that night, and next morning went through it, taking out all money and jewelry and burning the rest. The remarkable part of this little raid of two days was the property captured with the arms and ammunition, and the killing of fourteen men and horses one day and fifty men next day and so evenly matched the last day, and *not a Confederate killed or wounded.*

FOURTH TEXAS IN BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL.

BY WILLIAM R. HAMBY, AUSTIN, TEX.

On the morning of the 26th of June, 1862, we left our camp near Ashland, Va., about fifteen miles north of Richmond, as the advance guard of Stonewall Jackson's Corps, marching toward Cold Harbor, then in the rear of the Federal army. Nearly all of the afternoon and far into the night we could hear heavy firing on our right in the direction of Mechanicsville. About three o'clock in the afternoon we passed an old Virginia farmer sitting on his fence by the roadside. His negroes were in the field cutting wheat. He was delighted to see us and, waving his hat, said: "Hurry on, boys; the Yankees have just gone flying over the creek." While he was cheering us, Reiley's Battery, of our brigade, pulled down the fence and ran into the field just in the rear of where the old man was sitting and opened fire upon the enemy, who had burned the bridge and had taken position on the hill beyond the creek in front of us. The first shot from Reiley's guns was a surprise to the old man. He fell backward from the fence and exclaimed, "My God! a battle here on my plantation;" and then, turning to his negroes, shouted to them to get to the woods as fast as their legs could carry them, and he led the procession. Company B were thrown forward as skirmishers. The enemy were soon dislodged from their position, and we continued to drive them back until we went into bivouac for the night.

Early in the morning on Friday, June 27, we were again on the march through fields, crossing creeks, climbing hills, and finally wading a swamp about one hundred yards wide and waist-deep in mud and water. After crossing the swamp, we climbed another hill and passed through a pine forest into the edge of an old field, where a conference was held between Gens. Lee, Whiting, and Hood, which ended by Lee and Whiting riding rapidly away. In a short while Gen. Lee returned and, addressing Lieut. Walsh, of Company B, inquired for Gen. Hood, who was only a short distance from us and who heard the inquiry. He at once saluted Gen. Lee, who said that the efforts to break the enemy's lines in front of us had been unsuccessful and that it was of the utmost importance to do so. Gen. Hood replied: "We will do it." As Gen. Lee turned his horse to ride away, he lifted his hat and said: "May God be with you!"

Just before we were ordered into line of battle, and while heavy firing could be heard in our front and on each flank, Capt. Owens, of our regiment, was talking to some comrades of the battle in which we expected soon to be engaged, and, drawing his sword and waving it over his head, repeated the following lines from Scott's "Marmion":

"The war that for a space did fail
Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And 'Stanley' was the cry:
A light on Marmion's visage spread
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade
And shouted 'Victory!'
'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion."

While they were the last words of Marmion, they were almost the last words of gallant Tom Owens, who fell mortally wounded in less than half an hour from the time he quoted them with such prophetic inspiration.

The other regiments of our brigade—Hampton's Legion of South Carolinians, the 1st Texas, the 5th Texas, and the 18th Georgia—were at once ordered forward on our left. Our regiment, the 4th Texas, moved by the right flank farther into the field, fronting the Federal lines, which appeared to be about half a mile in front of us. From our position we could form some idea of what was required of us. At the farther side of the field the enemy occupied a steep hill covered with timber; at the foot of the hill was a creek whose banks afforded protection by abatis and log breastworks; at the top of the hill was another line of infantry behind intrenchments and supported by artillery.

The troops in front of us who had failed to break the enemy's line were retreating in disorder, and to use the language of Gen. Whiting, our division commander, "some were skulking from the front in a shameful manner." The conditions confronting us vividly recalled the remark Hood had made when he was colonel of our regiment, that he "could double-quick the 4th Texas to the gates of hell and never break their line."

About six o'clock in the evening our line was formed under fire from the enemy in front of us and from artillery that enfiladed us on our right and left. Gen. Hood had assumed personal command of the regiment and ordered us to dress to the center upon our colors and not to fire until he ordered us to do so. We started at quick-time march with our guns at "right shoulder shift." The fire from the enemy was falling upon us like drops of rain from a passing cloud, and as

we advanced their messengers of death grew thicker until they came in teeming showers, "while cannon to the right and cannon to the left volleyed and thundered." At every step forward our comrades were falling around us. When we were within about one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy, we passed over a line of our own troops lying upon the ground. They had gone that far, but would not go farther. A young lieutenant of that regiment was pleading with his men to go forward; and when they would not do so, he said they had disgraced their flag, and, throwing away his sword, he seized a musket and joined our ranks; but the brave boy had gone only a short distance when he was killed. As we passed this regiment Lieut. Col. Warwick snatched up their colors, and, like the standard bearer of the 10th Legion of Ancient Rome, told them to follow their flag, but they did not do so. With that flag in one hand and his sword in the other, the gallant Warwick fell after he had crossed the second line of fortifications.

Gen. Hood was in our front until we were within about one hundred yards of the creek, when he wheeled his horse to our right and ordered us to fix our bayonets and charge at double-quick. Here the fire of the enemy was poured into us with increasing fury, cutting down our ranks like wheat in the harvest.

More than half of our regiment had fallen upon the field, although we had not fired a gun. Raising the Rebel yell, we dashed across the creek (which we found to have steep banks, in some places twenty feet high, with sides cut to form a ditch) and climbed over the breastworks, when the enemy gave way in confusion. The Federal colonel in command of the line broken by the 4th Texas says: "All along the line our fire was opened on the enemy and maintained in a most vigorous manner. Nothing could have been better done. The effect upon his ranks was perceptible, and the slope of the hill bore testimony to the steadiness and accuracy of our fire, yet he moved steadily along until up and onto us. When unable to resist, our line broke."

We fired into their retreating ranks as they ran up the hill, and, reloading as fast as we could, we followed them over their second fortifications, when their entire line gave way in disorder, but continued to fire as they retreated. A Federal officer who was on their second line says: "The enemy made a final and desperate effort to break through our lines, and were successful, but not until our weary men were trampled upon. The attack was desperate, and so was the defense. The noise of the musketry was not rattling as ordinarily, but was one intense metallic din." This position of the Federals was strong and well-selected, and their double line of defenses ought to have been held against almost any force that could have been thrown against them.

After we crossed their second line of defenses, eighteen pieces of artillery massed on an elevation in the rear of their lines on our left opened a heavy fire of grape and canister upon us. Without halting to re-form our lines, we charged the batteries, capturing fourteen cannon; but one battery with four guns succeeded in escaping before we reached them, which we had the satisfaction of capturing a couple of months later in the battle of Second Manassas. We then turned upon the retreating infantry and drove them through an old orchard.

In a short while we felt the ground begin to tremble like an earthquake and heard a noise like the rumbling of distant thunder. It was a regiment of United States cavalry charging us. This regiment was one of the most famous in the

United States army. Albert Sidney Johnston had been the colonel, Robert E. Lee had been the lieutenant colonel, and J. B. Hood had been a lieutenant before resigning to enter the Confederate service. The captain of Hood's old company commanded the regiment in the charge, and was captured by us.

To hear the trumpets sounding the charge, to see the squadrons coming toward us at full speed, and to see their sabers glistening in the sunlight of the dying day like a flame of fire from heaven was a spectacle grand beyond description, and imparted a feeling of awe in the bravest of hearts. When they were within about forty yards of us, we poured a volley into them and prepared to receive them on our bayonets; but our one volley had done dreadful execution. Horses and riders fell in heaps upon the ground, and the groans of the wounded and the shrieks of the dying could be heard above the roar of the battle as the setting sun shed a fading light over the battlefield. Capt. McArthur, who succeeded to the command of the regiment after the battle, in his official report says: "The regiment charged under a most gallant fire until all the officers but one had been struck down, and, being without officers, wheeled to the right and came off in as good order as could be expected."

After the charge of the cavalry had been repulsed, we pushed on to the brow of the hill overlooking the valley of the Chickahominy. Desultory firing continued until it was so dark we could not distinguish friend from foe a few yards from us; in fact, we were fired upon by our own troops, resulting in the killing of Lieut. Brooks, of Company F, of our regiment.

The gentle breezes of that night in June were whispering requiems for the brave spirits who had fought their last battle when our regiment was re-formed in line about nine o'clock by Gen. Hood, who counted only seventy-two present; but others reported during the night who had been separated from us in the darkness in the latter part of the battle.

The charge of the 4th Texas at Gaines's Mill was a dearly bought victory; but it broke the Federal lines around Richmond, and for a time, at least, the capital of the Confederacy was saved. Out of less than five hundred who went into the battle, we lost two hundred and fifty-two men and twenty-three officers, killed and wounded, including Col. Marshall, Lieut. Col. Warwick, and Maj. Key.

With a detail of one man from each company in the regiment, I stood picket that night at the corner of the garden fence of a farmhouse which we were informed had been the headquarters of Gen. Fitz-John Porter, whose corps we had fought that day. As the rations issued to us at Ashland on the 25th had been exhausted, and as our commissary trains were far in the rear, we went on duty with empty haversacks. We had been at our post some hours, and could hear the Federal troops pushing their retreat across the bridges of the Chickahominy as fast as possible, while the loneliness of the night was increased by the wail of the whip-poor-wills that came to us from the swamps below us. We were recounting the incidents of the day and of the baptism of fire through which we had passed, when we heard the tramping of horses and the clanking of sabers coming toward us from the direction of our own lines. When they were within a short distance of us, we halted them and demanded who they were, supposing them to be a scouting party of our own cavalry. Although it has been nearly forty-four years since then, the answer we received will never be forgotten. A

pompous voice rang out clear and distinct, "Maj. Gen. McCall, of the Grand Army of the Potomac," which evidently came from one who had straightened himself up in his stirrups so as to get the answer out strong and forcible. Our surprise came scarcely be imagined, as we had heard that Gen. McCall was in command of the Federal forces the previous day at the battle of Mechanicsville. We at once demanded their surrender, but instead of doing so they put spurs to their horses and dashed by us down the hill toward their own lines, followed by a volley from us.

Gen. Morell, whose division formed the left wing of Porter's Corps in the battle of Gaines's Mill, in his official report says: "The Confederates made their first attack about twelve o'clock upon the right, which was handsomely repulsed. The second attack was made about 2:30 and the third about 5:30 o'clock, each extending along my entire front, and both, like the first, were gallantly repulsed. The fourth and last came (about 6:30 p.m.) in irresistible force, and swept us from the ground."

Gen. Seymour, whose division went to the support of Gen. Morell's Division, in reporting the action of his artillery after we had broken the Federal lines, says: "The batteries which had already played an important part now endeavored to drive back the Confederates and opened with rapidity and precision, but could not contend successfully against the bullets of the infantry at short range. Capt. Easton, nobly encouraging and cheering his men, fell, and his battery (six guns) was lost with him. Capt. Kerns was wounded early in the battle, but in spite of his wound kept the field; and when the enemy came upon his battery, he loaded and fired the last shots himself and brought four of his guns off the field. Capt. De Hart's battery did its best service, keeping its ground and delivering its fire against the advancing enemy. Capt. De Hart was here wounded. All displayed the greatest gallantry; but no efforts could repel the rush of a now successful foe, under whose fire rider and horse went down and guns lay immovable upon the field."

Gen. R. E. Lee, in his official report of the battle, in speaking of the breaking of the enemy's lines, says: "The dead and wounded marked the way of the intrepid advance, the brave Texans leading, closely followed by their no less daring comrades, driving the enemy from the ravine to their first line of breastworks, over which the impetuous column dashed up to the intrenchments on the crest of the hill, which were quickly stormed and fourteen pieces of artillery captured."

The day following the battle of Gaines's Mill Gen. Jackson, in riding over the ground where the 4th Texas had charged, exclaimed, "The men who carried this position were soldiers indeed," and in his official report of the battle said: "In this charge, in which more than a thousand men fell, killed and wounded, before the fire of the enemy and in which fourteen pieces of artillery were captured, the 4th Texas, under the lead of Gen. Hood, was the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns. Although swept from their defenses by this rapid and almost matchless display of daring and desperate valor, the well-disciplined Federals continued to fight with stubborn resistance as they retreated."

Gen. Whiting, our division commander, in his official report of the battle says: "The battle was severe, hotly contested, and gallantly won. I take pleasure in calling special attention to the 4th Texas, which was the first to break the enemy's line and enter his works. Of the other regiments in the division, it would be invidious and unjust to mention one above another."

Gen. Hood, who commanded us in the charge, says: "With a ringing shout we dashed up the steep hill, through the abatis, and over the breastworks upon the very heads of the enemy. At this juncture the artillery stationed on a hill to the left opened fire upon the 4th Texas, which changed front and charged in their direction. I dispatched every officer of my staff to the main portion of the brigade in the woods on our left, instructing them to bear the glad tidings that the 4th Texas had pierced the enemy's line and were moving in his rear and to deliver orders to push forward with utmost haste. Meantime the long line of blue and steel to the right and left wavered, and finally gave way as the 18th Georgia, the 1st Texas, the 5th Texas, and Hampton's Legion gallantly moved forward from right to left, thus completing a grand wheel of the brigade into the very heart of the enemy. Simultaneously with this movement burst forth a tumultuous shout of victory, which was taken up along the whole Confederate line."

COOL BRAVERY OF A VIRGINIAN.

The house on Weston Farm, Fauquier County, Va., is about three miles from Calverton. There is a hall in it, in the middle of the house, with a door in front and a door at the other end of the hall. Two rooms on each side of the hall have doors into the hall, also doors between the front and back rooms. There had been no Federal soldiers in the neighborhood for about two weeks. Col. Edward Murray, on Gen. Robert E. Lee's staff, owned the farm adjoining Weston. Col. Murray was on sick furlough. He had his tent near Foxville, on the Rappahannock, and would ride to his home once or twice a week, arriving about nine o'clock at night and leaving it before daybreak.

In the month of June a regiment of Federal infantry returned to Calverton, but Col. Murray was not aware of it. The morning after their arrival the soldiers straggled around the neighborhood, taking what they pleased. I sent a request to Calverton that the officer would send me a guard. Without delay he sent a lieutenant's guard of thirty men. They stacked arms about seventy-five feet from the porch, some of them lying down on the grass, others lounging about. All of them were on the front lawn.

I was sitting on the porch talking to the officer, who was much interested in the matter talked off. I heard a footstep at the north end of the house, and on looking up saw Col. Murray in citizen's clothes. His step did not falter in the least, nor did the usual pleasant expression on his face change; but in the most natural, easy way, as if he were in the habit of walking into an enemy's camp, he came to the edge of the porch in front of me. I said, "Good morning, Mr. Murray," shook hands with him, and said to the officer: "Allow me to introduce my friend and neighbor, Mr. Murray, a farmer." He sat down and I went on with my conversation with the officer. I made no plans for the Colonel's escape. Soon after I said: "Gentlemen, it is pretty hot here. Perhaps you will find it cooler in the house." We came into the front room, which adjoins the dining room, sat down, and I resumed the conversation, making it still more interesting to the officer. Col. Murray asked if he could have a glass of water. I said: "Certainly, I will get one." He replied: "Do not trouble yourself. The water bucket is in the next room, is it not?" I said: "Yes; go and help yourself." He went, and I continued the conversation. He did not return, but escaped by the back door without being seen.

In about five minutes the officer set his eyes on mine with

a steady gaze as if to read me. I looked into his eyes, and then turned mine off as if I had seen nothing unusual.

And so the Colonel escaped! The officer did not allude to him, although he was here all of the day, nor ask any question about him. The most unsuspicious man or thoroughly kind-hearted gentleman, which was he? I think the latter.

It did not occur to me until some time after the danger we had passed through. Col. Murray in citizen's clothes inside of the enemy's lines might have been dealt with as a spy, and I on a military parole had certainly aided him. Of course it was our Father in heaven and his Son who had watched over us.

I have been a most exceptionally favored man all of my life, watched over and blessed with so many thousands of blessings that I have not deserved, and watched over so closely, especially during the war. I take no credit to myself for my cool calmness in danger. It is not my natural disposition, but I could not help feeling that there was a powerful Hand over me as a shield. I have ever since the war been so thankful that I have no man's blood on my hands.

Thousands of brave men have faced almost certain death without fear, but, knowing the danger, nerved themselves to it. In Col. Murray's case he had no suspicion of any danger.

[The author of the foregoing requests that his name be withheld, although he should be proud to use it. The first letter of his name is N. The Col. Murray mentioned must have been Lieut. Col. Edward Murray, of the 49th Virginia Infantry.]

WORTHY PROTEST AGAINST SWEARING.

In response to a paragraph in the *VETERAN* for January, page 7, directed against the dreadful habit of profanity, a letter came from Rev. Roland D. Sawyer, Secretary of the Anti-Profanity League, Haverhill, Mass., in which he inclosed a letter sent out generally to Confederate veterans. This letter shows such a high estimate of the spirit actuating the Southern people, their devotion, bravery, etc., that it is reproduced in the *VETERAN*. Mr. Sawyer says: "I have always felt a great interest in the War between the States, and after careful study of the events of that period have come to feel that, in the maintenance of the Southern cause, the sense of justice which actuated the people, the unselfish devotion with which the Confederate army enlisted, the bravery with which it fought, the skill with which it was led, and the self-sacrifice with which it was supported are unparalleled in history. And I am appealing to you, sir, an honored veteran of that army, to enlist in our army of clear speech. I ask that personally and in your comrades, friends, and sympathizers you endeavor to arouse that spirit of abhorrence for profanity so strong in your peerless leader, Robert E. Lee."

To an officer who swore in his presence Gen. Lee said: "General, you know as well as I do what the army regulations say about profanity, but as a friend let me ask you if that dreadful habit cannot be broken."

No higher estimate was ever placed on any man. From a card inclosed the following is taken: "The world's estimate of Robert E. Lee, 'a world hero'; the North's estimate, 'a noble gentleman and able warrior'; the South's estimate, 'the greatest of Americans'; Virginia's estimate, 'the greatest of men.'" [The South does not concede a higher estimate by Virginia, but joins in with her.—EDITOR *VETERAN*.]

"Your estimate of this noble man must be measured by the way you regard his gentle rebuke of the habit of swearing," says Mr. Sawyer.

CAMP OF SONS IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.—The San Francisco *Chronicle* of January 19 states: "The Robert E. Lee Camp, of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans for the northern district of California, was organized Friday at the residence of Frank Walker. The Camp was organized under authority conveyed by Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, residing in Montgomery, Ala. All sons and grandsons of Confederate veterans are eligible for admission into the Camp as active members, and all Confederate veterans are eligible to honorary membership. Communications on the subject should be sent to Mr. Walker at his residence, 1415 Hyde Street, San Francisco. The officers are: Frank Walker, Commander; J. W. Pinder and Samuel J. Churchill, Lieutenant Commanders; J. V. Massie, Adjutant; Dr. D. A. Hodghead, Surgeon; E. J. Vaught, Quartermaster; Bishop W. H. Moreland, Chaplain; G. D. White, Jr., Treasurer; Richard E. Hartter, Color Sergeant; George B. Hilliard, Historian. About fifty members signed the roll, using for that purpose a penholder made from the wood taken from the doorkill of Gen. Jackson's bed-chamber in Lexington, Va., while he was professor there."

CHARACTERISTICS OF GEN. SAMUEL COOPER.

BY JUDGE W. W. PORTER, SANTA ROSA, CAL.

Seeing in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* a likeness and sketch of Gen. Sempel Cooper, I am reminded of a conversation I had with him while he was adjutant general of the Confederacy. A court of inquiry had been ordered in a case in which an officer who was a friend of mine was involved. It had been delayed from time to time. Wishing action to be taken, when in Richmond I met Gen. —, who was on the court, who told me he would willingly make a statement of the matter to the adjutant general if desired by him. I then called on Gen. Cooper and stated that this officer would speak with him on the subject. He rose from his seat in apparent anger and, stretching out his arms, said: "I cannot do it, sir!" I was dumfounded, for he had previously been very polite to me. In a moment his countenance changed, and smiling he said: "Life is too short to talk to that gentleman."

OTHER NOTES ABOUT GEN. SAMUEL COOPER.

Since the publication of the article and the picture of Gen. Samuel Cooper in the *VETERAN* for February Miss Kate Mason Rowland writes that he married Miss Maria Mason, daughter of the Hon. James Murray Mason, Confederate Commissioner to England; and having made his home in Virginia, near Alexandria, long before as well as after the war, he very naturally was in sympathy with the people among whom he had lived and married.

Another correspondent, M. H. Clark, of Clarksville, Tenn., also writes on the same point, adding that Capt. Sidney Smith Lee, of the United States and Confederate States navies, married the sister of Mrs. Cooper, who was the mother of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. He adds: "Gen. Cooper was a grand old man and the ranking officer in the Confederate army."

VETERAN'S WIDOW IN ARKANSAS.—Davis Biggs, Jefferson, Tex.: "If there are any surviving comrades of George A. Gray, who enlisted in Churchill's Regiment from Pulaski County, Ark., I would be glad to hear from them. His widow is in needy circumstances, and with proper proof can draw a pension from this State."

MANIFEST ZEAL AMONG DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. A. B. White, State President, sends out the following patriotic appeal, which is suggested to other U. D. C. officials:

"*Dear Madam:* There is no Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in your town; and as we are anxious that there should be one, and believing that you are not only eligible to membership in the organization but that your sympathies are with our work, we address you, hoping that you will interest yourself in the establishment of a Chapter.

"We feel that ours is a cause that appeals to every Southern woman who had a member of her family in the service of the Confederacy. Furthermore, we beg that you and your townswomen do not postpone joining us, for it is easy to secure correct records for your application for membership now while comrades live; but in a few short years (the people of 1860-65 are dying so rapidly) it may be all but impossible to make out a record, so you and your children may be debarred.

"We suppose you know our objects are to preserve records for a correct history of the Confederacy, to have unbiased history taught in our schools, to preserve historic places, to honor those who served the Confederacy, and to care for indigent Confederate veterans. This last is just now our most important work, because many of the veterans are old, feeble, or sick, and have no one to look to for aid except the

MEN WHO BOTH LABORED AND FOUGHT.

BY DR. GEORGE JACKSON, ADJT. GEN. TEXAS DIVISION.

It is strange that in all the articles contributed and read in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and other accounts and incidents published of the War between the States, from 1861 to 1865, there is no mention of the organization well known in Richmond, Va., and elsewhere as the "Departmental Battalion," composed of all those employed and able to do military duty in the various departments of the C. S. A. The companies composing said battalion were efficiently officered, equipped, and drilled, and ever ready to perform the double duty required of them. The writer was assigned to duty in the Medical Purveyor's Department, in charge of Surgeon E. W. Johns, of Maryland, J. Alex Pace, of Petersburg, Va., chief clerk, and as a private in the Medical Purveyor's Guards. He well remembers doing, as others, a vast amount of night duty guarding government property stored in the basement of the hall, where Harry McCarthy, the Arkansas comedian, was wont to entertain the soldiers, and sing the "Bonnie Blue Flag That Bears a Single Star" and other soul-stirring, patriotic songs. As to the necessity of the guarding of a lot of hospital bedsteads was, and is to this day, a matter of doubt, but it was the soldier's duty to obey orders.

The company of the Medical Purveyor's Department did good and faithful service whenever called on, day or night, and frequently marched to the various defenses around Richmond, Va., when ordered without hesitation or fear. The honor of capturing some of the men of the notorious Dahlgreen, whose mission appears to have been to burn the capital of the C. S. A., but who lost his life in making the attempt, belongs to the Medical Purveyor's Guards.

If this communication should meet the eyes of any of those dear old comrades who left Baltimore, Md., in 1861 and followed the fortunes of the Confederacy to the bitter end, among whom are well remembered the names of Shriver, Scott, Rogers, Dugan, Cooper, Briscoe, Buckmaster, Crane, and others, the writer would be pleased to hear from or of them, though their heads be frosted and their eyes be dim.

ABOUT NAME OF THE WAR.

A veteran of the Union army of the sixties, Mr. J. Fraise Richard, writes from Washington, D. C.: "Every time I go to the Congressional Library I read your most excellent monthly. I thoroughly enjoy it, and am glad that it is published and patronized. I think you are fully justified in rejecting the expression 'the late war' and substituting therefor 'the great war.' Several years ago I had a pleasant interview with Gen. Longstreet. I asked him this question: 'General, how do the hardships of the soldiers in this Spanish-American war compare with those endured by your troops in the East Tennessee campaign of 1863-64?' 'Well,' said he, 'my men never complained if they didn't have quail on toast for breakfast or ice cream for dinner.' The 'great war' had severer hardships than the 'late war.' I am unable to see any good reason, Mr. Editor, for speaking of the 'War between the States' or 'War between the North and the South' or the 'Civil War.' Neither one, in my judgment, is correct. From the Southern standpoint it was the 'War for Secession,' from the other, the 'War for the Union.' The soldiers were 'Confederate' and 'Union.' Let history be true to the facts in the case."

Mr. Richard is the Secretary and Historian of the Society of the Army of the Ohio.



MRS. A. B. WHITE, PRESIDENT TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

Daughters of the Confederacy, and we do not want one to look in vain. By having a Chapter in every town, or a county Chapter, all cases of need can receive attention.

"It is not an expensive organization, the yearly dues and current expenses being regulated by each individual Chapter.

"Inclosed you will find instructions for the organization of Chapters; but if you want further information, Mrs. John P. Hickman or I will be glad to furnish it to aid you."

MORGAN'S MEN ESCAPE FROM PRISON, ETC.

[The following paper was read by Henry L. Stone, now General Counsel of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, at the quarterly meeting of the George B. Eastin Camp, 803, U. C. V., Louisville, Ky., in April, 1901.]

Mr. President and Comrades: There is no tie of friendship so strong and lasting as that wrought by a common service among soldiers engaged in a common cause. Time and distance are powerless to sever such a tie or to erase from memory the vivid recollections of dangers encountered and hardships endured.

On a September night nearly forty years ago John H. Morgan led forth from the city of Lexington his little squadron of faithful followers, who formed the nucleus of that gallant command which afterwards, under his matchless leadership, executed so many brilliant military achievements and won for him and themselves imperishable renown. Gen. Morgan's bold, original, and skillful methods of warfare attracted the admiration of thousands of young men in Kentucky and even other States who enthusiastically gathered under his banner.

It may be of interest to those present on this occasion to give an account of some of my own experiences as one of Morgan's men. A native of Bath County, Ky., when a boy nine years old I became a resident of Putnam County, Ind., to which State my father removed in the autumn of 1851. In the presidential campaign of 1860, at the age of eighteen, I canvassed my county for Breckinridge and Lane. When the War between the States came on, I was an earnest advocate of State rights, and determined to embrace the first opportunity offered to go South and enlist in that cause, which I believed to be right. Three of my brothers were in the Federal army, but I could not conscientiously go with them.

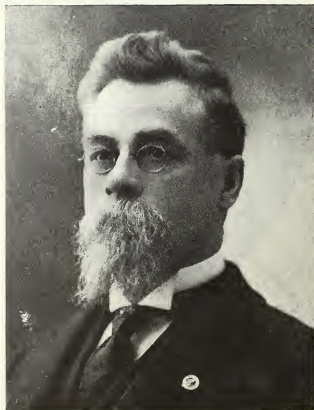
On September 18, 1862, after the battle of Big Hill and the occupation of this State by the forces of Gens. Smith and Marshall, I put aside the study of law, bade farewell to my parents, and left Indiana to join the Confederate army. I came to Cincinnati while it was under martial law, passed the pickets above the city as a countryman in a market wagon, took a boat at New Richmond, Ohio, and landed on a Sunday morning at Augusta, Ky. That day I attended Sunday school in Augusta, and walked to Milton, in Bracken County, where I stayed all night. The next day I reached Cynthiana, and found there the first "Rebel" soldiers I ever saw, being a portion of Morgan's men under Col. Duke. I remember I was struck with the odd appearance of some of these soldiers, particularly their large rattling spurs and broad-brimmed hats, many of which were pinned up on one side with a crescent or star. This was but a few days before Col. Duke's desperate fight at Augusta. I arrived at Mount Sterling, and set foot "on my native heath," in Bath County, within a week after my departure from Indiana.

On October 7, 1862, I enlisted in Capt. G. M. Coleman's company, composed chiefly of my boyhood schoolmates and belonging to Maj. Robert G. Stoner's battalion of cavalry, which was subsequently in Middle Tennessee consolidated with Maj. W. C. P. Breckinridge's battalion, thus forming the 9th Kentucky Regiment in Morgan's command.

I was appointed sergeant major of Maj. Stoner's battalion, and served in that capacity until the consolidation mentioned, when I became ordnance sergeant of the regiment. Sixty days after my enlistment our company was engaged in its

first fight at Hartsville, Tenn., where Col. Morgan won his commission as brigadier general and achieved, perhaps, his most brilliant victory by killing and wounding over four hundred of the enemy and capturing two splendid Parrott guns and more than two thousand prisoners. On the day after this battle I wrote a letter to my father and mother (the original of which has been preserved), headed as follows: "In camp two miles from Gen. Morgan's headquarters and eight miles from Murfreesboro on the Lebanon Pike, Monday, December 8, 1862."

Among other things, I gave in this letter the following account of our engagement at Hartsville, which may serve to illustrate the exuberance of spirits felt over that victory by a soldier of twenty after only two months' service: "We've had only one battle yet, and that was on yesterday at Hartsville, in this State. I'll give you a short description of it. Day before yesterday morning at nine o'clock we left camp with all of Morgan's Brigade except two regiments (Duke's and Gano's Regiments), and also the 9th and 2d Kentucky Regiments of Gen. Roger Hanson's Brigade—in all about twenty-five hundred men, with five or six pieces of artillery. We marched through Lebanon, and went into camp after traveling thirty-four miles. Our battalion and two pieces of artillery were within four miles of the enemy. The other portions of our force took another route, crossing the Cumberland in the night and getting in the enemy's rear. We left camp after sleeping one hour and a half, and got in position in five hundred yards of the enemy at five o'clock in the morning, before it was light. This hour was set by Morgan to begin the attack on the enemy on all sides; and well was it carried out, Morgan's portion firing the first gun. The firing soon became general, and of all the fighting ever done that was the hottest for an hour and fifteen minutes. The bombs



JUDGE HENRY L. STONE.

fell thick and fast over our heads, while Morgan's men yelled at every step, we all closing in on the Yankees. I fired my gun only two or three times. We took the whole force prisoners, about twenty-two hundred men, the 10th Illinois, 106th and 108th Ohio, and two hundred Indiana cavalymen, with two pieces of artillery. We took also all their small arms, wagons, etc. I captured a splendid overcoat, lined through and through, a fine black cloth coat, a pair of new woolen socks, a horse muzzle to feed in, an Enfield rifle, a lot of powder plates, knives and forks, a good supply of smoking tobacco, an extra good cavalry saddle, a halter, and a pair of buckskin gloves, lined with lamb's wool; also a cavalry hat, with a yellow wire cord around it—all of which things I needed."

The officers of the force captured were paroled and sent through the lines. One of them promised to see that this letter reached its destination, and in it I stated: "I'll tell you how I've met with a chance to send this to you. It is by a very gentlemanly Yankee lieutenant whom we captured yesterday who says he'll mail it to you from Nashville, and I think he'll be as good as his word. I shall leave it unsealed, and he'll get it through for me without trouble, I think."

But he failed to discharge the trust he had assumed. Some three weeks afterwards it was found at Camp Chase and sent to my father by a man named Samuel Kennedy.

On our celebrated raid into Kentucky during the Christmas holidays of 1862 we captured at Muldraugh's Hill an Indiana regiment of about eight hundred men, who were recruited principally in Putnam County, many of whom were my old friends and acquaintances. I saw and conversed with a number of them while prisoners in our charge, and had my fellow-soldiers show them as much kindness as possible under the circumstances. This regiment had only a few months before been taken prisoners at Big Hill, Ky., and after being exchanged were armed with new Enfield rifles, all of which fell into our boys' hands and took the place of arms much inferior.

There are doubtless some here to-night who were on Morgan's remarkable raid into Indiana and Ohio, nearly thirty-eight years ago. The first brigade crossed the Cumberland River at Burkesville, Ky., July 2, 1863, when it was out of its banks, floating driftwood, and fully a quarter of a mile wide. The crossing of our twenty-four hundred men and horses was effected by unsaddling and driving the horses into the swollen stream, twenty or thirty at a time, and letting them swim to the opposite bank, where they were caught and hitched, while the men went over in two flats and a couple of indifferent canoes. I shall never forget the perilous position I was in on that occasion. There were twelve of us who crossed over between sundown and dark with our twelve saddles in one canoe. The surging waters came lapping up to within three inches of the edges of the canoe, and on the upper side once in a while they splashed in. The two men at the oars were inexperienced, and made frequent mistakes during the passage, but finally landed us safely on this side. I breathed much freer when I got out.

On this raid, after the disastrous attack of July 4 upon the stockade at Green River bridge, where we lost so many brave officers and men, we the next day drove Col. Charles Hanson's infantry regiment, the 20th Kentucky, into the brick depot at Lebanon, Ky. Our troops surrounded the building, but were greatly exposed to the enemy's fire, and suffered under the heat of a broiling sun for four hours. Some of our men concealed themselves by lying down in or behind the tents just vacated by the Federal troops. When the order was given

by Gen. Morgan to charge the enemy, I witnessed an admirable exhibition of courage on the part of Col. D. Howard Smith. He mounted his horse and led the assault himself, calling on us to follow him, in plain view of the enemy and under a terrific fire from the depot, not exceeding sixty yards from our advancing columns. On the other side of the building in the charge of the 2d Kentucky, just before the surrender, Lieut. Thomas Morgan, a younger brother of Gen. Morgan, was killed—shot through the heart. He was idolized by his regiment, and many of his comrades, infuriated by his death, in the excitement of the moment, would have shown no quarter to the Federal soldiers had it not been for the noble and magnanimous conduct of Gen. Morgan himself. Although stricken with grief over the lifeless body of his favorite brother and with his eyes filled with tears, I saw him rush to the front inside the depot, and with drawn pistol in hand he stood between Col. Hanson's men and his own and declared he would shoot down the first one of his men who molested a prisoner. And here I may venture the assertion that no officer in either army, as far as my knowledge extends, was kinder to prisoners or more considerate of their rights than Gen. Morgan.

When our command crossed the Ohio River at Brandenburg, I experienced some peculiar sensations as I set foot on Indiana soil and realized that I was engaged in a hostile invasion of my adopted State. I soon got over this feeling, however, and regarded our march into the enemy's country as one of the exigencies of war and entirely justifiable. I was in the advance guard under Capt. Thomas H. Hines (afterwards one of the judges of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky) through Indiana and Ohio, and was captured at Buffington Island. I rode down eight horses on that raid, and although this number was perhaps above the average to the man, there were doubtless fifteen thousand horses ridden at different times by Morgan's men on the Indiana and Ohio raid.

About seven hundred of our command surrendered at Buffington, and we were started down the river on a boat next day in charge of some Ohio troops (the 12th Ohio Infantry, I believe), who treated us with great courtesy. After our arrival in Cincinnati, we were shipped in box cars to Camp Morton. I now began to appreciate what it was to be a prisoner of war, and that, too, within forty miles of the home of my parents. I was not entirely sure, either, of what would be the fate of a Rebel from the Hoosier State. I was, however, shown much kindness by one of the companies of the 71st Indiana Regiment, which constituted the prison guard. It was made up of my neighbor boys in Putnam County, and they all seemed rejoiced to see me *there*. Through their intervention I received clothing and other necessities from home and obtained an interview with my brothers and some of my old friends who had learned of my capture while at Indianapolis and came out to see me.

Remaining one month at Camp Morton, we were then sent to Camp Douglas, at Chicago. On the night of October 16, 1863, having been confined in prison three months, accompanied by one of my messmates, Dr. William L. Clay, I tied my boots around my neck and in my sock feet climbed the prison fence, twelve feet high, between two guards and made my escape. I still have the handkerchief which I tied around my neck and from which my boots swung down my back on that occasion. My brother, Dr. R. F. Stone, now practicing his profession at Indianapolis, was then attending Rush Medical College at Chicago. I found him next morning after making my escape as he was entering the college building.

He showed us over the city, and during the day we dined at the Adams House, an excellent hotel. It was the first "square meal" Clay and I had eaten in several months, and I have often thought since that it was the best dinner I ate during the war.

My comrade and I left the city by the Illinois Central, going to Mattoon, thence to Terre Haute, where we tarried at a German hotel two days, having written home to some of my family to meet me there. After seeing two of my brothers and getting some additional funds, we came by rail to Cincinnati, thence by boat to Foster's Landing, Ky., and from there footed it through Bracken, Nicholas, and Bourbon Counties. Clay separated from me in the latter county. (He died a few years ago in this city, and is buried in our lot at Cave Hill.) I reached Bath County a few days afterwards, and early one morning I was captured in the very house where I was born by a squad of home guards in charge of Dr. William S. Sharp, who was my father's family physician when he lived in Kentucky. I was taken to Mount Sterling, and there lodged in jail. I saw that old jail building every day when at home during the seven years I resided in Mount Sterling. It has been converted into a dwelling house, and is now owned by Thomas Johnson, an ex-Confederate colonel, who is in his eighty-ninth year. [Sketch of Col. Johnson in *VETERAN* of November, 1905, pages 488 and 489.—Ed.]

To make good my escape from Camp Douglas and to be again taken prisoner after getting five hundred miles on my way back to Dixie was extremely mortifying. I was confined in jail at Mount Sterling two weeks, and was then started with other prisoners to Lexington; but, having serious apprehensions as to the reception I would meet with at the hands of Gen. Burbridge (who had about that time an unpleasant way of hanging and shooting such Rebels as he caught in Kentucky), I succeeded in making my escape in the night at Winchester, eluding the vigilance of Lieut. Curtis and his thirty mounted guards, who fired a few harmless shots at me as I disappeared in the darkness.

A few days later, finding no opportunity to get South, owing to the presence of Federal troops in Eastern Kentucky, I got on the cars at Paris and went to Canada via Cincinnati, Toledo, and Detroit. I stayed in Canada, at Windsor and Kingsville, four months. During that winter occurred a cold New Year's day. Lake Erie froze over from side to side so thick as to allow heavy teams to cross a distance of forty miles. Some Confederate prisoners who were confined at Johnson's Island made their escape on the ice to Canada. One of these in making his escape was wounded by the Federal guard and was taken to a farmhouse near Kingsville. Everybody skated in that country, and I soon learned the sport. While so engaged I became acquainted with the Misses Harris, two handsome and refined young ladies residing at Kingsville, who were the granddaughters of Simon Girty, the renegade. Their mother, the daughter of this infamous character in the pioneer days of our country, was then still living.

In April, 1864, I returned to Kentucky. While watching a chance to go back to the Confederacy, I worked on a farm three weeks near Florence, in Boone County, a town now celebrated in John Uri Lloyd's recent book as "Stringtown-on-the-Pike." On Gen. Morgan's last raid into the State I joined a portion of his forces near Mount Sterling, having made my way to them alone on horseback from Boone County; and on reaching Virginia, in June, 1864, I attached myself temporarily to Capt. James E. Cantrill's battalion,

which was a remnant of Gen. Morgan's old command, with which I remained until the following October, when at the battle of Saltville I got with my old regiment, then forming a part of Gen. John S. Williams's Brigade. Meantime Gen. Morgan was killed at Greeneville, Tenn., on September 4. We returned to Georgia in time to follow in the rear of Sherman in his "march to the sea." Under Gen. Wheeler, as we followed in the path of desolation left by Sherman's army, we were daily engaged with Gen. Kilpatrick's cavalry, and for eight days were without bread or meat, living on sweet potatoes alone. The first meat we ate after this fast was some fresh beef, which we found in a camp from which we had just driven the enemy before they had had time to cook and eat it.

When the news of Gen. Lee's surrender was received, our brigade was at Raleigh, N. C. President Davis and his Cabinet officers were found at Greensboro, N. C., and our brigade escorted them from there to Washington, Ga., where it disbanded. I rode to Augusta, Ga., with Lieut. William Messick, and there surrendered to the 18th Indiana Infantry Regiment, then occupying the city, and received my parole May 9, 1865.

No man can fully or correctly appreciate the value of personal liberty who has never been a prisoner. At least three-fourths of Morgan's men felt what it was to endure the fearful life of a Northern military prison, and many of them were humiliated by incarceration in the loathsome dungeons and cells of penitentiaries while prisoners of war. Fortunately for me, I left Camp Douglas in time to avoid the starvation policy subsequently inaugurated there. Of the seven members of my mess I left in Camp Douglas, three died, one took the oath, and the other three, after twenty-one months of horrid imprisonment, were exchanged a few weeks before the close of the war. Only one of these three is now living.

The same restless, daring spirit that actuated Morgan's men in the field characterized them in prison, and out of eighteen hundred prisoners taken on the Indiana and Ohio raid not less than six hundred of them escaped from Camp Morton and Douglas. I have heard that one of the Chicago newspapers stated during the war that even if Morgan's men had done nothing to distinguish them before their capture they had immortalized themselves by their wonderful and successful escapes from prison.

The extraordinary escape of Gen. Morgan himself, together with Capts. Hines, Sheldon, Taylor, Hockersmith, Bennett, and McGee, from the Ohio State Prison, stands without a parallel in military history. You cannot imagine my surprise after getting on the cars at Paris, en route to Canada on the occasion already referred to, in December, 1863, when I picked up a Cincinnati *Daily Gazette* some passenger had left on the seat and read the graphic account of this unexpected escape of our general and six of his captains. My heart leaped for joy at the news, but I dared not give expression to it by the utterance of a word.

Most of the survivors of Gen. Morgan's command remember that brave and gallant soldier, Col. George St. Leger Grenfell, who came to us after long and faithful service in the British army. He did me a kindness during the war, which I have remembered with gratitude ever since. By an accident my horse's back had become so sore he could not be ridden, and in the fall of 1862, while leading him and wearily walking in the column over a mountain road in Tennessee, Col. Grenfell came riding by, accompanied by a subordinate, who had in charge a led horse. Observing my

plight, he stopped, asked me the cause; and when told, requested me to mount his led horse, and when mine got well to return his to him, which offer I gladly accepted.

Afterwards Col. Grenfell, for complicity in the plot to release the Confederate prisoners from Camp Douglas, was arrested by the Federal authorities and sentenced to imprisonment at Fort Jefferson, Tortugas Island. In April, 1867, my brother, Maj. Valentine H. Stone, of the 5th United States Regular Artillery, who had been stationed at Fortress Monroe for eighteen months, was assigned to take command at Fort Jefferson. On learning this fact I wrote to him, giving an account of Col. Grenfell's kindness to me on the occasion referred to and requesting him to do all in his power, consistent with his duty, to alleviate the prison life of my old army friend, who was, as a true soldier and gentleman, worthy of such consideration. With this request there was a faithful compliance on the part of my brother, which Col. Grenfell gratefully appreciated. I was permitted to correspond with Col. Grenfell, and several letters passed between us.

In September, 1867, yellow fever broke out at Fort Jefferson. Col. Grenfell, having had large experience with this dreadful disease, faithfully nursed all who were stricken down among the garrison as well as the other prisoners. My brother's wife was one of the first victims. After her death, he started North with his little three-year-old boy, but was taken ill while aboard the vessel, and died at Key West. In a letter written by Col. Grenfell the next day, in which he gave me an account of my brother's death, he stated: "I deeply regret that his leaving this place prevented my nursing him throughout the malady. Care does more than doctors, and he had great confidence in my nursing. . . . I am tired and grieved, having been now twenty-one days and nights by the bedside of the sick (last night was my first night passed in bed)—grieved on account of the death of your brother, who was the only officer that ever showed me any kindness since I first came here. I wish I could say that they had not been positively inimical and cruel. But your brother's arrival put an end to all that. I am much afraid that the old system will soon again be in force."

From this grand old soldier I received a few months later the following interesting letter:

"FORT JEFFERSON, January 15, 1868.

"H. L. Stone, Esq.—Dear Sir: Your always welcome letter of the 22d of December was duly received, and, believe me, I appreciate and reciprocate your kind expressions of regard. I owe to your friendship the knowledge imparted to Gen. Basil Duke that the heavy restrictions placed on me for no fault of mine by former commanders had been removed by the humanity of your poor brother, and I am happy to say that the present commander, Maj. Andrews, walks in Maj. Stone's steps. As long as our conduct is good, we need fear no punishment. I was rather afraid when I read in your letter that you had published mine to you. I do not know what I wrote, but believe that you would not have done so if I had said anything unguardedly which might get me into trouble. This is not to be wondered at when I tell you that I was shut up in a close dungeon for ten months, every orifice carefully stopped up except one for air, denied speech with any one, light, books, or papers. I could neither write nor receive letters. I was gagged twice, tied up by the thumbs twice, three times drowned (I am not exaggerating), and all this for having written an account to a friend of some punishment inflicted on soldiers and prisoners here, and the

bare truth only, which statement he [Gen. Johnson] published in the New York *World*. I fear, therefore, giving publicity to anything; not that I am afraid of Maj. Andrews (I have really not a fault to find with him), but tigers have claws and sometimes use them.

"It was gratifying to hear that your poor little orphan nephew arrived safely at his maternal grandfather's. I knew little of the child, but from what I heard he was a very shrewd one. He was too young to feel his loss deeply. I have two cypresses which I am taking care of (they came from Havana), and mean to place on Mrs. Stone's grave, which is on an island about a mile from this.

"Maj. Stoner's bridal trip was nearly turned into a funeral one. What a savage the conductor must have been! The Major wanted two or three of his command to be near him at the time of the assault.

"Basil Duke and Charlton Morgan write that they are busy enlisting in my favor all the influence that they can command—Mr. G. Pendleton and others. I have also a very good letter from a Mrs. Walker M. Bell, of Garretttsville, Ky., wife of Capt. Darwin Bell, who promises that Garrett Smith and some other friends of hers will interest themselves to procure my release. She read in some local paper an extract from, I suppose, my letter to you, and she says: 'My husband, who bears a kindly remembrance of you in the war, and myself felt ashamed to sit over our happy fireside whilst his old comrade was wearing out his life in captivity, and we determined to work until we obtained your liberty.' I have also a letter from Mr. S. M. Barlow, of New York, a prominent Democrat and friend of Mr. Johnson's. He had written to the President and to Gen. Grant, but had received no direct answer; but Montgomery Blair, whom he had commissioned to see the President, says: 'I have seen the President for Grenfell. He has promised to try to pardon him, although he says there are several hard points in his case.' Yes, the case is full of hard points, but they all run into me. The hardship is mine. I do not build much on all this, and yet if a regular system of petition was gotten up by many influential parties at once the President might yield. I wish that my friends by a concerted movement, combined with the archbishops of Ohio and Missouri, R. C., would petition his Excellency. Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, would, I am convinced, willingly help an old friend and comrade. But, alas! I am in prison and can combine nothing.

"I shall be happy to receive your *scraps*, as you call them, whenever you have time to indite one, although I can offer you nothing but wails and lamentations in return.

"Whilst you are blowing your fingers' ends from cold, I keep close to an open window with one blanket only, and that oftener off than on. I have tomatoes, peppers, and melons in full bloom. Salad, radishes, and peas and beans at maturity in the open air, of course. In fact, I am obliged to use sun shades from ten to three all through the garden, for he is known to you they have turned my sword into a shovel and a rake, and I am at the head of my profession here. What I say or do (horticulturally) is law. Other changes than this are made here. A learned physician, Dr. Mudd, has descended to playing the fiddle for drunken soldiers to dance to or form part of a very miserable orchestra at a still more miserable theatrical performance. Wonders never cease, but my paper does; so I will simply wish you a happy New Year and subscribe myself your sincere friend,

"G. ST. L. GRENFELL."

Some time after this letter was written, how long I do not remember, Col. Grenfell undertook to make his escape from the Dry Tortugas in a small boat on a stormy night, hoping to be able to reach the Cuban coast, but was never heard of afterwards.

My brother, Maj. Stone, while in command at Fortress Monroe requested and obtained from President Davis an autograph letter addressed to myself, believing that I would prize it very highly, and delivered it to me at a family reunion at my father's house, in Carpentersville, Putnam County, Ind., in May, 1866. I still have this original letter in my possession, having placed it in a frame for preservation. It is as follows:

"Capt. Hy. L. Stone—My Dear Sir: Accept my best wishes for your welfare and happiness. It is better to deserve success than to attain it. Your friend, JEFFN. DAVIS."

The course of Confederates since the war closed deserves, as a rule, the highest commendation. As far as my observation extends, good soldiers in time of war make good citizens in time of peace. The toils and hardships of army life fit and prepare them for the battles of civil life. The success of Confederates as civilians has been commensurate with their success as soldiers. Kentucky has selected from our command some of her highest legislative, judicial, and executive officers. From our ranks this and other States have been furnished mechanics, farmers, merchants, bankers, teachers, physicians, lawyers, and ministers of the gospel. There was hardly a neighborhood in Kentucky in which there did not reside after the war closed one or more Confederate soldiers, while many became useful and honored citizens of other States. Coming out of the army, most of them ragged and poor, some of them crippled for life, with no government pension to depend upon, they have gone to work for a living, and their labors have not been unrewarded. Their sobriety, industry, and moral worth will compare favorably with that of any other members of society. Most of us have passed far beyond the meridian of life, but I trust there is much usefulness in store for us yet. We should not content ourselves with the victories and honors of the past. The present and future have demands upon us. The welfare of our respective communities and States, as well as of our common country, calls for our continued labors in their behalf.

I shall always remember a remark made by my friend, Jerry R. Morton, of Lexington (for many years since the war circuit judge of that district), one day while we were in Canada together. We were walking down the Detroit River, and as we took in the broad landscape view that stretched out before us and saw the United States flag floating from a fort below the city on the other side he stopped and, pointing across the river, exclaimed: "I tell you, Stone, that's a great country over yonder!" I acknowledged the correctness of his estimate of the American republic. Standing on British soil, poor, self-exiled Rebels as we were, we did not feel at liberty to call this *our* country then. But great as this country was then, it is far greater now. We have the right to call it *our* country to-day. With peace and prosperity throughout the land and all sections united in fraternal feeling, we have, even in this progressive age, beyond question the grandest country in the world.

Friends of the VETERAN who subscribe direct could secure a neighbor often by suggesting it and offering to include the amount with their remittance.

FLAG OF WHITFIELD'S LEGION.

BY E. I. KELLIE (COUNTY SURVEYOR), JASPER, TEX.

I was glad to see in the February VETERAN a letter from Lieut. B. —, of the 3d Texas, showing the part Jackson's Division, and more especially Ross's Brigade, took in defeating the Federal raids to the rear of Johnston's army. I have often wondered why so little has been written of Jackson's Division. This division was on the left flank of Johnston's army all the time, while Wheeler's, with at least three times as great a force, was on the right. Our division was composed of Armstrong's Mississippians and Ross's Texans. Occasionally we had French's Brigade, but I never thought they belonged to our division.

I remember very distinctly all about the capture of McCook's command near Newnan, Ga., and the part my regiment, Whitfield's Legion, took in it. I was color bearer of the legion, and as we passed through Newnan after McCook, although our horses had nearly given out, we went through town in a gallop. About three o'clock our regiment took an old road through very thick woods and ran right into the enemy dismounted. Col. Whitfield gave the command: "Dismount! Left front into line." The horses were ordered to the rear, and at them we went. They were easily driven back. Discovering that only four companies of the Legion were up in line, Col. Whitfield told me to run back and tell Maj. Norsworthy to bring up the rest of the regiment on his left. I ran down the old road to where we had dismounted, but could not find any command or horses. About then a regiment of Federals came charging through the woods, evidently trying to cut their way out. I fell down behind a big log with the flag under me, and as soon as they passed got up and ran back to where I had left Col. Whitfield. He was gone, and as shooting was going on all around me I didn't know which way to go. I was slipping along through the thick woods, when I spied a Federal soldier, and, getting the drop on him, made him throw down his gun and pistol, dismount, and walk off. I got on his horse, and, taking his accouterment, left him to find his way out—if he could. I went first one way and then another until I came to a field where I saw a command in line of battle. I soon found out they were Confederates and the Legion was among them. The boys were delighted to see the flag (they did not express any joy over me), as the Legion had never lost its flag, and they thought it was gone.

Nearly all the Federals had surrendered by this time, and it was nearly dark. Lieut. B. is right about the number of men Ross captured here. I got four six-shooters besides the one I got from *my friend* in the woods. I picked them up where it seemed the Federals had thrown them away when captured. The horse I rode the balance of the war.

Well, I have the old Legion's flag yet. When the war ended and we were paroled at Canton, Miss., I took it off of the staff, wrapped it around my body under my clothes, and brought it home.

I do wish more of Ross's old brigade would write about its deeds. It was composed of the 3d, 6th, and 9th Texas Regiments and Whitfield's Legion. The latter was designated as Legion from the fact that it had fourteen companies at the time it was organized. No brigade in the army did more fighting or harder work protecting Johnston's army than it did, yet very little is written about it.

[Comrade Kellie fails to note the fact that Johnston had been superseded by Hood and that the fight above described occurred while Sherman was marching to the sea.—VETERAN.]

HISTORY OF "TWO WARS," BY GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

Gen. French played a conspicuous part in two wars, the Mexican War and the War between the States. It was his custom to make notes of interesting happenings at the time of their occurrence, and when he wrote this volume he had these notes before him. It can be said, therefore, that the statements which he makes are more reliable than statements in histories generally are. Gen. French had many interesting experiences, and he relates them in simple but graphic language, which adds much to the charm of his book. He does not confine himself wholly to the two wars in question,

but deals somewhat extensively with the reconstruction period in the South, and gives experiences and reminiscences of that period. We cannot, of course, undertake to follow him through the entire four hundred pages of his work in a brief review like this, but we are frank to say that the autobiography is as entertaining as a romance, and those who read it will not regret having done so. The pleasure they will get from its pages will well repay them for the time they give to it. One of the charms of the book is that Gen. French confines himself to matters which came under his personal observation or in which he participated.—*Savannah (Ga.) News.*

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD TO REUNION.

Confederate Veterans have selected the route over the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway to Jackson, thence over the Illinois Central Railroad to New Orleans, and have arranged for a special train from Nashville, Tuesday, April 24, 1906, leaving Nashville (Union Station) at 1 P.M., Hollow Rock Junction at 4 P.M., arriving at Jackson at 6 P.M., and at New Orleans at 9 A.M. April 25.

From points south and east of Nashville leave on morning trains, arriving at Nashville before noon, leaving Nashville on special.

From points between Hollow Rock Junction and Paducah and between Hollow Rock Junction and Hickman leave on morning trains over N. C. & St. L. Ry., and connect with the Nashville special at Hollow Rock Junction or Jackson.

Special train will consist of standard sleepers, tourist sleepers, free reclining chair cars, day coaches, and baggage car, and will run through from Nashville to New Orleans and return without change. Rate in tourist sleeper, Nashville to New Orleans, \$1.75 each way. Rate in standard sleeper, \$3.50 each way.

Returning special train will leave New Orleans after parade at 4 P.M. Friday, April 27, arriving at Nashville about noon Saturday, April 28, in time for those living out of Nashville to take afternoon trains and get home Saturday evening.

Round-Trip Rates.—From Nashville, \$12.75; Fayetteville, \$12.75; Jackson, Tenn., \$9.05; Lebanon, \$13.35; McMinnville, \$13.45; Paducah, Ky., \$11.50; Paris, Tenn., \$10.25; Shelbyville, \$12.90; Sparta, \$14; Tullahoma, \$12.75.

Tickets on sale April 22, 23, 24, limited to April 30, 1906, with privilege of extension to May 21 upon deposit of ticket and the payment of a fee of fifty cents.

For further information, address F. R. Wheeler, Division Passenger Agent, Illinois Central Railroad.

These trains run in connection with the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, although designated in the caption as the Illinois Central only.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD REUNION RATES TO VETERANS AND FRIENDS.

The uniform companies, Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, have selected the Louisville and Nashville Railroad as the route to the great Reunion at New Orleans.

Confederate officials announce as follows: "We have arranged with the Louisville & Nashville Railroad to run a special train from Nashville to New Orleans, consisting of standard Pullman and tourist sleepers, reclining chair car, and first-class day coaches, leaving Nashville at 1 P.M. April 23 and arriving at New Orleans the next morning at 11 A.M., thus affording a daylight ride between Mobile and New Orleans. This passes through Pass Christian, Biloxi, Bay St. Louis, Gulfport, and Ocean Springs, some of the most beautiful resorts located on the Gulf Coast, in the fresh of the forenoon.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad penetrates the States of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, and passes Birmingham, Montgomery, and Mobile. Supper will be taken at Birmingham and breakfast at Mobile, one hour being allowed at each of these places. At Mobile the view of the bay will be interesting.

Round-trip tickets will be on sale April 22, 23, and 24, good returning until April 30, with the privilege of extension until May 21 by depositing tickets with the joint agent at New Orleans and paying an additional fee of fifty cents on or before April 30. These tickets will allow stop-overs on both the going and return trips at any point desired by depositing same with the agent at such points, provided New Orleans is reached on the going trip before noon of April 27, and on the return reach the original starting point in the final limit of the tickets.

From Nashville, Tenn., the round-trip rate is \$12.75, and at hardly any point in Tennessee is it over \$14.

Satisfactory arrangements may be made for Pullman tourist sleepers. For other information, apply to R. C. Wallis, Agent, Louisville & Nashville Railroad,



(SAMPLE)

This badge, prepared for State Divisions, will be supplied for 50 cents. Apply to Gen. W. E. Mickle, New Orleans. The amount goes to the U. C. V. Expense Fund.

Division Passenger Agent, Nashville, Tenn.

BEST BOOKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

RISE AND FALL OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT. By



Jefferson Davis. The last edition of this great historical work is almost exhausted; only a few sets left. Orders for the set should be sent in now if wanted. In half Turkey morocco, express prepaid, \$10. The regular price in this binding was \$14. The price was put unreasonably low in the outset; and as the supply is almost exhausted and no more obtainable, the advance in prices is but reasonable.

TWO WARS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Gen. S. G. French. In this autobiography Gen. French has given an accurate and interesting account of his service through two of the wars of our country in the last century—that with Mexico and between the States. It is a handsome volume of four hundred pages, in which there is much of present interest as well as much for the historical student of another generation. Bound in cloth, illustrated. Price, \$2.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE. Compiled and written by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. In addition to these letters, many interesting incidents of Gen. Lee's private life are given, showing his domestic traits of character, his love of home life, his quiet humor, fondness for children, and his genuine affection for his war horse, Traveler. The book gives a clear view of a noble career. Cloth, \$2.50.



JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. A complete and masterly account of the operations of the Army of Tennessee under his command, with statement as to his plan of operations. This is the last of the edition. In half morocco, \$3; sheep, \$2.50; postage, 25 cents.

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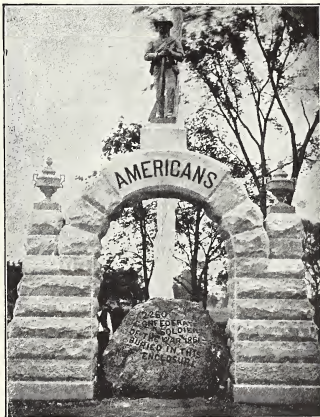
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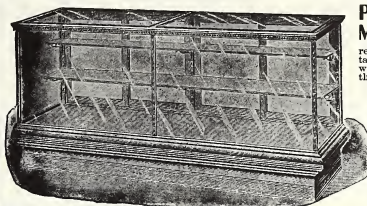
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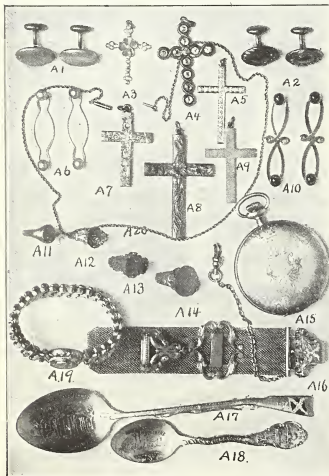
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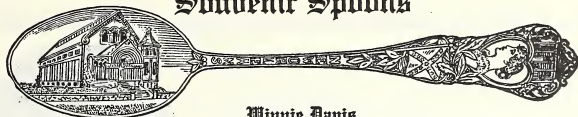
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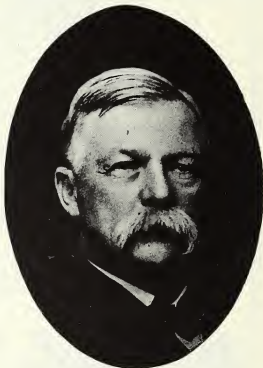
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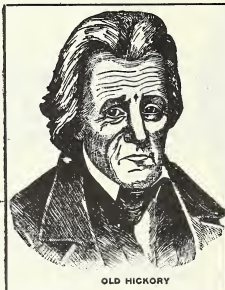
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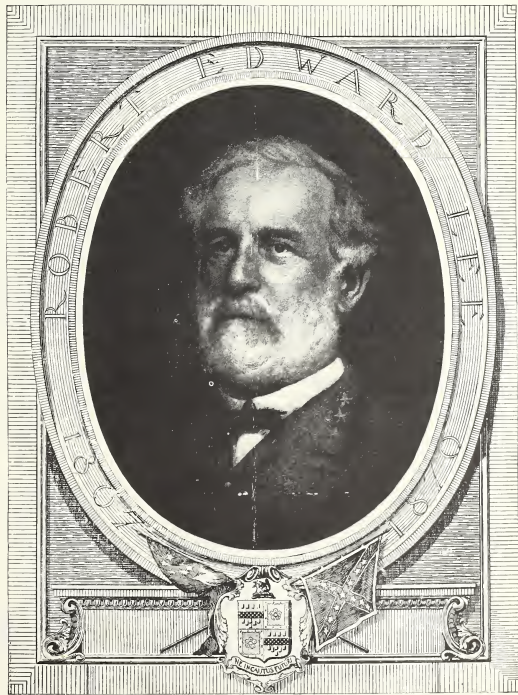
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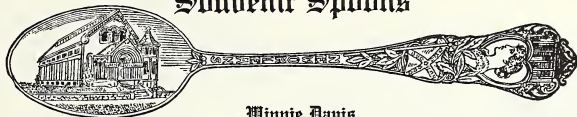
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1906.

NO. 5. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM.
PROPRIETOR.

REPORTS OF THE REUNION.

An impression has long prevailed that the succeeding issue of the VETERAN to a general Reunion would contain elaborate reports of the proceedings. For two or three reasons this is impracticable. Those in charge of the different organizations, who furnish official reports are absorbed in the preparations for weeks previous; then they are weary at the close, and must, as a rule, give diligent attention to their private affairs "to make up for lost time," so that considerable delay can hardly be avoided. Some important official reports are herein given, but there are more to follow in succeeding numbers. Those who remit for the "Reunion VETERAN" would find it interesting and profitable to order it for a year. No two or three issues comprise all that pertains to Reunion proceedings.

"The greatest Reunion ever held" has become the usual expression, and it is generally regarded a correct statement by many of the Veterans and by the city entertaining, as new

greetings are had with friends who have not met before. The recent gathering in New Orleans was manifestly deficient in the number of Veterans attending. This will be the invariable rule of the future. At Richmond, early in June, 1907, when the great monument is to be dedicated to President Davis, there will doubtless be the greatest gathering of Veterans that ever will be on the earth. But it need not be considered the last; for, although the suggestion is frequently made that "there will not be many more Reunions," it was clearly manifest at New Orleans that a large percentage who were there are yet vigorous in health, and as the years go by they are more and more enthusiastic in perpetuating "the story of the glory," in the participation of which they are prouder than of all other achievements in life. The Sons of Veterans were more in evidence than at any former Reunion, and the more they associate with their seniors the more zealously enlisted do they become.

The new order of having the Confederate Southern Me-



CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG FORMED ON LEE MONUMENT MOUND OF SCHOOL CHILDREN, WHO SANG AS THE PARADE MOVED BY IT.

memorial Association hold their services in the hall of the Veterans and as a part of the general programme has become a pleasing and attractive feature.

The various sponsors and their maids of honor, while a charming and most attractive feature, do not so absorb the interests of Veterans and so occupy their entertainers as has formerly been the case.

Mistakes have ever been and will continue to be made. A notable one at New Orleans was in the lack of reservations for Veterans at public functions in the auditorium. Comrades have often been given such prominence that they have had reservations set apart for their special use.

A paper from Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson paying tribute to the late Mrs. J. M. Keller, of Arkansas, an appeal for harmony and good will in U. D. C. organizations, and other important matters, is held over for the June issue except the closing paragraph, which is as follows: "The Executive Committee of the U. D. C. sent to the President of the California Division a check for five hundred dollars to be used for relief work in San Francisco and other towns in California where there are Chapters in distress, and the Recording Secretary has been instructed to send letters to every Chapter asking for a donation for that purpose. I do hope the response will be generous, for I hear of some sad losses among our Daughters. The historian of the Jefferson Davis Chapter in San Francisco lost everything she had except the clothes she wore. This is just to show you the need of the money for the relief of those whom it is our first duty to care for. The custodian of the flags and pennants writes me they are safe."

Reports from State Conventions, United Daughters of the Confederacy, are held over for the June issue. Any supplemental matter for these should be sent promptly. Let all reports be condensed as closely as practicable to contain the facts that should be of record. All States and sections should be equally considered.

INVITATION TO RICHMOND.

Mrs. Nellie Hotchkiss (George S.) Holmes, of Charleston (formerly Mrs. M. McCullough, of Virginia), President of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, Richmond, invited the Veterans to attend the monument dedication:

"Commander in Chief, Officers, and Comrades of the United Confederate Veterans: As I stand before you to-day there come to me the words of a familiar old hymn, the line running: 'A charge to keep I have.' Now it would appear that a charge implies a trust confided, a work to be done, and an account to be rendered. Such a charge was given to us when you, the United Confederate Veterans, in 1899 transferred to the United Daughters of the Confederacy the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, through its President, the Hon J. Taylor Ellyson. The present Jefferson Davis Monument Association was then formed, and the President's office was bestowed on me. You pledged your hearty support and gave us all the funds you held. During these six years we have labored earnestly—each Director in her State; the Directors from the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, with Mrs. W. J. Behan, President; the Central Committee, under Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Chair-

man—concluding with the bazaar in 1907, and the most generous love offering from the Confederate Memorial and Literary Society of the Confederate Museum, through Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President.

"All funds have been collected by our Treasurer, Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, and conveyed by her to our bonded Treasurer, Mr. John Ellett, and he has invested them so well that we now have the full amount required to complete the Davis monument.

"Mr. William Churchill Noland has the architectural setting partially constructed, and Mr. Edward Valentine will complete the statutes of Mr. Davis and the Vindicatrix within the year.

"The Advisory Board of Veterans, Messrs. Bryan, Ellyson, Taylor, Richardson, Christian, and Ellett, are ever ready to give their aid and advice in the practical details of the erection of the monument.

"Do not all our memories recall another 'charge' when you assailed the enemy's ranks with that Rebel yell of yours, which will always echo through the halls of time? This day I am here representing the Jefferson Davis Monument Association to capture your ranks, turn the left flank of your hearts and the right flank of your heads, and set your columns marching northward once more! Will you not surrender and be paroled to come next year (1907) for your greatest Reunion and camp again at Richmond, on the James? Then on June 3, while the bells ring, the bugles blow, the volleys of musketry rattle, and the cannon roar, give again that Rebel yell from your dear gray-clad ranks, while with thankful hearts and tearful eyes we unveil the monument to Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States of America? Dear comrades, will you not come, knowing that open hearts, open hands, and open doors await you in the Old Dominion of Virginia?

"Thus will we honor our great official—the good Christian, patriot, and President—Jefferson Davis, whose patient gray head faced battle, prison, and exile on our behalf, and we of the South do not forget."



MISS LLEWELIE BAMBERG, BAMBERG, Sponsor South Carolina Division, U. C. V.



MISS LELIA REEVES, RUSK, TEX., Chief Maid of Honor Trans-Mississippi Department, U. S. C. V.

The motion was seconded by Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, Association Treasurer and member of the Richmond Chapter.



MISS ELIZABETH ORR HENRY, GREENVILLE, S. C.,
Maid of Honor South Carolina Division, U. D. C.

CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

This Confederation held its seventh annual convention in the hall of the New Orleans Progressive Union. The sessions were largely attended by delegates from Memorial Associations of the South, which were organized immediately after the surrender at Appomattox.

The opening session was called for 9 A.M. Wednesday, April 25, and Rev. E. Gordon Bakewell, Chaplain of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., offered the prayer. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Hon. Martin Behrman, Mayor of New Orleans, Maj. Gen. Albert Estopinal, commanding the Louisiana Division of U. C. V., Mr. W. O. Hart, of Camp Beauregard, U. S. C. V., and the Presidents of the New Orleans Chapter and Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C. Beautiful musical selections were rendered, and Capt. Fred Le Cand, of the Natchez (Miss.) Camp, U. C. V., recited a patriotic poem, entitled the "Rebel Yell," which was highly appreciated.

The principal work before the convention was the election of officers to serve for a term of three years, as provided for in the charter. The election resulted in the election of Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, as President for the third term. The Recording Secretary, Miss D. M. L. Hodgson, of New Orleans, a most zealous and indefatigable worker, was re-elected, as were Mrs. George A. Williams, Corresponding Secretary, and Mrs. Charles G. Wright, Treasurer. The office of Historian has been ably filled by Miss Mary Ashe Hall, of Augusta, Ga., and she too was re-elected. The State Vice Presidents are as follows: Alabama, Mrs. J. C. Lee, Montgomery; Arkansas, Mrs. J. D. Walker, Fayetteville; Florida, Mrs. W. D. Chipley, Pensacola; Georgia, Mrs. R. L. Nesbitt,

Marietta; Kentucky, Mrs. Zylla Moore Cardin, Vieu; Louisiana, Mrs. Alden McLellan, New Orleans; Mississippi, Mrs. M. A. Stevens, Vicksburg; Missouri, Mrs. Leroy B. Valliant, St. Louis; North Carolina, Mrs. Garland Jones, Raleigh; South Carolina, Mrs. Alice A. G. Palmer, Charleston; Tennessee, Miss Missie Ault, Knoxville; Texas, Mrs. Sterling Robertson, Waco; Virginia, Mrs. Shelton Chieves, Petersburg.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph, President of the Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., invited the Confederated Southern Memorial Association to be present at the unveiling of the Jefferson Davis Monument, which is to take place in Richmond June 3, 1907, during the U. C. V. Reunion in that city.

Resolutions of thanks were offered to President Roosevelt and the United States Congress for the passage of the Foraker bill, to Hon. J. B. Foraker, to Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, of Washington, D. C., and to Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, for their untiring efforts which resulted in the passage of the bill providing for the care of Confederate graves in Northern cemeteries. Mrs. Arthur E. Johnson, of Washington, D. C., and sponsor for Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, U. C. V., being present, was introduced to the convention, and was applauded for the valuable assistance she had rendered the committee in charge of the Foraker Bill.

A resolution was adopted and a committee appointed to design a form of membership certificate. A valuable document it will prove to be, and one that can be handed down to posterity. The committee consists of Mrs. Shelton Chieves (Chairman), Mrs. George A. Williams, and Miss Sue H. Walker. This certificate will be ready before the next Reunion, and persons desiring to acquire one can do so by written applications to the chairman, giving name of applicant and title of association, the application to bear the signatures of the President and Secretary of the association of which the applicant is a member.

During the two days of the convention a delicious lunch was served to delegates and visitors in the hall adjoining the Convention Hall, and "Confederate fans" were dispensed as favors. A reception was tendered by the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans to Mrs. Braxton Bragg, honorary member of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, on Thursday evening in the Palm Garden, St. Charles Hotel, from 5 to 7 P.M., and crowds of Veterans and Sons of Veterans came to grasp the hand of the widow of General Bragg, a great commander of the Army of Tennessee.

The Convention closed its session at 4 P.M. Thursday, April 26, and adjourned to meet in Richmond, Va., with the Veterans next year.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association was assigned a place in the parade. According to custom, two carriages were occupied by officers and delegates. A carriage was provided also for Mrs. Braxton Bragg; but, owing to the feeble condition of her health, she was prevented from accepting the honor. These carriages occupied a position immediately behind the guests of Gen. Stephen D. Lee.

During the three days of the Reunion the Confederated Southern Memorial Association had headquarters in the St. Charles Hotel. Mrs. Joseph R. Davis, Chairman, and the members of her committee received with gracious hospitality the crowd of distinguished visitors who called to pay their respects to the "Women of the Confederacy."

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association returned thanks formally but in most cordial terms to the various individuals and organizations extending courtesies and favors.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

The sketch by Alexander H. Stephens of Meredith P. Gentry promised in this issue is held over for the June number. It will also contain other data of Mr. Stephens.

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.—Mrs. J. Lloyd Tedford, President R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Columbus, sends notice to the VETERAN: "Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Cemetery June 9, 1906. Contributions of flowers or money are solicited by R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C. Send flowers to Room 204 Eberly Building and money to Miss Queen Ammel, Corresponding Secretary, 60 Cleveland Avenue." Colonel Knauss continues to be zealously interested.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

THE BATTLE ABBEY REPORT.—Gen. Clement A. Evans communicates the reports of the Executive Committee, Secretary and Superintendent. The Executive Committee comments on the Underwood suit, the appeal in which is still pending. The committee is anxious to go ahead with the building in spite of the suit, and tried to get the consent of Peter Rouss, son and executor of C. B. Rouss, to do so, he to retain the balance of \$40,000 due from the Rouss estate and the committee giving security that he shall not be harmed, whatever the result of the suit. As the \$100,000 has been secured to meet the \$100,000 offered by Mr. Rouss, and as Peter Rouss has assured the committee that he would pay the balance as soon as he was released from the suit, the committee could not see how he could object to the proposition. He declines to act while the case is in litigation. The great want is an individual or individuals who will show their interest by making liberal contributions toward completing the plans. Sites are in view, but action has been postponed. The report is signed by Robert White, Chairman.

The Secretary and Superintendent tells of his activity in endeavoring to raise funds and of the interest aroused by the various monument contributions and benevolent enterprises of the Confederacy. It is hoped that the hall may be under construction at the time of the Reunion in Richmond.

The Treasurer's report shows that he has in his hands \$106,073.93, and that he has the note of the city of Richmond for \$50,000, which can be converted into cash at any time, and that there are two reliable subscriptions of \$5,000, making a total of \$206,073.93. More money will be needed for furnishing and for the statues and portraits for the Hall of Fame. Dr. J. William Jones is Secretary and Superintendent and George L. Christian is Treasurer.

FLOATS SUGGESTED FOR REUNIONS.

BY JOSEPH A. WILSON, CAMP 648, U. C. V., LEXINGTON, MO.

An idea came to me while at the last Louisville Reunion, and I talked it over with some of the boys, who thought it good. As it is an onerous and unnecessary task on our old boys to walk several miles in the hot sun on stony streets at these Reunions, why not prepare a lot of floats, such as are used in New Orleans at their carnivals, and let the "foot soldiers" ride? There is always a long column of horsemen, generals and their staffs, also a line of carriages.

Seats could be arranged crosswise on the floats, so that the men would be six or eight abreast, and two good horses could haul twenty-five or thirty men on each float. They could then sit at ease and see as well as be seen, and not be tired out when the parade is over.

I do not speak for myself, for I am a surveyor, accustomed to long tramps almost daily, and a walk of six or seven miles is mere recreation; but there are many older men and many more unused to walking, and I know it is a great hardship to them. On this account a number of good men are debarred from taking part in our parades, and I would like to see every comrade who attends a Reunion take his place in the procession. Flags, music, etc., would be carried on the floats as well or better than by weary old men on foot.

I have attended many State and general Reunions since the war, and I always walk and feel proud to do so. I could carry a small man on my back, but "there are others."

SAM DAVIS MONUMENT FUND.

In the report of Mrs. E. H. Hatcher, Chairman of the Sam Davis Monument Committee, in the Memphis meeting, May 2-4, for the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., she stated:

"Last winter I mailed to each Chapter President a letter asking that they do what they could for the Sam Davis Fund. From these letters I have received \$87, making with the \$421.25 heretofore reported \$508.25. As Mrs. White has told you, the United Daughters gave us \$500, a most generous gift, which brings the amount collected by the committee to \$1,008.25, and Mr. Cunningham has about \$3,000.

"It has been four years since the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., decided to stand sponsor for this monument, and the apathy which has fallen upon us is beyond understanding. When have the women of the Confederacy failed in anything upon which they put their hearts? Shall the Sam Davis monument be the first to bear the stamp of failure? No, a thousand times no! I do not believe it of the women of Tennessee. We will not let this grow cold in the hearts of its friends.

"Some of the Chapters write me: 'We don't want to build monuments; we must care for the old soldiers.' God forbid that they should be neglected! Look in lovely Forrest Park at the monument to General Forrest. The old soldiers were not forgotten while the money for this was being gathered, the Home Committee doing its grandest work during the past three years. The laurels of a general are won in the heat and the stress of battle, fired by the sight of man against man, the flag so dear floating over them and sometimes mid strains of martial music. We can understand how brave men can rise to heights of fame under such conditions. But this lad, a prisoner in the camp of his enemies, calmly laid down his life in its flower rather than betray a trust. The general commanding, moved to sympathy by the very pity of it, offered to spare his life and give him liberty again if he would but give him the information he possessed in confidence and on his honor; but he was not to be tempted.

"We women of Tennessee should build this monument to honor a boy so noble and as an object lesson to our sons.

"'Heroic deeds are deathless, and they live

Unmarred while empires crumble into dust;

They master fame, and life and glory give

To storied urn and animated bust."

While it would seem from the foregoing that the Tennessee Daughters assume the responsibility (all honor to them in so doing!), the fact is that all noble people are interested in the enterprise to worthily honor this Christlike hero.

REPORT OF HISTORY COMMITTEE.

[The official report of Gen. Clement A. Evans, Chairman of the Historical Committee.]

NEW ORLEANS, April 26, 1906.

To the Convention of the United Confederate Veterans: With fervent gratitude the Historical Committee refers first to the remarkable prosperity of our country at large during the last two years. Our own Southland exhibits with all sections the hue of industrial health, and is making the stride of invigorated progress. So evident and significant are the tokens of general Southern thrift that they have drawn to the Southern States the earnest and gratified attention of our countrymen everywhere. It is true that in the aforesaid time of the South there were memorably sad events too tragic for trifling, too deeply engraved in the mind to be forgotten, too forcibly told in historical records to ever become obscure, and surely too hallowed to be used as fuel for the fire of unpatriotic passions. But now around us rise the proofs which gratify our Confederate memories, while they certify the wisdom and courage of our conduct in peace and war, and satisfy the mind of this generation that the patriotic course of our people deserves the high regard now bestowed on them by patriots in all the States of the Union.

The recovery of the Southern States from the disasters of war was deplorably slow. The destruction of the people's prosperity, the sudden revolution of their lawful system of labor, the general lack of livelihood, the social and political uncertainties with which they were enthralled, and an unjust distrust of their patriotism were serious impediments for years. And yet, despite all the distressing repressions of their energies, the day of returning prosperity broadened from decade to decade until it seems now to be nearing the splendor of the noontide. Statistical figures stagger with the weight of present significant information concerning the general Southern progress, and this feature of the status shows that the South is steadily winning its industrial independence.

The next subject requiring our attention is the course of history and general literature, so far, at least, as they affect our Southern country. The reputation of the people of the South is so dear to themselves that they insist upon a fair portraiture in history. The true story of the people who formed the Confederacy and fought its battles is of more value to the future citizens of the South than all the property lost in that struggle. The character of a people who, in the language of Gladstone's famous compliment, had "created a nation" is worth for future influence more to the United States than the billions expended in preventing their success in the effort to secede. When the general character of our wondrous nation has been formed, it will be known that the South brought its fairest offerings to construct the nobler nationality of this republic.

It is truly gratifying to ourselves as Confederate soldiers that the great interests dependent on accurate history and pure literature have not been neglected during the general commercial advance. This fair field is more pleasing to contemplate because it is becoming cleared of such noxious weeds and thorns as unpatriotic suppressions, sectional expressions, ungenerous treatment of illustrious men, and other stimulants of hatred. In the main the writers of all literature which specially concerns the events of Confederate times have become better informed, more sincere, less partisan, more national. The increase of books relating to the South has been remarkable, and in the general tone of the new issue there is a decided abandonment of the former sectional rancor and

unfair treatment. This fact is very gratifying to all Confederate associations, because it is responsive to their effort to have a patriotic literature uncorrupted by personal prejudice.

The Southern part of the Union is a rich field, awaiting all honorable workers in history, biography, story, romance, and song. Writers of Southern or Northern fame and young aspirants to literary renown may move upon this fair field and find material abundant. Southern literary talent, with its peculiar distinguishing traits, is in demand, and national recognition will be awarded the names of those who triumph. The one great principle, however, which must be sacredly regarded by all writers is that the essential truths of United States history are the rightful common property of all the people of our country. The artful suppression of important historical truths must be construed as an intentional creation of false impressions. It is a criminal hiding of a piece of the common property, and therefore this body of Confederate soldiers has uniformly and earnestly insisted on fullness, fairness, and facts in the history of our common government. The survivors of the Confederate armies have never admitted that there is any reason in the old barbarous saying that victors write the history of war, and their protest has been ever vehement against the application of the inhuman cry, "Vae victis," to the overpowered South. Truth in history is as much worth to the people of the United States at the present height of their growing power as any other element of national greatness; and therefore the truth must not be sacrificed by the spirit that would bring woe to any conquered people, nor sacrificed by the sordid spirit which would despoil the vanquished of their honorable record, nor by the yet more venomous spirit that deflowers history of the purity which is its crowning glory.

It will also be borne in mind that in the course of these reports and special papers submitted to the consideration of the United Confederate Veterans we have condemned with special emphasis the unfairness of those schoolbooks which treat Southern questions in the sectional spirit, and we are still in earnest on driving all such books out of the schools. Why should Northern boys and Southern boys be taught any known untruth as a part of their country's history? Why should not both be taught to respect each other, and thus lay a foundation in the schools for the subsequent relations which will come in manhood? Why should there be education in prejudice rather than in patriotism? A history of the United States written for use in schools and homes where facts are told in fullness and fairness would be properly classed as national literature. A collection of the best illustrations of heroism, the best acts of devotion to our country, the best ~~examples~~ made for the principles on which our republic is founded, the noblest patriotic utterances, the instances of distinguishing valor, the displays of devotion to duty, together with all the best thoughts, words, and deeds of patriots in civil and military life, would be literature for our schools and homes which would soon cast the sentiment of our countrymen into one patriotic mold.

Referring further to Confederate literature in all its forms, the committee here repeats with emphasis its statement at the last reunion concerning the great value of our chosen organ, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published monthly at Nashville. This faithful auxiliary is prospering equally with all other public interests, and we recommend that all Camps and officers of this association make special effort at once to double the present number of its subscribers. It is also proper in this connection to state that the twelve articles recommended to be prepared for publication serially in the VETERAN have not yet been prepared, and therefore have not appeared.

Education in patriotism as one of the objects of this Association is the third subject to which the Historical Committee makes reference in this report. The year just gone is noted for continued and increased attention to special education in patriotic public spirit. Confederate soldiers know that true patriotism is a solid platform on which they and all good citizens of these United States can stand together. There can be no vicious sectionalism in the pure patriot's heart, and there will be none in his acts. Love of country moves the citizen to respect the convictions, honor the bravery, and defend from detractor the fame of a brother patriot. Love of country is a sentiment which inspires the truest loyalty in word and deed, and it should be inwrought with all other education into the character of American citizens. Now in order that this great educational purpose shall be made effective, the Confederate organizations and Southern people are maintaining memorial halls for the custody of relics and records, painting and statuary which illustrate their ideals. They have built hundreds of monuments, and every memorial stone perpetuates acts of patriotic heroism. They have consecrated cemeteries for their Confederate dead, to which fair women go and strew the graves with flowers. Their public patriotic gatherings continue to increase, and those of the last year were the most enthusiastic. Reunions of Confederate soldiers by camps, counties, regiments, and brigades occur everywhere in the South every year. The reunions of Divisions in the several States and the great general Reunions, such as that we now enjoy in this magnificent city, have made the most remarkable and durable impressions. All these are effective means through which the Southerners in our country are truly the most patriotic people in the world. In fact, the social atmosphere is permeated with the true spirit of patriotism, as the result of an inheritance which is being nurtured by Ladies' Memorial Associations, Daughters of the Confederacy, Children of the Confederacy, United Sons of the Confederate Veterans, the Confederate Veterans themselves, and the masses of the people. On public occasions the national stars and stripes and the flags of the Confederate armies, under which great battles were lost and won, are conspicuous objects of enthusiastic regard. The inspiring airs which stir all hearts are such tunes as "America," "My Old Kentucky

Home," the "Bonny Blue Flag," the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Maryland, My Maryland," and, best of all, the one tune loved by all the world—our own thrilling Southern "Dixie."

Thus with banners, badges, and martial music, with songs, speeches, and parades, with flowers, tears, and shouts, our liberty-loving South was electrified last year with those patriotic sentiments which will not let allegiance to our reunited country grow cold nor the sublime memories of the departed Confederacy die.

Should any ask why these demonstrations continue, we answer that they evince openly the spirit of the Southern people, they educate the youth of the South in patriotism, they celebrate the heroic sacrifices which a noble people made for their convictions, and they all manifest the truth that the chivalric loyalty of the Southern people can be depended on in times of peace and war.

If any should foolishly ask the old Confederate soldiers, "When will your Reunions cease? When will you cease to bear your banner in public parade? When will you cease to stir the world with the strains of Dixie?" they will answer without the slightest feeling of defiance that they will cease to hold reunions when they cease to live, and not until then. They will say that the revered flag which is the ensign of their comradeship may be folded when the last Confederate warrior's soul has taken its flight, and not until then, and that the strains of immortal "Dixie" as a national air to be used in celebrating the great glory of our reunited republic will thrill the hearts of our countrymen forever.

Concluding this report, the committee admonishes you that the Confederate soldiers have heretofore made history which the graver's tool will cut into imperishable monumental forms and the writer's pen will record with fidelity in durable volumes, but there remains the grave fact that you are making history yet. Therefore let these historic Confederate men so order their lives in brotherly kindness, in fidelity to their honor, in allegiance to their country, and in the uprightness of all conduct that there shall never come a stain upon the Confederate name

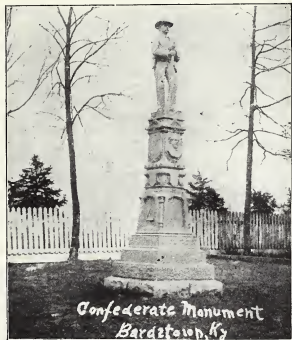
CLEMENT A. EVANS, *Chairman*;
S. G. FRENCH, *Florida*;
G. D. JOHNSTON, *Alabama*.
J. W. NICHOLSON, *Louisiana*.



SCENES OF THE REUNION PARADE ON CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS, APRIL 27, 1906.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, BARDSTOWN, KY.

The Confederate monument erected by the Memorial Association of Bardstown, Ky., of which Mrs. A. B. Baldwin is President, does honor to that people. It is of white bronze and weighs three thousand pounds. The cost of the monument was nine hundred dollars. The amount of money on hand not being sufficient to meet the cost, Mr. A. B. Baldwin and wife generously donated the rest, and the stone which supports the monument was obtained from their home place.



The monument, therefore, is up and paid for; and not only represents a living tribute to our Confederate dead, but silently speaks of the courage and patience of "the one woman," who, under the most trying circumstances, clung to the aim and desire of her life, that some day the realization of her hopes would be crowned with success.

The memorial represents an infantry fully equipped resting on his gun. Beneath his feet in bas-relief is a fine medallion of the beloved leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee. Below on several tablets are the following appropriate inscriptions:

"This monument is erected to the memory of the sixty-seven brave men buried here, who lost their lives in the service of the Confederate government."

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

"Marble tells not of their valor's worth;
Nameless, they rest in quiet earth."

"We care not whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay;
Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same,
They died and wore the gray."

The President of the Ladies' Memorial Association, having completed the work, hands the tribute of love over to the Crepps Wickliffe Chapter, U. D. C., and offers a willing hand to aid in any like work; but her work of caring for the lot will continue. The various sides of the monument have designs of crossed swords, cannons, and guns stacked. Various garlands of roses, etc., are intertwined about the tablets. The

Camp of U. C. V. and the Crepps Wickliffe Chapter feel that a noble work has been accomplished in the completion of this memorial. When the visitor to the little city of the dead casts his eyes upon the monument of Confederate gray, he will feel that the cause of the Confederacy, though overthrown, is not forgotten, and that while the brave sixty-seven "rest from their labors their works follow them."

BEAUREGARD'S "GENERAL ORDER NO. 62."

In a recent contribution to the VETERAN there is copied an old order by General Beauregard complimenting the bravery of the 3d Texas Dismounted Cavalry in a charge against a largely superior force of the Federals in the battle of Corinth, Miss., in which Private J. N. Smith was especially distinguished for his bravery. R. G. Childress, of Roscoe, Tex., his brother-in-law, located the order after diligent inquiry in the office of the County Court at Waco, Tex., where it had been placed on record by Comrade Smith, long since gone to his reward. In the charge mentioned this gallant comrade, who belonged to Company B, had his right arm shot off and was discharged. The order is as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPT., BALDWIN, JUNE 4, 1862.

"General Order No. 62.

"The general commanding takes great pleasure in calling the attention of the army to the brave, skillful, and gallant conduct of Lieutenant Colonel Lane, of the Third Regiment Texas Dismounted Cavalry, who with two hundred and forty-six men on the 29th ult. charged a largely superior force of the enemy, drove him from his position, and forced him to leave a number of his dead and wounded on the field. The conduct of this brave regiment is worthy of all honor and imitation. In this affair Private J. N. Smith was particularly distinguished for brave and gallant conduct in the discharge of his duty and was severely wounded. To him on some future occasion will be awarded a suitable 'badge of honor.'

"By command of General Beauregard.

GEORGE W. BRENT, Acting Chief of Staff.

"Official copy: M. M. Kimmell, Maj. and A. A. G."

DRAWING FOR SWEETHEARTS IN C. S. A.

BY DR. CHARLES B. JOHNSON, CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

During the War between the States I was in the Federal army, and not long before its close with my command participated in the Mobile campaign. Shortly before the fall of Mobile a Confederate mail bag was captured, and after being opened and duly inspected at brigade headquarters its remaining contents were thrown upon the ground near my tent. I became interested in looking over a number of communications that were intended for other eyes. Among the letters that especially interested me the following is a copy:

"NEAR AUGUSTA, GA., March 2, 1865.

"Unknown Friend: Being confined to our tents to-day in order to have some pastime, Mr. Kennedy, of the 55th Tennessee Regiment, Quarles's Brigade, proposed the names of several young ladies of his acquaintance. The names were all put on slips of paper and then in a hat; each one had to draw per ballot, and to write to the lady whose name he drew. Among eight names, I drew yours, and in compliance with my promise you will excuse my presumption in writing to you. I will refer you to Mr. Kennedy, who is a friend of yours, and also a particular friend of mine. I am quite a young man and an Alabamian by birth, have been soldiering

for four years, have passed through many dangers seen and unseen, and by the kindness of an overruling Providence I am still spared by God's mercy. I hope to live to see this cruel war over, and that I may then find some loving and confiding companion and with her glide smoothly down the stream of time hand in hand until we reach the valley of death, and then I hope we will have so lived that we can then launch out upon the unknown future and ride safely into port. I have no news that will interest you. We are in camp of direction awaiting orders. I think we will go to Montgomery, Selma, or Mobile. If we go to Mobile, I will be happy to form your acquaintance.

"Hoping you will write in answer, I remain your sincere but unknown friend,

JAMES A. McCauley,
1st Ala. Reg., Co. D, Quarles's Brigade, Army of Tenn."

The above letter, like all the others, was taken from its envelope before it fell into my hand; consequently the name of the lady addressed is not known to me. Had it been, I think that after the war I should have forwarded the letter to her. Under the circumstances I can only wonder "what might have been" had the letter reached its destination.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT MARSHALL, TEX.

On the 19th of January, 1906, there was unveiled at Marshall, Tex., a beautiful Confederate monument, erected through the efforts of the local Daughters of the Confederacy. About three years ago the idea occurred to Mrs. T. A. Elgin, then and now President of their Chapter; and in speaking to friends of it she received so much encouragement that a list was started, and subscriptions soon began to come in from all over our country till the fund became large enough to consider the monument secured. The design was gotten up by Mr. Frank Teich, of Llano, and shows the youthful figure of a Confederate soldier, his hat slightly pushed back as on a hot day. Across his shoulders is his blanket roll, he has haversack and canteen, and is holding his gun at parade rest. The figure is strongly modeled and impressive in the expression of determined youth. The clay model was made in plaster of Paris and shipped to Italy, where the sculptor went to have the figure carved from a block of fine marble. The monument is made of Teich granite, quarried near Llano, and said to be superior to Vermont granite. It rises out of a circle sixteen feet in diameter. The base is nine feet square and the monument is nineteen feet high. On the front of the east side is carved a Confederate flag entwined with a laurel wreath and palm leaf, signifying the charge and the grief that followed, the flag representing that no victory is won without the lifeblood of its heroic defenders.

South side:

"Soldiers, you in the wreck of gray
With the brazen belt of the U. S. A.,
Take our love and tears to-day.
Take, then, all that we have to give,
And by God's help while our heart shall live
It shall keep in its faithful way
The camp fire lit for the men in gray—
Aye, till trumpet sound far away
And the silver bugle of heaven play
And the roll is called at the judgment day."

West side: "Erected in memory of our Confederate soldiers by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Marshall Chapter, No. 412. The love, gratitude, and memory of the people of the South shall gild their fame in our eternal sunshine."

North side:

"No more they hear the Rebel yell,
Where battle thunders rose and fell;
'Tis now a welcome and a cheer
To friends, to foemen, far and near;
And Peace, sweet Peace, born of despair;
Walks forth and sheds her radiance fair
Upon lost fields of honor."

High up above the main part are four bas-reliefs representing the four arms of the service. The cannon with its stock of balls on the side refers to the artillery, the crossed muskets to infantry, sabers to cavalry, and anchor to the navy.

The monument was erected on the east side of the courthouse yard, and upon this very ground several companies were sworn into service during the early part of the war, the most notable of which was Company D of the 7th Texas Regiment. This company was organized, drilled, and enlisted here, taking the oath of allegiance to the Confederate government on a spot near where the monument stands, and in the late summer of 1861 left for the seat of war, and was engaged in many of the bloodiest battles. Of the ninety-one names on the roster when leaving Marshall, seventy-three have crossed over the river. Five of the survivors live in Marshall—A. G. Adams, Samuel Burnett, Conrad Fisher, W. C. Pierce, and Richard Weathersby—and others are scattered over the State. Gen. K. M. VanZandt, of Fort Worth, was captain of the old company when it was organized.



MONUMENT AT MARSHALL.

Information is desired by any comrade of Martin V. B. Grissam, who first served in Company H, 29th Mississippi Infantry, and after a long illness joined a cavalry company under Captain Gartley, serving with it to the end. Address the VETERAN or Mrs. Josephine Grissam Wood, 207 East Third Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

GALLANT CONFEDERATE CAVALRY LEADERS.

At a meeting of women called by Mrs. William Hume, Historian of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., Miss Meta Ewing Orr read an interesting paper that she introduced as follows:

"In speaking of the leaders of the cavalry of the Confederate army, the feeling which rises uppermost is one of unbounded admiration. They were

'The knightliest of the knightly train

That, since the days of old,

Have kept the lamps of chivalry

Alight in hearts of gold.'

"It is impossible in a short paper to do full justice to all the men of dash, daring, and brilliant generalship as well as remarkable strategical ability. The mere recountment of their names—Forrest, Morgan, Stuart, Wheeler, Mosby, Ashby, and others—makes the pulse beat faster and the blood flow with a quicker throb.

"At the beginning of the war the cavalry of the Confederate States was an imposing body of men; and even in the last days of the struggle, when the unity and beauty of a consistent uniform was a thing of the past, when the long line of beautiful soft gray and accouterments, finished in every detail, had been replaced by fragments of many colors and weapons tarnished and broken—even then their fine horsemanship, courage, and splendid bearing distinguished this handful of men whenever and wherever they appeared, whether on the field of battle, on the fatiguing line of march, or even in the moment of retreat. Nearly every man in the Southland was an expert in the saddle. The lovely country, the long sweep of its plains, its valleys and uplands, was especially suited for the cultivation and display of horsemanship, and its luscious grass and rich herbage aided in the breeds of fine horses for which the section is noted. Men and horses

were not strangers to each other, and no one who ever saw a charge of the Confederate cavalry but spoke of it with unrestrained admiration."

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE GENERAL OFFICERS.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of April 25 printed a list of the surviving Confederate generals, thirty-six in number. It is hardly possible to procure an absolutely accurate list. In this list, for instance, Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, one of the three survivors of that rank and the most conspicuous of them all, is omitted. The list is herein reproduced. Any corrections will be appreciated. The lieutenant generals are Alex P. Stewart, Stephen D. Lee, Simon B. Buckner.

Major Generals: S. G. French, L. L. Lomax, Harry L. Flash, M. (?) Garnett, Thomas L. Rosser, Marcus J. Butler.

Brigadier Generals: Francis T. Nicholls, Marcus J. Wright, E. W. Pettus, Roger A. Pryor, Frank C. Armstrong, F. M. Cockrell, S. W. Ferguson, D. C. Govan, William Miller, James H. Lane, T. M. Logan, R. F. Hoke, John T. Morgan, W. H. King, William Cole Harrison, W. P. Roberts, Allen Thomas, J. D. C. Atkins, R. S. Hoke, Charles M. Shelley, R. D. Johnston, Thomas T. Mumford, George D. Johnston, Walter P. Lane, H. B. Lyon, William M. McComb, Eppa Hunton.

GOVERNMENT CARE OF LIVING CONFEDERATES.

BY JUDGE J. N. LYLE, WACO, TEX.

In the March VETERAN I see Gen. S. D. Lee's letter of thanks to the President of the United States for the paragraph in his message recommending that the general government care for the graves of Confederate dead. It is a good thing to be thankful for; but a better would have been a clause in the same message recommending that the Federal government care for the living Confederates, who are suffering by the thousands for food and clothing. A President of the United States took from the South property worth a billion and more dollars "to save the Union" (so stated in his emancipation proclamation). This private property was thus taken for public use without compensation to its owners and in violation of the Constitution of the United States, which declares that private property shall not be thus taken.

No amends have ever been made for this executive robbery, and I know of no better way to compensate the South than to use a part of its value for the support of needy Confederate veterans. Such an appropriation would be pleasing to the owners of the property living and to the spirits of those who are dead. It would be an act of public justice.

PENALTY OF FORGETTING.—At the Reunion in New Orleans three years ago three ladies passed the VETERAN quarters in the vestibule of the St. Charles Hotel and were asked courteously if they had received its current issue. As copies were presented, one of the three, looking into the eyes of the editor, said: "Mr. C—, don't you know me?" The reply was: "Your face is pleasantly familiar, but I can't locate you." Then she said spiritedly: "You have been to my home; I have entertained you and your son; and if you don't know me, I will rot tell you." In the most deferential way he said he was "very, very sorry."—As the trio walked away he felt that the other ladies might mention his son's tragic death; and more through consideration for her than to satisfy his desire to show his appreciation of her hospitality, he walked after them and, addressing her, said: "I beg your pardon; but since you have mentioned my boy, I beg you to tell me who you are." She looked at him half-reproachfully and as if wounded in spirit, and walked on.



MISS BEULAH JEAN THWEATT,

Sponsor for Third Tennessee Brigade, New Orleans Reunion.

CONFEDERATE SECTION ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

[Mrs. Mary Wright Johnson, Historian District of Columbia Division, U. D. C., writes of the Confederate section at Arlington.]

Arlington, the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee and his family until he left it on April 21, 1861, in the firm conviction that his native State and people had the best claim to his services, was taken possession of by the Federal government and utilized as a refuge for the fugitive negro people; and later was also made of avail for the establishment of military hospitals and burial grounds.

The cemetery was established in May, 1864, and it is stated that the first interment was that of George L. Rhinehart, a Confederate soldier of the 23d (or 26th) North Carolina Infantry. Many interments were afterwards made of persons held to be "citizens in rebellion" until as late as the latter part of 1867; but they were not all Confederate soldiers, a few being State prisoners of war, who had been held in the old Capitol Prison in Washington.

In all there were buried there three hundred and seventy-seven persons classed as Confederates, and they were given as honorable interment and care as the Union soldiers, except that the headboards over their graves described them as "rebels," and otherwise bore only the number of the grave and the name of the occupant. The Quartermaster General's Department in the early seventies, under act of Congress, marked the graves of the Union soldiers in all the national cemeteries; and, there remaining a surplus of the appropriation, Quartermaster General Batchelor used it to mark other graves than Union dead, and classed them as rebels, citizens, quartermaster employees, contrabands, prisoners of war, etc., and over their graves erected marble headstones, of similar description for all, as civilians, having upon each of them only the number of the grave and the name of the occupant, so that there was nothing to distinguish the graves of the Confederate soldiers as such from the other classes referred to. In this condition the soldiers' graves remained till the early seventies, when two hundred and forty-one were removed by the States of Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, leaving one hundred and thirty-six.

Until 1898 it was the general impression that all the Confederate dead in the District of Columbia and vicinity, except those at Woodside, Md., had been removed. In August of that year a few Confederate veterans began an investigation, and after diligent and continued research ascertained that there yet remained many overlooked graves of their comrades. They found that those which had not been removed were scattered about the cemetery, which covered an area of two hundred and eight acres, mainly in four irregular and scattered groups, intermingled with the graves of Union soldiers, quartermaster employees, contrabands, refugees, and others, in no way to be distinguished other than by inspection of the register in the office of the superintendent of the cemetery.

President William McKinley made his memorable address at Atlanta, Ga., on December 14, 1898, wherein he said: "And while, when these graves were made, we differed widely about the future of this government, these differences were long ago settled by the arbitrament of arms; and the time has now come, in the evolution of sentiment and feeling under the providence of God, when in the spirit of fraternity we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers. The cordial feeling now happily existing between the North and South prompts this gracious act; and if it needed further justification, it is found in the gallant

loyalty to the Union and the flag so conspicuously shown in the year just passed (1898) by the sons and grandsons of these heroic dead. What a glorious future awaits us if unitedly, wisely, and bravely we face the new problems now pressing upon us, determined to solve them for right and humanity!"

Encouraged by the address of President McKinley, the Confederate veterans who had made the investigation at Arlington organized the Charles Broadway Rouss Camp to secure a betterment in the location and condition of the graves, and petitioned President McKinley on June 5, 1899, setting forth in detail the condition of the graves and that there should be designated a separate plat in Arlington Cemetery, to which should be gathered all the Confederate dead at Arlington and the cemeteries within the District of Columbia, that they should be arranged in divisions according to States, and that appropriate headstones, bearing a legend of the name, rank, company, regiment, and State of the soldier, be placed to mark the grave and a suitable monument be erected to mark the site.

President McKinley expressed his heartfelt sympathy, and directed the Quartermaster General to carry out the measures requested.

Subsequently there were discovered one hundred and twenty-eight Confederate dead in the Soldiers' Home Cemetery, District of Columbia; and these, by direction of the Quartermaster General, were also reburied in the "Confederate Section" of Arlington Cemetery.

Unfortunately, there remained no available money of the annual appropriation for cemeteries to carry out the work at that time. It therefore became necessary to appeal to Congress. Senator Hawley introduced a bill as an amendment to the sundry civil expense bill for \$2,500 for the purpose of reburial and suitably marking the graves of dead Confederate soldiers, which was passed by Congress and approved by the President June 6, 1900.

Nothing was done after this action until April 25, 1901, when the Secretary of War issued an order for the execution of the work, and it was completed by October of that year, excepting the necessary grass sodding, planting of trees and shrubbery, etc., which was not accomplished till the spring of 1903. In June of that year the first memorial ceremonies were held, attended by many of the citizens of Washington.

The attitude of the United States government officials in this matter has been most kindly and sympathetic in every direction and at all times.

Three and a third acres were set aside for a burial ground for Confederate soldiers, named the "Confederate Section," and new headstones of marble have been erected bearing the description of the number of the grave, the name of the occupant, his rank, company, regiment, State, and the letters C. S. A., signifying Confederate States Army.

In addition to the \$2,500 appropriated by Congress for the reburial of the dead and erecting of headstones over them there has been expended out of the annual appropriation for cemeteries more than \$4,000 for grading, construction of carriage roads, ornamenting by trees and shrubbery, etc.

In appreciation of the work the convention of United Confederate Veterans at the Reunion in Memphis, Tenn., in May, 1901, passed a resolution as follows:

"Resolved, That we hereby extend our thanks to the Congress and to the President of the United States for the act of Congress, approved on the sixth day of June, 1900, for the reinterment in Arlington Cemetery of the Confederate dead now in the national cemeteries at Washington, D. C."

Out of the reburial at Arlington arose an investigation by the Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, of Washington, D. C., of the locations and condition of the graves of the Confederate prisoners of war who died in the Federal prisons and military hospitals in the Northern States. It was found that there are 30,152 graves of Confederate soldiers scattered throughout the North. Of this number, 9,300 rest in national cemeteries and receive the same care and attention as given to the graves of the Union dead. The other 20,852 graves are mostly situated on leased lands, the leases of which have long since expired and the lands reverted to the former proprietors. There was danger that all these Confederate graves would be wiped out of existence; but proper protection has been secured in the appropriation of \$200,000 under the bill recently passed, which Senator Foraker introduced by request of this Camp.

TENNESSEE FEDERAL TROOPS IN THE SIXTIES.

Reference made in a recently published paper on "Tennessee Monuments at Chickamauga" to General Forrest's opinion of Federal Tennesseans during the War between the States brings to mind an incident showing another prominent Tennessean's views on the subject, which a comrade relates as follows:

"It was in 1883, I think, when a big military encampment and drill was held at Nashville, at which a number of Northern military companies were in attendance—one from Massachusetts. At that time Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley was engaged in getting up his 'Military Annals of Tennessee,' and he took advantage of the large assemblage of old soldiers at Nashville to interest them in the 'Tennessee Survivors' Association' at a large meeting over which he presided. After many speeches had been made, Dr. Lindsley made some remarks in which he stated that it should not be understood that the association suggested was to be confined to the late War between the States. Gen. W. H. Jackson, of Nashville, arose

and asked him to explain, for the benefit of all present, what the association was intended to embrace. In reply he said that it was to embrace all surviving soldiers of the State of Tennessee, from its earliest history to the present; that any surviving soldier of the Indian wars was entitled to membership on application; all survivors of the Mexican War, of whom there were several present in the meeting, 'and all soldiers of the late war who as Tennesseans were in the Confederate army or the Federal army.'

"Here Dr. Lindsley closed his remarks, and the painful silence which followed indicated that a majority of the audience had not been favorably impressed. Then General Jackson ('Old Red') slowly rose to his feet and spoke about as follows: 'Mr. Chairman, I do not presume to speak for every Tennessee Confederate soldier present, and the suggestion thrown out by your remarks has come too suddenly to permit any consultation with others of my comrades; but in speaking for myself I dare express the opinion that I represent at least a majority of the Tennessee Confederates present in what I shall say. I am always ready to give my hand in friendly grasp and to greet as a soldier and comrade any Northern man, from Maine to California, who, acting on his convictions, as I did on mine, shouldered his musket and fought under the flag of the Union; but [and here he raised his hand and brought out his words deliberately and forcefully] none of your d— Tennessee Federals for me.' From the dead silence of rapt attention in which the vast assemblage had listened there burst out such a storm of prolonged applause and cheers as one seldom hears. Finally, when the audience became quiet enough to hear his voice, he rang out the words: 'The back of my hand to all traitors forever!'

"Again the applause shook the building, and as it died away the speaker who had been chosen for the address to be delivered at a general meeting for the following day turned to General Bate, sitting near, and said: 'I had prepared my speech for to-morrow on lines suggested by Dr. Lindsley, but it is plain that I will have to revise it to suit the Confederate part of my auditors.'

"This was the last 'cuss word' I ever heard from General Jackson, who had become a Church member many years before he died; but never did any speech from his lips more thoroughly electrify an audience than the few words he used on this occasion.

"Dr. Lindsley's book, 'The Military Annals of Tennessee,' was successfully edited and published by him later; but that his proposed Survivors' Association was never a success was doubtless due to the fact that General Jackson voiced the opinion of most Tennessee Confederates."

GENERAL CABELL HONORED BY ARKANSANS.

Veterans of Arkansas who fought under Gen. W. L. Cabell presented him during the New Orleans Reunion with a handsome gold medal.

In the convention of the Arkansas Division Father J. M. Lucey, Chaplain of the Division, advanced to the rostrum, and, holding a beautiful solid gold medal, emblazoned with a tiger's head and suitably inscribed, made a brief address, saying that the gold symbolized his sterling worth and typified the affection of the Arkansas veterans for their old leader. It also represented the enduring nobility of his character. He told how, fifty years ago, as a mere boy, he saw Lieutenant Cabell ride forth from Fort Smith, surrounded by Lomax, Armstead, Armstrong, and others, on his way to meet his



MISS ELLA DEAN CURTIS,
Maid of Honor Texas Division, U. S. C. V.

bride, the daughter of Maj. Elias Rector, Albert Pike's "fine gentleman close to the Choctaw line." He recalled how he had come back, years after, as the commander of one of the armies and had been affectionately dubbed "Old Tige." In conclusion Father Lucy said: "Your army record, General Cabell, is without stain or blemish; and the heritage of your noble deeds during the War between the States in the various departments of your activity will fall to your children as the mantle of the prophet of old fell upon the shoulders of his youthful successor, an emblem of honor and a means for the performance of all that is good and great. You are now in the sunset of your life, you have crossed the summit of the great divide, and you are approaching the grave that is opening to receive you. We too who now greet you are following close on your footsteps *Morituri saluamus*. May, then, the great Father who tempers the winds of heaven to the frailties of humanity deal kindly with your feeble body and receive your reconciled soul into his own bosom, there to remain forever and ever!"

General Cabell was much gratified by this evidence of affection from his old comrades. He said he could not tell them how grateful he was by their remembrance; but he wanted them to know that he appreciated it highly, and would value it amongst his most priceless possessions. He recalled the gallantry and bravery of his Arkansas boys, and said he could always depend on them in emergencies. He concluded with hearty thanks for their gift.

At the conclusion of the presentation of the medal Miss Alicia Wimberley Park, the charming maid of honor for the Trans-Mississippi Department, advanced, bearing in her arms a large bunch of American beauty roses, to which was attached a card bearing the inscription, "From Your Dallas Sweethearts." She presented the roses to General Cabell as an evidence of the love and veneration of the Daughters of Dallas, to whom he had always been the gallant knight and true chevalier.

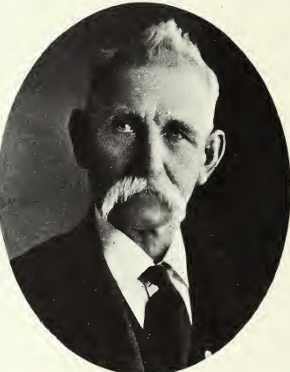
The VETERAN congratulates General Cabell sincerely, and should be gratified to illustrate the handsome medal, which is of the same high order of material and workmanship as that of the writer described in the VETERAN of December, 1905.

"PAT' GRIFFIN'S STORY OF THE TEENTH TENNESSEE.—Ernest Macpherson, of Louisville, Ky., on December 18 1905, wrote to Capt. Patrick M. Griffin, Nashville, Tenn.: "Your narrative of war experiences, as published in the current number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I read with much interest; and when you began to speak of Col. McGavock, my interest was increased, and as a matter of course I read with especial attention the account of your escape from Memphis, which was arranged by my late father, Rev. Cornelius G. Macpherson, who was then President of the Memphis Female College. He had frequently related to me this episode, but I never expected to know the name of the man who trusted him and whom at first he suspected to be a spy. I hope you may live long and prosper."



COMRADE G. G. JAMES.

G. G. James volunteered in the Missouri State Guard June 15, 1861, in Company A, 5th Regiment, and surrendered with the army at Shreveport about the last of May, 1865, belonging to Company B, 1st Battalion (or Perkins's Battalion), 1st Brigade, Missouri Infantry, C. S. A. He was one of the charter members of Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V., of Exeter, Mo. In September, 1902, he removed to Cali-



G. G. JAMES.

fornia, and was a member of Hi Bledsoe Camp, of Santa Ana, until recently, when he went to Texas for the benefit of his health, and is now at Cometa, some thirty miles from Eagle Pass. Wherever he goes Comrade James takes an interest in organizing Confederates of the community or affiliating with them in the work of the organization. The VETERAN has held him as a steadfast friend and patron through all these years.

CAMPS REPRESENTED AT THE RÉUNION.

The record of Camps and the votes allowed each by States is as follows: Alabama, 50 Camps, 171 votes; Arkansas, 47 Camps, 139 votes; District of Columbia, 2 Camps, 7 votes; Florida, 22 Camps, 80 votes; Georgia, 62 Camps, 199 votes; Illinois, 1 Camp, 2 votes; Indian Territory, 21 Camps, 49 votes; Kentucky, 45 Camps, 126 votes; Louisiana, 51 Camps, 170 votes; Maryland, 3 Camps, 11 votes; Mississippi, 69 Camps, 166 votes; Missouri, 29 Camps, 78 votes; North Carolina, 37 Camps, 115 votes; Northwest, 15 Camps, 31 votes; Ohio, 1 Camp, 2 votes; Oklahoma, 11 Camps, 24 votes; Pacific, 7 Camps, 18 votes; South Carolina, 47 Camps, 136 votes; Tennessee, 56 Camps, 181 votes; Texas, 146 Camps, 447 votes; Virginia, 25 Camps, 113 votes; West Virginia, 8 Camps, 20 votes. Total, 755 Camps, 2,315 votes.

Thomas D. Osborne, of Louisville, is Chairman.

MAJOR GENERAL FLORIDA DIVISION.—At the recent State reunion of Florida ex-United States Senator S. Pasco was elected Commander of the Division for the ensuing year.

WITH WHEATON'S BATTERY IN THE WAR.

Reminiscences, Humorous and Pathetic, of a Private Soldier in Camp, in Action, and on the March.

BY CLEMENT SAUSSY, SAVANNAH, GA.

As our people in the Southland are in the habit of going on excursions and picnics, I will tell them of some of the excursions participated in by the men of Wheaton's Light Battery, known before and since the great War between the States as the Chatham Artillery of Savannah. I have been ruminating, as Bill Arp says, and will recall some of those trying times as I remember them. We served most of our time about Charleston Harbor, in Savannah and its vicinity, down in Florida, and with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army up to the surrender, at Greensboro, N. C. On July 2, 1864, a courier from Gen. Taliaferro's headquarters came to our camp in the morning about two o'clock with orders for two guns from Wheaton's Battery to proceed to Rivers Causeway, on James Island, South Carolina. In a few minutes we were going at a brisk trot, and soon came up with Harrison's 32d Georgia Regiment, going at the double-quick. They moved to one side of the road to allow the guns to pass them, and soon we were met by an officer of Gen. Taliaferro's staff, who, after a short conference with our commanding officer, placed the guns in position, and we began a vigorous shelling on an outpost position, where we had been on duty the night before. We soon learned that two guns belonging to Blake's South Carolina Battery had been captured during the night by a negro regiment, the 54th Massachusetts. Blake's men, with their horses, limbers, and caissons, had escaped capture. After giving them a good dose of shrapnel, we ceased firing and the gallant old 32d Georgia took charge of affairs, and there were no negroes left to tell the tale.

This 54th Massachusetts was the same regiment that was in our front at Olustee, Fla., in February, 1864, where we played them the same trick. The guns lost by Blake were retaken, and the picket post was reestablished. Later in the morning of the same day the frigate Pawnee, three turreted ironclad monitors, and five mortar schooners appeared in Stone River in the rear of James Island, and our battery was sent to an exposed position not very far from these vessels, thinking perhaps another attempt to land would be made by the Yankees. All of these vessels opened fire on us, and for about two hours we were subjected to a bombardment of the severest kind. Just to our right was an eight-inch gun replying to this fire, our guns being too light for any use. I saw an eight-inch shell from one of the enemy's mortars burst over this gun, wounding four and killing three of its gunners. One poor fellow who was badly wounded was tied down on some boards to have his limbs amputated. We had no chloroform to administer, and hence the ropes. The poor fellow, cursing and swearing under the terrible ordeal, died while being operated on.

While the shells were falling and bursting about us W. A. Walker inquired of me if I had my rubber blanket. On giving an affirmative answer, he said: "Spread it down and let us lie down and rest." I replied that I thought I could dodge the shells better by remaining standing, but after some persuasion from him yielded; and while we were resting on the blanket a piece of shell about the size of an ordinary saucer came in between us, cutting my shirt and making quite a hole in the blanket. I jumped up, but Walker quietly turned over, looked at the rent, and said: "Look what a hole those — Yankees have made in your nice rubber blanket."

I said: "Yes; and if you remain there, they will make a hole in you."

We had a big fellow named S. in the battery, whose grit was not commensurate with his size. He was using small bushes and any old place he could find to dodge behind as a protection from the bursting shells. Comrade A. W. Harmon and myself, to keep our courage up as well as to have some amusement at S.'s expense, got some small pieces of brick from an old chimney near by, and when a shell would burst we would fire a brick at S. The fellow would jump and cry out that he was hit; but soon the commanding officer found out how S. was being wounded and ordered us to stop, giving us a severe reprimand. Later in the day, as no landing was attempted by the Yankees, we were moved from this exposed position and the same two guns that had shelled the negroes in the morning were sent back to Rivers Causeway. We stopped in a clump of small trees, where the causeway starts through the marsh, and I was detailed by our commanding officer to take all the canteens I could handle and go over the causeway where the dead negroes were. The negroes had dug rifle pits when they landed in the morning, and the depth of a rifle pit made a well of water. I was to fill the canteens from these rifle pits. When I had gone about halfway over the causeway, I heard a shell coming from the Swamp Angel Battery over on Morris Island. We could tell these shells from any others fired around Charleston Harbor by their peculiar sound. The shell fell in the marsh, about two hundred yards from me, without bursting. I looked about to see what they were firing at, for there was a lookout tower near this gun and a man on watch all the time; so I calculated that the charge of powder behind this shell must have been defective, as the gun was used to shell the city of Charleston. Very soon I heard another one coming, and this burst very near me. I got on the off side of the causeway and "coned" along until I reached the rifle pits. Selecting the deepest one, I had begun to fill the canteens when another shell burst near me.

By this time the vessels that had given us such a hot time in the morning turned their guns in the same direction, and for about two hours I was the center of attraction. No one else was there, and I have often wondered why they did so foolish a thing, for the target practice must have cost them at least six or seven thousand dollars and only scared one poor, lonesome Confederate. As I had been without anything to eat since the night before, and it now being about seven in the evening, I began to look about to see if any of the dead negroes lying about me had anything in that line. I saw one big fellow with a fat haversack by his side. I ran from my rifle pit and broke the strap holding the haversack and hurried back to my hole in the ground. On opening the haversack, I found it full of hard-tack. This was a treat, for we had only corn bread. I found several crackers stained with blood, which I threw away, and had a regular picnic.

When the sun went down, the firing from both the Swamp Angel Battery and the vessels ceased, when I returned to the guns. My comrades, who were almost famished for want of water, berated me soundly. We returned to camp without further incident that night.

A few days afterwards I was roaming over James Island with a comrade, and seeing a flock of buzzards flying about some object, we went over to investigate. A cow had been killed by the headquarters people, and they had taken everything but the entrails. For these the buzzards were contend-

ing. We ran the birds away, and found small lots of crude tallow adhering to the entrails. We scraped off this tallow, took it to camp, and put it in boiling water. It made about two pounds of good white tallow, with which we shortened our corn bread for a day or two.

Of course we had to have some amusement as the time passed, and I decided to have some fun with a negro named Joe, who was cook for the "Jeff Davis Mess." He was ignorant and superstitious. I told him the Yankees were going to shell our camp. He lived in a small hut near the mess house, and every night held a solo prayer meeting. While on picket duty at the ordnance stores I had obtained the powder from an eight-inch shell, and then had removed the fuse. The powder I took to camp and made a bomb out of an old canteen, placed it behind Joe's house, and lighted the fuse. A number of the boys stood by with bricks, so that when the bomb exploded they were to pelt the house. The fuse burned too slow, and one of the boys said: "Sausy, go look at the fuse." I crept up, peeped in, and said: "It's burning all right." "Blow it," my companion said, and, without thinking, I blew it and it blew me, for off it went, about two pounds of powder close to my face, blinding my sight for the instant and burning my eyebrows and eyelashes. I fell over, but this was not all. The boys began the brickbat bombardment, and I received my full share of the bricks. Joe was badly scared and ran from the hut. I was temporarily put out of service, but it was fun all the same.

In talking with comrades some months ago about our service in the Confederate army, one of the party said that while Johnston's army was in North Carolina, in March, 1865, he made inquiries as to the whereabouts of Wheaton's Battery; and when it was located, he came over for a short visit. He thought at first sight we were a lot of "niggers," so black were we from smoke and soot, having been continually on the march, and when not marching standing around a lightwood fire, the smoke of which had so blackened us that we did look almost as black as he said. Soap and towels, it must be remembered, were unknown quantities in the Confederate army at that time.

Another amusing incident occurred one night while the battery was on outpost duty just below Fort Johnson, opposite Fort Sumter. We were expecting the Yankees to repeat what they had failed to do a short while before—make a landing from surf boats and capture Fort Johnson. The guns were kept at low-water mark, and moved back and forth as the tide rose and fell. They were double-shotted with canister, and half the men were kept at their posts, while the other half were allowed to sleep in the soft sand above high-water mark. We had orders to make no lights and to be on the constant lookout for any boats. In the battery was an old Irishman, Jimmie Marion. Jimmy wanted to light his pipe, and no light was allowed. At that time I had in my possession the only watch in the battery, the property of Comrade Theus, and was charged with the duty of waking up those who were sleeping to relieve those on duty. To enable me to see the watch dial, I had a vial filled with lightning bugs, which abound on our Southern coast in the summer, and by shaking them up they would emit light enough to see what time it was. Old Jimmy came over to me, and in a whisper said: "Mr. Sausy, for God's sake give me a bug. I am crazy for a smoke, and I am not allowed to strike a light. I must have a light for me pipe." "Why, Jimmy, these bugs won't make any fire and can't light your

pipe." "O yes," he replied, "whatever makes light will surely make fire, so give me one," which I did, and, not being able to get the desired light, his face was a picture to behold, and his words on that occasion will have to be omitted.

During the summer of 1864 rations had become very scarce. Sometimes for weeks we had no meat. The corn meal seemed to have had the cobs ground up with the corn, and in sifting a peck one got only about four quarts. Sour sorghum sirup was issued in place of meat. One night I was on picket duty at the commissary storehouse with George Walker, who was on duty while I slept. Walker waked me up, saying he had found a "mare's nest" and that it was full of eggs. I got up to investigate when he called my attention to a board in the side of the storehouse that could be moved. He had been in the house and found several hogheads of sugar, one being headed up and only half full. "This sugar belongs to the Confederate army," I said, "and why shouldn't we have our share?" We took off our undergarments, tied the bottoms together, and I sat in the hoghead filling them while Walker walked post. When I had filled the unmentionables, Walker handed me the haversack, which I also filled. I came out, replaced the board, and made up our blanket rolls, ready to return to camp as soon as it was daylight. When we arrived, our blanket rolls were of such huge proportions that they attracted attention from some of our messmates. We cautioned them to keep quiet, and, having taken up the floor of our hut, we placed the sugar there and replaced the flooring. Soon after we left the commissary stores the pilfering was discovered, and a guard was sent to make a search for the missing sugar. Blake's Battery, which was in the battalion with us, also furnished men for this picket duty, and they were the ones who had slipped the board and had been taking the sugar before we found it out. On searching Blake's camp, a lot of sugar was found; but our small supply, being securely hid beneath the floor of our little hut, was not discovered when our camp was searched. When I learned that Blake's camp was being searched, I immediately took to the tall timber; for, having sat down in the hoghead to get the sugar, the seat of my trousers had sugar sticking to it and the flies were following me about. This would have been a dead give away; so I remained away until the search was over and returned to enjoy what we considered some of the spoils of war, for, blackberries being ripe at that time, we had a feast.

The incidents I have related were during the good old summer time. I will now give some accounts of our winter picnics. I was at home on sick leave during the latter part of December, 1864, when Sherman's army was nearing Savannah. Having two brothers at that time in prison (one captured in Virginia and the other in North Georgia), I thought it would not be right to have the Federal government give board and lodging to any more of the same family, so I got out from a sick bed and under protest from the attending surgeon returned to my battery near Charleston. Soon after this my home was in the hands of Sherman's army, and the battery was sent from Charleston to a point on the Charleston and Savannah Railway. The weather was bitter cold, with plenty of rain, and in my weak condition I was compelled to sleep on the wet ground, as did all the others of our battery. While on outpost duty on a rice plantation called Chisholmville one bitter cold night two pieces of our artillery were placed on a causeway running through a field. The flood gates had been opened and the field was full of water, which

had frozen hard and thick. The Yankees were reported coming that way from Port Royal, and the two guns were double-shotted with canister to give them a warm reception when they came our way. Comrade A. W. Harmon and myself were sent out to a point on the causeway about five hundred yards in front of the guns as a picket. I was given a pistol, and orders were issued to us, if the Yankees appeared and attempted to move toward our guns to fire the pistol, and the two guns were to be fired on us and the enemy. This certainly was a trying position to be placed in. "Sausy, are you going to fire that pistol and be shot by our own men?" asked Comrade Harmon. "Let us wait and see," I replied. Thank God! the enemy did not show up, and I was spared that terrible duty; for a true soldier always obeys orders.

We had to leave in a short time, for the handful of men of Hardee's army was totally inadequate to hold in check the sixty odd thousand of Sherman's men. We were on the go day and night, with scant rations and very little rest for men and horses. Having been assigned to Butler's Division, of Hampton's Corps of Cavalry, which had been sent down from Virginia, we had to keep up with the horsemen. As the roads were badly cut up by transportation wagons and artillery ahead of us, we, being the rear of our retreating army, were not allowed to ride on the gun or caisson in order to spare our horses as much as possible. The weather was extremely cold, sleet and rail falling nearly all the time. In trying to get warm when we had the opportunity to stop by a fire, we would get so close to the fire that when the wind would shift about us the fire would be fanned against us and would burn our scant clothing, so that from above the knees to the feet we were barelegged. Very few of us had socks, and our shoes were little better than none. I have seen hundreds of poor, half-naked, barefooted Confederate soldiers tramping along on the frozen ground, and ever ready to make a stand and hold the enemy in check until the wagons and other vehicles could get out of danger.

At Columbia our battery shelled Sherman's army all night before he entered the city and burned it. Our battery came near being captured, for by some error we had not been ordered to leave our position below the city until the Federals were at their nefarious work. Then being ordered to retire, and not knowing any route but the one we had taken from the city, we returned that way and found the enemy so busy pillaging and burning when we entered the city that they allowed us to escape. We took a circuitous route, and joined our division at Killian's Mills, about eleven miles from Columbia, after marching about thirty-five miles. We had then been on constant duty, fighting and running for over sixty hours, and were very tired; but by daylight next morning we were on the go again, and then began that rapid retreat before Sherman's army, from thirty-five to forty miles a day.

When Sherman's army was across the river from Columbia and our battery was shelling it all night, a small battalion of Alabama infantry was sent as our support. These men were in the rear of our battery, and just before daylight made up some corn bread and had the ponies cooking in the ashes, intending to enjoy them for breakfast; but ere the bread was cooked they were ordered away, leaving their corn ponies in the fire. Some of the men in Wheaton's Battery learned this, and it was but a short time before we were enjoying this abandoned breakfast, and for the first time ate bread made without salt. Having been on coast defense, we had always been furnished salt.

From these forced marches my feet were so blistered that I was unable to keep up, and asked our gallant captain the privilege of riding on the caisson. He thought I was playing off, and to convince him of my condition I went to a ditch beside the road, broke the ice, washed my feet, and showed him my condition. The entire bottoms of both feet were a mass of blisters. The captain told me I might ride. So I mounted the caisson, tied my old shoes to the handle of the ammunition chest, and there in the bitter cold, with nothing to cover my nakedness from my knees to my toes, was enjoying the cool of the early morning. We had gone about four or five miles on our day's march when I saw some of our boys on the piazza of a country house not far from the road. There were some girls on the piazza; and when I called out to the boys to know what they had, one of them held up a biscuit. Now to a Confederate soldier girls and biscuits were a strong, drawing combination; and, forgetful of my feet, I jumped off the caisson, ran to the house, and received two biscuits.

The battery went on, and I was unable to catch up with it until night, and was compelled to march on the frozen ground for many miles barefooted with bleeding feet. When I reached the battery that night, I thought the end had come, so far as I was concerned; but with that determination that was in every loyal Confederate soldier I kept on with my command, doing my duty day by day until the end came, on April 26, 1865.

When we reached Charlotte, N. C., I met my old schoolmate of boyhood days, Albert Shellman, who was in the 1st Georgia Regiment, then just returning from Hood's disastrous Tennessee campaign. He was barelegged and barefooted, and his clothes were in rags. I had an old pair of shoes, but I was also ragged and barelegged. After we had greeted each other, Shellman said, "Come, let's get something to eat;" for when a Confederate soldier was not fighting, he was thinking of something to eat. "Where are you going to get anything?" I asked. "These people have been begged out, or, if they have anything, they won't give it to you, and I know you have no money." This was the latter part of February or first part of March, and our last pay day had been sometime in December. "O," said Shellman, "you don't know how to work it. Come on." So on we went. Soon we came to a small store with "Baker's Shop" over the door. Shellman went in. A woman and a girl were holding forth. In the show case were a few loaves of bread, but no fishes, and some small cakes, such as you would hardly offer a dog now. Shellman asked the price. The woman replied: "Thirty dollars a loaf for bread and twenty dollars for a cake." After failing to beat down the price, the woman asked what kind of money we had. To my surprise, Shellman pulled from his ragged trousers pocket a two and a half gold piece. It looked as big as the spare wheel on the caisson of Wheaton's Battery. "Where did you get it?" I asked. "O, never mind where I got it," he replied. "I have it, and that is enough." "Old man," I said, "come with me and let me show you where you can get a pair of shoes to cover your bare feet." "O, d— the shoes," he said. "I am used to bare feet, but somehow I can't get used to an empty stomach." The woman, seeing his gold, dropped in price, and we had a regular picnic. When we came out of that bakery, we looked like a pair of aldermen.

When we reached Raleigh, N. C., on our way to Bentonville, Walker was sick enough to go to a hospital, which was

an Episcopal church. The cushioned pews were used as beds for the sick. I called there to see how Walker was getting along. He told me it was about time to serve rations to the patients, and that if I would lie down on the seat behind his pew and look sick I would get a ration. Soon a fellow appeared at the vestry door with a big pan filled with corn pones and fried bacon. I put on the most woe-begone look I could, and, in fear and trembling lest the fraud should be discovered, I awaited the coming of the ration distributor. He handed Walker his two corn pones and a slice of bacon, and then to me he did the same, and passed on. "Now take my portion," said Walker, "for there is an old gentleman who brings me better than this, and as soon as that fellow gets back into the vestry room you get, for the doctor will be along soon, and you may be turned over to the provost." I got out, and in a hurry too, but my! that bread and fat bacon were good. Whenever we had the good fortune to get hold of a piece of bacon, we got all there was in it, boiling it first, saving all of the grease that boiled out, and mixing this with our corn meal; then when we ate our rations, we would put the bread on a rock or whatever was at hand near the fire, put a piece of meat on a long stick, and hold it over the bread, so that in warming any grease that might melt out would drop on the bread, thus saving all.

During our march through North Carolina by some mishap I lost my hat, and was bareheaded for two days. At that time the Yankee prisoners were being moved from Salisbury in box cars, with sentinels at each side door and on top of the cars. As Comrade Jim Freeborn was also bareheaded, I suggested to him that we cut a long sapling, trim it to a brush, on top, take our stand on the top of some deep cut in the hills, and as the trains came along hold the sapling so as to sweep the top of the train and knock off some hats from the sentinels. To this Freeborn agreed, and we were soon ready for business. Very soon a train came in sight, and with a mighty effort we made the sweep and down came several hats. The owners were taken completely by surprise, but soon recovered themselves and fired several shots at us. The motion of the train made their aim uncertain, and we escaped. When the train had passed around the curve, we descended and got two or three fairly good rats.

When we had turned in our battery at the surrender at Greensboro, some of us got together to plan our homeward trip. Our commissary stores were exhausted. We had been promised rations from the Federals, but they were delayed. Some of the fellows concluded to spare some of their scant clothing or whatever they had and trade for provisions to keep us going until the Yankee rations were issued. Some one suggested that we had better boil whatever clothing we could spare, so as to kill the graybacks with which every soldier was more or less infested. One of our men said: "Well, boys, the war is over and we have seen some tough times and been in some hard places, but up to this time I have never had a louse on me, not even when we were in the filthiest of all places, Battery Wagner." We of course doubted his word, but he was positive about it; and, being an expert at trading, we gave him what could be spared to trade to best advantage. Walker had a blue shirt to spare, and said: "Brother Champ, take this shirt and get as many eggs as you can for it, and we'll divide." Champ put the shirt under his arm, and with other articles started off. When he got out of hearing, Walker said, "Well, if Champ has told the truth and has gone through all these years without having any lice

on him, he will surely get his share now, for that old blue shirt is chock-full of them;" and sure enough when Champ returned with his goods in exchange for the clothing he was scratching like the rest of us.

While at Greensboro, N. C., awaiting our final discharge from bankruptcy, into which we had been forced with Gen. Sherman as receiver, Jim Freeborn and I were walking in the town one morning when our attention was called to the strange actions of two Confederate soldiers. We asked them what was up. They told us to go back around the corner and keep quiet, and we would soon find out. This we did, and very soon a fellow came down the street with a bolt of cloth on his shoulder. The two soldiers stepped in front of him and said that they would relieve him of the pack. Being two to one, the fellow gave it up without resistance and retraced his steps. We went over and asked what they were doing. They replied that a lot of miscellaneous stores belonging to the Confederate government were being taken away from the storehouse by men who intended to apply them to their own use. They believed they had as much right to them as anybody, and took that means of getting into the deal. We determined to wait and see if we could not get into the same game, and very soon another fellow came along with a bolt of sailcloth or duck on his shoulder. I stepped in front of him in a menacing manner, and demanded that he turn over his prize. At the same time Freeborn took hold of the cloth; and the man, being a noncombatant, concluded that it was wise to make no resistance. We took the cloth to a merchant and asked him what he would give us for it. He said that he had nothing but Confederate money, which, we of course, did not want. "I'll tell you what I will do," he said. "If you will accept it, I'll have my wife fix up as good a dinner as she can in exchange for the cloth." As eating was uppermost in our minds, we agreed to his proposition. He sent us to his home, a negro boy taking a note to his wife. On reading it, she invited us in. We hesitated about going into a parlor in our ragged, dirty condition, and asked if she could not just put up something to eat in a paper. "No, sir," she said. "Confederate soldiers are more than welcome to anything that I have. Take a seat in the parlor until I can prepare for you the very best that my storeroom possesses." We waited for some time, amusing ourselves looking at books and pictures until she announced dinner. What a feast there was before us! Too many good things to enumerate, and we finished the course with ice cream and cake. Put yourself in the place of these two hungry Confederate soldiers, and you can partly imagine our feelings. And more than that, the dear, good old soul made up a bundle of what we could not eat and gave it to us to take away. The looters must have quit pilfering after having been relieved by our two Confederate boys and ourselves, for we failed to find any more stores so carelessly handled, though we made diligent search.

Speaking of Battery Wagner recalls an incident that happened there in August, 1863. Details from our battery had been sent there on several occasions, and during a heavy bombardment one night a piece of shell entered the bombproof through an opening and cut off a poor fellow's head. The impact had caused the head to be carried about three feet from the body, and it stopped just in front of the face of one of the men in Wheaton's Battery. This man when he awoke in the morning saw a head with eyes protruding, tongue sticking out, neck ragged and bleeding, with no body attached to it, and the nose of the dead head almost touching his nose. The

shock was so great that he was "luny" thereafter, and had to be sent to his home.

During the early part of the war, while our battery was stationed at Isle of Hope, a regiment from the mountainous regions of Northeast Georgia was camped at Beaulieu. The North Georgians knew nothing about the rise and fall of the tides. On the afternoon the regiment pitched its tents a sentinel was placed in the hard marsh with instructions to walk a certain distance at his post and keep a lookout for boats coming from Green Island Sound. The sentinel had a path beaten out through the marsh grass by the time his relief came, about eight o'clock at night. He gave his relief the instructions that had been given him, and left the new sentinel to walk the post. It was a clear, full-moon night, with the spring tide rapidly coming in. The sergeant of the guard, not hearing anything from the sentinel, concluded to pay him a visit and see how he was getting along. You may imagine his surprise when he saw the sentinel walking in water up to his knee tops. The sentinel was a friend of the sergeant's; and seeing him in the water, he called out: "John, what are you doing in that water?" John replied: "I don't know; the water came to me. You can see that I have been walking just where the other fellow told me to, and the water has just kept a-coming. And something else, Sergeant, about this thing: If you throw a chip in the river, it'll go upstream; and I bet you never seed water run upstream before." The sergeant threw the chip, and sure enough it went up the stream. This was important enough for him to hurry to the guard tent and report to the officer of the day, who, thinking the sergeant crazy, went down to investigate for himself. He found the conditions as reported, and the sentinel getting deeper in the water; so he hurried back to report to the colonel, who, with his staff, turned out to investigate the singular occurrence. When the colonel had thrown a chip into the river and saw it go upstream, he was nonplused. After thinking awhile, a bright idea struck him. "Boys," he said, "the d—d Yankees are damming up the mouth of this river and are trying to drown us out. Adjutant, have the long roll beat, and we will be ready for them." Later the tide turned; and when the water ran downstream, he dismissed the regiment to retire for the night. We were close neighbors to these hardy mountaineers, who afterwards became part of Stonewall Jackson's invincible army.

"With the swish of the bullet
And the shriek of the shell,
As Sherman expressed it,
War certainly is hell."

These incidents have been given with a double view—to induce others who could give more interesting accounts than these to do so, and to let our children know of some of the doings of a Confederate soldier besides his fighting.

After a lapse of forty years, as I lie in my comfortable bed at night with the cold rain falling outside, I wonder how in the world we ever stood those trying times almost naked, hungry, and full of vermin. But we did.

[The foregoing was in type for the February VETERAN, but has been held over for this issue.]

"COON" LEWIS.—Adj. Birdsong writes: "James J. Lewis, of Raleigh, N. C., was born in 1835 and was married in 1858. On the 21st of November last he celebrated the forty-seventh anniversary of his marriage, a happy and devoted couple.

He had all of his relatives living in Raleigh present at the anniversary, and a royal good time was had. Their courtship days have never ended in all these years. When the tocsin of war was sounded, he was among the first to respond, enlisting in Company C, 14th Regiment North Carolina troops, A. N. V. Having a turn for music, he was detailed for the bass drum, but he soon tired of that and returned to the musket. His colonel, R. T. Bennett, says he was one of the best soldiers in his command. Comrade Lewis was a success in coon-hunting, and was nicknamed 'Coon' Lewis, and the name has stuck to him through all the vicissitudes of his life. When the veteran drum corps of L. O. B. Branch Camp, 515, U. C. V., was formed, I shouldered the bass drum and became a member of the only drum corps in existence composed entirely of those who served through the struggles of 1861-65. Comrade Lewis is passing the evening of his life in trying to make others happy. With his silver-gray locks and bent form he is a familiar figure in Raleigh, and is liked by all who know him. In his younger days he was a master of the art preservative; but with advancing years and the coming of machines he has laid aside his 'stick,' left his 'case,' and is enjoying his days with his true and devoted wife.

THE DELHI RANGERS.

BY E. F. ANDREWS, HISTORIAN OF THE SOPHY 98 CHAPTER, U. D. C., MONTGOMERY, ALA.

[The following poem, dedicated to the Delhi Rangers of Wilkes County, Ga., by Miss E. F. Andrews, will apply, with change of names and places, to other gallant Confederate companies.]

From fields of peaceful toil they came;
No herald trumpeted their fame,
No song immortal shrines their name.
They gave no thought of praise or blame,
Nor recked they aught of death and dangers;
But soon as the call to arms was heard,
Obedient to their country's word,
The peaceful farmers seized the sword,
The hero soul within them stirred—
Forth marched the Delhi Rangers.

A hundred strong and more they went;
Scarce half a hundred back are sent.
On bloody fields their strength was spent,
By shot and shell their ranks were rent;
To pain and death they were not strangers.
From Chickamauga's bloody ground
To Gettysburg's embattled mound,
Wherever deeds of worth abound
The record, writ in blood, is found
Of the gallant Delhi Rangers.

But all in vain the sacrifice:
Bleeding and faint the Southern lies,
The Northern victor's hapless prize,
And hope in the hearts of her heroes dies.
Still, undismayed by war's stern changes,
Their hands for toil as battle deft,
Pledged to redeem a land bereft,
With ranks bethinned and banners cleft,
They turned them homeward—all that was left
Of the faithful Delhi Rangers.

TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES.

In the winter of 1860-61 two boys from the South were attending the Jesuit College at Georgetown, D. C. They were Aaron Spivey Bate, the youngest son and child of the late Col. Humphrey Bate, Sr., of Sumner County, Tenn., and Council Rogers Bass, the grandson of Col. Bate, and the son of Mrs. Eugenia Bass (now Countess Bertinatti), who was at the time mentioned residing temporarily in Washington in order to be near her children. These boys were about the ages of fourteen and thirteen, and, although uncle and nephew, they had been reared together and were as devoted one to the other as twin brothers.

At frequent intervals these boys enjoyed short vacations, which they improved in seeing the attractions of Washington, often visiting the capitol and listening to the debates in Congress during that stormy political period. They witnessed the inauguration ceremonies when Mr. Lincoln was made President. Shortly after the inauguration they were sent to a school near Baltimore, where they remained until soon after the outbreak of hostilities, when they secured through a friend of their family a permit from Gen. McClellan to pass through the Federal lines on their way to their homes, the one in Tennessee and the other in Mississippi. When the train arrived at Gallatin, Tenn., they had each other good-bye after several years of the closest and most devoted companionship and separated, never to meet again on earth.

The elder boy—young Bate—went to his home, near Castalian Springs, and lived with his widowed mother, caring for her until in the spring of 1863, when on account of his outspoken sentiments in favor of his people he was threatened with arrest and imprisonment by Gen. Payne, who commanded a Federal force at Gallatin, of which threat he was informed by a faithful negro. Although just recovering from a severe illness, he bade his mother farewell, and with her blessing and her



AVERY S. BATE.

Spartan mother like injunction to always do his full duty, he mounted his horse and made his way across the Cumberland River that night and around the left wing of Rosecrans's army, then south of Murfreesboro. He reached safely the Confederate lines and reported to his kinsman, Gen. William B. Bate, whose brigade was on the right wing of the army, and began his soldier career as a courier or as aid.

The campaign which followed, beginning with the battle of Hoover's Gap and subsequent actions and marches to Chattanooga, is a part of our glorious history. In these this young soldier, who received his "baptism of fire" at Hoover's Gap, was constantly with his kinsman, and endured bravely the dangers and hardships of that retreat. He reached Chattanooga only to succumb again to sickness, and was sent to the hospital at Rome, Ga., where he died early in August. An unknown grave in the cemetery there contains the remains of this gallant little Confederate. His last words were: "I want to see mother and tell her that I tried to do my duty." Gen. Bate said that he was one of the most con-

scientious and fearless soldiers in the army and the brightest of his family.

The younger of the boys, C. R. Bass, having said "good-bye" to his little uncle, proceeded on his way to his home, in Washington County, Miss., and remained on the plantation with his widowed mother and sisters until the progress of the war southward made it necessary for his mother to take her children to the interior. Going to Montgomery, she placed her daughters in school and sent her son to Chapel Hill, N. C., to enter the famous old institution where the boy's father had been educated. Here he remained until the summer of 1864, when he returned to Montgomery to spend his vacation with his sisters. At the close of his vacation he took leave of his sisters; but instead of returning to Chapel Hill he went to Mississippi, and having mounted himself on a little "tow-headed" mule, the only steed that was available, and having secured his father's old sporting rifle, he made his way to a regiment of Mississippi cavalry then in Gen. Forrest's command; and, having enlisted regularly, he served with his regiment in the campaigns of that famous leader until some time after the battle of Harrisburg, when he was transferred to the command of Gen.

Wirt Adams, where he remained doing duty as scout and courier until the close.

An incident of the battle of Harrisburg will illustrate the courage of this young trooper. At the beginning of a battle it was customary for the commanding officer of a company to have the men in line count off by fours—the first three to dismount to fight and the fourth man to hold the others' horses. This fourth place in the line became a much-desired one with those who didn't feel like going out on the firing line, so that these would often happen to fall in at number four; and when the men in line were told off, it was "one, two, three, bully!" On the eve of the battle of Harrisburg, however, the commanding officer, feeling that every available man would be needed, issued orders that, instead of the detail of every fourth man to hold horses, every fifth man should be detailed. When the "fall-in" was sounded and the troopers were in line, the officers announced that, instead of having every fourth man to hold horses that day, the count would be from one to five, and that Mr. "Bully" would have to dismount and take his place in the fighting line. This was quite a surprise to Mr. "Bully." It happened on that occasion that young Bass was to be number five at the count; and when he saw the distress and disappointment apparent in the countenance of "Bully," he said, "Here, swap places with me; I would much rather go into the fight than stay back here and hold these horses." He went, and was in the hottest part of the fight. But as he said, after the war, "I got all I asked for."

After the surrender, he returned to the plantation; but soon went with his sister to Europe and remained at Constantinople awhile, then came to North Italy, where he entered a medical college. But he had a strong desire to return to his native land, and came back to take charge of the old plantation, where he remained until his death, which occurred in the full bloom of young manhood; and when he met the grim monster, it was with the same intrepid spirit that had been his on the battlefield.

So these two little Confederates were once more united, let us hope, in the beautiful beyond.



COUNCIL R. BASS.

LEAVING WEST VIRGINIA HOME FOR DIXIE.

BY T. S. FOX, BRANDON, TEX.

About the 1st of August, 1862, the Federal government called for a certain number of soldiers. This included West Virginia, and at that time most of the State was in possession of the Yankees and there was strong talk of drafting the men needed. A few boys in Harrison County did not intend to wear the blue nor to fight against Mr. Davis. As the country was invested by many Federals and many citizens in sympathy watched every one suspected of intention to go to Dixie, we had to be very cautious in every way. The law was that the men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, I think, should meet once a year for general muster. We met thus on August 11, 1862, near West Milford, Harrison County, at which time we made arrangements for starting South. The 12th was the day set to start, but we waited until the night of the 14th, and were to meet at nine o'clock at the residence of Rev. Edmondson Denison, by Lost Creek.

A few days before, while I was in Clarksburg, the Yankees wanted me to take the oath. They told my mother that they heard I was going to the Rebel army, and if I didn't go in and take the oath I would have trouble. When she told me of this, I replied that I would report in Dixie.

When dark came on, we moved in the direction that was to occupy our most faithful attention for nearly three years, ending only at Appomattox. Some of the noble young men who made that memorable trip across the mountain were Adams, Levy Unort and brother, Bill Grawley, J. B. Robinson, Peter Blair, T. S. Fox, Percy and Buel Queen, Dave Hall, Rush and Isaac Golden, Scott James, Clark Dawson, Enoch Gasting, and three Denison boys, sons of Rev. E. Denison, also Joe Denison, their cousin, and some others that I cannot remember. Two weeks previous to this Tom Arnesley had quietly come into the community. He had gone out with the first volunteers and was to be our captain. His son John was with him. There were ten or twelve on foot, the rest being on horseback. The Captain and son were of those walking, and were in front most of the time. We started out in single file, the Captain leading the way. It was dark and cloudy, and soon began to rain. The streams were all swollen, but nothing daunted us. We would climb on behind the horsemen in crossing and walk on again. I was indebted to Percy Queen for several "double" rides. We traveled all night, arriving near the town of Centerville, in Upshur County, about sunrise the next morning, where we expected to find a Federal picket. Here we doubled up again and made our first charge, but there were no pickets.

We had now passed the dangerous point on our trip; but we continued to press forward till about ten o'clock, when the Captain called a halt where there was a large flat rock covering about one-fourth of an acre, on which we lay around to dry our clothes. Just here I wished I was back at home, but it was the only time I ever regretted going to Dixie. I had a pair of calfskin boots to make this trip in, and that morning they were run down, legs and all. I straightened them as best I could and ate the little snack that mother had put in my coat pocket. Owing to the rain, it did not look very tempting, but I did not know where the next was coming from. I ate the last of it on that rock, and did not get anything more until the next evening.

After resting about an hour, Capt. Arnesley called us up, and we moved out in the direction of the county seat of Webster County. However, we did not go through that place, but went into camp that night in "the glades of Webster." Here we met up with quite a company of men from

Lewis and Braxton Counties. They were in charge of John C. Tavenner, who became captain of the company and later was lieutenant colonel of the 17th Virginia Cavalry. He was killed at Frederick City, Md., in 1864, fighting Gen. Lew Wallace. From this camp all moved out on the same road across Ewe Mountain, said to be twenty-eight miles across, with only two horses and nothing but a bridge path for a road. We camped at the first house, and some of the men bought a stand of bees, eating honey for supper that night. We traveled all of the next day, and some of the men shot a deer. That night we came to what was called Williams Farm, which was ten or twelve miles from any settlement. There had been a crop of wheat threshed here, so we all slept in and around the straw stack. I had a piece of the deer for my supper. The next morning we feared being cut off and captured by the Yankees, for we heard that there was a company coming from Huntersville to Mill Point to cut us off; so when we came out of the mountain that morning the Captain formed us by twos in line of march, placing all the guns and pistols in front and the remainder of the men with poles that we might make a show. At the time we had about thirteen guns and pistols, and with this company we were to drive those soldiers away from our front; but on the way we met one of those rangers to which company John C. Tavenner had belonged. They were looking for Capt. Tavenner to come through with his men. This man told us the Yankees were down at the bridge on the river that morning, but had gone. We moved down the valley to the town. Only a few families lived there, but it was a finely settled country and the most hospitable people that I found anywhere during the three years I was in the army. We all soon realized that we were among friends.

On the nineteenth day of the month the two leaders of our companies began to enroll the boys into separate companies, Capt. Arnesley enrolling as cavalry and Capt. Tavenner as infantry; and as some few of us who lived in Harrison County had no horses, we joined Capt. Tavenner's company. As I remember, Isaac and Scott Golden, Martin and Blackwell Sims, and the writer were of those from Harrison County. The company was organized that evening. Capt. Arnesley's company remained at Mill Point and Capt. Tavenner moved his two or three miles to Crossroads, in Pocahontas County. Here we elected our officers, drew rations, cooked and ate, drilled and wrestled, ran foot races, and had a good time. Our commissioned officers were Capt. J. C. Tavenner, Lieuts. Thad Waldo, William Camden, and Presley Craig.

We remained at Crossroads about two weeks, when Gen. Albert Jenkins came along and persuaded the company to go into cavalry. The majority favored this. We stayed there some months, all the while drilling and trying to get mounted. Gen. Jenkins went on his memorable raid to West Virginia and Capt. Arnesley's company went with him. Capt. Tavenner's company moved from the Crossroads to the Narrows of New River, in Giles County, and stayed there till about the last of December, when we moved to Salem, in Roanoke County, and wintered there. The writer was sent on detached service to feed the company's horses here in this camp. The regiment was organized and mustered as the 17th Virginia Cavalry, and was ever after found in Gen. Jenkins's Brigade; and when he fell in battle, Gen. McCauslin was assigned to command and ceased fighting at Appomattox with R. E. Lee.

Now, if any of the old "greasers" or any of the comrades from Harrison County, W. Va., should see this little reminiscence that I have written, I should be glad to hear from any of them. My address is Brandon, Tex.

GEN. J. M. SCHOFIELD, U. S. A.

The last surviving army commander on either side of the great war period died recently in St. Augustine, Fla. Gen. John M. Schofield graduated from West Point in 1853. When the war of the sixties broke out, he was well fitted to take a prominent part in the struggle. His record throughout the war was an honorable one, not only as a fighter but as a soldier in the better sense of that word. In the terrible scenes which accompanied the march through the Carolinas Gen. Schofield took no part, and several communities in those States owed it to his humanity and soldierly spirit that they were not ruined by the invasion. It is said that one town in North Carolina was marked for the torch by Sherman, when Schofield, who happened to be in immediate command, interposed and saved the community.

His principal feat during the War between the States was as commander at the battle of Franklin. In recognition of his services at that fight he was made brigadier general and brevet major general in the regular army. He remained in the army after the close of the war, served as Secretary of War in 1868-69, and in 1888 became commander in chief of the army, retaining that position until 1895, in which year he was placed on the retired list as lieutenant general.

Gen. Schofield was a fine type of the educated soldier, always ready and always possessed of calmness in victory or defeat. After his retirement, he lived a quiet life.

Gen. Schofield's visit to the Houston (Tex.) Reunion will be recalled by many, yet on account of the excessive rain there was not as much seen of him as there otherwise would have been. The editor of the *VETERAN*, who became well acquainted with him, mentions with pleasure the opportunity,



GENERAL SCHOFIELD AT TIME OF HIS RETIREMENT.

which was happily successful, of a demonstration in his honor in the formal dedication of the Chickamauga Military Park. This was through Vice President Stevenson, master of ceremonies. In six days Gen. Schofield retired from the army.

MISSISSIPPIANS AT GETTYSBURG.

BY J. W. DUKE, CO. C, 17TH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT, TROY, TENN.

I was a member of Company C, 17th Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, and will give you my experience in the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. On the 1st of July we marched all day until late in the night; then halted for a few hours' rest. At four o'clock on July 2 we were called to arms, and a detail of ten men from each company drew twenty rounds of extra cartridges for the bloody fray. My brother and I were on this detail. As we were going to the ordnance wagon my brother said he wanted me to write home after the fight. I replied that it was his time to write, as I wrote last. It was yet dark, but I saw tears in his eyes. He said to me: "Something is going to happen to-day." I think my brother had a presentiment that he would be shot. In the first charge in the famous old peach orchard he was wounded, but I did not know of it until night. Our adjutant, Lieut. Ansley, told me where he fell. I hunted until I found him. His first words to me were: "Thank God! my prayers are answered. I have asked him to take me in place of you, as I am prepared and you are not."

Comrades, that is the first time that I ever weakened. I promised him there that I would live a better life in the future, but it was many years before I did. His leg was amputated, but he lived several weeks. Gangrene in the wound caused his death. He died happy, so our chaplain wrote me. I am trying to meet him over the river.

As a prisoner I was sent to Rock Island. I enjoyed Miss Kate E. Perry's article in the February *VETERAN*, as I had many favors from her while there. I knew all of the prisoners who made their escape by her aid.

Recurring to the battle of Gettysburg, I will further say that on the morning of the 2d, after we were marched in the enemy's front, Capt. Cherry, of Company C, was ordered to the skirmish line and to lie down. While lying there Gen. Longstreet came up and told the Captain to send two men without guns or cartridge boxes to a house with paled fences about the yard and garden and knock off the palings, so that he could make the attack. Capt. Cherry told the orderly to call the first two men on detail. He called, and they failed to get up; so he called the next two, and they also failed. The Captain became enraged and said: "I will make the detail." He called out: "Jim Duke and Woods Mears, they will go." We got up and went. I said to Woods as we went: "We will be killed." We knocked off the palings, and they never bothered us. There were three lines of infantry in about fifty steps, and two hundred yards farther there were six pieces of artillery. When we returned, Gen. Longstreet was still standing there. He said to me: "Buddie, what did you see there?" I told in a few words. I was dreading Gettysburg heights and I said: "General, do you think we can take those heights?" He replied, "I don't know, do you?" and then he said, "This is not my fight." That excited me, for I had great confidence in Longstreet.

In a few moments we were ordered forward and to hold our fire. We killed or captured everything in front of us until we were near their works. There Gen. Barksdale was shot. As he fell from his horse he told Col. Humphreys to take charge of the brigade and move it to the rear. So ended the second day's fight at Gettysburg.

DITTY OF A YANKEE DUTCHMAN.

AIR, "JOE BOWERS."

My name it is Hantz Spreckendyker,
Shoost from de Amsterdam;
I bees a full-plcot Dutchman,
Of dat dere ish no sham.
I coomes acrosh de ocean
Dis coontree for to see;
And ven I makes mooch monish,
It ish de land for me.

Now ven I gits out of de ship
De bolitician say
I moosht vote de nigger freedom,
Mineself a farm dis way.
So I makes myself Repoopican
And doos ash he does tell;
I poot mine votes in de pallot pox,
And dat doosh mighty vell.

Von day ven I vash trinking
Mine glass of lager beer
I tinks dere vash no tanger
In dish great coontree here.
I hear some cry "Disunion!"
Some "Union!" very loud;
And den dey coomes and marches me
In von krate big Dutch crowd.

De first ting dat ve did vas
To go to de Nashville towpp,
Steal horse and shicken in de vay
As ve vent marching down.
O next ve coomes to take Lavernue,
And dere de Secesh runs;
Ve made him git on every side,
It vash such pretty funs.

Ve heard down dere dat Shinerall Bragg,
Mit all of his Secesh,
Vash camped up on Stone's River
And in an oogly mesh.
Ve marches down upon him,
Some ten or thirteen mile,
And swore dat ve vood eat him oop
In good old Sharman style.

But Mishter Pragg vash too strong for us;
He makes us git right pack,
But not until he shows us
How nice his rifles crack.
And so ve runs away from dere, sirs
(Some bees a-running still),
And fixed ourselves so snug and goot
Mit our cannon on a hill.

Dere vash von line of men dere—
Dey coomes from de Tennessee;
Dere bullets dey flies so thick and fast
It vash too hot for me.
De Dutch dey lay so thick on de ground
Verebber dey did shoot,
I doos believe de debil and dem
Moosht peen in close cohort.

Dey killed old Shinerall Sills,
And dey makes old Rosy run;
Old Willich he hid in de bushes,
He tinks it vash no fun.
Dey kilt our men and took our guns,
Dey knocked us into fits,
And many prishners, too, dey grabs,
But I gits oop and gits.

It vosh no use; some dwenty mens
Dey hauls me all abouts.
I axed dem who dey be;
Dey tells me "Wheeler's Scouts."
Dey takes my greenpack and my coat,
Mine pishtols and mine boot;
Dey gives to me von leetle parole,
And tells me for to put.

So I puts to de Nashville town;
Mine legs is bofe most broke,
For want of kraut and lager beer
I be so pearly choke.
Dis tam old Secesh coontree
Vill never do for me;
I'll vamoosh, git away
To de land of Sharmannee.

And ven I coomes down dere, sirs,
May I be roashed done
If ever I shoot a Secesh again
For money, love, or fun.
I'll sit me down by mine frau
And I'll make mine children cry.
May dis be so, is my Dutch prayer,
So I bids you all good-by.

FUN AT THE CAPTAIN'S EXPENSE.—H. S. Luellen writes from Malvern, Ark.: "After Lee's army retreated out of Maryland in 1862, he sent Longstreet to Fredericksburg with his corps and left Stonewall Jackson's Corps in the valley near Winchester until about the 1st of December, when we were ordered to Fredericksburg to head off Burnside from Richmond. We had to cross the Shenandoah River about sun-up on a cold, frosty morning of our first day's march. The water was about waist-deep and almost ice-cold. Capt. Furguson, of Company E, 23d Georgia Regiment, said he would give any man ten dollars that would carry him over. Jord Jackson, a big, stout fellow of the same company, agreed to carry him. When about the middle of the stream, Jackson began to stumble and blunder, purposely of course, when the Captain went head first into the river. He got up the maddest man present. He drew his sword and swore at Jord: 'If I knew you did it on purpose, I would cut your head off.' Jackson apologized, saying he would not have done it for one thousand dollars. After the Captain got on some dry clothes and we had quit laughing at him, he got in a good humor, when Jackson told him that he would not have missed ducking him for the amount. Capt. Furguson was one of the nicest men in the army. He was respected by all who knew him, and it was a mean trick of Jackson's, but it was funny.

A Georgia town (Waycross) has legislated against liquor saloons. They made the tax ten thousand dollars, and when a dealer began to arrange for its payment the council increased it promptly to thirty thousand dollars, and had their act confirmed by the State Legislature.



MRS. MARY C. BREWSTER.

The passing of Mrs. Mary C. Brewster on March 18, 1906, will be learned with sad interest by many old Confederates. She was perhaps the oldest resident of Houston, having come here with her family in 1842 from New York, where she was educated. In 1846 she gave hand and heart into the keeping of the lover of her ideal youth, Robert Brewster. He built the beautiful home on Milam Street, furnishing it in elegance and enriching it with many souvenirs of foreign travel. (Mr. Brewster will be remembered as a prominent Mason and useful citizen.) In this home they had as one their joys and sorrows. Their children came, and some left them; only two lived to bless declining years. Ten years ago her husband died; but she never mourned him as dead, for she thought of him daily and lived in his influence, hoping in her beautiful trust to meet him ere long.

Her two children, Rev. Mathew Brewster, D.D., of Christ Church, Mobile, Ala., and Mrs. Jennie Hart, were by her bedside when she breathed her last; and, although pneumonia was the disease with its attendant depression and unconsciousness, she aroused at the voice and touch of her son and talked with him and her daughter, leaving a consolation to their bleeding hearts, and then "she fell on sleep."

Mrs. Brewster was in her eightieth year, but was still strong and vigorous. Her home, nestling among the beautiful flowers, always made a picture, and any bright morning she might have been seen with her little useful implements caring for her floral treasures. For many years she gathered roses for the bride or lilies for the pale form of some friend. It was interesting to hear her tell her experiences of "war times." Of course she was an ardent Southerner, and her best was given to the South and its brave defenders. She worked in the hospital, and with her own hands attended many a "mother's boy." She nursed many of those who laid down their lives in Houston. It made no difference which side claimed their loyalty when they were needy and suffering.

Gen. Magruder, whom many old soldiers will remember, so neat, so elegant, so fond of ladies' company, was fortunate in claiming the friendship of this noble woman, and his headquarters was in the home of Mr. Robert Brewster. On that fateful occasion when he set out to recapture Galveston he bowed low over her hand and said: "Madam, I believe that 'the prayer of the righteous availeth much,' and I beg of you your prayers now." He won a glorious victory; and when the Harriet Lane was a trophy, the elegant New Year's dinner prepared for her officers was served on Mrs. Brewster's table.

Mrs. Brewster passed through many scourges of yellow fever and at least two of cholera. She was a very successful nurse in yellow fever, and many a stranger away from his home loved her for her kindly ministrations. Surely God gave of his abundance to this dear woman; for being faithful over few things, she was worthy to rule over many. Everybody loved her; and when she died, grief, like a pall, shrouded the great heart of Houston. She loved the Church and its work and all the orders of the Confederacy. She was

the beloved honorary member of R. E. Lee Chapter of Houston, Tex., and our meetings held in her home were always of a social as well as business nature. Her helpful suggestions often lifted the shadow during our deliberations.



MRS. MARY C. BREWSTER.

Comrades, friends, ours is the grief and sorrow. She has entered upon her inheritance and is happily at rest.

[The above tribute is from Malvina Warham Brewster, 1107 McKinney Avenue, Houston, Tex.]

MAJ. JAMES R. BELL.

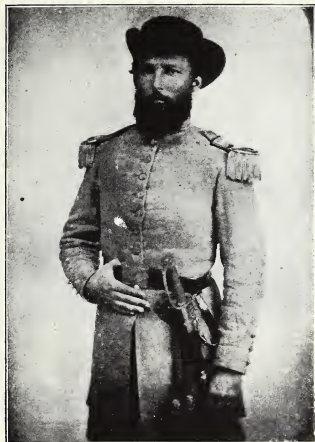
Again has the dread summons gone forth and another comrade and a brave soldier of the Confederacy has crossed over the river to rest under the trees with Lee and Jackson and the majority of that gallant host that followed them to battle and have since been called to their reward.

Died at his residence, in Yazoo County, Miss., February 12, 1906, Maj. James Raiford Bell, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was born in Holmes County, Miss., December 5, 1831. He was married twice. His first wife, Mrs. Causey (née Dunn), died in 1861, and his second wife, Miss Susan Williams, died in 1904. His children all preceded him to the tomb. He left surviving him a sister, three grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Maj. Bell was among the first to volunteer to defend the South, and went out as a first lieutenant of the Satartia Rifles, which became a part of the 12th Mississippi Regiment of Posey's (afterwards Harris's) Brigade. As lieutenant, captain, and major of that regiment, the record of which for faithful and efficient work and brilliant deeds is unsurpassed in the history of that war, he achieved an enviable reputation for gallantry and devotion to duty. He did his whole duty at all times without stint. He was severely wounded at "Seven Pines," but on his recovery returned to his command. He was captured in the latter part of 1864 near Petersburg, and remained in prison until after the war closed. He was

with his regiment in all of the battles in which it participated, from Manassas until he was captured.

After the war, Maj. Bell was for a considerable period Captain Commander of the Yazoo Camp, U. C. V., and always evinced the keenest interest in everything that concerned the welfare of his comrades. A gallant soldier in war, he was a



MAJ. JAMES R. BELL.

valued and useful citizen in peace. He was a kind and charitable neighbor, a devoted father, an affectionate husband, a patriotic citizen, and a zealous Christian. He died at a ripe old age in the home where he had lived for more than fifty years, surrounded by the surviving members of his family and a multitude of sorrowing friends. He expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied that he was merely passing from "this low ground of sorrow" to "those mansions of the blessed, where saints immortal reign."

"The world recedes; it disappears!

Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears

With sound seraphic ring!

Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!

O grave, where is thy victory?

O death, where is thy sting?"

Our beloved comrade has but gone before; soon we shall follow him. May our end be like his, and may our last moments be cheered, as it were, by that faith which teaches that, "life's warfare o'er," through the portals of the tomb we march to eternal happiness!

"Death's but a path that must be trod

If man would ever pass to God."

[The foregoing is from "a comrade" at Bentonia, Miss.]

SAUNDERS B. GRIFFIN.

On October 28, 1905, at his residence, in Texarkana, Ark., Saunders B. Griffin died, at the age of sixty-nine years. He

was born in Laurens County, S. C. He volunteered early in the war, and was a member of Company C, Holcum Legion, South Carolina Volunteers. He married a Miss Tealrymple, of Newberry County, S. C., April 12, 1864, and is survived by his wife, four daughters, and a son, who mourn their loss. As a soldier, citizen, and Christian, he discharged his duties as perfectly as a human being could.

MRS. J. F. MATTHEWS.

In the resolutions adopted by the Chappell Hill, Terry's Texas Rangers, Chapter, U. D. C., March 21, 1906, the committee, comprised of Mrs. F. A. Campbell, Mrs. B. C. Chappell, and Miss Anne Lide, mention Mrs. J. F. Matthews (née Browning) as "our beloved President and coworker, and that she was a much appreciated and enthusiastic leader, ever ready to devise ways and means of forwarding our work and keeping before the rising generation the true history of those who fought and died for the lost Confederacy."

They resolved to show their appreciation of her efficient services and zeal by carrying on the sacred work. As a delicate perfume of some rare flower lingers after the flower is dead, so will her influence continue, proving the scripture true: "Their works do follow them."

I. J. GALBRAITH.

An esteemed and honored as well as public-spirited citizen was lost to Henderson, Tenn., in August, 1905, in the death of I. J. Galbraith, who was nearing his seventy-first year. At the outbreak of the war he joined the command of Gen. N. B. Forrest and became first lieutenant of Company C, 21st



T. J. GALBRAITH.

Tennessee Cavalry. He remained in the service till the close of the war under this illustrious leader.

Comrade Galbraith was married in 1864 to Miss Anne E. Barham, daughter of Robert Barham, who was the head of one of the pioneer families of that section. He was a man of faith—faith in the Confederate cause and faith in the men who espoused it.

JOHN H. YANCEY.

In the death of John H. Yancey, at his home, in Horse Cave, Ky., in November, 1905, another member of the famous "Orphan Brigade" has joined the host of comrades gone before. He was born in New Orleans in 1841, and at the

age of five years was brought by his mother to Barren County, Ky., where he was reared and educated at the country schools, with a finishing course at Bardstown College. But before graduating the great war had come upon the land, and he enlisted in the 6th Kentucky Regiment under Col. Joseph Lewis, Company E, Capt. Barclay, and throughout this terrible struggle he was a worthy member of the immortal "Orphan Brigade."

After the war Mr. Yancey engaged in the tobacco business at Edmuntton and Glasgow; but soon felt the call to a larger sphere in Louisville, where he labored successfully in that business for twenty-five years, his fine judgment, strict integrity, and affable disposition giving him high rank among the business men of the city. From a boy struggling with scant means through diligence in business he rose to a comfortable fortune, and many a toiling and deserving young man found in him a sympathetic and helpful friend.

The devotion between J. H. Yancey and his only brother, T. G. Yancey, of Newman, Cal., was most beautiful and tender. For forty years they had kept up a regular weekly correspondence and were close to each other in spirit.



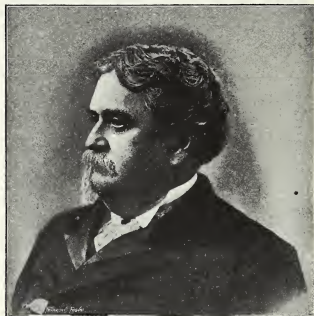
J. H. YANCEY.

Comrade Yancey was twice married, and left a wife and two little boys to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Glasgow among the friends of his early life.

MAJ. LIVINGSTON MIMS.

Maj. Livingston Mims, son of Henry and Susan (Burr) Mims, was born in Edgefield, S. C., in 1833. He was educated in Mississippi, studied law, and married in 1866 Miss Sue Harper, of Brandon, Miss. He was admitted to the Mississippi bar before twenty years of age. He was Clerk of the Superior Court (Chancery) of Mississippi, Senator from Jackson and Hinds County, and presidential elector on the Breckinridge and Lane ticket, in 1860.

In 1861 he joined the first company of Mississippi troops that enlisted for the war, and was assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. William Barksdale. He was later appointed by President Davis chief quartermaster of the Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana, with rank of major. He served on the staffs of Gens. Pemberton and J. E. Johnston.



MAJ. LIVINGSTON MIMS.

After the war he engaged in partnership with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the life insurance business. He was Mayor of Atlanta 1901-02. For many years he was President of the Southeastern Tariff Association and was the President of the Capital City Club.

GEN. JOSEPH B. BRIGGS.

[A committee comprised of John G. Orndorff, D. B. Estes, and J. M. Dale submitted to Camp John W. Caldwell, No. 139, U. C. V., Russellville, Ky., a report, which in substance follows under date of February 6, 1906.]

Dear Comrades: One by one swiftly our brethren pass from us and are gone from time into eternity. Our comrade's death deprived us of a kind-hearted, devoted friend, who we doubt not was a gallant and brave soldier.

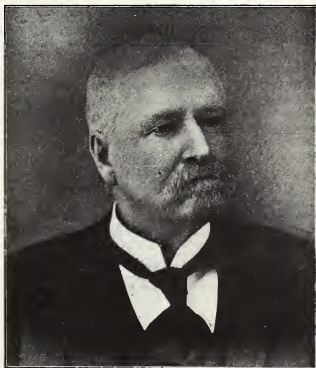
On February 5, 1906, Brig. Gen. Joseph B. Briggs died suddenly at Palm Beach, Fla., of an acute attack of asthma and heart failure. He was born at Franklin, Tenn., November 20, 1842. He married Annie Long, of Russellville, Ky., May 1, 1867, and left surviving him a sorrowing widow, two sons, and two daughters. While the death of Comrade Briggs was not entirely unexpected, as he had for years been subject to alarming recurrences of asthma, yet when the blow fell it was a great shock to his family and friends. When the War between the States began, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, he enrolled himself with his neighbors and friends in defense of what he and they honestly believed to be their constitutional rights, and as a Confederate soldier he saw his duty and did it bravely. He enlisted as a private in Forrest's command. He was later promoted to captain and transferred to Gen. Forrest's commissary department, and served throughout the war, taking part in the many hazardous undertakings of his daring and fearless leader.

Comrade Briggs was an active, efficient, and faithful mem-

ber of this Camp, serving as its Commander for a number of years and keeping in close touch with the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, attending its reunions year after year, whether far away or near, always prominent in its deliberations, and often serving on important committees. Years ago he was chosen Brigadier General of the Second Kentucky Brigade, U. C. V., which brigade was composed of some thirty odd Camps, covering almost all of Western Kentucky; and so well did he command his brigade that he was reelected for three or four successive terms, and was so serving at the time of his death. He was in all respects a worthy and estimable citizen who fulfilled all his obligations to his neighbors, his city, his State, and his country. He possessed the kindest traits of character, with a breadth of sympathy which covered "all sorts and conditions of men." In disposition and temperament he was genial and affectionate. He was well-informed, possessing a remarkable memory of men and events. To his widow and surviving children and grandchildren in the fullness of our hearts we extend our sympathies in this their sad bereavement, and pray that the Comforter may be theirs in their darkest hour.

HON. J. G. CARROLL.

On June 24, 1905, the gallant Confederate veteran, J. G. Carroll, of Starkville, Miss., "crossed over the river" to rest, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He was born near Birmingham, Ala., and reared at Carrollton, Miss., going from there to Oktibbeha County in 1857. He volunteered and went out in the 35th Mississippi Infantry in the spring of 1861, in which he served as assistant surgeon until the surrender of Vicksburg, 1863. He was then elected a member of



DR. J. G. CARROLL.

the Mississippi Legislature, to which body he was elected repeatedly after the war, and thus became known and respected over the State. His wife, two sons, and three daughters survive him.

ELLIOTT G. FISHBURNE.

Sunday morning, February 25, 1906, after a brief illness, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, Elliott G. Fishburne answered the roll call and his gallant spirit mingled with loved



ELLIOTT G. FISHBURNE.

comrades who have crossed over the river and are resting under the shade of the trees.

When Virginia resumed her rightful sovereignty and called her sons to arms, this youth was among the first to respond, and passed from the tender associations and gentle influences of a Christian home into the stern activities of war as a member of Capt. William Patrick's company of cavalry. It was composed for the most part of young men reared in the neighborhood of Waynesboro, Va. This company (afterwards E of the 1st Virginia Cavalry) had no superior in that distinguished regiment, first commanded by Jeb Stuart and afterwards by Fitz Lee. At the reorganization Capt. Patrick was promoted to the rank of major and assigned to the command of the 17th Virginia Battalion. He fell on the 29th of August, 1862, but was immortalized by both Jackson and Stuart in their official tribute to his intrepid courage and invaluable services.

For distinguished service Elliott G. Fishburne was promoted to first corporal and then to third sergeant, and twice, at Raccoon Ford and the Wilderness, consecrated with his blood the soil of his loved Virginia. The following is the testimony of M. D. Leonard, a comrade: "We all remember 'Fish' as one who rode at the head of the company. In an engagement his coolness was conspicuous. He knew no fear, as was proven by his conduct on many fields; but especially on the night after the Second Manassas, when with two comrades, Henry Kennedy and W. S. McCausland, he captured forty-two well-armed soldiers belonging to a New York cavalry regiment, with the captain at its head, and turned them over as prisoners to the 12th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. A. W. Harrison." Kennedy was killed on this occasion. McCausland now resides in Texas.

"Ellie" Fishburne's business life after the war was spent in the community where he was born, possessing the love and esteem of those who were his companions in youth. Modesty was his charm, and yet he possessed all the elements of heroic character. His soldier life was a model, and loving

memories abide with the comrades who touched elbows with him during those years of trial and sacrifice. His fidelity to all demands of comradeship was abundantly illustrated. He took a lively interest in all Confederate associations. He was ex-President of the Augusta Memorial Association and a member of the Stonewall Jackson Camp, C. V., of Staunton, Va., and his love for cause and comrades seemed to grow stronger with the years. "We shall meet, but we shall miss him." This community mourns a citizen of character and usefulness. He was laid to rest with military honors. Delegations from the Camp, survivors of Company E, the large attendance of comrades, neighbors, and friends, and the exquisite and lavish floral contribution testified to the affection for his memory. He is survived by a devoted wife, a son, and a daughter.

The foregoing was supplied by G. J. Pratt, of Walnut Grove, Va., who appends the following: "Ashby's original command consisted of twenty-six companies without regimental organization. After his death, the 7th and 12th Regiments and the 17th Battalion were organized from these companies. Other companies were soon added to the 17th Battalion, which became the 11th Regiment Virginia Cavalry, under Col. L. L. Lomax and O. R. Fansten. For these facts I am indebted to Capt. W. K. Martin, assistant adjutant general under Gen. William E. Jones. (Note on page 91 of McClellan's 'Life and Campaigns of Stuart.')

MEMBERS OF CAMP No. 684, CARROLLTON, MO.

Names of members of Camp John L. Mirick who have died since its organization, supplied by H. M. Petit, of Carrollton:

- Austin, Surgeon Peter E., Shelby's, died December 7, 1901.
- Austin, Chaplain R. A., Slack's, died March 3, 1902.
- Ballinger, E. W., Co. A, 16th Mo. Reg., Parson's, died January 28, 1896.
- Brandon, J. F., 3d Mo. Reg., Slack's, died January 14, 1900.
- Conlen, Thomas, Co. I, 22d Miss. Reg., Loring's, died January 10, 1906.
- Campbell, G. B. S., Co. A, 1st Mo. Cav., Little's, died March 26, 1904.
- Cunningham, Capt. Eugene, Co. B, 1st Tex. Cav., died July 12, 1902.
- Edwards, Lt. J. R., Co. A, 3d Va. Inf., died Dec. 3, 1900.
- Glenn, R. W., 1st Mo. Sharpshooters, died Sept. 30, 1905.
- Grant, Capt. J. L., Co. A, Burbridge's Reg., Mo. State Guards, died June 12, 1902.
- Hannan, B. F., Co. D, Gordon's Reg., Shelby's, died April 9, 1899.
- Houseman, J. G., Co. E, 19th Va. Reg., Lomax's, died May 2, 1899.
- Kneisley, R. H., Porter's Reg., Harris's, died Aug. 18, 1899.
- Kinnaird, W. L., Co. H, 12th Mo. Cav., Jackman's, died February 10, 1900.
- Kelly, J. C., Co. D, 2d Mo. Cav., Shelby's, died Feb. 22, 1902.
- Lepard, J. M., Carpenter's Bat., Stonewall, died March 15, 1897.
- Lawrence, W. M., Co. C, 33d Va. Reg., Stonewall, died February 11, 1903.
- Little, J. J., 3d Mo. Reg., Shelby's, died December 10, 1901.
- Moore, V. L., Co. A, Porter's Reg., Harris's, died in 1904.
- Spars, R. A., Co. A, 1st Ky. Cav., Forrest's, died June 27, 1897.
- Teeters, I. N., — Mo. Cav., Shelby's, died May 2, 1903.
- Walden, J. A., Co. K, Smith's Reg., Shelby's, died November 20, 1902.

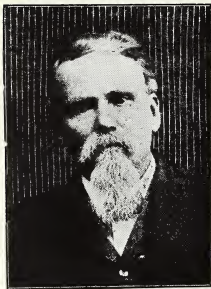
ARTHUR CATLETT.

Arthur Catlett, a member of Company A, 1st Battalion of the 1st Army Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, was born in the Old Dominion December 15, 1839. He joined the Confederate service early in the war, attaching himself first to Capt. Jordan, serving under Gen. Stephen D. Lee, then under E. P. Alexander. Later he was detached to serve

as a bodyguard for Gen. R. E. Lee, and continued with him to Appomattox.

Comrade Catlett measured up to the full standard of gallant soldier and Christian manhood. After the war he moved to Arkansas, and married in Jackson County. Later he moved to Prairie Grove, Washington County. After about five years, he moved to Pawnee, Okla.

Two or three months before he died he returned to Prairie Grove for medical treatment, where he



ARTHUR CATLETT.

died December 28, 1905, attended by some of his children and his noble companion until he "crossed over the river." The citizens generally and all the members of the Confederate Camp, No. 384, who could attend his remains to the depot.

Prairie Grove Camp, No. 384, adopted resolutions setting forth that Comrade Catlett's life work as a soldier and citizen was worthy of emulation by those who aim to make the best of life in its truest sense. Like many thousands who wore the gray, his valor, his constancy, his strict obedience to duty's every call proved him one of God's brightest specimens of true manhood.

The committee on resolutions were: H. P. Greene, Chaplain; W. E. Pittman, First Lieut.; J. H. Marlor, Treasurer.

GOV. FRANK R. LUBBOCK.

There has been delay in paying merited tribute to a most distinguished son of Texas, whose death occurred at his home, in Austin, June 23, 1905. Gov. Lubbock had a remarkable career in the many public trusts to him confided. He held office for much of the time through fifty-six years. Another remarkable privilege that was vouchsafed to this renowned Texan is worthy of mention. In 1824, when Gen. Lafayette visited this country, he was a passenger on a steamboat of which Gov. Lubbock's father was owner and commander from Beaufort to Augusta. On this voyage Gen. Lafayette presented Capt. Lubbock with a gold snuffbox, which is now in possession of Mrs. Adele Lockhart Sayers, of Gonzales, and prized as a sacred memento of the great Frenchman and friend of the American people. When the steamer reached Augusta, after dark, a great torchlight procession escorted the distinguished Frenchman to his lodging place. Gov. Lubbock, then a lad of nine years and a passenger on the steamer, carried as his torch a sperm candle.

Gov. Lubbock's public services are fairly stated in the fol-

lowing: In 1837, clerk of the Texas Congress; in 1838, appointed Comptroller by President Sam Houston; reappointed Comptroller by President Houston in 1841; from 1841 to 1857 he was District Clerk of Harris County; in 1858, elected Lieutenant Governor; in 1861, elected Governor of the State; in 1864, appointed to a position on the staff of Gen. Tom Green, and on the death of that gallant Confederate soldier served on the staff of Gen. John A. Wharton. In 1865 he was appointed to a position by President Jefferson Davis on his staff, and was with him to the last. From 1865, after the Confederacy went down, to 1878 he engaged in private business. In 1878 he was elected State Treasurer, a position he held for twelve years. Retiring from the office of Treasurer, he was appointed by Gov. Hogg on the Board of Pardon Advisers in 1891, and served until 1893, thus rounding out more than a half century of public life. Gov. Lubbock was the last man to die who was the Governor of a State, North or South, during the War between the States.

Gov. Lubbock lived in Texas and for Texas for sixty-eight years. He was thrice married, the last time to Miss Lou Scott, of Abilene, who survives her renowned husband and who was his unfaltering and devoted companion in the evening of his eventful life.

With the passing of Judge John H. Reagan, the last survivor of President Davis's Cabinet, and Gov. F. R. Lubbock, the last survivor of his staff, within a few months of each other, the book of Confederate history has been sealed in Texas, and two of the State's most famous and renowned pioneers and defenders have passed to their last long sleep.

G. W. SMITH.—Comrade G. W. Smith was born in Marietta, Ga., in 1845, and moved to Texas with his parents before the war. He served the Confederacy as a member of Roberts's Regiment, Randall's Brigade. His death occurred at Colorado, Tex., January 24, and he leaves a host of friends to mourn for him throughout that great State, besides the wife and family surviving.

SORROWS TO COMRADE JOHN H. LESTER.

Twice within a few months the death angel has dropped his dark shadow over the home of our friend and comrade,



LAURA LESTER.

Capt. John H. Lester, at Deming, N. Mex. Following close upon the death of the beloved wife and mother is that of Laura, the young daughter of the household, just nearing her



MRS. JOHN H. LESTER.

eighteenth year, the idol of home and friends. Since her childhood she had been honored many times at the hands of her father's comrades, the Veterans of the Pacific Division, U. C. V., who wished her to represent them at the annual reunion of the association. In 1901, when but thirteen years old, she represented them as sponsor for New Mexico at the Memphis Reunion; in 1902 she was chief maid of honor for New Mexico to the Dallas Reunion; in 1903 she was sponsor for the Pacific Division at

New Orleans; in 1904 she was sponsor for New Mexico at Nashville; she was again appointed chief maid of honor for New Mexico to the Louisville Reunion, 1905, but ill health prevented her attendance. For years she had been a sufferer, and had visited her father's native heath, Lauderdale County, Ala., several times in search of health, receiving benefit from the low altitude; but her mother's ill health called her home, and there she passed away on the 23d of December. Gifted with a fine intellect, Laura was preparing herself for literary pursuits, with every promise of a brilliant and useful future.

Comrade Lester is well known to readers of the *VETERAN*. He writes of his wife that "she shared with him the privations and dangers of a frontier life during the early eighties, when a great many friends and neighbors were killed by the Apaches." To him in his sorrow there is much sympathy.

WAR-GER LEWIS OLIVIER.

W. L. Olivier, of Staunton, Va., died March 12, 1906, in his sixty-fourth year, at Southern Pines, N. C., whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. Mr. Olivier was a native of Petersburg. He served in the Confederate army as a member of Pegram's Battery, Mahone's Division. Shortly after the war he moved to Staunton, and for thirty years he was the book and stationery dealer there. He is survived by a daughter and three sons, all of this city, except Stuart Olivier, of Baltimore, managing editor of the *Baltimore News*.

G. Julian Pratt, who sent the above, adds: "This gallant comrade deserves more than a passing notice. His love for the cause and his zealous labors to preserve its memories and honor its defenders identified him with every organization of Confederates. He was Secretary and Treasurer of the Monument Association, a member (charter) of the 'Association of Survivors,' ex-President of the Augusta County Memorial Association, Past Commander of the Stonewall Jackson Camp, C. V."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN DOUGHTY.

On Wednesday, December 27, 1905, after an illness of less than two weeks with pneumonia, the death angel claimed our countryman, William F. Doughty. Among those who have gone from among us there was not a truer husband, a more devoted father, and a kinder-hearted gentleman. The pleasures of living, the transitory joys of existence, thrilling and intense as they may sometimes seem, are of no permanent value. The true worth of life surely is to be found only in the opportunity it gives to the formation of character. Everything but character we leave behind us when this mortal life is ended. This friend's life formed a noble example.

W. F. Doughty in his early years became an active member of the F. and A. M. Lodge at Darlington, La., and lived its principles until the ripe old age at which he died. As a soldier he was true to the South and her convictions, and ardently aided in her cause by giving his unremitting service during the years of 1861-65. He was engaged in some of the most decisive battles of the War between the States, and surrendered at Vicksburg. He served with the 27th Louisiana Volunteer Infantry, Company A. He was born in East Feliciana Parish, near Clinton, La., April 12, 1832, and was married to Nancy E. Hobgood, of the same parish, December 22, 1853. Their union was blessed by nine children. His widow and four children survive him.

"H," a friend, sends the above facts about this good man.

COL. J. M. CLARK.

The death of Col. John M. Clark occurred at Sydnor, Okla., in November. He was a native of Henry County, Tenn. In the fall of 1861 he was active in raising the 46th Tennessee Regiment, and became its first commander. Col. Clark and the greater part of his regiment were captured at Island No. 10, on the Mississippi River. After several months, in prison he was exchanged, and afterwards identified himself with the 33d Texas Cavalry. Col. Clark was a lawyer and a prominent Church member. He leaves a wife and several children.

COL. DEW MOORE WISDOM.

The late Col. D. M. Wisdom, who died in Muskogee, Ind. T., was much of his life a resident of Western Tennessee. He served in the 13th Tennessee Infantry as captain of Company F. He was severely wounded in the battle of Belmont, Mo. He was in the battle of Shiloh. Later he served in cavalry, but under Gen. Roddy was soon transferred to Forrest's command. Referring to his military service, the Jackson (Tenn.) *Sun* states:

"For two or three years he served under that 'Wizard of the Saddle.' In the battle of Harrisburg, near Tupelo, Miss., he was again wounded. In many engagements he manifested marked bravery, inspiring his men to deeds of valor by his own courage. By the timely arrival of his regiment he saved the day at Brice's Cross Roads. Col. Wisdom led the Tennessee troops in the storming of Fort Pillow, and was in many other engagements of importance. He was colonel of the 18th Tennessee Cavalry.

"In 1885 Col. Wisdom was appointed by President Cleveland to the position of chief clerk at Union Agency, Muskogee, having jurisdiction over the nations. In 1893 he was appointed Indian agent of the Union Agency, and served in that capacity for six years. He then resigned on account of the change of the administration at Washington. In this position he made a national reputation by the wise, judicious,

and efficient manner in which he discharged his duties. In May, 1900, he was elected mayor of Muskogee, his administration being businesslike and progressive.



CAPT. S. R. THORPE.

[There was omitted from the sketch of Capt. S. R. Thorpe, page 513 of November VETERAN, an engraving which is herewith given with a memorial poem by Carl F. Rosecrans, a son of Gen. R., dedicated to "My Noble-Hearted Friend."]

Brave heart that fell by the wayside,
In the fullness of manhood's years,
The tribute that friendship can give thee
We show in our grief and our tears.
Though far from thy home and thy fireside
The great heart passed out beyond life,
True friendship in close bonds shall hold thee
As we pause 'mid our toil and our strife.

Great hero of battlefields many,
Where brothers, in war's vengeful hate,
'Neath the stars and the bars and "Old Glory,"
Cast their lives on the dark die of fate!
Thy noble heart loved our whole country
With a far-reaching, everlasting pride—
From the North's silent woods to dear Southland—
With a love like the world, and as wide!

Farewell to thy form which lies silent!
Farewell to those dear eyes, once bright
With the love light and lilt of gay laughter,
Now closed in the darkness of night!
We pause on the threshold a moment,
While our tears pay the tribute of love,
For "taps" has blown soft for our soldier
Till the "reveille" sounds from above!

Los Angeles, Cal., September 14, 1905.

NORVEL E. FOARD.

After nearly forty years of service in the editorial department of the Baltimore *Sun*, Mr. Norvel E. Foard rests from his labors.

Mr. Foard was born in 1837 in Alexandria, Va., and was educated in private schools at Charleston, S. C., and at St. John's Coll'ge. At twenty he began newspaper work as a reporter for the Baltimore *Republican*. In 1858 he went to the Baltimore *Exchange*, and later became a member of the editorial staff of the *American*. He was present at the South Carolina State Convention when the ordinance of secession was passed, December 20, 1860. He sent to the North the first news of the failure of the steamer *Star* of the West to relieve the garrison of Fort Sumter after the United States troops had been withdrawn from Fort Moultrie. He witnessed and wrote of the bombardment and surrender of Fort Sumter. He was present at the signing of the ordinance of secession of Alabama, reported the doings of the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy, the inauguration of Jefferson Davis, and went to Richmond when the capital was moved to that city.

Comrade Foard enlisted and participated in the first battle of Bull Run. He afterwards served in the commissary department. Returning to Baltimore in 1865, he was employed on the *Sun*, which employment he had until his death, occupying positions of city editor, State editor, etc. He is survived by a widow, two daughters, and one brother.

THOMAS L. LUCK.

Thomas Lemuel Luck, youngest son of Joel T. and Nicy L. Luck, was born in Caroline County, Va., March 25, 1844. He enlisted in the Confederate army in December, 1862. He was captured on April 5, 1865, at the battle of Five Forks, near Petersburg, Va., and was held prisoner at Point Lookout, Md., until about the 22d of June, 1865.

In a partial sketch written by himself he states: "Capt. G. Allensworth was my commander, and a braver man never lived. I served in Company G, Childsburg's Light Infantry Blues, 30th Virginia Regiment, Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. I enlisted while our boys were doing picket duty on the Potomac River. From there we went to Frederick and went into winter quarters for about thirty days, then went to North Carolina. In the spring we went into Maryland and Pennsylvania, and returning captured Harper's Ferry. Our next battle was at Sharpsburg, known as Antietam by the Federals. I had a brother killed in this fight; and when it was over, I and another boy were the only ones left of Company G. We had made a forced march from Harper's Ferry, and the struggle following it was a fierce one."

THOMAS M. MURPHREE.

Thomas Martin Murphree, of Pittsboro, Miss., was born April 1, 1844, at Old Town, Chickasaw County, Miss., the son of Martin and Fannie (Bailey) Murphree. His paternal ancestors emigrated to America from Ireland. David Murphree, his grandfather, was a soldier of the Revolution; Martin Murphree, his father, served under General Jackson at New Orleans and was a member of the Second Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. He was one of the committee that located Pittsboro as the county seat of Calhoun County.

Mr. Murphree had attended school only a few months after his ninth year, but while in a prison at Indianapolis, Ind., he acquired a limited knowledge of arithmetic. He was color guard of the 4th Mississippi Infantry, and served until the surrender. After the war he engaged in farming, teaching, and

editing a newspaper. His death occurred October 9, 1905. He served his county as Circuit Court Clerk from 1884 to 1893. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1899 and reelected in 1903 as a Democrat. He was an official member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Pittsboro, Miss.

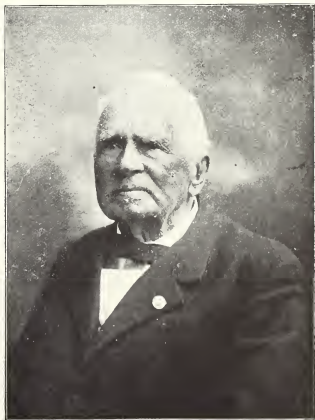
Brother Murphree married Miss Callie Cooper, daughter of William and Caroline Cooper, of Okolona, Miss., and is survived by his good wife, two sons and a little daughter. Resolutions were adopted by James Gordon Camp, U. C. V., of Pittsboro, Miss., as submitted by R. P. Goar, Chaplain of the Camp.

COL. THOMAS JOHNSON.

At Mt. Sterling, Ky., April 7, 1906, Col. Thomas Johnson died "of general debility." He was ninety-three years old and a valiant Confederate officer.

Colonel Johnson was born in Montgomery County, Ky., July 4, 1812. His father, Jacob Johnson, was a native of Maryland, but was brought to Kentucky by his mother after the death of his father. After attaining his majority, Thomas Johnson began trading in stock in addition to farming, and was so successful that in a few years he was able to purchase a farm for himself near the family household. In later years he purchased the homestead tract also, and at the time of his death owned about one thousand acres of land near Mt. Sterling. He owned considerable cotton land in the South, besides numerous other holdings, all made by his own energy and excellent business ability.

In early manhood Colonel Johnson took considerable interest in martial affairs, and for a time was captain of the State militia, and rose from this position to the rank of major general. In 1861 he was one of the two men selected to represent Kentucky in the Provisional Confederate Congress. He was granted a commission of colonel, and served with distinc-



COL. THOMAS JOHNSON.

tion throughout the war, being a portion of the time with Morgan in Kentucky. When that general made his raid on Mt. Sterling, Colonel Johnson's horse was killed under him, and he suffered many narrow escapes and hardships. After the surrender of Lee, Colonel Johnson returned to his home and again devoted his attention to stock-raising.

In 1876-77 he represented his district, composed of the counties of Montgomery, Wolfe, Powell, and Menifee, in the Lower House of the State Legislature, and in 1878-82 he was again called into the political arena and served the district composed of Montgomery, Bourbon, and Clark in the State Senate. In 1876 he joined the Somerset Christian Church. In 1871 he married Miss Elizabeth Peters, daughter of Mr. A. G. Peters. Six children were born, all of whom are living—Albert Sidney, Mrs. Pattie Riley, Mrs. J. M. Hoffman, Misses Anna and Susette, of Mt. Sterling, and Mrs. J. M. Hutton, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

[A sketch of the venerable Colonel Johnson appeared in the VETERAN for November, 1905, pages 498 and 499.]

MRS. J. G. WHEELER.

Mrs. J. G. Wheeler, who died February 14, 1906, at Manor, Tex., was a loyal and devoted U. D. C. She was one of the charter members of the Manor Chapter, organizing it in 1902, and was its first President, serving with earnestness and efficiency for two years. She was of a self-denying, magnanimous, cheerful nature, giving always with willing hands to the cause she loved so well. She was married at the close of the war to John G. Wheeler, who survives her and who lost his left arm in the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. [It was he who held General Lee's horse in one of the historic instances.]

Mrs. Wheeler left five daughters and two sons. Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Stanley T. Cooney, is an active member of Nashville Chapter No. 1; and Mrs. J. P. Johns, of Oklahoma City, her second daughter, is Secretary of the Marian Wallace Vail Chapter of that city. In the death of the good and noble woman the cause has sustained a loss that can never be supplied; but

"There is no death; the stars go down
To shine on a fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jewel crown
They shine for evermore."

MISS MARY MARTIN McIVER.

The death of Miss Mary McIver at her home, in Nashville, Tenn., on the 23d of March, 1906, removes from earth one of the noblest of women and one of the most devoted friends the Confederate soldiers had. With unselfish and uncalculating zeal she gave herself to the cause of the South, and consecrated all of her energies to ministering to the needs of those who fought for it. In 1861 she and Miss Robbie Woodruff (Mrs. Crank) made a beautiful Confederate flag, which was presented to the 8th Texas Cavalry, Terry's Rangers, among whom she had many friends. At the great Reunion in Nashville in 1897 she made a duplicate flag of the remnant of silk left from the first one, which she had religiously kept. The second flag was presented to the remnant of the old regiment. It was a touching occasion when with tears and joy they received this reminder of the "brave days of old," and with demonstrations of affection they testified their appreciation of the gift and their love for the giver.

While Middle Tennessee was occupied by the Federal troops she was ever ready to help the sick and the wounded Con-

federate prisoners, and she spared no pains, hesitated at no risk, shrink from no sacrifice to aid the scouts or raiding bands of Confederates who ventured within the Federal lines. With all the gentleness and modesty of true womanhood, yet on occasion she was brave as the bravest.

She was especially interested in those soldiers who were far from their own homes, and so she was particularly interested in the Texans. It was a time of joy to her—in 1897—when she had opportunity to renew the friendships of former days with the Lone Star veterans. Never to the day of her death did she falter for a moment in her devotion to the Southern cause nor fail in her interest in the welfare of the



MISS MARY McIVER.

Southern soldiers. Her beautiful Christian character gives assurance that she has entered that world of redeemed spirits, the blessed home, whither so many noble soldiers to whom she ministered have gone before her.

[The foregoing is from Rev. J. H. McNeilly, of Nashville.]

MRS. EVANDER McIVER.

On the 3d of April, 1906, Mrs. Evander McIver joined her sister in the unknown land. She too was one of the devoted band of women who in Nashville during the war were ever ready to help Confederate soldiers. As Miss Mary Ramsey, she was known to them as a friend to be counted on. In December, 1867, she was married to Maj. Evander McIver, a faithful Confederate soldier.

Of the five children, three have gone before her to the home above—one son and two daughters. Her husband and two daughters, Mrs. Alfred Hagan and Miss Effie McIver, survive her.

[These notes of Mrs. McIver come from the same comrade who officiated at both funerals—Rev. J. H. McNeilly.]

EDWARDS.—William T. Edwards, of Stonewall Camp, Portsmouth, Va., died March 14, in his sixty-fifth year. Enlisting in April, 1861, as a private of Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division, he was an active participant in many battles. He was paroled in May, 1865.

M. J. ROSTEEL DIED AT REUNION.

Comrade M. J. Rosteel, who resided at Lake Charles, died suddenly at the home of a kinsman in New Orleans. He was a soldier true, according to the *Picayune*. He enlisted as a private in the old Crescent Regiment, commanded by Colonel Mouton, and "served faithfully throughout."

Comrade Rosteel was forceful in business affairs.

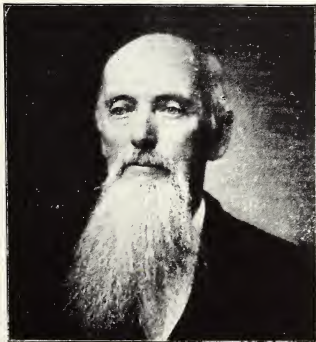
COL. J. U. GREEN.

Col. John Uriah Green was born in West Tennessee May 7, 1829; and died in Covington, the same State, on April 12, 1906, nearly seventy-seven years of age. His parents moved from Alabama to Tennessee during his infancy. In the early loss of parents he was reared by his uncle, John A. Green. At the age of fifteen young Green became a member of the Presbyterian Church, and in later years he was a prominent elder. He graduated in 1848 from Center College, Danville, Ky., with the late Senator Vest, of Missouri, and others who became prominent. On October 7, 1853, he was married to Miss Mary Jane Sanford, and lived on his farm until the war began, in 1861. He was made third lieutenant of the company, then its captain during the first year. Later he raised another company, which became part of the 12th Tennessee Cavalry, and he became lieutenant colonel of the regiment. In May, 1862, he was given a furlough that he might be with his wife in her fatal illness. The anguish of the husband and father in leaving his five motherless children to return to the service may be imagined.

On April 8, 1863, Colonel Green was captured by Colonel Hurst, of Tennessee, who treated him with Masonic fraternity. He was sent to Norfolk, Va. In the severity of his treatment as a prisoner "his death warrant was read to him." On being sent to Fort Delaware he and his fellow-prisoners overpowered the guard, captured the vessel, and made their escape.

[Colonel Green's account of this escape is given in the *VETERAN* for February, 1899, beginning on page 57.]

After a terrific pressure by four regiments of cavalry, the escape of Colonel G was made good. He said: "By God's help we got safely through to Richmond."



COL. JOHN U. GREEN.

From Richmond Colonel Green returned to his regiment in the fall of 1863, and followed the "Wizard of the Saddle" in some of the most surprising marches of the war. In the charge on Memphis Colonel Green led his regiment, his objective point being the old Gayoso Hotel. During the day two horses were shot under him, while he escaped without a scratch. At the close of the war he returned home and was married to Mrs. Sarah A. Green, his brother's widow; but on May 15, 1871, the circle was again broken, when his wife was taken.

From 1887 until his health failed Colonel Green did editorial work on the *Tipton Record*. Children, stepchildren, grandchildren, nephews, and nieces enjoyed loving care and protection, most generously given, and his words of counsel and advice will ever prove a benediction to them. In 1850 he was made a Master Mason, and for fifty-six years lived and builded under the guidance of the "Supreme Architect of the World," ever faithful in the performance of duty. He loved his lodge second to his Church, and always claimed that the Masonic order went hand in hand with the Christian religion.

Colonel Green was buried from the Presbyterian church, Rev. J. H. Lumpkin, assisted by Revs. W. H. Major and W. A. Freeman, conducting the funeral service. Hymns which he loved during his life were sung by the choir. His body was laid to rest with Masonic honors in the family burying ground.

ADJUTANT ROSSER.

An honored soldier of the Crescent Regiment, who was its adjutant at the close, died at his home, in Jacksonville, Fla., March 23, 1906, sixty-nine years of age. Comrade Rosser was a graduate of the South Carolina College and a charter member of the Delta Psi Fraternity. He was a member of the R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., at Jacksonville, Fla.

Comrade Rosser is survived by one brother, John Rosser, and seven sisters, five of whom—Mesdames Griffin, Flynn, Prothro, Murray, and Wilson—reside in Memphis, Tenn., Mrs. M. M. Barnes in Nashville, and Mrs. J. D. Thomas in Dallas.

KELLY.—Napoleon Kelly, of Gatesville, Tex., enlisted in March, 1862, as a private in Company C, 24th Texas Cavalry, and was afterwards in Company L, 21st Texas, Parson's Brigade. With this he served faithfully and bravely through every engagement, and at Yellow Bayou, La., he lost his right arm. He was discharged May 18, 1864. He was a great sufferer for a long while before his death, which occurred in January, 1906.

LIST OF DEAD COMRADES REPORTED FROM FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

- H. K. Carty, Co. C, 8th Tenn. Inf., died March 1, 1906.
- Thos. G. Hester, Co. C, 8th Tenn. Inf., died March 8, 1906.
- J. J. Cummins, Co. C, 8th Tenn. Inf., died March 17, 1906.
- Joe G. Sebastian, Co. K, 8th Tenn. Inf., died March 19, 1906.
- Dr. C. B. McGuire, Surgeon 1st Tenn., died March 25, 1906.
- Dr. W. B. Martin, Freeman's Battery, died March 8, 1905.
- Capt. S. Stiles, Co. A, 44th Tenn. Reg., died May 12, 1905.
- O. B. R. Swanner, Co. F, 44th Tenn., died May 19, 1905.
- W. W. Parker, Co. A, 44th Tenn., died June 11, 1905.
- William Anderson, Freeman's Battery, died July 26, 1905.
- Capt. J. H. Burnum, Buckner Guards, Ky., died Jan. 30, 1906.
- Morgan Conoway, Freeman's Battery, died Sept. 1, 1905.
- J. C. Kelso, Co. G, 1st Tenn., died November 21, 1905.
- W. A. Miles, Co. G, 1st Tenn., died December 12, 1905.
- William Bobo, Co. —, 17th Tenn.
- Charles Cunningham, also command not given.

MAJ. WILLIAM POLK.

In the death of Maj. William Polk, at Memphis, Tenn., on the 5th of April, there passed from this earthly life a representative Southern gentleman of the old school—unassuming, generous, and gentle, modest in his opinion, yet always a manly antagonist, brave and daring. In war he served his country with distinction, and in peace became a resolute and law-loving citizen, one of the courageous, true men who have maintained the high level of Southern citizenship.

Major Polk was born February 1, 1839. He enlisted in the 3d Tennessee as a private in Company D in May, 1861, and participated in most of the battles of the Army of Tennessee, first under Pillow, Floyd, and Buckner at Fort Donelson, where he was wounded, and afterwards with Bragg, Hood, and Joseph E. Johnston. In the reorganization of the army under Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., he was elected major of the Tennessee Consolidated Regiment, under Col. William M. Voorhies, of Columbia.

For many years before his death Major Polk was a planter of Tunica County, Miss., though he always regarded Maury County, Tenn., as his home; and he was buried in the beautiful cemetery of St. John's at Ashwood, the last resting place of so many members of his family, by whom this church was



MAJ. WILLIAM POLK.

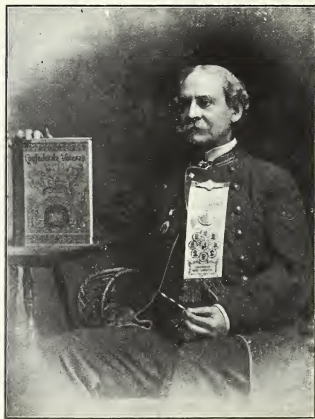
erected some three-quarters of a century ago. He was a son of Lucius J. Polk, nephew of Gen. and Bishop Leonidas Polk, and a brother of Lucius, R. J., and George W. Polk, the latter of Texas.

THEODORE COOLEY.

Another gap in the ranks of Nashville Confederates shows the place of Theodore Cooley vacant, death coming to him on the night of April 18. The closing up of ranks cannot efface the memory of a cheerful life in which there was much of

service to others. As one of the most public-spirited citizens of Nashville, as a veteran of the gray, always zealous in Confederate work, as a man of high honor and strict integrity, charitable and kind, he was held in high esteem.

Born in Nashville April 3, 1842, he received his preliminary education in the best schools of the city, and had two years in college in North Alabama. He then entered business with his father in Nashville; but at the beginning of the war, when but eighteen years of age, he enlisted in the famous Rock City Guards, which became a part of the 1st Tennessee



THEODORE COOLEY.

Confederate Volunteers. He remained with this company some eighteen months, participating in the early campaigns under General Lee in West Virginia. He was then appointed captain in the quartermaster's department and assigned to the important duty of purchasing supplies for the army. In December, 1864, he was captured near Decatur, Ala., brought to Nashville, and confined in the old State prison used by the Federals, from which he was transferred to Fort Delaware, where he was held till the close of the war.

Always actively interested in public movements, Mr. Cooley was prominently connected with several expositions, and in that celebrating the centennial of Tennessee, held in Nashville in 1867, he was made Chairman of the Art Committee, and the result of his energies showed the best collection of works of art and sculpture it was possible to secure. All who visited the famous Parthenon during the Exposition will remember most pleasantly that handsome display.

Comrade Cooley was an active and faithful member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, U. C. V., prominent as a Mason, member of the Knights of Pythias, Royal Arcanum, and other benevolent organizations. He was married in 1866 to Miss Eugenia F. Ford, daughter of Rev. Reuben Ford, of Virginia, who survives. Three children died in early youth.

OFFICERS CAMP NO. 1, A. N. V., NEW ORLEANS.

E. D. Willett and David Zable, Honorary Presidents.

J. L. Hempstead, President.

Harry H. Marks, J. J. Cumpsten, A. M. Costa, E. F. Kohnke, James Garrity, Vice Presidents.

John T. Block, Treasurer; T. B. O'Brian, Recording Secretary; John S. Mioton, Financial Secretary; Dr. Felix Formento, Surgeon; Rev. A. Gordon Bakesell, Chaplain.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. F. K. ZOLICOFFER.—The Knoxville (Tenn.) Chapter, U. D. C., has commissioned Oliver Branson, a local artist of repute, to paint a life-size portrait of General Zolicoffer to be placed in the Tennessee room of the museum at Richmond. He expects to finish it by May 19, to be placed on the platform of the Knoxville Chapter hall on that day, which the Chapter annually celebrates with appropriate exercises in honor of General Zolicoffer's birth.

NEW ALBANY (MISS.) CAMP, U. C. V.—The M. P. Lowry Camp, U. C. V., at New Albany, Miss., selected delegates to the Reunion at New Orleans and passed appropriate resolutions to the character of Gen. Joseph Wheeler. A model report of the proceedings was sent to the VETERAN by Adj. H. Marshall.

Mrs. C. A. Combs, of Adamsville, Tenn., seeks information from any one who was in Camp Chase with her husband, C. A. Combs.

L. C. Creswell, of Blum, Tex., desires to hear from any surviving members of Company I, 39th Mississippi Regiment. Write him Rural Route No. 2.

In sending her subscription to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Mrs. Joseph B. Dibrell, President Texas Division, U. D. C., writes: "A Division officer cannot afford to be without it."

OPINIONS OF "THE OLD SOUTH."

R. H. Sansom, of Knoxville, Tenn., writes of "The Old South": "Among recent publications read I have found none more nearly embodying my ideals of Southern manhood and chivalry or affording more of pleasure and profit in the reading than 'The Old South,' written by Dr. Hamill and published for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. One will read history in vain to find a more splendid likeness of the Old South. The old code of honor—the aristocracy of honor, as termed by the author—stood as a tower of strength to that generation, as it will ever stand to any generation adopting and practicing it. 'Twas bitter than any man's bond, because secured by the heart's best blood. In my judgment the present and future generations of God's favored and our well-beloved Southland owe and will owe a very large debt of gratitude to Dr. Hamill for this book."

W. E. Hurst writes from Rutledge, Ga., in regard to "The Old South": "I am so pleased with the spirit of the book and the attractive manner in which it is written that I feel constrained to beg of you that you write a larger book on the same subject."

PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. By Dr. John J. Craven, U. S. A. This book was written from a diary kept by Dr. Craven at the time of his daily visits to his distinguished patient. Naturally prejudiced about Mr. Davis, a few months of daily intercourse inspired in him so much respect and admiration that he was at last not allowed to make his visits alone, even in a professional way. This is a new edition, 320 pages. Cloth, \$1.50.

NORTHERN REBELLION AND SOUTHERN SECESSION. By Hon. E. W. R. Ewing, LL.B. A book that should be in every household, North and South, for it shows in consecutive order all important causes of public or private nature that led up to the secession of the Southern States, proving conclusively that this action in 1861 was perfectly justifiable. Mr. Ewing is the son of a Confederate veteran, to whom the book is dedicated. Bound in cloth. Price, \$1.

MEMOIRS OF GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON. By Hughes. Price, \$1.50. PICKETT AND HIS MEN. By Mrs. LaSalle Corbell, Pickett. Price, \$2.50.

FROM MANASSAS TO APPOMATOX. By Gen. James Longstreet. Price, \$3.

SOUTHERN STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION. By Hon. J. L. M. Curry. Price, \$1.50.

DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. By James Morton Callahan. Price, \$1.50.

In the foregoing list will be found the best books pertaining to the history of the War between the States and others, giving more personal accounts and histories. The VETERAN will be pleased to fill orders for one or more of them, and where it may be desired an addition of fifty cents to the price of the book will secure a year's subscription to the VETERAN in addition. Send in orders promptly. Special attention is called to this list in furnishing books that would be appropriate as Christmas gifts by those who are interested in Confederate history. Order books through the VETERAN.

THAT THRILLING NARRATIVE, "TWO WARS."

Any one who reads this book will be struck with the clearness, vigor, and vividness of the description of the scenes which came under the writer's eye; and any one who knows General French will need no further guarantee that he has without favor or fear written the truth as his intelligent and discriminating mind saw it. The real classic style of his diction is one of the charms of the work, even were there not in it the narration of facts which history demands. I regard this autobiography as one of the most valuable works of my generation in the matter of furnishing the future great historian with materials for writing what the South desires and is entitled to—viz., the true narrative of occurrences in this country between the years 1860-1870.

I am personally cognizant of the fact that sectional conceit has caused error to masquerade as the truth in many so-called "histories" of the war in Upper Georgia during the year 1864. General French's work clearly exposes these falsehoods, for which the world should thank him.—Joseph M. Brown, Atlanta, Ga.

"Two Wars" is in many respects a remarkable publication, appearing as it does when its author is an octogenarian, showing the wonderful development and great changes which have occurred in the lifetime of one man, and particularly the advance made in military science in the period between the two wars of which the book treats, as illustrated in General French's realistic descriptions of the battles of Monterey, Buena Vista, and that of Kennesaw and others of the War between the States.

His account of the condition of the Texas Indians, his reports to the government, and plans for their relief are interesting bits of history. The General, in his bright, characteristic way, tells many anecdotes of prominent persons he has known—U. S. Grant, his classmate at West Point, his comrade in Mexico, his opponent in the War between the States, and others.—Washington Post.

NEW PORTRAIT OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

The latest portrait of Gen. R. E. Lee, given on front page of this number, is an exquisite line engraving from the John A. Lowell Bank Note Company, of Boston, copied from a photograph taken in Richmond just after his return from Appomattox. The picture is one of a series of prominent men of the country engraved by this firm, and is a fine testimonial to their artistic work. The etching was done by W. H. W. Bicknell, noted throughout the country as a talented artist in this line of work. The likeness is considered very fine, Miss Mary Custis Lee saying, "It is a beautiful piece of engraving and the most satisfactory likeness of my father that I have ever seen," this being the opinion of his son also, Capt. R. E. Lee.

The portrait is printed in a soft tone of brown, the head appearing in an oval framework on which is inscribed "Robert Edward Lee, 1807-70," with further decoration at bottom of the Lee coat of arms and two Confederate flags. The style of work is copied from the old French and Dutch engravers. General Lee appears in his plain Confederate uniform, showing the three stars on collar, and the strong, kind face looks out upon the world with eyes clear and bright with no shadow of fear for the future.

The engraving described above is 16½x21¾ inches, and is made in four grades at the following prices:

Signed artist's proofs on vellum, limited to 75 copies,	
each	\$50 00
Signed artist's proofs on India paper, limited to 200	
copies, each	25 00
India prints, each	10 00
Plain prints, each	5 00

Orders will be received by the VETERAN and filled at prices quoted. This picture is especially valuable for schools and Camp rooms, the likeness carrying well at a distance.

"BATTLES AND SKETCHES ARMY OF TENNESSEE."

Many readers of the VETERAN who remember the interesting articles contributed by Capt. B. L. Ridley, of Gen. A. P. Stewart's staff, presenting his recollections of service in the Army of Tennessee, will be glad to know of their publication in book form with many additional sketches, all profusely illustrated. The introduction is by Gen. A. P. Stewart, who says: "Captain Ridley was familiar with all the operations and the various battles in which Stewart's Division and afterwards Stewart's Corps participated. He has not undertaken to write a history nor to give the battles and marches generally, but only the prominent ones, and to record a few scenes, some military, some social, some humorous and amusing, that impressed themselves on his mind." In this way Captain Ridley has avoided tiresome details, and in his bracing style has put together many things of historic value. His diary forms a part of the book, giving the impressions of a boy's mind about the scenes transpiring around him.

The book contains six hundred and sixty-three pages, with over a hundred illustrations. It is bound in cloth. Price, \$3, postpaid; with a year's subscription to the VETERAN, \$3.50. See advertisement in this issue.

"OLD TALES RETOLD."

OLD TALES RETOLD. By Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond. Publishing House M. E. Church, South. Price, \$1.

A most interesting book designated as "Old Tales Retold," by a daughter of Gen. Felix Zollicoffer, one of the first general officers to give his life for the Confederacy, is commended

to the reading public. The author modestly says: "The aim of the book is to cause inquiry into the facts of history." To enjoy the book she commends the reading of Haywood, Ramsey, and a number of other writers in the early history of Tennessee especially.

Commenting upon the book, the *Baltimore Southern Methodist* says:

"We do not know but that we enjoy the book itself far more than the ponderous tomes from which it has been carefully culled; for here are succinct and striking narratives of Ferdinand De Soto and his ill-fated expedition with such interesting details as can be given only by one who has thoroughly studied all the old chronicles of that romantic march. The pathos and tragedy of Fort Loudon's surrender, the assault on the fort at Watauga, the daring escape of Kate Sherrill, the realistic description of

King's Mountain, the 'Battle of the Bluffs' at Nashville are 'all told in such an engaging way that these stirring events in the early history of Tennessee will be long remembered. In an incidental way these stories also give us a lifelike picture of the noble and rugged character of James Robertson, the father and founder of Nashville, and of the brilliant and magnetic soldier, Gov. John Sevier, and of the intrepid heroism of Andrew Jackson.

"The story of how Andrew Jackson received his sobriquet, 'Old Hickory,' is one, as are the other descriptions of the book, which the little people and the grown-ups alike will read with pleasure. The massacre of the Fort Mims garrison by the Creeks had aroused Tennessee. Jackson soon marched southward from Nashville to the Indian country with two thousand volunteers, only to find his first victories brought to naught by the rascally army contractors who failed to rush forward supplies to his starving soldiers. Mutiny became rife. 'In vain did he set the example of grit and endurance by himself living on acorns and hickory nuts. His appeals fell on deaf ears. His diet of nuts only won for him the name of "Old Hickory," while the soldiers went on murmuring against the hardness of their situation.'

"At last the volunteer regiments formed in line to march home, only to find that Jackson, whose newly acquired nickname was indicative of his fiber, had commanded the soldiers who stood true to block the way with artillery ready to fire. The mutineers were dazed and the day won by this exhibition of a spirit which made one ready to eat hickory nuts as regular fare and shoot down old comrades who had deserted.

"May our Sunday school libraries find deliverance from cheap and sentimental literature through such books as this swarming in to take their place! This land has had its great men and its stirring events. Let the eyes of our youth be open to their deeds, that emulation of such bravery, honesty, integrity, and patriotism may inspire to like deeds."

The book will be supplied by the VETERAN. Price, \$1.



OCTAVIA ZOLLICOFFER BOND.

BEST BOOKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

RISE AND FALL OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT. By Jefferson Davis. The last edition of this great historical work is almost exhausted; only a few sets left. Orders for the set should be sent in now if wanted. In half Turkey morocco, express prepaid, \$10. The regular price in this binding was \$14. The price was put unreasonably low in the outset; and as the supply is almost exhausted and no more obtainable, the advance in prices is but reasonable.



TWO WARS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Gen. S. G. French. In this autobiography General French has given an accurate and interesting account of his service through two of the wars of our country in the last century—that with Mexico and between the States. It is a handsome volume of four hundred pages, in which there is much of present interest as well as much for the historical student of another generation. Bound in cloth, illustrated. Price, \$2.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE. Compiled and written by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. In addition to these letters, many interesting incidents of General Lee's private life are given, showing his domestic traits of character, his love of home life, his quiet humor, fondness for children, and his genuine affection for his war horse, Traveler. The book gives a clear view of a noble career. Cloth, \$2.50.



JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. A complete and masterly account of the operations of the Army of Tennessee under his command, with statement as to his plan of operations. This is the last of the edition. In half morocco, \$3; sheep, \$2.50; postage, 25 cents.

LIFE OF GEN. N. B. FORREST. By Dr. John A. Wyeth. In securing material for this work Dr. Wyeth, who was a boy soldier in the Confederate cavalry, had the assistance of others who served with Forrest and knew him personally, and it was his endeavor to have the book accurate in every detail. In addition, it is written in a most interesting and pleasing style and fascinates the reader from first to last. It is well illustrated with pictures of "Forrest's men" and nicely bound in cloth. Price, \$4.



TWO YEARS ON THE ALABAMA. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair (who served under Admiral Semmes). A beautifully bound and illustrated volume, giving a graphic account of the cruise of the gallant Alabama, with an appendix containing historical matter, biographical sketches of the officers, statistics, etc. Cloth-bound. Price, \$3.

HANCOCK'S DIARY. By R. R. Hancock, a member of Bell's Brigade of Forrest's Cavalry. From the diary kept by him during the war Sergeant Hancock has given an account of the movements of the 2d Tennessee Cavalry under Forrest to the last of October, 1864, with additional notes from other sources after that date; also an appendix of personal letters and sketches. Cloth Price, \$2.

LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON. By Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C.B. This is considered one of the most successful and most valuable biographies ever written. It is a masterly work, and stands not only as a monument to the memory of Jackson but to the industry and genius of Col. Henderson in analyzing and presenting clearly the science of military strategy. Two volumes, each six hundred pages. Bound in cloth; price, \$4.

"REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR."

BY GEN. JOHN BROWN GORDON.

A new edition of Gen. Gordon's interesting "Reminiscences" has been issued by the publishers in less expensive form in order to bring it within reach of the majority of Confederate survivors. It is identical with previous editions, but of cheaper material. Few books on the War between the States can equal this in vivacity of style, breadth of description, and interest in narrative. From the beginning, at Manassas, till the close, at Appomattox, the reader is carried through scenes of thrilling interest, and many incidents are given that will bring forth the ready martyr or start the unwilling tear.

The VETERAN is anxious to place this book with all comrades, and especially with the younger generation of the South, and takes pleasure in announcing it at the reduced price, \$1.50; with the VETERAN one year, \$2. Copies of the original edition, cloth, \$3; half morocco, \$5.



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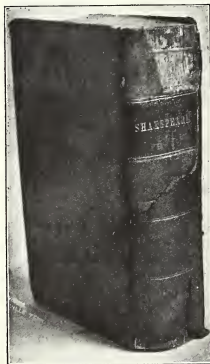
PRIZED COPY OF SHAKESPEARE.

This book was the property of the gallant Col. Mike Farrell, 15th Mississippi Infantry Regiment, Brig. Gen. John Adams's Brigade, Maj. Gen. W. W. Loring's Division, Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee, C. S. A.

The following is on the inside of the cover: "Col. Farrell left this book with me in fall of 1864 as Hood's army passed through Tusculumbia, Ala., on its way to Tennessee, and he was killed in the battle of Franklin.

L. B. THORNTON."

The book is bound in calf. It was



published in Philadelphia by Thomas Wardle in 1844.

The following is on the first white leaf, badly faded from age: "Presented to Col. M. Farrell by his friend, R. N. Johnson, Richland, Miss., September 30, 1864."

On next page at top, evidently in his [Farrell's] handwriting, is the following: "Col. M. Farrell, 15th Mississippi Regiment, Adams's Brigade, Loring's Division. A. T."

The "Shakespeare" was kindly sent me by Mrs. M. L. Thornton for inspection and that I could have a plate made of it for the VETERAN. The book has been sent to Col. James R. Binford, Duck Hill, Miss., as requested by Mrs. Thornton, the widow of Col. L. B. Thornton, of Tusculumbia, Ala., and will be deposited in the "Hall of History and Fame" of the State of Mississippi at Jackson by

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[The foregoing was supplied by Capt. Thomas Gibson, a fellow-officer and associate of Colonel Farrell.]

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A. J. Livingston, of Kindreds, S. C., who served in Company B, 3d South Carolina Regiment, Kershaw's Brigade, wishes to ascertain in what county or city in Mississippi was organized Company A, 21st Mississippi Regiment. He wants to communicate with any one who knew W. H. Roberts, of that company and regiment.

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From the music house of Thomas Goggan & Bro., Galveston, Tex., the VETERAN has received two songs which are just now having extensive sale in that State. "The Flag with a Single Star" is the composition of Mrs. Nettie P. Houston Bringham, the youngest daughter of Gen. Sam Houston, who thus pays homage to the flag which led the army of the Texas Republic. The public schools of the State have adopted it, and it has been sung with great success in different sections. The other song honors the leaders of the Confederacy under the title of "Jackson, Davis, and Lee," and will doubtless prove very popular in the ranks of surviving Confederates.

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Dr. R. W. Douthat, whose battle ode was noticed in the VETERAN for April, asks that correction be made of the statement that he was the only one of ten captains under Pickett coming out of Gettysburg unhurt. He says it should be "the only captain of his own regiment, 11th Virginia Infantry, escaping unhurt." He would like to know how many captains of the division came out without injury; also inquires of the division officers now living as to how many officers were left to the fifteen regiments that went into the charge.

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William D. Bouldin, of Trenton, Ky., who was first sergeant of Company K, 18th Virginia Regiment, under Captain Spencer, would be gratified to hear of or from Captain Campbell or Joseph W. Clay, of Company G, same regiment, which was commanded by Col. Robert E. Withers.

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Dr. J. H. Shannon, of Saco, Me. (Box 450), who was captain of United States Volunteers in the War between the States, makes inquiry for some of his namesakes who were in the Southern army, and would like to hear from or of them. He mentions Capt. Harry Shannon, of Sweet's Mississippi Battery; A. M. Shannon, chief of scouts under Wheeler; Col. M. A. Shannon, who, he thinks, served in the Georgia campaign in 1864; and Col. T. J. Shannon, in the Western Army. He hopes that some of these comrades can respond.

Curtis Kelly, of Columbia, Tenn., writes of a poor widow of that community who is in need of help, and to enable her to get a pension he wishes to hear from some comrade of her husband who can give the company and number of regiment in which he served. J. R. Potts enlisted at Mt. Pleasant in the infantry service, but was transferred to cavalry, and served under a Captain Biffith. Survivors of the company will please respond.

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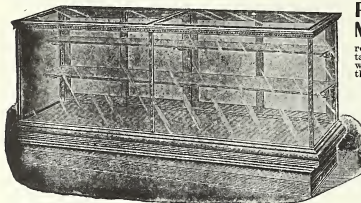
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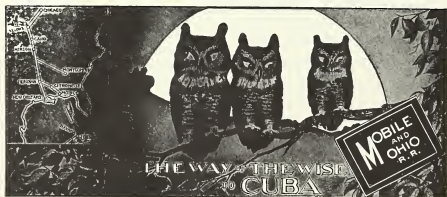
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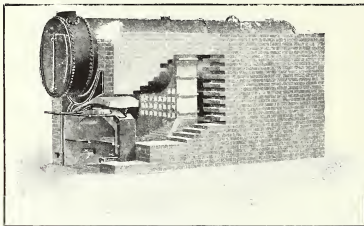
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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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{ VOL. XIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1906.

No. 6. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

THE CONFEDERATE GRAY.

BY LILITA M. LEVER.

(Dedicated to Gen. Stephen D. Lee and to his co-rdians, the United Confederate Veterans, at the Reunion at New Orleans, L., April, 1906.)

O, what could I tell that hath not been told
Or sing that hath not been sung,
Though my heart were changed to a harp of gold
With quivering strings new-strung?
I should only echo the martial strain
Of the bards of yesterday,
Or my words should fall like the drip of rain
On graves of the martyred Gray.

I should sing again of the starry cross
That floated so proudly o'er,
Undimmed in the gloom of defeat and loss,
Till the bugle ring once more
And the drum-beat sound through the hostile hiss
Of the bullets in the fray,
Where our knighthood courted Death's icy kiss
For the glory of the Gray.

I should tell once more how the stars by night
Kept watch with their vision clear
O'er the sleeping champions of Truth and Right,
Who at roll call answered "Here!"
And a dirge should sound down the empty years
For the brave souls passed away,
For the widow's sighs and the orphan's tears
And the shroud of blood-stained Gray.

Or the maiden's sobs for her fallen love,
Asleep in his youthful prime,
With naught but the daisies in bloom above
For his epitaph sublime,
I should thrill my harp with the passionate pain,
The yearning of one sad day,
When she watched at the rose-wreathed gate in vain
For her soldier boy in Gray.

Or my soul should soar to the prouder theme
Of the Southland's stainless name,
Like a pearl enshrined in the rainbow gleam
Of a high and deathless fame;
But I could not win from its storied past
One chapter, or sad or gay,
That shall not be baptized with tears at last
For memory of the Gray.

Peal forth, O ye bugles, a welcome cheer!

Ye fifes and ye drums, ring true!

Uprear, O ye Southrons, that emblem dear,

The cross in a field of blue!

Lo, the dead march on with their noiseless tread

In the living ranks to-day,

And a glory shines round each silvered head—

God's benison on the Gray.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT.

It becomes my painful duty to announce to the U. D. C. world the death of one of the honorary Presidents of the Association, Mrs. J. M. Keller, of Arkansas. Mrs. Keller was one of our real Confederate women, one of the great women which the years 1861-65 produced in the South. Loyalty to the Confederacy was one of her chief characteristics, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy honored her as such. The love which her own Division ever showed for her proves her real worth.

As one by one these brave Confederate women fall asleep the thought comes to those of us who love our great Association: "Will we really and truly be able to fill their places?" And the answer comes with convincing directness: "If we will be worthy of their teaching and their example, we may be anything which our country needs most. If we will bury self so deep that we will forget there is such a thing; if we will persist pleasantly but firmly in putting truth instead of falsehood with regard to the history of the Confederacy in the hands, minds, and hearts of our children and the world; if we will raise ourselves above petty jealousy, bickerings, and the like, and each one determine in her own heart that she will think and work only for that which, after careful consideration, she believes best for her Chapter, her Division, her Association, welding ourselves into one united *whole* for good and truth and patriotism in the broadest sense of the word—we can be worthy of any country's history." O, Daughters of the Confederacy! I wish I could make you see as I do the great future before us if we will each of us determine to be great, with a steadfast determination to let *nothing* make us do a small thing.

We have inherited the correct ideas of greatness; let us be guided by those. And one of the greatest of these ideas is that the majority should rule. Let us do the very best we can to have things go the way we believe to be best; but when the

majority has said, "Nay, do a different way," let us all, majority and minority, with smiling faces and willing hands and minds work for the achievement of our ends. Shall any one of us say: "I could not have things my way, and so I will not help at all. My place in the working ranks shall be vacant. Because the burden is not to be carried in the way I want it carried, I'll let the majority carry my part of it?" Can we do that and be worthy of the teachings of our fathers and the examples of our mothers? No; we cannot, if we would be worthy of such a heritage as we have. We must work *together, all of us*, in the way which the majority decide.

We have this year come before the eyes of the world in a way we have never done before. We are being recognized as one of the great Associations of the country. All this is the result of years of patient toil and effort on the part of those who have led us for the past years of our life as an Association. Prominent Veterans have said to me: "The hope of the veterans, that their comrades will be cared for, their memory saved from oblivion, their deeds recorded and taught truthfully and held sacred in the hearts of their countrymen, lies in the United Daughters of the Confederacy." Naturally you ask why it does not lie in the hands of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans; they are all lineal descendants of Confederates. Because the members of that Association are the busy men of to-day. Their hands are full with the work which is bringing our dear South out of the "slough of despond," into which she was plunged by the issues of that most terrific struggle in the sixties, into her rightful place in the world's progress. They do not have time for these things. But the U. D. C. will always have time for them. This is our part of the work: that we see that the living men of the day do not forget or neglect our great forefathers and mothers.

I believe that every Chapter should take into its membership as associate members the members and those who are eligible to membership in the U. S. C. V., and in that way we can get them interested in our work, and let it take hold of them as it has of us. I am not afraid of its putting politics into our ranks. But I do believe it is the only way to get them deeply interested in Confederate work. Of course I do not believe that the Camps of Sons ought to be abandoned. They ought to be kept up as the Association should, and I believe the only way to perpetuate that is to take them into our Chapters as associate members and interest them in the work.

I had meant to send a special message to the new Chapters this month; but these things need to be before you first, and then I can give the special message next time.

Let us be great, Daughters of the Confederacy; and in order to do that let harmony preside at all our meetings, small and great.

PERSONAL INCIDENTS OF THE REUNION.

The best of all good things that occur at Reunions is the renewed association with comrades of the long ago. Chapters of pathetic stories could be printed after each Reunion, as such record would be pleasing and beneficial to all who may learn of them.

The editor of the *VETERAN* had an experience at New Orleans that is given as an illustration in reminiscence. Lieut. W. Hardy Jones had a young brother, Jimmie Jones, with him in Company B, 41st Tennessee Infantry. The elder Jones was so paternal that James was quite dependent upon him. Lieutenant Jones was killed in the battle of Jonesboro, Ga. The latter was wounded and captured afterwards near Nashville, and we had not met since until at New Orleans.

Thrown upon his own resources, young Jones became a self-reliant, manly man and earned a good property in Texas. His children are married and scattered, but prosperous. This



MISS EMMA FRANCES IVES, FLORENCE, ALA.,
Daughter of Col. S. S. Ives, who commanded the 38th Alabama Regiment.
Miss Ives is an honor graduate of the Perry School of Oratory and
Dramatic Art, having won the scholarship. She will begin
her career as a dramatic reader in the fall.

Reunion incident is the more interesting because of an extraordinary sensation while in winter quarters near Dalton.

The writer was serving as sergeant major of the regiment; and when an order was issued permitting two members of each company to go on a thirty days' furlough, the lucky two were himself and Jimmie Jones. Applications were promptly made and forwarded. The one for Cunningham was delivered to him on an afternoon, and on that evening an order was issued countermanding the issuance to those not already supplied. He was soon off for a trip through the Carolinas and Virginia. With chipped beef and "hard-tack" in his haversack, he stood by the train in Dalton, three miles from camp, ready to step aboard, when, to his surprise, some one handed him a letter. It was from the captain of his company, acting upon the imaginary theory that by his official relations between the regimental and brigade headquarters he had exercised a dishonorable advantage over his comrade, whose furlough had not been returned. This sentence is given to illustrate the seriousness of the imputation: "When you lie down to sleep at night, ask God to forgive you for having taken a dishonorable advantage of a comrade. . . ." No decision of a soldier in battle could have been quicker, for in one minute the writer was on his way back to camp—making a walk to and fro of six miles—to assemble the officials who knew the facts and to prove that the supposed action was absolutely without foundation. A fertile imagination did the mischief; but there was rich compensation ever afterwards by the esteem manifested in the soldier's sensitive regard for his fairness and justice to a comrade.

Let comrades everywhere make record of interesting meetings with old comrades for the *VETERAN*.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

WHO WILL SEND ONE MORE?

In conformity with all rule, "the powers that be" merit consideration. The great organization of United Confederate Veterans, zealous in its cause, took occasion at the Louisville Reunion in 1905 to indorse zealously and enthusiastically the report of the History Committee. That report states in mentioning the CONFEDERATE VETERAN: "For many years it has been the official organ of our own great Association as well as of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, publishing the proceedings of their sessions, their work, and their achievements. Thus it has been the medium through which all that concerns the work of Confederate Associations can be so published that their cooperation may be made effective. As a magazine devoted to the objects of these Associations, it is a secure repository of war incidents, biography, reminiscence, history, and documents, and is already a full treasury of Confederate data. It is very gratifying that this ally of ours has attained a high position among our country's magazines. Its issue of twenty-two thousand copies this month proves its popularity and certifies its stability. *But your committee believes that in consideration of its worth and of the broad area of its circulation, South and North, it deserves the united support of this body, and it would become of greater service to us if all Camps and Chapters would adopt measures to double its subscriptions.*"

After another year—in the report at New Orleans, April 26—the committee's report is as follows: "Referring further to Confederate literature in all its forms, the committee here repeats with emphasis its statement at the last Reunion concerning the great value of our chosen organ, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published monthly at Nashville. This faithful auxiliary is prospering equally with all other public interests, and we recommend that all Camps and officers of this Association make special effort at once to double the present number of its subscribers."

Every faithful and zealous member of the United Confederate Veterans knows that this important committee realizes its responsibility, and that it would not repeat year after year a plea unless there was an important reason for it. Now who of the Veteran organizations will comply with the request to procure one more subscription? Suppose a personal visit were made to you and the plea of the committee carried as a verbal message, would you undertake to secure one more? Such visitation cannot be made. Children's children would become old before such visitation could possibly be made; therefore will you as Veteran or friend of the cause comply in the only practicable way by sending one new subscription? In making remittance say to some friend that you will include the dollar with your own in check or post office order.

BENEFITS OF CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATIONS.

G. W. Breckenridge, a patriotic comrade, writes to the Fincastle (Va.) *Herald* an earnest plea for Veterans to cooperate with each other by joining Camps and attending the meetings regularly. He states: "In other communities the

Camps are active and enthusiastic. If a comrade falls sick, the Camp sees that he is nursed and taken care of, particularly if he is needy and helpless. If he dies, the Camp buries him. Whether he be sick or not, if he is needy the Camp helps him along. Would you like to see a gallant old Confederate soldier spend his last days in the poorhouse? God forbid! The P. G. B. Camp met in Buchanan on the 19th inst. It was a beautiful day, the meeting had been advertised in both county papers for several weeks, and there were less than a dozen members on hand. And so it is at every meeting. . . . The boys are all getting old (except the writer), and many are needy. The old commonwealth does the best she can, but think of her munificent gift of fifteen dollars a year to a man who is too old or too crippled to work! Comrades, we ought to have a rousing big Camp, and we ought to take more interest in its work. It is the best medium through which those who are able can help the old boys who are needy and helpless. If you would subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published monthly at Nashville, Tenn., and read it, you would see what the world thinks of the Confederate soldier, and it would enliven your interest in your Camp and its good work. It is the organ of all the Confederate associations, and should be liberally supported."

REMARKABLE RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

The VETERAN is not well suited for local advertising. It circulates so extensively throughout the South that a fair price for advertising would give but a small percentage of business proportionately to any locality. As a "class" publication, it varies from others in having a very low advertising rate. The following scale was established when the circulation was 10,000 copies, and it was increased later; but as it was found unprofitable to employ traveling agents, the rate is now restored to the 10,000 basis, while the circulation—guaranteed to strangers—is more than 20,000. That rate per inch is: One month, \$1.40; three months, \$1.26; six months, \$1.19; and one year, \$1.12, with a discount of ten per cent if additional insertions are ordered. Special rates will be made for July and August issues as follows: One column, \$10; quarter page, \$8; half page, \$15; one page, \$27. The VETERAN is commended especially to educational institutions and for any kind of mail order business in the South.



MONUMENT BY R. F. P. RAILROAD.

This is the monument built by the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad Company near Fredericksburg, Va. See February (1906) VETERAN, page 77. It is thirty feet square at the base and twenty-five feet high.

GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

Delay in giving some account of the memorial service to Gen. Joseph Wheeler has been prolonged beyond what was intended. To Georgia comrades who served under him—through whose zeal the interesting book, "Wheeler and His Cavalry," is added to our Southern history and who named their Camp for him—are General Wheeler's friends indebted for one of the most memorable memorial services in the history of any of our commanders in the Confederate army.

Corporal James Tanner, the present Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, was present and made the leading address. It was not so much a tribute to General Wheeler personally as to the Confederate soldier. The speech was of great length; it was an oration that would have done credit to any statesman, and the subject-matter was void of a single utterance in the least objectionable to any Southern man or woman. It may yet appear in the *VETERAN* as a historic record of great deeds by great men and an illustration of the highest patriotism by one who fell in the carnage of a great battle.

GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS'S ADDRESS.

Gen. Clement A. Evans's address, after explaining that Gen. Stephen D. Lee, the Chief Commander of the Confederates, could not be present, follows:

"There are occasions of public enthusiasm when even foes fire unshotted cartridges as salutes of honor in their admiration of personal valor. There are other occasions of public sorrow when flags that had flashed mutual defiance fall to half-mast in token of mutual mourning. There are yet more lustrous occasions when warriors and people of the same lineage and land forget the hostile steps already trod on bloody ground and, having learned the law of brotherly fellowship, press forward together to make their restored union a commonwealth indeed and their country's grandeur in peace an example of true national greatness for all the world to follow.

"Such is the sentiment of this memorial inspired by the life and death of General Wheeler. People are here from all parts of the Union. The old warriors are here representing the United Confederate Veterans and the Grand Army of the Republic. Both of these armies are peacefully 'wearing the gray'—the gray with which nature impartially honors their venerable heads. But both have risen from the red ground of strife, and are looking up together into the same sky of blue, wishing that the angel of peace would come and put an end to all war forever.

"I am very sure that I may speak of General Wheeler's life and its meanings with friendly freedom under all the impulses of the present highly suggestive national moment.

"General Wheeler was a true type of the patriotic soldier of our free nation, whose sword is never drawn except at the call of duty and always sheathed when that duty has been discharged. His military services were mainly in the Confederate army, and can be learned only in the history of the Confederate war. His subsequent services gave him signal reputation, and they set new but not richer brilliants in the crown of his Confederate fame.

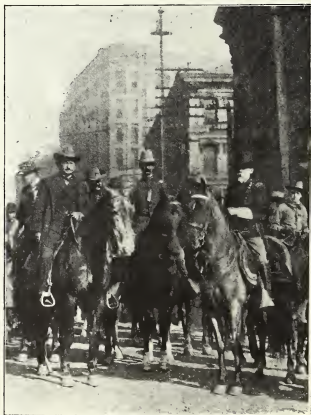
"I regard his whole career in its broad sweep of views, convictions, and acts as being so impressively characteristic of the Confederate soldiery and people that it is worthy of national review. In such a study of the life of this will be found that whatever Wheeler was so were his people. Tributes to him are tributes to them. Let us see this matter together, eye to eye. Wheeler began his military service honorably and in accordance with the view of duty taken by Robert Lee. He

won great distinction rapidly, and meantime retained his honor. His sword is stainless, like that of Lee. He fought with persistent courage until the Confederacy ceased to live; and when war on the field of arms was over, he did not attempt to transfer its question to the forum of civil sectional strife.

"It will be noted that his acquiescence in the terms of surrender was without reserve, and yet he made unvarying affirmation of his fidelity to the main principle for which he had fought. Consistent likewise with all his profound convictions were the incidents of his after life. Without a moment of intervening anarchy he resumed the duties of citizenship, and was thoroughly allegiant to the reunited country. His allegiance was practical. He deprecated agitations that fed sectional animosity, and advocated all measures that would promote a sincerely welded union. With the hand that had sheathed his bright sword and with a great heart whose throbs expelled the mere passions of war, he grasped the memories and the principle of his cause, believing that they could not fail, and turned his energies into the ways of peaceful endeavor to restore his Southern land.

"In course of time a foreign monarchy adventured war with the United States to hold fair Cuba in the thrall of longer oppression, and this was his opportunity to appeal for service at the front with the armies of his country. There Fame again soon found her favorite son on the firing line and heard him give the word to charge, and next she saw him flushed with victory that set Cuba free and made his country great. And then again, as of yore, she knighted him hero of the day and called upon his willing nation to give her honors to this Confederate soldier.

"I submit to the generous thought of all our countrymen that in these facts of his life Wheeler simply illustrated in a



GENERAL EVANS AND GENERAL WHEELER,
The latter guest of honor at Atlanta Jubilee.

grand way the characteristics of Confederate soldiers and the Southern people. Their sensibilities were cut to the quick by any distrust of their fidelity to the terms of surrender or to the government. Their deeds have redeemed their words at the golden value of honor's sacred pledge. As it was with Wheeler, so it was and so it is with all his people."

"The South is well satisfied with the sound patriotism of its old ideas, with the purity of its sentiment, with the general course of its record, and with its heroes living and dead. It is also as well satisfied with the Union, the Constitution, the



WHEELER MEMORIAL SERVICE, ATLANTA.

flag, the army and navy, and with the present power and glory of our country. The attempt to reconcile the South is a waste of philanthropy. It reconciled itself nearly forty years ago with very little help, and now hails all reciprocal reconciliation, let it come as it will.

"The Southern people of these United States are quickly and warmly responsive to generous consideration. They appreciate the national demonstration of regard for General Wheeler; their hearts responded warmly when their old captured flags were restored to the States; they are deeply affected by the purpose of the government to care for the Confederate soldiers' graves; they appreciate the giving of facilities for completing the rosters of Confederate armies; they welcome heartily the present investigation of the needs of their rivers; they manifested with enthusiastic Southern cordiality their delight at the visits of the President of their country; they expect increasing sympathy of their countrymen for them in dealing with their peculiar local problems; and they participate in every demonstration that can secure by strong fraternal pressure that solidarity of the people of the United States which will leave no line or plane of cleavage anywhere.

"I conclude with the declaration that the South recognizes its share of responsibility for the good government of the Union. It was never so much in earnest in effort as now to have a perfect Union, to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty for ourselves and our posterity. The South would have the entire land to be all South from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, all North from the Gulf to the lakes, and all the States and Territories to be one rich realm of liberty, fraternity, and equal prosperity from ocean to ocean."

Miss Furlow Anderson presided at the organ.

The Spanish War Veterans were represented by their Commander in Chief, Charles R. Miller, Cleveland, Ohio. Commander Miller received much attention by veterans of both sections.

Col. Thompson H. Jones, who had charge of the memorial service, did himself honor by its management.

The editor of the *VETERAN* knew General Wheeler thoroughly, and remembers vividly the General's loyal heart for the South at all times—illustrated by his able and bold manner of exposing the wickedness of Edwin M. Stanton in a great speech before the House of Representatives when a member of Congress, and the persistent but unsuccessful efforts by the dominant party to prevent it from appearing in the "Congressional Records." Then he remembers cordial and confidential conversations with the General after his fame was increased by United States service in the Spanish War, and he contributes all honor to him as a patriot and for loyalty to his adopted South. He is the more anxious to pay these tributes, believing that the grievous inconsistency of his being buried among United States army officers rather than with his family under the magnificent granite shaft erected to his family at Wheeler, Ala., will cause misunderstanding of his true relations to the sections. If concession had been made for any reason so as to bury him in Arlington Cemetery, and if his grave had been made in the Confederate section, then the North might have shared with the South in an equestrian statue to his honor and to that of the spirit of reconstruction illustrative of President McKinley in suggesting that the North share with the South in caring for the graves of the Confederate dead. Such a monument would have answered for the Confederates there for all time. General Wheeler was as faithful to his Confederate convictions when on San Juan Hill as in the midst of his greatest victory while commanding Confederate forces.

The inconsistency of General Wheeler's burial at the place indicated above is all the more painful because of the ardent devotion of the South to his family. His four daughters have ever on all occasions contributed in the most exquisite manner to the highest qualities of Southern womanhood, and no higher tribute could be paid to anybody anywhere.

It is ever a matter of pride and gratitude to have known General Wheeler. He was as refined and gentle—like Jefferson Davis—as our gentlest women, and yet ever ready for the greatest emergencies that could come to mankind.

NAVAL VETERANS AT THE REUNION.

The naval veterans of the Confederacy did not have as large attendance as usual in New Orleans. Commander H. B. Littlepage reminded the few who were there that, as their numbers were constantly growing smaller, they should all work together for the few remaining years of their lives to preserve as much as possible of the history of the Confederate navy. He spoke of the wonderful record which was made by the few small ships that were in the service of the Confederate government, and stated that the Confederacy had given lessons to the entire world in the building of war ships, and that many of the plans of naval architecture originating with the South were still being followed by the builders of war ships.

Secretary W. F. Clayton read a lengthy report, giving important historical data which had been gathered during the year. He urged all naval veterans present to do all in their power to collect data and forward it to him, in order that it might be so arranged as to be of historical value.

CHANGE OF SENTIMENT WITH GRAND ARMY.

FROM CORPORAL TANNER'S MEMORIAL DAY ORDER.

As Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, Corporal James Tanner in issuing his official order stated:

"Thirty years ago, when I was a department commander of New York, in a Memorial Day order I then issued I suggested to the comrades of New York that wherever, from Montauk Point to Buffalo, any Confederate soldier had found sepulture among us I trusted that when we went out to laurel the graves of our Union dead our common American manhood would prevent our passing by the graves of our former opponents without dropping thereon some floral remembrance. 'Not,' I said, 'in honor of their cause, for that we opposed, fought, and conquered; but because we who met them on the field of battle know that braver men or better soldiers have not been known since men were first marshaled in battle.'

"We were then scarce a dozen years away from Appomattox, but the suggestion seemed to meet with very general approval. To the order at large I now confidently make the same suggestion.

"We have returned the battle standards of the dead Confederacy to those who treasure them as sacred mementos of their loved ones who died under them. The Congress of the United States has just unanimously voted two hundred thousand dollars to care for the graves of those dead, and the heart of the nation has said with great unanimity: 'It is well!' Unitedly we march along the highway of nations, rosebushes blossoming over and around and the birds nesting in the mouths of the cannon that once roared defiance and death at each other, the world applauding, our conscience approving.

"If mothers of the South still sit, like Rachel of old, 'weeping for their children' and refusing to be comforted because they are not, let the news go down to them that on our most sacred day we feel it a privilege to stand in the place of their far-distant kinsmen and lovingly mark their last resting place with God's sweetest emblem of peace—flowers.

"The old flag has been rebaptized since 1865 with the blood of the North and the South alike, and the ship of State is securely anchored for all time."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN 1906.

Consistent with the patriotic expressions of the South's friend, Corporal Tanner, Commander of the G. A. R., the President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt, in a speech on Memorial Day at Portsmouth, Va., said:

"This day is hallowed and sacred in our history, for on this day throughout the land we meet to pay homage to the memory of the valiant dead who fell in the great war. No other men deserve so well of this country as those to whom we owe it that we now have a country. Moreover, the men to whose valor we owe it that the Union was preserved have left us a country reunited in fact as well as in name. They have left us the memory of the great deeds and the self-devotion alike of the men who wore the blue and of the men who wore the gray in the contest where brother fought brother with equal courage, with equal sincerity of conviction, with equal fidelity to a high ideal, as it was given to each to see that ideal.

"We cannot too highly honor the memory of the leaders in the War between the States—of Grant and Lee, of Sherman and Johnston, of Stonewall Jackson and Sheridan, of Farragut and of the captains who fought under and against him. But after all, the man upon whom the chief credit must rest was the plain man in the ranks, the man in blue or in gray who went in to see the war through, and who did see it through. He had the courage to stand without flinching the

bickering of the skirmishes and the hammering of the great fights; he had the steadfast endurance to bear with uncomplaining resolution the hunger and the heat and the cold, the scorching days and the freezing nights, the grinding, heart-breaking fatigue of the marches, the wearisome monotony of the camps, and the slow suffering of the field hospitals. So in the army and the navy to-day, in the last analysis we must depend upon having the right stuff in the enlisted man and then upon having that stuff put into proper shape."

COMMANDER G. A. R. TEN YEARS AGO.

The foregoing stands in creditable contrast to the conditions of ten years ago. Dates of the Richmond Reunion were changed to the latter part of June, so that the U. C. V. and G. A. R. organizations might have a great parade in New York. The following from Julius Gogarn, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was published at the time:

"Commander in Chief Walker, of the G. A. R., who attended the State Encampment at Newark, Del., recently said as to the proposed meeting of the blue and the gray in New York: 'There is not a loyal Union soldier who would approve of such a thing. Loyalty deserves its reward, and treason and treachery should always be punished. There is a broad distinction between Union soldiers and Confederates, and so long as I am at the head of the G. A. R. this distinction shall be observed so far as this organization is concerned. I would not for a minute favor any suggestion that would offer to place Union and Confederate soldiers side by side in parade, wearing blue and gray uniforms, even though they both marched under the flag of the United States.'

"Think you that the Union soldiers would necessarily detract from their blood-bought honors by marching beside the sinewy, daring yeomen of the fair Southland, whom the former so valiantly and completely conquered? Does it not seem to your unbiased mind that if the eternal fame of the gallant boys in blue has been indelibly impressed upon the nation's mind, as it certainly has been, it would take more than a marching of that sort to pale in the least the crowning glory of our soldier fathers whom the enlightened, patriotic, and advanced North, South, East, and West of to-day equally respect and revere?"

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE BLUE AND GRAY.

The Wheeler Memorial Service held in Atlanta was postponed for a time that those who desired to do so could at-



OFFICIALS OF BLUE AND GRAY IN ATLANTA.

tend both that service and also the Annual Convention of the Blue and Gray, which met the day after the Wheeler service. The organization of the Blue and Gray may grow by and by into a blending of the two great organizations into one, yet those great bodies have not so far entered into the confederation, although neither opposes it. Corporal Tanner, the present head of the Grand Army of the Republic, appears in the same picture (herewith presented) on the right of the Commander in Chief, Gen. Julian S. Carr, of North Carolina, in center, and who has commanded the U. C. V. Division of that State for several years.

In the absence of the proceedings of that convention, the VETERAN bespeaks for all comrades who are members the most fraternal regard. The veteran soldiers so cooperating manifest that spirit of patriotism and fraternity which argues well for the future of the country.

DEMONSTRATED GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

The Atlanta Journal of recent date tells of another Civil War spot of historic note that has been marked by the patriotic work of two veteran citizens of Atlanta. Leggett's Hill became one of the salient features of the battle of Atlanta, on July 22, 1864, and is often referred to in the histories of that momentous conflict. From it was leveled some of the fiercest artillery fires of the day, and up its slopes occurred charges of desperate valor.

Capt. Henry S. Cave, of the 2d Wisconsin Volunteers, and Gen. Andrew J. West, of the 41st Georgia Regiment, repre-

sented to Vice President Fairbanks on his visit to Atlanta after bearing fraternal relations of the M. E. Church to the M. E. Church, South, at its late meeting in Birmingham, Ala.

CAPTAIN CAVE'S GIFT TO GEORGIA HOME.

The VETERAN notes with pride and gratitude that Captain Cave recently donated to the Georgia Confederate Soldiers' Home in handsome binding the thirteen complete volumes of this magazine. He has official notice of the gratitude entertained for his gift, and his gift will be a lasting monument to the good will that exists through association.

"PIONEER" WOMEN'S BODY IN NEW ORLEANS.

At the annual meeting of the Louisiana Confederate Southern Memorial Association, held recently in New Orleans, Mrs. W. J. Behan, the President, paid merited tribute to the deceased members—Mrs. J. H. Leovy, Mrs. Thomas Heather-ton, Mrs. L. H. Terry, Mrs. G. A. Hammond, Mrs. J. B. Walton, Sr., and Mrs. Mahala Roache.

Miss A. Lobrano, of the Relief Committee, made a most interesting report, and presented to the Association a beautiful sword which was given to her father on the battlefield of New Orleans, January 8, 1815, by Gen. Andrew Jackson. Miss Lobrano announced that a Bible used by Rev. Mr. Markham and a homespun coat worn by him during the war had been donated by Miss Daisy Hodgson. The Association voted Miss Lobrano a rising vote of thanks.

The following standing committees were made:

Monument: Mrs. Zapata, Chairman; Mrs. C. I. Fayssoux, Mrs. Alden McLellan, Mrs. W. W. McWhan, Miss A. Lobrano.

Finance: Mrs. Monroe, Chairman; Mrs. J. Watts Kearney, Mrs. B. F. Eshleman.

Membership: Miss Hodgson, Chairman; Mrs. J. B. Richardson, Mrs. W. W. McWhan, Mrs. B. R. Van Horn, Mrs. Sumpter Turner.

Relics: Miss A. Lobrano, Chairman; Mrs. Archibald Mitchell, Mrs. J. R. Davis, Mrs. F. H. Waltz.

Soldiers' Home: Miss Kate Eastman, Chairman; Mrs. G. B. Dermody, Mrs. H. H. Marks, Mrs. J. Y. Gilmore.

Floral Design: Mrs. H. C. Mackie, Chairman; Mrs. J. A. Barral, Mrs. H. H. Ward, Mrs. Annie Nicholson Reed.

Memorial Book: Miss Kate Eastman, Chairman; Mrs. C. I. Fayssoux, Mrs. R. G. Hadden.

Gold Badge: Mrs. George A. Williams, Chairman; Mrs. John B. Richardson, Miss Sophie Wright.

The officers of the Association were unanimously elected. They are: Mrs. Behan, President; Mrs. McLellan and Mrs. Turner, Vice Presidents; Miss Eastman, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Waltz, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Richardson, Treasurer; Miss Delphine Points, Historian.

CONFEDERATE DEAD IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY.—The Committee on Confederate Dead is composed as follows: Samuel E. Lewis, M.D., and E. W. Anderson, District of Columbia; Silas Hare, Henry M. Marchant, and George C. Giddings, Texas; William Broun, Virginia; John M. Hickey, Tennessee; Nathan C. Munroe, Georgia; Julian G. Moore, North Carolina.

Puck of July 18, 1905: "As to a national hymn to supersede the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' why not write some new words to 'Dixie'? It is the only decent tune of the lot."

Puck is not such a "fool," after all.



H. S. CAVE, U. S. A., AND A. J. WEST, C. S. A.

sending "the blue and the gray" recently in reunion (both of Atlanta), have jointly erected the tablet shown above to mark the historic spot. Both of the veterans are shown in the picture. Captain Cave wears the white hat. Leggett's Hill overlooks the battlefields of July 22, 1864. A copy of this picture, beautifully colored in red, white, and blue, was pre-

FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS ELECTS OFFICERS.

Quite a large quota of the survivors of Forrest's illustrious cavalry corps held their reunion in Washington Artillery Hall, New Orleans, on Thursday morning of Reunion week. The meeting was called to order by Gen. Henry A. Tyler, Commander, who in a few fitting words gave greeting to the "old boys" present and stated the object of the meeting. Gen. V. Y. Cook, of Elmo, Ark., was chosen Chairman and Col. John Garrett, of Hopkinsville, Ky., Secretary. On taking the chair, General Cook with fitting words returned thanks for the honor conferred and stated the object of the meeting.

Nominations for Corps Commander for the ensuing year being in order, Comrade James E. Wood, of Marianna, Ark., nominated Gen. Henry A. Tyler, of Hickman, Ky., for the position. In doing so he said:

"Mr. Chairman, ladies, and old comrades of Forrest Cavalry Corps—survivors of as gallant a body of horsemen as ever bestrode horse, wielded saber, or carried carbine; veterans of a cause as just and sacred as any for which warrior ever 'couched lance or drew blade,' a cause for which thousands of as noble and gallant souls as ever mustered beneath banners of war yielded up their precious lifeblood; small remnant of one of the grandest armies the world has ever seen, an army of only six hundred thousand souls, which, ill fed and scantily clothed, defied the combined forces of the world and for four tragic years upheld upon their bloody bayonets the fortunes of a storm-cradled nation: Is it not, fellow-comrades, a glorious honor to have been a member, no matter how humble the rank, of that grand aggregation of patriotic warriors, fighting for homes and firesides, a proud heritage indeed to leave to posterity? Away with the sycophantic cant that we fought for what 'we thought to be right!' I for one, fellow-comrades, yet hold to the opinion that we fought for what we *knew* to be right.

"Now among all the corps commands of that grand army there were none the superior and but few, if any, the equal of those who rode with our grand leader, N. B. Forrest, so aptly designated the 'Wizard of the Saddle,' the greatest cavalry commander doubtless the world has ever produced. History tells us that in the palmy days of ancient Rome, when she as a queen 'sat upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world,' it was the common boast of her proud citizens that to be a Roman was greater than to be a king. So with us, old comrades, in view of the glorious deeds of our corps in the time that tried men's souls, it should be our proud boast to have been even humble privates in the ranks of Forrest's command.

"In view of our record of the past, fellow-comrades, it is eminently proper that we, the survivors of Forrest's command, as an organization should come together annually, as long as life shall last, to greet each other, rehearse valorous deeds done, and otherwise perpetuate the memory of those who have with the immortal Jackson gone before and 'crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees.'

"It has been stated, fellow-comrades, that the first business now before us is the selection of a Commander to serve for the next year; and I am here for the purpose of presenting to you the name of one for that most honorable position who is in every way worthy of it, one who is eminently deserving of any honor that we could confer upon him, one who always commanded the respect and held the confidence of our incomparable leader, one who never failed him in time of dire necessity and oftentimes proved a good right arm in combat. It will be remembered that when General Smith, with his

picked command of Federal cavalry, raided the fertile fields of Eastern Mississippi for the purpose of devastating this appropriately termed 'commissary of the Confederate army of the West' it was he who brought on the unequal fight at Sookatonshey Bridge, checked the hitherto victorious and destructive march of the vandals, and hurled them back in rout and retreat. [It was in a desperate conflict of that day that the much-loved younger brother, Col. Jeffrey Forrest, who was also as a son of our great leader, met his untimely death while charging at the head of his impetuous regiment. This is the only time on record, it is said, when our great General appeared completely unmanned. Hearing of the sad catastrophe which had befallen the one he loved so well, he spurred to the spot, sprang from his horse with tears streaming from his eyes, seemingly oblivious of surroundings, regardless of the 'death shots coming thick and fast as lightning from the mountain cloud,' clasped the lifeless form to his heart, and with womanly tenderness and love kissed the icy brow of his beloved slain.]

"Again, another timely and effective deed was done by the comrade whom I shall presently name for our Commander—in the battle of Tishomingo Creek (glorious Tishomingo Creek!), which has been conceded by both friend and foe as having proved the greatest victory, according to numbers engaged, won by either side during the war; a victory where the victors killed, wounded, and captured of the enemy their own number twice told. At a most critical time in this unequal contest, when the result was trembling in the balance, our great leader saw an opportunity, desperate though it appeared, to strike a decisive blow with inferior numbers and, if successful at one fell stroke, win the battle. For this



MISS LELIA SIMON.

hazardous undertaking General Forrest unhesitatingly called upon him whom I shall name for our commander, and so gallantly and so effectively was that call responded to that the enemy, although in larger numbers, gave way before his impetuous charge, and the doubtful contest was decided and the 'red field was won.' And now, comrades, the name of that comrade true and tried, that soldier without fear and without reproach, is Capt. Henry A. Tyler, formerly of the 12th Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A."

Amid the wildest enthusiasm the election was made unanimous, when the old hero came upon the rostrum and in words touching and eloquent returned thanks for the honor conferred.

After the election of General Tyler, calls were made for Gen. E. W. Rucker, who came upon the rostrum and was greeted with yells and cheers. The armless old brigade commander responded in happy vein, and was cheered to the echo.

Gen. H. B. Lyon, of Kentucky, a gentleman of noble appearance, erect, of fine countenance, in every line of which is written determination, tempered with kindness, followed General Rucker. He spoke eloquently of the comrades who are gone into the brighter life, as well as to those who were gathered here among the living mementos of a glorious if unsuccessful struggle. He too was frequently interrupted with bursts of prolonged applause.

Gen. Baxter Smith, of Tennessee, the next speaker, was no less eloquent than those who preceded him, delivering a most touching and forceful eulogy of Forrest and of the men who fought with him throughout the long civil strife.

Following General Smith's address came the reading of that immortal poem by Father Ryan, "The Conquered Banner." A New Orleans paper said of Miss Simon and its rendition: "It was read by one of Texas's fairest daughters, the beautiful, charming Miss Lelia Simon, of Dallas, sponsor for Col. V. Y. Cook's Third Division of Forrest's Cavalry Corps. In a voice as clear and sweet as a silver bell, full of pathos, and with splendid elocutionary ability, she sent throughout the big hall the beautiful, eloquent words of the poet-priest, and was listened to in a silence most intense to the very close, when came a storm of deafening applause." Miss Simon's tribute to General Forrest in a few brief minutes was one of the finest ever heard.

Lee H. Russ, who was known in Forrest's command as "The Baby of the Escort," and who is now on the staff of the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, next delivered a beautiful address of welcome to the ladies, receiving enthusiastic applause in cheers and hand-clapping at its conclusion.

Report of the Secretary is to appear in next VETERAN.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C., AT BILOXI—The Mississippi Division, U. D. C., held their annual convention May 1 at Biloxi. This location was opportune, as it was so accessible to the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir. In addition to the State officers and visitors, there were one hundred and twenty-five delegates and thirty-five veterans from Beauvoir as guests of honor. The proceedings are not herein reported. A feature of much interest was the address of Hon. T. M. Henry, of Jackson, on the "Beauvoir Home and What It Is."

Contributors to the "Last Roll" will see by the large number in each issue—and there are many other comrades equally meritorious and worthy—the importance of being as concise as possible. Let the sketch refer mainly to the military career of the comrade.

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Capt. W. H. ("Tip") Harrison writes from the office of the Comptroller, Atlanta: "When you next print the list of surviving Confederate generals, try to find places for the names of Gens. Edward P. Alexander, Clement A. Evans, George P. Harrison, and Peter McGlashan. They were all in service from Georgia during the war. General Alexander lives, a prosperous citizen, at Georgetown, S. C.; General Harrison is also a prosperous citizen at Opelika, Ala.; General Evans holds a State Commissionership in Atlanta; and General McGlashan lives in Savannah. Besides these, we have Gen. William M. Phillips, who was colonel of Phillips's Georgia Legion, and was afterwards made a brigadier general by Gov. Joseph E. Brown and given a brigade of Georgia State troops."

To have omitted such important names—as they were not in the list furnished by a Georgian, now of New York—seems inexcusable on the part of the editor, and the rebuke by that efficient comrade, Capt. Tip Harrison, is so gentle as to make the occasion for correcting it a matter of comfort.

Another correction comes from Capt. John A. Dicks, of Natchez, Miss., adding the name of Gen. William T. Martin, who commanded at the close of the war a division of cavalry in Wheeler's Corps. He is now the postmaster at Natchez.

Other additions are Maj. Gen. E. M. Law, Bartow, Fla.; Brig. Gens. Alfred Iverson, Kissimmee, Fla., P. D. Bowles and George P. Harrison, of Alabama, George W. Gordon, Memphis, Tenn., W. L. Cabell, Dallas, Tex.

Doubtless many other additions will be received, and request is hereby made that any names still missing from this roll be reported by those who may know of them.

FLORIDA DIVISION STAFF OFFICERS.

Maj. Gen. Francis P. Flemming, commanding the Florida Division, U. C. V., issues General Order No. 1 from Jacksonville, Fla., January 26, 1906, appointing his staff complete: Col. Robert J. Magill, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff. Lieut. Col. D. E. Maxwell, Asst. Adj. Gen., Jacksonville. Lieut. Col. Raymond Cay, Inspector General, Jacksonville. Maj. G. M. Hubbard, Asst. Inspector General, Ocala. Lieut. Col. J. K. Munnerlyn, Chief Q. M., Jacksonville. Maj. H. H. Speer, Asst. Chief Q. M., Chattahoochee. Lieut. Col. D. L. Dunham, Chief Commissary, St. Augustine. Maj. S. M. Robinson, Asst. Chief Commissary, Chipley. Lieut. Col. T. A. Hall, Judge Adv. Gen., Fernandina. Maj. Horatio Davis, Asst. Judge Adv. Gen., Gainesville. Lieut. Col. W. C. Zimmerman, Chief of Artillery, Inverness. Maj. B. Dowd, Asst. Chief of Artillery, Grand Island. Lieut. Col. D. A. Smith, Chief Surgeon, Anthony. Maj. William Shine, Asst. Chief Surgeon, St. Augustine. Lieut. Col. R. C. Parkhill, Chief of Ordnance, Monticello. Maj. F. E. Saxon, Asst. Chief of Ordnance, Brooksville. Lieut. Col. William F. Lee, Chief Engineer, Pensacola. Maj. Henry Curtis, Asst. Chief Engineer, Quincy. Lieut. Col. H. L. Crane, Chief Paymaster, Tampa. Maj. G. W. Tench, Asst. Chief Paymaster, Gainesville. Lieut. Col. Rt. Rev. E. G. Weed, Chaplain Gen., Jacksonville. Maj. F. G. Railey, Asst. Chaplain General, Bartow.

The following Aids-de-Camp have been appointed, with the rank of Major: Dixon B. Reed, Pensacola, Fla.; H. H. Duncan, Tavares, Fla.; J. B. Johnson, Dade City, Fla.; G. L. Baltzell, Fernandina, Fla.; M. G. Cox, Palatka, Fla.; John B. Wallace, Dade City, Fla.; Tom Costa, Tallahassee, Fla.; L. C. Horn, Orlando, Fla.; W. M. Ives, Lake City, Fla.; John B. Walton, Tampa, Fla.; S. M. Wilson, Inverness, Fla.

GEN. S. D. LEE'S ADDRESS AT NEW ORLEANS.

[When the greetings and welcomes of the hospitable New Orleans authorities had been expressed at the opening of the last great U. C. V. Reunion in New Orleans, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, upon taking the chair as presiding officer, said:]

The United Confederate Veterans are again met in the city of their origin. We are once more the guests of those patriotic and energetic men, into whose labors we have entered and to whom the thanks of all surviving Confederates are due. Again and again we have returned to taste of the inexhaustible bounty of your hospitality, to be refreshed by the patriotism and enthusiasm of this generous and beautiful city.

The flags of France and of Spain, of the Union and of the Confederacy, have floated over the soil upon which we stand; but always over brave men and lovely women, loyal to the best they knew, faithful alike to the living and to the dead; a civilization transplanted like a rare flower of France, blossoming in the New World and bearing exquisite fruit. The Confederate cannot forget the city of the gallant and accomplished Beauregard, the brave and unfortunate Hood, the city where Jefferson Davis loved to walk, and which honored him in his death with an outpouring of loyalty and grief which did honor to the Southern heart. Here is Metairie, where Albert Sidney Johnston speaks in imperishable bronze, and the monument to the Army of Northern Virginia rises, tall and white, like the soul of its great chieftain.

We love you, Louisiana, where the stern blood of the Anglo-Saxon has been touched with the grace and the genius of France. Here amid the very chivalry of patriotism there is welcome for all who prize noble and generous deeds, and most of all a welcome for him who loved his country best and bore her cross of pain—the Confederate soldier. We who grieved for this unhappy city in the hour of its capture and humiliation rejoice in its pride to-day—standing second only to New York among American ports of export, your mighty river filled with the ships of all nations, your historic streets alive with the commerce of the world. We behold with satisfaction great railroad systems struggling to enter your gates and the merchants of a thousand cities listening for the murmurs of your markets. We wait the coming of the day when the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific shall mingle together, and on both alike shall float the commerce of this imperial city, when the sons of those who struggled in vain for Southern supremacy shall here behold a peaceful victory more magnificent than those of their great armies, a commercial supremacy more splendid than their noblest visions, and here beside the Father of Waters shall be realized the capital of their dreams.

We have lost dear friends and comrades since we met together, none more beloved and more honored than the sol-

dier who was recently laid to rest at Arlington. Joe Wheeler won his spurs by true and honorable service. He was a superbly cavalry leader, and earned on many a hard-fought field the right to lead where brave men follow. When the heart of our common country yearned to express to her Confederate sons that their welcome home was complete, to Wheeler it was given to show on our behalf that every star on the flag was now dear to us, and that we were ready to follow it to the very "Isles of the Sea." It was Southern hands that set star after star in that blue field of glory; and if any more stars are ever planted there, it will be strange if Southerners are not found assisting at the service.

Comrades, there is one thing committed to our care as a peculiar trust—the memory of the Confederate soldier. So far as lies in our power, we have striven that history may not lack the evidence of his purity of motive, his fortitude, his heroism. I, for one, do not fear that justice, however long delayed, will not ultimately be done to one of the grandest bodies of men who ever battled for independence or, triumphing over defeat, bound up the bleeding wounds of their country.

There are three things peculiarly left for our concern. One of these is the erection of public monuments to our Confederate dead; not only to our leaders, but, above all, to those private soldiers who made our leaders immortal. We must not overtask posterity by expecting those who come after us to build monuments to heroes whom their own generation were unwilling to commemorate. The South has reached a position of material prosperity which justifies both State and private beneficence to honor the faithful dead.

In all human lot there has nothing better been found for man than to die for his country. If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, this fate is to be preferred above all others. We feel it is well with those who have thus fulfilled the highest of all trusts, the duty of a citizen to his native land; and whatever may have been their private faults, their public service on the field of battle has rightly given them a place with the immortals. Theirs was the martyr's devotion without the martyr's hope. Their generation and their country imposed upon them this high service. They fulfilled it without flinching. They felt that the issue of the battle was with God; the issue of their duty was with themselves. . . .

I urge monuments to the Confederate soldier first for the sake of the dead, but most for the sake of the living, that in this busy industrial age these stones to the Confederate soldier may stand like great interrogation marks to the soul of each beholder.

Let us pass the remainder of our days in such wise that nothing we shall do will bring shame and regret that we also were Confederate soldiers. As we



DOROTHY MADISON.

shared with them the glory of their sufferings, the fame of their victories, the tragedy of their overthrow, and that sympathy of their countrymen which covered the defeated as with a mantle of imperishable love, let us also share as best we may their simplicity of heart, their scorn of all ignoble actions, their dignity of soul, that our descendants may say of us with swelling hearts: "He also followed Johnston; he also fought with Lee." To this day there stands carved upon the graves of our English ancestors the symbol of the Crusaders. Their names are forgotten, but the cross remains. So let it be with the Confederate soldier! . . .

And is there any message we would give to the States we loved and on whose behalf we drew our swords more than a generation ago? As we have sorrowed over your devotion, we now rejoice in your prosperity. We chose for you the fortune of war rather than a shameful peace. We battled for your principles rather than yield them, not to conviction but to force. With breaking hearts we bowed beneath the stroke of fate. We chose the only course worthy of Americans. Better defeat than dishonor; better the long, bitter story of reconstruction than tame surrender of the convictions we received from our fathers, the principles which we cherished as the basis of our liberties. We leave our motives to the judgment of posterity. In the choice we made we followed the dictates of conscience and the voice of honor. We sacrificed all that men hold dear for the land of our birth; and, while we have no fear that history will record our deeds with shame, we do not regard even the verdict of posterity as the equivalent of a clear conscience; nor ought we to have been false to our convictions even to win the eternal praises of mankind. If our children shall praise us, it is well; if our own hearts tell us we have fulfilled our duty, it is better.

Last of all, let us remember our less prosperous comrades. If we can perhaps sweeten the last years of those old men, bring back, maybe, the light of other days in their fading eyes, awake in their hearts the great memories, they will bless us in receiving more than we in giving. Many of the States whom they so nobly served are gathering them in soldiers' homes, institutions which combine the beauty of charity with the grace of gratitude. But there are many other old veterans who will never be brought within such hospitable walls and who are left to our personal charge for such sympathy and assistance as are honorable alike to them and to us. Let each Camp continue its special care for this beneficent labor, and see to it that true comradeship shall cease only when all of us have passed beyond human power to relieve.

To you, mothers of the Memorial Association, will be given the service of commemorating the soldier's virtues in the hearts of those who come after us by the story of the illustrious dead, of comforting the hearts of those who mourn our lost heroes with such ministrations as bespeak the sympathy of the patriot and the loving-kindness of those who are familiar with the same sorrow.

To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will commit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles which he loved and which you love also, and those ideals which made him glorious and which you also cherish. Are you also ready to die for your country? Is your life worthy to be remembered along with theirs? Do you choose for yourself this greatness of soul?

"Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat."

To you, Daughters of the Confederacy, will be given the loving service of remembering the Confederate dead and of ministering to the living who were dear to him and are in need of your help and tenderness. Worthy daughters you shall be of the immortal women, your mothers, who gave to womanhood a new perfection of heroism and a more divine expression of sacrifice and devotion.

To you, brave people of the South; to you, true-hearted Americans everywhere; to you, world-conquering race from which we sprung—to all men everywhere who prize in man the manliest deeds, who love in man the love of country, who praise fidelity and courage, who honor self-sacrifice and noble devotion, will be given an incomparable inheritance, the memory of our prince of men, the Confederate soldier.

At the conclusion of General Lee's address the bright and beautiful young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Madison presented him an exquisite group of flowers.

FIFTY YEARS OF BLENDED HAPPINESS.

Rev. A. T. Goodloe, M.D., was first lieutenant of Company D, 35th Alabama Regiment, C. S. A., and is still a Confederate, as is his wife also, who was formerly Miss Sallie Louise Cockrill, to whom he was married November 29, 1855. Mrs. Goodloe was of course deeply grieved at the departure of her husband for the war; but consented freely for him to be a soldier in so worthy a cause, while she faithfully and constantly did what she could to care for their children, their home, and their financial interests, and she succeeded amazingly, her courage never failing her for a moment. They then lived in the Hermitage community, near Nashville. Their address is Mount Repose (R. R. 6), Nashville, Tenn.



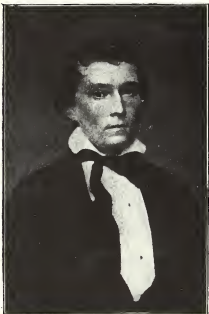
REV. A. T. GOODLOE AND WIFE.

Dr. Goodloe's book, "Some Rebel Relics," is ever read with interest. It will be recalled that he donated a dozen copies to the Sam Davis Monument Fund.

JOHN B. BURDINE, OF MISSISSIPPI, INQUIRED FOR.—John P. Hickman, Secretary Board of Pension Examiners, Nashville, Tenn., writes: "John B. Burdine, 3d Mississippi Battalion, was shot down at the battle of Shiloh. While down he gave his gun to John M. Brooks, but made him give a receipt for it. John M. Brooks, of Knoxville, Tenn., now commands the East Tennessee Brigade, U. C. V., and would be pleased to hear from John B. Burdine, if living."

ALEX. H. STEPHENS AND MEREDITH P. GENTRY.

No public man in the history of the United States or the Confederate States maintained from first to last a more exalted place in public confidence than did Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia. In public matters he was ardent for the principles in which he believed; but his extreme debility at all times, whereby he moved in the very shadow of eternity, was an incentive as few men ever had to be rigidly just in all things. He said to the writer once that he hardly remembered the time when he expected to live more than two years.



A. H. STEPHENS WHEN VICE PRESIDENT.

In matters of education Mr. Stephens was eminent. He was largely a benefactor

in the education of young men and ardently supported the cause of female education.

MR. STEPHENS INTERESTED IN FEMALE EDUCATION.

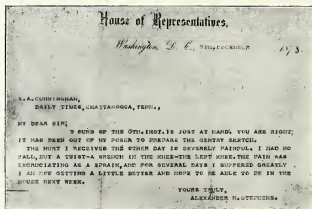
While Mr. Stephens educated fifty young men, giving them the necessary funds and looking diligently to their training, he was zealous for the education of women as well. He is said to have been the prime promoter in the establishment of a college for young women in Georgia in 1836, "said to be the first college ever established in the world for the higher education of women." This point is challenged in the record of Mary Sharp College, Winchester, Tenn.—both in the South.

In a speech on the Macon College on July 2, 1859, Mr. Stephens said: "Then there was not in the State, nor in the world, I believe, a single chartered university for the education and regular graduation of women; I mean such as conferred the usual college degrees. The Georgia Female College at Macon, incorporated in 1836, with such objects, purposes, and powers, I believe, was the first of its kind anywhere. The movement at the time was the occasion of amusement to some. The experiment proving successful beyond the expectations of its most sanguine friends, the example became contagious not only in our own State but in adjoining States, and we now have a perfect galaxy of these brilliant luminaries, sending forth their cheering beams in every direction, like new stars in the firmament above, just brought into existence in the progress of creation. Whatever honor, therefore, Georgia is entitled to for her other great works of improvement and achievement, and however broad, massive, and substantial the materials may be that enter into the monument reared to her fame, and however high they may be piled up, let this still be at the top, the filling and crowning point of her glory, that she took and holds the lead of all the world in female education."

PERSONALITY OF MR. GENTRY.

No person can fully appreciate the influences that individuals or events have upon others, and yet every one evidently has certain ideals of perfection and of greatness.

The founder of the VETERAN had the experience of the simplest country life upon a farm in Bedford County, Tenn. It was among a plain but fairly well-to-do people. There was one man of wealth who lived in a palatial home—Hillside—surrounded by a thousand acres, and with slaves owned to make gardens as extensive as desired. It was certainly one of the most ideal homes in all the earth. This man was Meredith P. Gentry, a native of Williamson County. There has never been a conception on the part of the writer of a finer and nobler man than Mr. Gentry. During a conversation with Mr. Stephens, August 19, 1877, the eminent statesman was informed that Mr. Gentry died in the tragic period immediately following the death of Mr. Lincoln, when no Southern paper dared pay tribute to any man connected with the Confederacy. Revival of memories at the mere mention of the Gentry name animated Mr. Stephens, and he at once said he would prepare a life sketch. This he took in hand promptly, employing assistance in procuring dates, etc., to be exact; but ere he had completed the sketch a severe illness overtook him, and his attendants so despaired of his life that his obituary was sent out by the Associated Press. An old letter from him is here copied in regard to the sketch, the desire having been expressed after he fully recovered from the long and extreme illness that he complete it.



The editor of the VETERAN is happy in being able in any way to honor the memories of Alexander H. Stephens and Meredith P. Gentry. (See next page.)

GEORGIA DIVISION, U. D. C., OFFICIALS.

Honorary President, Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Atlanta
President, Mrs. A. B. Hull, Savannah.
First Vice President, Miss Alice Baxter, Atlanta.
Second Vice President, Mrs. R. L. Nesbitt, Marietta.
Third Vice President, Mrs. A. O. Harper, Elberton.
Recording Secretary, Miss Mattie B. Sheibley, Rome.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. N. B. Harrison, Savannah.
Treasurer, Mrs. C. C. Sanders, Gainesville.
Registrar, Miss Agnes H. Godfrey, Madison.
Historian, Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens.
State Editor, Miss Mattie B. Sheibley, Rome.

The severest antagonisms yet exercised toward Confederate organizations are those to the Georgia Division, U. D. C., who propose to erect a memorial tablet at Andersonville to Capt. Henry Wirz, who was executed after the war. Another tablet is also proposed to Union prisoners who were permitted to go North in behalf of suffering humanity and who on their honor kept their word, returning to the Andersonville prison.

MEREDITH POINDEXTER GENTRY.

BY ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Among the reminiscences of his Congressional life few are more pleasant or agreeable to the writer or cherished with greater fondness by him than those connected with Meredith P. Gentry. This distinguished American orator and statesman was born on the 15th of September, 1809, in the county of Rockingham, N. C. That conspicuous part, however, which he acted in the great drama of life and which justly entitles him to a high place in his country's history was performed as a citizen of Tennessee. Both of these States, therefore, have reason to be proud of his fame.

He was the youngest of twelve children. There were six brothers and five sisters older than he. His father was a man of energy and industry and of above ordinary intelligence and culture for his day and locality. By strict economy and thrift he had, as the patriarchs of old, gathered around him quite a number of "menservants and maidservants," and had acquired an estate far above the average of his neighbors.



MEREDITH POINDEXTER GENTRY.

His mother, Theodosia Poindexter, is said to have been a woman of great personal beauty, as well as possessed of a strong and vigorous mind, distinguished especially for quick perception, nice discrimination, and extraordinarily good judgment. In manner, she was most agreeable and fascinating, and was the center of the social circle wherever she went.

His father in 1813, when Meredith was quite a boy, sought a home in the rich lands of Williamson County, Tenn., at a place near what is now known as College Grove. He was a farmer or planter of extensive means for that country and at that time; but schools in Williamson County were then few and far between, and hence Meredith was without any favorable opportunity of obtaining an education of that character which would have been suited to his condition and nature. A lifelong friend writes that his school days terminated at the age of fourteen years "with nothing but an acquaintance with the rudiments of an English education." The same friend says that "after leaving school he resided with his father and mother and devoted much of his time and attention to matters connected with the farm and its general business management. He al-

ways liked to go to the post office for the mail, and was passionately fond of reading newspapers, and especially the *National Intelligencer* and other papers published at Washington City. At this youthful period of his life he took great interest in reading the speeches on both sides of every subject by leading statesmen who were in Congress from 1824 to 1830. He read all these, and became inspired by the patriotic tone of the leading men of that period." The *National Intelligencer* at that time published a regular report of the debates in Congress. The same friend also adds that "he had great fondness for books, particularly the English classics, especially Milton, Pope, Dryden, Addison, and Shakespeare." He might have added Burns and Byron, for his conversations and speeches showed that these were favorites with him.

At an early day he took a fancy for military life and joined a militia company, of which he was elected captain, and was soon elected colonel of the regiment. This was before he reached twenty-one years of age. During his canvass for the colonelcy he made his first public speech, and displayed a power of oratory surprising to all who heard him.

He was urged immediately to become a candidate for the Legislature. He accepted the nomination and made another canvass, which added still more to his reputation. Some old man during that canvass is reported to have said that in his early days he had heard Patrick Henry, and he thought that in some things, particularly in the voice, Gentry was superior to him. His election was triumphant. This was in 1835. He was also returned to the next Legislature with increased popularity.

During his membership of the State Legislature the question of chartering what was known for a long time as the Bank of Tennessee came up. He opposed this with all his might, and was brought in collision in the debate with the Hon. Alfred O. P. Nicholson, Hon. A. L. Martin, and other older and distinguished veteran statesmen of the time in Tennessee. His objections to the bank were that the powers conferred by the bill upon the Governor were such as in corrupt hands might be used very injuriously to the interests of the people. Mr. Gentry was himself of the people, and maintained their rights in this *entree* into public life as well as throughout his entire public career. His prototype in history is Tiberius Gracchus, Rome's noblest Tribune. It was during the discussion of this bank question that he made a name and fame as an orator that rapidly spread all over the State and even reached adjoining States, establishing his reputation as a very remarkable man of his years.

It was now that his powers were so enlarged as not to be confined to the "pent-up Utica" of Williamson County, and a general demand was made throughout the district for him to become their representative in Congress. The canvass was carried on as usual in Tennessee. The old system was for the opposing candidates to meet and discuss, with a barbecue; but in his case no barbecue was necessary to draw immense crowds. He swept everything before him. His friends were delighted, and many of the political party opposing him could not but do obeisance to his eloquence and join with the multitude in his triumphant election. He was elected as a Whig.

An explanation of this term of party nomenclature at that time and for several years after in American politics may not be improper in this connection. It was first applied to those who opposed with great earnestness what they held to be the dangerous doctrines of the centralizing principles embodied in General Jackson's proclamation against nullification in South Carolina in 1832 and other kindred acts and measures of General Jackson's second administration, which were deemed

abuses of executive power and dangerous to constitutional liberty if not arrested, particularly his act of the removal of the public deposits from the Bank of the United States. Mr. Webster in the Senate defended the proclamation with great ability, but on the other acts and measures of General Jackson referred to he united with Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun in opposing what they charged to be dangerous encroachments of power by the Executive Department of the government. This was the *basis* and the *nucleus* of a combined opposition to the administration throughout the country. It was the first time that the great trio, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, had ever acted in political concert and harmony, and it was at this time that the old revolutionary name of Whig was revived and applied to this combination. It is said the name was first given by Mr. Calhoun, but soon was adopted by the elements of opposition throughout the Union.

Mr. Gentry was brought up in the school of Jeffersonian Democracy, but in that branch which was then known by the name of the State Rights or Strict Construction Party and subsequently by the almost universal denomination of "Whig," as stated. He made his first appearance, therefore, in the halls of Federal legislation on the assembling of the Twenty-Sixth Congress, in December, 1839, as a Whig in party association. In this Congress there were several of Tennessee's ablest public men, as Cave Johnson, John Bell, Aaron V. Brown, and others. He at a little over thirty years of age at one bound took position in the foremost rank in debate, not only in his own delegation, but in that House of Representatives wherein were Sargent S. Prentiss, Henry A. Wise, John Quincy Adams, Robert C. Winthrop, Edward Stanley, Richard H. Menifee, Robert Barnwell Rhett, R. M. T. Hunter, George C. Dromgoole, Dixon H. Lewis, George S. Houston, Walter T. Colquitt, Mark A. Cooper, Edward J. Black, William C. Dawson, Eugenius A. Nisbet, Thomas Corwin, Garrett Davis, John M. Botts, Daniel B. Barnard, Linn Boyd, Reuben Chapman, Nathan Clifford, and Caleb Cushing.

His first speech, which directed universal attention to him throughout the House and country, was in favor of the rejection of abolition petitions. It was the more notable from the fact of his differing so widely from most of the Southern Representatives and being himself a large slaveholder. Always bold and fearless, discharging his duty according to the convictions of his own judgment, he announced to the surprise of many that these petitions should be received and reported upon. No one was firmer in the position than Mr. Gentry that the government of the United States had no power to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States. But at the same time he thought that any petition, though asking what could not be constitutionally granted, should be received and considered. Their rejection would give the agitators an undue advantage.

In this speech he said: "The Representatives of the South should look at the question practically, without passion or resentment. They ought to meet it and discuss it. They ought to receive the petitions, refer them to a committee to be reported on, and such report would show why it was that the prayers of the petitioners could not be granted."

His next speech, one of the ablest of that Congress, became a most effective campaign document in the exciting canvass for President in 1840. It was on the bill to secure the freedom of elections and to restrict executive patronage. Thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of copies of this speech were sent broadcast throughout the land.

It has been said that Mr. Gentry's education was limited. This is true as to schooling in the ordinary sense of the word;

but in his idle hours on the farm at home, between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one, he had not only given much of his time to the study of the English poets, but he seems to have devoted his closest attention to the study of the constitutional history of England and of his own country. His models in political principles were McIntosh and the great unknown stirrer of the British heart under the *nom de plume* of Junius.

There were very few men in the House who could compare with Mr. Gentry in political knowledge and in the readiness with which he brought this knowledge to bear upon any point in a running debate; but what gave him such influence in his addresses, either on the hustings or in the legislative hall, was his wonderful elocution. His physique was manly, his personal appearance prepossessing, his form symmetrical, his action most graceful, his complexion ruddy, his high brow grave and commanding, his voice full-volumed and rounded with a silver tone which penetrated all parts of that old hall in which it was so difficult for even Prentiss or Wise or Tom Marshall to be heard. On the occasion of the speech to which reference is now made he rose higher than even his friends had looked for. In it he replied with much power to a disparaging remark of a member against that class of politicians characterized as "gentlemen of leisure." Said he: "I know none who enjoy so much leisure as the planters of the South, who have been generally admitted to be preëminent in those noble qualities and manly virtues which give dignity to human nature."

Space will not allow the reproduction of any of those portions of the speech which were so telling on the political issues of the day. It may be seen by the students of history and the admirers of eloquence in the Appendix to the *Congressional Globe* for the first session of the Twenty-Sixth Congress, on page 707. It was this speech that made the author of it known by reputation to the writer of this sketch long before he had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance.

During his first session an incident occurred in Mr. Gentry's Congressional career which was somewhat amusing in its nature, and may be given here as a sort of "footlight" to his character. There was a call of the House. These calls in those days were about the same as now; they then, as now, caused new members unexpected embarrassment. On an occasion of this sort, when brought to the bar of the House by the sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Gentry said, by way of excuse, that he left the House at twelve o'clock at night, perceiving that there was a very strong disposition in one party to debate the question in Committee of the Whole, and a strong disposition in the other party to stick out the debate; he had no wish to participate in the debate, nor did he desire to listen to the speeches that should be made. Having been, for the most part of his life, a man of regular habits, he went home and went to bed. Most unfortunately for him, however, this House, by its messenger, intruded itself into his bedroom that morning and aroused him out of his sweet sleep, in consequence of which he looked upon himself as the injured party, and therefore an apology was due to him instead of from him. Inasmuch, however, as it would be inconvenient for every gentleman to call on him and apologize, he would take it for granted that it was done, and he would agree with the House that they should naturally excuse each other. Upon payment of fees he was discharged, with the usual roar of laughter in the House on such occasions.

His popularity at the expiration of his Congressional term was so thoroughly established that opposition was almost useless. In the next contest for Congress in his district he was

again triumphantly returned to what is known in history as the Whig Congress, from 1841 to 1843. In this body he maintained his reputation as an orator and debater, but seemed to be depressed from the divisions in the Whig party. About this time also befell him one of the heaviest domestic blows which can afflict a true, manly heart. Sometime before his first election to Congress, February 22, 1837, Mr. Gentry had formed a most happy union in marriage with Miss Emily Saunders, a granddaughter of the famous Col. John Donelson, who lived near the Hermitage. She was a cousin of the more generally distinguished Andrew J. Donelson, General Jackson's adopted son, who was a candidate for the vice presidency on the Fillmore ticket in 1856, and who held numerous offices of honor and trust in his day. Miss Saunders was a lady of great beauty and high accomplishments. To her Mr. Gentry was most devoted. Their union was one which added greatly to their mutual happiness. The death of this most amiable woman and devoted wife at about this time brought a blight upon the prospects, hopes, and aspirations of the young Tennessee statesman, and almost ended his own life. This blow fell so heavily upon him that he withdrew from the world for a while. Hence he would not permit his name to be presented to the people for election to the Twenty-Eighth Congress. He spent his time in seclusion and melancholy with his two children, both daughters, the darling pledges of the love of the departed mother.

But on the revival of his spirits two years later, and it being known that he would consent to represent the district again, the canvass was opened, and he was returned with about the usual majority to the Twenty-Ninth Congress. In was here, on his reappearance in Congress in December, 1845, the writer first met him and made his personal acquaintance. They soon became intimate; in politics they agreed on almost every question. They were soon after in the same mess at Mrs. Carter's boarding house, in Dowson's [or Dawson.—Ed.] old row, on Capitol Hill. In those days few members of Congress took permanent board at any of the hotels, and fewer still kept house. They organized into messes, and their names were arranged in the Congressional Directories according to their messes.

This House in which he appeared also recognized in him a born leader. With him now came for the first time his distinguished colleague, Edward H. Ewing, from the Nashville District. But the three most prominent new members who entered the Twenty-Ninth Congress were Robert Toombs, of Georgia, William L. Yancey, of Alabama, and Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi. In the preceding Congress (the Twenty-Eighth, which assembled in 1843), in which the writer entered, there appeared a very large number of new members who have since figured conspicuously in the country's history.

A little digression here in reference to the personnel of these members and some incidents of that House may be allowed as reminiscences. Among those of that "shoal" of new members who then entered and have since become so conspicuous may be mentioned Stephen A. Douglas, John A. McClernand, John J. Hardin, Orlando B. Ficklin, John Wentworth, and Joseph P. Hoge—all of Illinois. To the same Congress came for the first time Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee; John P. Hale, of New Hampshire; Thomas L. Clingman, of North Carolina; Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine; Alexander Ramsey, of Pennsylvania; Howell Cobb, of Georgia; Solomon Foot, Jacob Collamer, George P. Marsh, and Paul Dillingham, Jr., of Vermont; Preston King, Hamilton Fish, and Washington Hunt, of New York; Richard Broadhead, David Wilnot, James Pollock, and James Thomas, of Pennsylvania; James

A. Seddon, of Virginia; David S. Reid, of North Carolina; Armistead Burt, of South Carolina; Hugh A. Haralson, Ab-salom H. Chappel, John H. Lumpkin, and William H. Styles, of Georgia; George W. Jones, of Tennessee; Robert McClellan, of Michigan; Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio; John Slidell, of Louisiana; and Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana.

These newcomers all made their mark during the Twenty-Eighth Congress. It may be doubted if any Congress since the first has presented so many new members who subsequently obtained such distinction; indeed, it was said before the expiration of that Congress that there were at least twenty candidates for the presidency in the number. It was thought that the Illinois delegation had at least three, perhaps more, aspirants for that high office. Upon all occasions when any new subject of debate was started nearly every member of the Illinois delegation would speak, and they all spoke well. This gave rise to a rather amusing incident in the House as to the proper pronunciation of the name of that State. Mr. John Campbell, of South Carolina, a most accomplished and scholarly gentleman, who had been for many years a Representative from that State, pronounced the name "*Ille-noi*." Others insisted that the right pronunciation was "*Illi-nois*." Mr. Campbell appealed to the venerable gentleman from Massachusetts, Mr. John Quincy Adams, who was considered the highest authority in the House upon all such questions. Much interest was manifested as to what would be the decision of the authority appealed to, and all eyes were directed to Mr. Adams, when, with a smirking smile upon his face, he rose and spoke in substance as follows: "Mr. Speaker, *Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites* [Quoting the reply of Palæmon to Menæceus and Demætas, from Virgil's "Third Eclogue." "It is not for me to decide so great contests between you"]. If I were to judge of the proper pronunciation of the State from the demonstrations of its delegations in the present Congress, I should say it ought to be 'All-noise,' emphasizing with great effect the last syllable. A roar of laughter was the result.

The leading members of that State who were thus figuring in those debates and who were thought to have aspirations for the presidency even at that early date were Mr. Douglas, who subsequently became so famous, John J. Hardin, who gallantly fell at the head of his regimental column at the battle of Buena Vista, one of the most agreeable and brightest men of his day, and Mr. John A. McClernand, who then and subsequently acted so important a part in the legislation of the country and figured so conspicuously in command of a corps during the late war. He still lives, enjoying an old age, ripe with honors. His last high position was that of President of the Democratic Convention at St. Louis in 1876, which put in nomination for the presidency Samuel J. Tilden.

It was during this, the Twenty-Eighth Congress, that the resolutions providing for the admission of Texas as a State into the Union were passed, and it was soon after the assembling of the Twenty-Ninth Congress that Texas was admitted to the Union upon her having adopted a constitution in pursuance of the provision of the joint resolution previously passed.

Mr. Gentry's first speech upon his reappearance in the House was upon a most memorable occasion. He took little part at the first session in debate. The Mexican War had been inaugurated with the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma in the month of May, 1846. There was a strong opposition to the policy which led to the outbreak of hostilities, but the minority—the Whig party—in the House was very timid and shy in making public expression of this feeling

of opposition. Most of them had voted for the bill declaring that the war existed, though they asserted their belief that the preamble of the bill was utterly false. Only one member of the House who refused to vote for the declaration of war at an early day thereafter denounced as unconstitutional the acts of the President in the removal of the troops from Corpus Christi to Matamoras, which provoked hostilities between the two countries. The other Whig members were generally silent until the assembling of the second session of Congress in December. In the message of the President, Mr. Polk, there was a very pointed expression about "giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

It was at this time that Mr. Gentry made his first speech in the Twenty-Ninth Congress. It was one of the most eloquent and finest specimens of high-toned invective in the annals of the country. It can be seen in the *Congressional Globe* Appendix of the second session of the Twenty-Ninth Congress, on page 56. Mr. Gentry seldom indulged in acrimonious remarks; but the President, on the occasion referred to, was so pointed in his indirect charge of treason against those who censured his policy in bringing on the war by saying they were giving aid and comfort to the enemy that he had all the manliness in his nature roused, and took the floor to hurl back the unjust aspersion that had thus been cast upon him and his party associates and to vindicate the course of himself and the minority before an intelligent world.

His exordium was brief and spirited. He maintained that it was "the highest duty of the representative of a free people to maintain the truth and the right on all occasions."

"The imputation," he said, "which the President has thought proper to make in his official communication to Congress was echoed and reechoed on this floor by his liegemen yesterday in a way which raises a strong presumption that there is a concerted purpose to frighten us with a storm of denunciation from the independent discharge of our duty as representatives of the people. We are called upon to assert our rights or basely succumb to executive intimidations. . . . I choose, therefore, to speak *now*, although unprepared for the debate, merely to exhibit my defiance of these denunciations and express the contempt in which I hold them."

He said he wished to "maintain those rights which were dear to freemen and formidable to tyrants and usurpers only." After charging that "the war was unconstitutionally begun by the President for ambitious and unholy purposes of conquest," he said in regard to the methods of the President: "He has audaciously assumed thus to act without the sanction or authority of Congress. Shall we, the descendants of the Whig patriots of the American Revolution, tamely and silently yield up the constitution of our country, the guarantee of our liberty, to be violated and trampled upon in this way?" Farther on he says: "We would dishonor the glorious name which constitutes our designation as a political party if we were thus to act. Our veneration for our fathers, our duty to ourselves and our posterity, our devotion to liberty, every glorious recollection of the past, every high hope of the future, forbids a course of conduct so unpatriotic and so inglorious." The conclusion of this speech, the reproduction of which space will not permit, was no less eloquent than prophetic. His appeal to the Virginia and South Carolina delegations, who were sustaining the policy of Mr. Polk, to come to the rescue of the Constitution was one of the most earnest ever delivered in the House. He begged them to "remember that the glory of their ancient commonwealths was not won by subserviency to power, but by brave and patriotic resistance to usurpation." It is doubted if Prentiss or Choate or any other man in the

House ever made a more thrilling and rousing display of soul-stirring eloquence. Chatham was not more majestic in the British Parliament in his denunciation of the abuses of power by a Tory administration in causing the Revolutionary War.

Gentry's speech awed the administration side and emboldened the timid Whig ranks. After this a resolution was introduced by that Whig member who at an early day had denounced as unconstitutional the act of the President in bringing on the war, declaring that, while patriotism required that the armies should be fully sustained, the war should be waged only for obtaining an honorable peace, but not with any view or object of conquest. This resolution was voted for by some of the prominent members of the other side, and soon became the Whig war platform for the presidential election, which resulted in the success of their candidate, General Taylor, in 1848.

Mr. Gentry was a Whig not only of the new but of the old school. He was a man of principle, and not of policy. He was in many respects a very extraordinary man. He was unselfish, unambitious, and entirely disinterested personally in all his public acts. In private life he was kind, generous, charitable, and benevolent in a high degree. No man had in him more of the milk of human kindness. Though uncultured in the ancient languages, yet few men had a greater command of English or better understood the extraordinary flexibility of his native tongue in the selection and use of those words which expressed the nicest shade of thought than he.

Dr. Johnson, in his Latin epitaph on Goldsmith, said: "*Nulum quod teligit non ornavit.*" This may be applied to Mr. Gentry in English, for there was no subject he touched that he did not adorn and embellish. His speeches were always extempore; he was never at a loss for a word, seeming the very best word that could have been chosen after time and deliberation. His eulogy upon Clay, delivered offhand, without premeditation, was most apt, powerful, and pathetic. Socially, he was urbane and genial, possessed of high conversational powers, was fond of humor and anecdote, and everything said by him on convivial occasions was not only entertaining but unaccompanied by anything impure or unchaste. In his domestic relations he was always happy.

On his return to Congress, where the writer of this sketch first met him, as stated, he brought with him his second wife, Miss Caledonia Brown, a lady of great accomplishment and refinement. She was one of the stars of the mess at Mrs. Carters, wherein shone conspicuously the second Mrs. John J. Crittenden, from Kentucky; Mrs. Buffington, from Pennsylvania; Mrs. Underhill, from New York; and Mrs. Robert Toombs, from Georgia.

He was a party man only in so far as party organization secured wise measures and good government. Hence when the party to which he then belonged and which he was endeavoring to induce to maintain the constitution deviated, as he thought, from its ancient landmarks of principle, he hesitated not to abandon its organization. He was devoted to the Union under the Constitution. This principle was the polar star of his action. Upon the subject of slavery—or the "peculiar institution" of the South, as it was called—he agreed very fully with the writer of this in holding that "the emancipation of the blacks, with its consequences, should be considered with more interest as a social question, one relating to the proper status of the different elements of society and their relations to each other looking to the best interests of all, than in any other light. The pecuniary aspect of it, the considerations of labor and capital in a politico-economic view, sunk into insignificance in comparison with this. Other and

higher considerations outweighed the property view of the subject, though that involved two thousand million dollars." Above all, he held that the institution as it existed, with its needful changes and ameliorations, should be left where it was left by the Constitution—that is, under the control of the authorities of the several States.

Therefore in 1849 and 1850, when the Whig party in caucus, on the nomination of Mr. Winthrop as Speaker, refused to adopt a resolution disavowing a purpose to pass that which he deemed unconstitutional measures interfering with this institution in the District of Columbia and the Territories, he abandoned the organization.

Six Southern Whigs who thoroughly agreed with him put his name in nomination for the Speakership in opposition to Mr. Winthrop, whom they and he had made Speaker in the previous Congress. These six Southern Whigs clung to Mr. Gentry to the last, which resulted in the defeat of Mr. Winthrop, the Whig caucus nominee, in 1849. This brought down the denunciations of the party press against him and those associates who were in sympathy with him, but with that bold independence that ever characterized him he cared as little for this as they did.

He took a prominent part with Clay, Douglas, Cass, Toombs, Cobb, Webster, Foote, McClelland, and Fillmore, besides many others composed of both of the two previous organizations, in the adjustment measures of 1850; and in 1852, when General Scott refused to indorse these measures as adopted by an overwhelming majority of the Whig convention in Baltimore in that year, he, with many other Southern Whigs, refused to give him their support. Scott was defeated, and Pierce, the Democratic candidate, who gave those measures his cordial approval, was triumphantly elected. Thereupon the Whig party became extinct.

It was in 1861, after the secession of several States, when the Peace Congress assembled in Washington, in which Mr. Chase, well known to be the intended Secretary of the Treasury of Mr. Lincoln, then elect, openly declared that the Northern States never would fulfill their obligations under the Constitution of the United States in the matter of the return of fugitives from service, that Mr. Gentry's long-cherished hope of the Union seemed to die within him and pass away as an illusive dream. There were then thirteen States, which had avowedly and openly declared that that clause of the Constitution of the United States without which Judge Story said the Constitution never could have been made, and which Judge Baldwin, of the Supreme Court, on a circuit bench, said was "the corner stone of the United States government," should be unconditionally repudiated. It was then that Mr. Gentry, in retirement on his plantation in Tennessee, determined, like many other old Southern Whigs, that there was but one alternative for patriots, and that was to quit the Union as the only hope of saving the Constitution. With these feelings he cast his fortune with his State after the overwhelming popular vote, though irregularly taken, was given in favor of secession. He was elected to the Confederate Congress in 1862 and again in 1863. It was there that the writer of this sketch met his long and attached friend the last time.

He was then failing in health and spirits. With the waning fortunes of the Confederacy, pursuing a policy internally and externally which his judgment did not approve, and the loss of his second wife, despondency came upon him. He had espoused secession only as a State rights remedy to rescue and preserve the Constitution. He thought this extreme remedy ought to be resorted to only as a redress of grievances; and that when the Northern States, faithless to their obligations

under the Constitution, should rectify their wrongs all the States should again be reunited upon the old or the improved Confederate Constitution. But he became satisfied that this end would never be obtained under the policy of the administration at Richmond. After the collapse and the result of the war was known, the last hope of good government left him; and on the 2d of November, 1867, bereft of fortune, with blasted hopes, and gloomy forebodings for the future of his country in the dark days of reconstruction, he departed this life on the plantation of one of his daughters. He left four children surviving, two daughters by the first marriage and two sons by the last.

This brief tribute is given to the memory of one of the truest and noblest gentlemen the writer ever met with in his eventful life. No profounder philanthropist, no one more devoted to constitutional liberty ever lived in this or any other country than Meredith Poindexter Gentry.

Washington, D. C., 17th May, 1881

WITNESS TO THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY DR. G. C. PHILLIPS (SURG. 22D MISS. REG.), LEXINGTON, MISS.

In the article concerning Opdyke's Brigade at Franklin in the December (1905) VETERAN, by J. R. Merifield, Company C, 88th Regiment Illinois Volunteers, there are several errors and misstatements, probably honest mistakes, and it is our duty as Confederates to refute such when we can do so.

In the Tennessee campaign, under Hood, I was on Gen. W. S. Featherston's staff as senior surgeon of his Mississippi Brigade of Infantry. As our army approached Franklin by the Columbia Pike, where the pike passes through a depression in the high hills that surround the town in a crescent on that side, I took my stand, and as the assistant surgeons and litter bearers of the different regiments of the brigade passed by directed them to bring their wounded to a farmhouse that I pointed out at the foot of the hills near the pike, where our brigade hospital would be established.

Dr. Wall, surgeon of the 33d Mississippi Regiment, who always worked with me at the field hospital, proposed that we ride to the top of the hill and see the battle; and we did so, going to where a number of the signal corps were at work. The scene was beautiful. It seemed as if we were on the rim of a great bowl, Franklin in the bottom, with a low semicircle of breastworks toward us some distance from the town, extending from the river above to another point below the town, the Columbia Pike extending near the center with a deep railroad cut some distance to the right. The Confederate army just below us was passing along the pike, one part filing to the right, the other to the left at the foot of the hill. I knew my corps was on Hood's right, my division (Loring's) on the right of the corps, and my brigade (Featherston's) on the right of the division. Thus we were able to locate our command as the line of battle was formed. Everything was in order at about 4 P.M. During this time while the lines were forming it was perfectly still; no sound jarred upon the ear to disturb the beautiful and apparently peaceful scene. In one short hour this was all changed, and grim-visaged war, with all its horrors, was holding high carnival in the quiet valley below. While the troops were taking their several positions General Hood, with his staff, rode to the crest of the hill near where Dr. Wall and I were sitting. I remarked to the Doctor: "How strange the enemy do not open on us with their cannon! I do not like this quietness. It is ominous, and I fear our men are going to be annihilated."

In our forced march the day before in the effort to cut the

enemy off at Spring Hill all our artillery had been left at Columbia, excepting two small six-pounders, which came up after the battle opened and were placed on the left of the pike. Our forces advanced in three lines of battle, apparently about three hundred yards apart. Our bands played "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." This was the first and only time I ever heard our bands playing upon a battlefield and at the beginning of a charge.

The sight was grand and thrilling. The whole scene spread out before us like a panorama. When within three hundred yards of their breastworks a cannon boomed from their fort across the little river north of the town. This seemed to be the signal waited for. A sheet of flame and smoke burst from the entire crescent of the enemy's breastworks, answered by the Rebel yell and musketry fire from our men. In a moment the whole valley was so filled with smoke that nothing could be seen but the flashes of cannon and musketry. The air reverberated with the booming of cannon, the bursting of shells, the volleys of musketry, and the faint yells of our men as they hurled themselves time after time against the breastworks.

Mr. Merifield's article says that his regiment, the 88th Illinois, was lying down on each side of the Columbia Pike some distance behind the works when they were rudely disturbed by a cannon ball from Bledsoe's Confederate Battery skipping down the pike between their lines, that his colonel ordered the regiment to fall in, and that General Opdyke, commanding his brigade, took the lead and called out: "Forward to the works!" "As we started we saw the Confederates inside the works. The first sight that caught my eye was a Confederate soldier striking a 16th Kentucky Federal soldier with the butt of his gun," etc. This statement, if correct, would leave one to infer that the Federals were surprised and not expecting a battle at that time, which is most remarkable when we recollect that the Confederates were formed in an open plain in full view of the Federal breastworks and advanced with bands playing. As stated, the Federals opened the fight with a single shot from their line, when their entire line fired as by one impulse with grape, shell, and rifle bullets upon the advancing Confederates before they were near the breastworks. Again, the Confederates on that part of the line—namely, from the *gin-house* toward the *Carter house*—never broke over the breastworks in a *body*, nor had the hand-to-hand conflict mentioned. A few at each charge did go over, but they were immediately disarmed and made prisoners.

Again Mr. Merifield states: "As the color bearer of General Featherston's Mississippi Brigade came to the top of the breastworks with his flag he was shot. As he pitched forward I grabbed the flag, took it off the staff, and put it in my pocket. General Featherston's headquarters flag I still have in a frame in my residence in St. Louis. Congress gave me a medal for the capture of this flag." Our friend Mr. Merifield has been laboring under a delusion all these years. General Featherston's headquarters flag was not captured at Franklin, nor was Billie Butler, General Featherston's flag bearer, killed. He was as gallant a boy as ever lived, and went with "Old Sweet" (nickname for General F.) in three charges on that terrible day. He is still living in South Mississippi, an honored and respected man, having been for several terms sheriff of his county.

I do not deny that our friend Merifield captured some flag that day, as several were lost by us, but not General Featherston's. As I was on the General's staff and Butler was a member of my old regiment, the 22d Mississippi, I can speak positively. General Adams, commanding a brigade in our

division, was killed, he with his horse falling across the breastworks. His headquarters flag may have been captured at that time, but I never heard that it was.

Now I do not care to enter into any controversy in the matter, but simply to correct an error and to state the facts, which can be verified by many of my old brigade still living, some of them my neighbors.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY JACOB HEATER.

Nothing is more vivid to my mind than the great battle of the Wilderness, May 6-12, 1864. The version of J. P. Manuel, of Nokesville, Va., in the *VETERAN* of September, 1903, is correct, for I was a witness to the scene which will ever remain stamped on my memory.

My old comrade of the 44th Virginia will remember that when General Gordon turned General Lee's horse around he was standing nearly in front of the colors of the 31st Virginia. The writer, a private soldier in Company D, 31st Virginia, was standing about thirty feet from General Lee and General Gordon, and distinctly heard every word they said. The emotion of General Lee's mind was at a higher tension than I had ever seen it before.

General Lee proposed to lead the charge, when General Gordon said: "General Lee, you are too good a man to lose your life here. I will lead the Virginians (or Mississippians) and Georgians, and we will whip the enemy." General Gordon drew his sword and said: "Boys, follow me." We followed our brave leader almost to the muzzles of the enemy's guns, when their lines gave way. The break they made in our lines had been held by General Johnson's division about

"Blue and Gray."



J. S. INGRAM AND JACOB HEATER.

thirty minutes before, when almost the entire division was captured. We drove the Yanks out of the breastworks and three or four hundred yards beyond, and we held that position for some time. We lay down and fired into their ranks at close range; then we were ordered to fall back, which we did in good order, the enemy not offering to follow us in force.

My impression is that when we fell back we changed our lines (I mean we straightened them) and left what was afterwards known as the bloody angle between the two lines. This is the way it appears to me, but a soldier can see but very little in battle if he is attending strictly to business.

One incident in that memorable charge made a lasting impression on my mind. When our lines entered the ditch at the edge of the timber, I noticed a Yankee officer lying on his back in the ditch, shot through the heart. I looked at the man for a few seconds and made a mental note of his appearance. He was a tall, slenderly built man, very neatly dressed, with a white shirt which looked as if it had just come from the laundry, and wearing what I took to be a gold watch chain around his neck. His appearance indicated a man of kindly disposition, and he looked as if he were in a quiet sleep. I took out my knife and cut his canteen strap, tied a knot in it, and hung it on my neck, but never touched anything else. While at Gray's Harbor, Washington, I spoke of that officer to another officer of the 27th Michigan Infantry. He questioned me closely as to just where he lay, how he was shot, etc. I told him as above, and that his head was turned toward Spottsylvania C. H. "Why," he said, "that was Lieut. John Armour, of the 27th Michigan Infantry. At the time you saw him he had a diamond ring on his finger." I did not see the ring; and if I had seen it, I know I would not have taken it. The treasures of this world were nothing to me at that time, for I never expected to see the rising of another sun. How

I have escaped death through so many perilous conflicts appears as a dream. Several of my old comrades yet living would verify every word I have stated above. The only thing I am in doubt of is as to whether General Gordon said "Georgians" or "Mississippians."

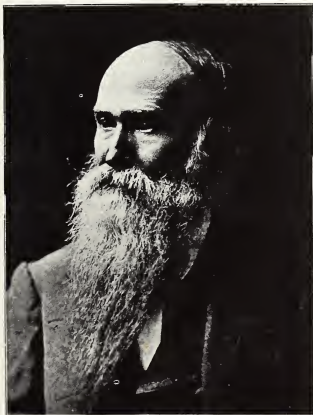
In regard to the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, some things are as clear to my mind as if it had only happened yesterday, while others are a little hazy. Early in May we broke camp near Summerville Ford, on the Rapidan River, and started toward Spottsylvania C. H. We passed a Federal regiment on the road the afternoon of May 5, 1864. The entire regiment had been captured by some of our troops and was headed toward Richmond. Their colonel was on horseback and the prisoners were in a very ugly mood. During the afternoon of May 5 we formed line in a timbered place and commenced to throw up temporary breastworks of old logs and dirt.

About 10 A.M. May 6 the Yankees made their grand charge. They came for us in good order, lines well dressed, colors flying, officers on horseback, and what looked like four lines of battle. All appeared to have big, fat knapsacks on their backs. Nearly every man wanted to shoot as they came in sight; but our officers kept them quiet as possible until the lines of blue were in thirty yards of us, then orders were given to fire, and such a tumbling of knapsacks and broken ranks I had never seen. They had walked right up to our lines without firing a shot and received a volley square in the face, when they broke and fell back. Only one Yank got inside of our lines as far as I could see, and he was wounded. The firing lasted only a few minutes; and when the smoke cleared away, we could see a line of men who a few minutes before were in the prime of life and manhood in their last sleep.

They fell back out of sight of our lines, but left a heavy line of skirmishers that fired at everything they could see moving. During the afternoon a "colored gentleman," designated as "a smoked Yankee," came strolling along the line and inquired for Lieutenant —, of some "Gawbia" regiment. As the boys wanted some fun, they engaged the negro in conversation. In a few seconds the blue-coated skirmishers caught sight of him and turned loose on him with rifles at long range. But Mr. Darkey, instead of dropping down and crawling along behind the breastworks, took to his heels and ran square to the rear; and as the ground here was higher, his body was soon exposed to his friends (?), and the faster he ran the faster was the firing. They tore up the ground around his feet and his coat tails appeared to stick straight out.

We held our position until about sundown, when the firing on the left commenced and our line commenced to swing to the right. We knew our turn would soon come, which it did. We were then ordered forward in line of battle through the woods. For probably thirty minutes there was nothing in front but a line of skirmishers, when just as it was getting dark a voice rang out in front not more than thirty paces, "Boys, here we are;" and with that the line of bluecoats behind the breastworks sent a shower of lead into our ranks which broke our lines and sent us to the rear in double-quick.

After a few minutes our line was straightened up, and we fell back a short distance and threw up some old logs and dirt and lay in line until about 8 A.M. the next day, when the Yankees commenced to shell us at long range. We were immediately ordered forward in line of battle. Well, I certainly was frightened that morning. I would have given my right arm at the shoulder joint to have been in some safe place. When we came in sight of the breastworks that we had



GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY.

run against the night before, I imagined I could see bayonets and caps and almost clouds of smoke along the line. Several times I put my hand up to see if my cap was on my head. I think my hair must have been standing straight up. But when we approached the works, there was not a single live Yank behind them.

General Early, in his history of the Wilderness, states: "Had they known our situation and charged us that night, they most certainly would have gained a victory."

The account given by Fred J. V. Lecand, of Vicksburg, Miss., and J. P. Manuel, of Nokesville, Va., on page 393 of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of September, 1903, is very accurate, as far as I could see.

What we want for history is a statement of what we know to be true. I am always delighted to meet men who are accurate in what they are talking about, whether they wore the gray or blue. We are not the unreliable boys we were forty odd years ago; we are all old and gray. Let us make the best of life while we are here. I have spent my entire life since the war among the men who wore the blue, and will say they are the best friends I have. Their generosity and fraternal regard have been proven in times of my adversity, though as time goes by my devotion for the Southern people and the cause for which I gave four years of the best of my life grows stronger; and when I sleep my last long sleep, my wish is to be wrapped in the uniform of a Confederate soldier.

My letter is already too long, but I will conclude with a brief story: A few days ago an old Grand Army man approached me and said: "There is one of our men down here on Hume Street in destitute circumstances. He and his old woman are living alone, and she fell downstairs the other day and broke her arm in two places; the man is a cripple and not able to work. He draws a pension from Uncle Sam of ten dollars, which is not enough to keep them warm. Will you go and see them?" I did so. A poor old white-haired woman was nursing her broken arm. She said: "I have been working trying to support the old man, and now neither of us can work." I went to the post commander and asked if they were deserving. He said: "They are, and we have plenty of money in the treasury to support them." But I went home and loaded up a box of provisions, took it down to the house, and gave them a five-dollar gold piece. The day following I went to see the old people again, and the old man said: "There is one of your men living across the street from here, and his wife has her arm broken also." He went over with me and introduced me to Mr. John A. J. Pike, of the 30th Georgia Infantry, Stevenson's Brigade. Sure enough Mrs. Pike's arm was broken, but she was cheerful and everything about the home was pleasant. When I told him I came with the expectation of helping them also, his wife laughed and said: "Why, we never took five cents from any one." Mrs. Pike is a fine woman from Rogersville, Tenn.

VIVID REMINISCENCES OF WAR TIMES.

BY ALDEN M'LELLAN (LIEUTENANT IN ARTILLERY), NEW ORLEANS

On April 9, 1865, my services with the Confederate army terminated at Blakely, Ala., on the Apalachee River, about fifteen miles from Mobile. I was with the 1st Missouri Brigade, under Capt. A. C. Danner, brigade quartermaster. The brigade then was about four hundred men, and was commanded by Col. Elijah Gates, under Brig. Gen. F. M. Cockrell. We left Mobile on March 24, 1865, by boat. After arriving at Blakely, our command went out several times, but did not have any serious engagement. On the 28th of March

our works were invested by a strong force of Federals, and the siege was on. During the night of April 7 Spanish Fort was evacuated, the garrison coming to Blakely through the swamps and taking boat to Mobile. Then the whole Federal forces, about twenty thousand, attacked Blakely. Our works extended in a half circle about three thousand yards, each flank on the river. We had about twenty-seven hundred men, many of them the old and young reserves, from Alabama; these last occupied the right of our works. The Missouri and other troops occupied the center and left.

About 5 p.m. on Sunday, April 9, 1865, the attack was general. The Missouri troops were sent to the left on two occasions to help repulse some negro troops attacking there. About this time the Federals came over the works on our right and moved down toward the left. When we saw this, many made their way to the river; but there was little or no means of escape except in a few old boats and on planks, by which means about one hundred and fifty men escaped. About this time I was at the field hospital, being detained by the surgeon in charge (I forget his name) to assist in amputating the leg of a wounded man, which I was required to hold above the knee. The delay was prolonged because of the time it took to get the man under the influence of chloroform.

As soon as I was relieved the hospital steward and I made a run for a wharf to get planks to escape upon, I throwing down four planks. The steward took two, and I ran down to get my planks, but another fellow was floating off on them. By this time the Federals were on the bluffs of the river, about two hundred yards off, and were firing at every object in the river. Some of the shots struck quite near me. I concluded not to take a plank ride just then, and was busy fastening a twenty-dollar gold piece in the lining of my cap and dropping my watch into my bootleg when a Federal called out: "Say, you fellow with a green shirt on, come up or you will get killed [shot] next time."

I obeyed, hauling my way to the bluff where others of our men were. In a short while a Federal corporal with one man took another officer and me and started for the rear. When we got to the works, there were several explosions. Some of the incoming victorious troops had got upon the subterra shells that we had placed in front of the works and were more or less injured. They talked very ugly toward us, so our guard had us sit down a little on one side until the troops had passed. On our way to the rear we stopped at a wagon train, and our guard got us some coffee and crackers. While there a Federal abused us for being Rebels, etc. Our guard told him to stop; but he did not until the guard gave him a slap, which rolled him over, and told him to go off and attend to his mules. We were then taken to where the other prisoners were bivouacked for the night. The next morning we started for Greenwood, on the east shore of Mobile Bay. After going about three miles, we were counter-marched into the abandoned Spanish Fort, which was under fire of one of our batteries in the marsh toward Mobile. (Since I have learned it was Battery Gladden, in charge of our late Maj. Ed Durrive.) After remaining in the fort awhile, we were again started for Greenwood, and the next day were shipped by transport to Ship Island, off the coast of Mississippi.

The troops captured at Blakely were the 1st Missouri Brigade (Col. Elijah Gates), the Alabama Boy Reserves (General Thomas), part of Holtzclaw's Brigade, Barry's Mississippi Brigade, 1st Mississippi Light Artillery, and several light batteries; also Gens. St. John Liddell and F. M. Cockrell—

about twenty-seven hundred men. The Federal officers were not taken to Ship Island. We were corralled on the sand just below the lighthouse and the men next behind us, all under negro guards. When we landed, we were halted, and the men were passing a short distance from us when a tall Arkansan held up his hand and called out to his captain: "The bottom rail is on top." The nigger guard made a lunge at him with his gun, the bayonet striking the man's hip, and the man jumped, pressing his hand to his hip.

The limit, or "dead line," of our camp was a low ridge made by scraping up the sand. The men had no protection from the sun or rain; the officers had small A tents. The rations were bad and the water bad, as we got only the seepage from barrels sunk in the sand three-fourths of their length. The wood we had to bring two and a half miles from the east end of the island.

While on the island the news came of the assassination of President Lincoln. This was an unfortunate thing for the Southern country, and we felt the effects of it at once, the guards treating us very badly, abusing and shooting us whenever an opportunity offered. One night a man stood up to shake the sand from his blanket and was shot. Capt. J. W. Barklay, of the 1st Missouri Cavalry, and I were preparing a meal by a pile of sand that we had fixed for the purpose, and the Captain was telling of something that had occurred to him before the war. He used the word "niggers," and immediately the guard who was passing and heard the word commenced abusing us for calling them "niggers," and he made such a noise that the officer of the guard and the others of the guard came to him. Then we left and went into our tents and lay down until the fuss was over. I received a box from home containing a pair of pants and a blanket, which I was much in need of, and other small things, some of which were taken before the box reached us.

We were on the island about three weeks, and then were transported to New Orleans. An amusing thing occurred between the white and colored troops as we left the island. When we went on board the transport, the colored guards who came with us were stopped. They had come prepared to go on the transport, and there were several consultations between officers of white and colored troops before the colored guards were allowed to come on board, and then they were required to keep themselves at the bow of the boat. The white soldiers were not friendly to their colored comrades. At midnight the colored guards went on duty, then all prisoners had to keep inside the boat. The relief that was put on duty near me was very unmitigated. The colored guard approached in proper form, saluted, and asked for instructions. The white guard, who was leaning on his gun, looked at the relief in a very surly manner and said, "Stand there," and walked off, trailing his gun.

We arrived at Milneburg before day and were placed in bath houses until the train took us to Elysian Fields Street Depot. From there we marched to St. Joseph Street, between Carondelet and Baronne Streets, where we stood in the middle of that street for some time until our guards got instructions from some officer quartered in that vicinity where we were to be placed while here. The citizens living near by kindly brought us coffee, bread, cigars, tobacco, etc., which were eagerly scrambled for and thankfully received. While we were on St. Joseph Street there was an old lady in the crowd looking at us who knew me. I spoke to her, but she seemed not to know me and moved away. After a while she approached me and asked if I wanted anything. I asked her

to let my family know that I was in the city. She said she did not know where they lived, but would find Mr. Alex McNeil, who did know, and started off to do so.

We then marched to a cotton press on Press Street, Third District, which is now part of the N. O. & N. E. Railroad depot. As we passed down Royal Street, between Elysian Fields and Marigny Street, I saw my aunt, Mrs. George McLellan, and others of her family standing in front of their residence. I stepped outside of the guard to speak to them. They were astonished, but they greeted me cordially and affectionately. The white guards passed along; but when the colored man came along, he motioned me into the ranks. While in prison my father and mother visited me. The former wished me to remain at home, as he thought that the war was over; but I did not think as he did, and in a few days about two hundred of us marched to the levee in the Third District and were put on the hurricane deck of the steamer Mollie A. E. Capt. Dan Able, and taken to Vicksburg, Miss., for exchange. The men from Ship Island came by transports via the mouth of the Mississippi River to Vicksburg.

On the march from the prison to the boat I was given more things by my family and friends than I could carry, but my comrades helped me. As the boat was starting off my father was waving his handkerchief to me, when a Federal officer compelled him to stop doing so. Our trip on that boat was very pleasant. Some of the lady passengers played the piano in the cabin. We listened with our heads in the skylight windows, and sang such songs as we knew. The first morning our pilot, Rich Britton, had Capt. J. L. Bradford and myself up in the pilot house taking coffee, but the guard soon sent us down. I found in the stateroom of Pilot Britton a number of things for me, having been placed there by my family.

Through the kindness of Mr. R. Britton, agent of the boat, Lieut. O. F. Gutherie, of the 1st Missouri Cavalry, and I were allowed to get our meals at the table in the cabin, except the night before we arrived at Vicksburg, when we were denied that privilege, because it was rumored that the boat was to be captured by the prisoners and landed, so we could escape. Such was the case, but several of us persuaded Colonel Gates and those in favor of the capture not to do so unless we were taken above Vicksburg.

We landed at Vicksburg about May 6, 1865, and as we passed ashore Captain Able said: "I am very proud of you, but am pleased that you are landing." While standing on the levee at Vicksburg a young Alabama officer was approached by some young negroes, who told him that they had been slaves in his father's family and they wanted to give him some money, but it was declined. Later they brought some vegetables and eatables, which were accepted, at which the colored boys seemed greatly pleased. We were then transported by train to the Big Black River, where we were relieved from guard.

The exchange officer at Vicksburg, as a compliment to us (we being the first batch of exchange prisoners and all officers), had put on the train a ration of sugar and coffee for each of us. Quite a number of us had sampled the sugar before this was known; but the unconsumed portion was returned badly mixed with tobacco, matches, etc., with the proper apologies. When back at Ship Island, we were required to deposit all money and valuables with the Federal quartermaster and were permitted to purchase from the sutler to the value of the money deposited. When we were discharged, the valuables and the balance of the moneys due us were returned.

The railroad from Big Black to Jackson, Miss., had not been

rebuilt, so we walked to Jackson. When about five miles from Jackson, three of us who were used up by the walk met a colored man with a mule and a wagon, whom we persuaded (much against his will) to haul us to Jackson. I was unable to wear one boot on account of a blistered foot. The next morning I was awakened from my couch in Statehouse Square by the passing of mounted men on their way to cross the Mississippi River. Among them was Charles Crouch, who had been a messmate of mine. When he saw me, he called out, "Go away, drowned man; you were published in the Mobile papers as being shot and drowned at Blakely;" and he rode off, telling me that I had better get to Meridian soon, as our mess was dividing.

It had been agreed by our mess that if anything happened to any of the mess his plunder was to be divided among those left; hence I was anxious to get to Meridian. As I could not get a pass to go by the train, I determined to try my luck; so when Lieutenant Anderson entered the train with a guard and told all that had no passes to get out, half of those in the car left. When my turn came, I held up an old pass, and Anderson shoved it back and passed on. I had told him in the morning why I wanted to get to Meridian. I subsequently learned that the hospital steward who got away on planks from Blakely reported that when he was about halfway across the river and the firing was the worst he heard a splash behind him. On looking back and seeing the two planks floating without anybody on them, he concluded that I was shot and drowned; and so reported it in Mobile, where it was published. The report got to New Orleans, but my mother was not told of it until after I was there as a prisoner.

At Meridian I met my brother-in-law, C. I. Fayssoux, also Sam Rousseau, found my horse and other things all right, stood in line all the afternoon, and got my parole, it being the last one signed that day. It was No. 200, dated May 10, 1865, and signed by Col. W. R. Miles, C. S. A., and Col. Henry Bertram, 20th Wisconsin Volunteers, U. S. A. That evening I got my horse and that of Captain Fayssoux into a freight car and went to Mobile. There I tried several times during the day to get an order for transportation on the boat to New Orleans, but failed. When the boat, the N. P. Banks, was about ready to start, the captain of the boat kindly took our paroles, went to the transportation office, and got orders for our transportation. The next morning (May 13, 1865) we arrived at West End. Our baggage was transported to the city over the military railroad, then running alongside the New Basin Canal through St. Joseph Street, Maj. Richard L. Robinson and I riding our horses home. My folks then lived on St. Mary, corner Camp Street. As I passed along the New Basin and up Camp Street several persons waved their hands to me, but most usually looked about and even stepped inside their doors or windows before doing so.

My home-coming was different from what I expected. It was especially sad not only on account of the failure of our cause, but also on account of the absence of my dear brother, Capt. C. W. McLellan, who was killed near Richmond, Va., June 1, 1864. I went to work immediately with my father, William H. McLellan, then of the firm of Nicholson & Co., paving contractors and stone dealers, with yard and office at the corner of Magazine and Robin Streets. They, with Messrs. Henry Hart and John Petit, had a franchise for the street railway subsequently called the St. Charles Street Railroad Company, which they constructed in 1866. I was made sec-

retary and later president and superintendent, where I was continuously in service until 1899.

I would much like to hear from any of those whom I was with during the three years I was in the Confederate army.

SOLDIER OF UNKNOWN IDENTITY BURIED AT GALLATIN, TENN.
—Thomas H. King, Sr., of Gallatin, Tenn., writes: "During the first year of the war a train composed of box cars (the kind then generally used for the transportation of soldiers) arrived at the depot in Gallatin from the South, and upon the top of one was lying a Confederate soldier who had evidently been struck by an overhead bridge or something similar. He was carried to an office near by, where he lived some twenty-four hours; but, with the exception of an occasional moan, no sound escaped his lips. Upon his uniform the buttons had a 'pelican,' leading those who saw him to think he was from Louisiana. He was the first Confederate soldier to be buried at this place, and that was done by Capt. H. B. Boude's company with the honors of war. Do any of his comrades remember him? His grave is in Confederate Circle in the cemetery at Gallatin, and the spot is known. This may help some relative to find his grave."

RECKLESS AND MISCHIEVOUS CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.—W. A. Campbell, of Columbus, Miss., writes: "In September, 1863, my company of cavalry was camped at Tibbee Station, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. As usual, all who could went to the depot to see every train and talk to the soldiers and passengers on the trains. On one occasion, as the train from the South arrived, we noticed that the box cars were full of dismounted cavalry going North, while their horses were being sent through the country to meet them. An old farmer was among those crowded around and chatting with the soldiers. He had laid his saddlebags down and walked some distance from them. As the train began to move off one of the soldiers held a bill in his hand and called to a negro standing near to run and get his saddlebags and he should have the money. The negro picked up the saddlebags and started on the run to catch up with the train and get the money. About that time the old farmer looked about for his property, and, seeing the negro with it, started after him. The soldier called out: 'Come along quick, or you will get left.' The race was fast and furious; the negro wanted the money and the farmer his saddlebags—and he got them! Then he and the negro had a settlement."

COL. G. W. BAYLOR'S SWORD.—Col. George W. Baylor, Hidalgo, Guadalupe, Mex., writes of his regret at not being able to meet with "the boys" at New Orleans. He "served from May, 1863, most of the time to the close of the war, and had many friends in Louisiana commands, though many have 'fallen on sleep.'" He adds: "That reminds me that on my last trip with my regiment, when we were hurrying to Mansfield to get ahead of General Banks, in the piney woods one night I hung my sword on a bough at the head of my bed. Starting at dawn, I forgot it, and sent back for it after a few miles' march, but it was gone. It was a handsome officer's cavalry saber, curved, embossed blade. My father-in-law, Col. J. S. Synnor, presented it to me, taking out the 'U' in the basket of the hilt and substituting 'C,' making 'C. S. A.' If by chance some Confederate has fallen here to it, I should be glad to again hang it at the head of my bed. We heard the cannon booming when we crossed the Sabine at Mansfield, and were at the Wilson farm fight the day before Mansfield."

FUTURE OF THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

A Prophecy by a Veteran of the Spanish-American War.

DEDICATED TO THE GRANDSONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

"The war of secession was fought and concluded upon a question of constitutional principle affirmed by one party to the conflict, denied by the other."
(The American to Spanish Peace Commissioners at Paris, 1898.)

I. THE PAST.

The sovereign rights of separate States,
"Affirmed," "denied," were spun
By awful war's relentless Fates,
And woven into one.

Old Glory waved above the blue,
Old Honor o'er the gray;
The Stripes and Bars to battle flew,
The Stars chose sides that day

Two flags of independence born,
Two peoples sprung from one;
O Honor gray and Glory torn,
Your deeds outshone the sun!

You both for "principle" did fight,
The blue for Nation's love;
The gray upheld Secession's right,
For independence strove.

II. THE PRESENT.

Old Glory was our father's flag,
Their sons' too it must be;
Old Honor, though a "tattered rag,"
Is still the flag of Lee.

Who calls that flag a "Rebel" rag,
Unhonored and unsung,
Deserves to share no patriot's flag
Or hear its praises rung.

Old Glory's stripes are healed,
Old Honor's bars let down,
Secession's vault's forever sealed
While honor guards its mound.

Two flags, two peoples, on that day
Were joined o'er set of sun;
Both Glory Blue and Honor Gray
At Appomattox won.

III. THE FUTURE.

Old Glory waved above the gray
When Spanish War began;
Old Honor found new life that day,
As only honor can.

Shall Honor ne'er be free from hate,
Ne'er find a Northern rest?
Shall it more foreign wars await,
Still hide in Southern breast?

The shamrock, once the badge of hate,
On English coats now worn,
And shows, so strange is hand of fate,
New love for Ireland born.

Then proudly wear the Stars and Bars,
Old Honor to the mast!
Enshrined within the Stripes and Stars,
It honors all our past!

Then side by side the Stripes and Stars,
In country and in town,
Haul up our honored Stars and Bars,
None now will haul it down!

IV. OLD HONOR AND "OLD GLORY."

Let Glory shine o'er men in gray,
Let Honor gild the blue,
Let no old passions men betray,
For both were, right and true.

Until Old Glory waves no more
When Gabriel's trump shall sound,
Old Honor, too, must proudly soar,
Our Union doubly crowned.

HIS DARK COMPLEXION SAVED HIM.

BY W. M. WATKINS, ADJUTANT OF CAMP, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

God bless the Daughters of the Confederacy! What would the few of us left do without them? I see the Georgia Division, U. D. C., have adopted resolutions looking to the erection of a memorial to Capt. Henry Wirz. By all means let us aid in this good work. I am sure every Camp of Confederate Veterans in our country would respond. No duty is more binding upon us, and no blot more foul and dastardly was ever left as a stain upon any country's flag than his murder. Call it *judicial*, if you like; but that does not take away the stigma. It was a vile, brutal, and cowardly murder, as atrocious, as inexcusable, and as cowardly as any ever perpetrated.

In your April number the article headed "Cool Bravery of a Virginian" reminds me of an occurrence in this State in 1864. Ben Jourdlow was a Confederate scout, and had a "record" notched on the handle of his six-shooter. He was born and reared at Arkansas Post, was of French descent, and was, like many of the natives, very dark-complexioned. Ben was unusually so, and was often mistaken for an African. Scouts had been sent out by Federal authorities frequently to capture Jourdlow dead or alive, but he had managed to elude them. Upon one occasion Ben had gone in the neighborhood of his old home, and was told by his friends that there was a detachment of Federal cavalry in the neighborhood looking for him, and would hang him if they caught him. Some one proposed a game of poker, and this was Ben's weakness. He unsaddled his horse, but left him tied in order that he might get away at short notice if danger threatened. The game lasted all night, and next morning the horse was gone. Ben knew it had gone across the prairie to his home; and after a hasty breakfast, he shouldered his saddle and started across the prairie after him. When he was about two miles out, he saw the detachment of Federal cavalry coming not more than half a mile away. What could he do? It would not do to run. He put his wits to work and did some thinking. He soon thought of his dark skin and, putting on a bold front, went forward. When he reached the head of the column, he backed out of the road, dropped his saddle, took his hat in his hand, and, humbly bowing, saluted each man with a "Howdy, marster; howdy, marster." The captain greeted him: "Howdy, old man. Whom do you belong to?" "Marse Mazro Refedd, marster," replied Ben quickly, giving the name of a large stock owner living near.

The squad passed on, never suspecting that this was the very man they were then seeking, having heard he was in the vicinity. Ben gathered up his saddle and double-quickened until he found his horse, and then double-quickened some more

until he had crossed the Arkansas River and got in the brush. For nerve and wit combined this case was rarely equaled; but many instances occurred in those days when an emergency was upon us where a man had to think and act quickly, and mighty quick too.

INCIDENTS OF APPOMATTOX.

J. L. Schaub, survivor of Cox's Brigade, Grimes's Division, A. U. V., writes from LaGrange, Ga., replying to some statements by J. R. Birdlebough (Federal), page 179 April *VETERAN*, in regard to some loose cartridges, etc., at Appomattox: "On account of having to await the printing of paroles and their distribution to the different headquarters our marching out and stacking arms did not take place until the morning of the 12th. Gordon's Corps did not march into the streets of Appomattox to surrender; but stacked arms in a field outside of the town and before a mere 'guard of honor' (about one regiment of Federals) which was off some distance from us, and not a word was spoken between us. We marched away without breaking ranks. In fact, our paroles were not issued to the men until we were miles distant on our way home. Possibly some of Longstreet's command may have stacked arms in the streets of the town, they being back of it or on the other side from us, who had passed through in advance and made the fight on the 9th to clear the road in our front.

"Mr Birdlebough also mentions that only about ten thousand small arms (there were really only nine thousand) were surrendered from an army of thirty thousand (should be twenty-seven thousand), and wants to know why. I answer that after deducting all of the artillery and noncombatants and most all of the cavalry, who under Fitzhugh Lee had ridden over and around Sheridan's Cavalry, thus escaping, and large numbers of the infantry from exhaustion, continual marching, loss of sleep, and hunger had left their guns and all other burdens to keep going at all and prevent capture.

"After getting behind Sheridan, Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry struck a Federal provision train of about seven hundred wagons and burned them; and that is one reason why rations were so scarce with them and us too, as General Grant could spare us only some of his supply, which he generously did. But, while the Federals had a short march to make to Burkeville, most of the Confederate soldiers had hundreds of miles to march through a destitute country without money and nothing to buy if they had had it, depending solely on the charity of the good people to furnish enough to sustain life until they reached home."

WHO CAN TELL OF THIS FLAG?

At the R. E. Lee memorial service in Kansas City, Mo., by the Kansas City Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy (held at the residence of Mr. Eugene Harris, which was artistically and elaborately decorated with Confederate colors), a most interesting flag was displayed. It is an old one, having been carried in Morgan's command during the war. It has three red and three white bars, and a blue field with only one star. The Chapter would like to know something about flags of this kind. This one was carried in Morgan's command; can any of his men tell about it?

Mrs. John M. Philips bestowed the Southern cross of honor on sixteen veterans, who received them graciously. She showed an old Confederate jacket and a cap (a rare sight in Kansas City) which were worn by Mr. John C.

Howard when a member of Richmond (Va.) Howitzers. The cap was somewhat mutilated by the wheel of an army wagon at Appomattox. In the pocket of the jacket were a small Bible, the gift of his chaplain, and a lock of his sweetheart's hair. Mr. Howard is seventy-three years of age. The sweetheart became his wife, and now graces his home in Kansas City. He fell in love with her when as a hungry soldier she prepared a good meal for him.

Several veterans who received the crosses of honor are members of Camp 831, Oak Grove, Mo., others from Grain Valley, and the remainder from Kansas City. I think they feel repaid for coming a long distance (those living in other towns), and the old war songs, recitations, and music by little Elizabeth Harris added to their enjoyment. Dr. F. C. McConnell, formerly of Atlanta, Ga., delivered a unique address on Gen. Robert E. Lee. Dr. D. R. Morton read an original poem complimentary to Southern women. Delightful refreshments were served.

Kansas City Chapter (Mrs. Blake L. Woodson, President) has one hundred and thirty-eight members, and is in a prosperous condition. Address in regard to flag Mrs. John M. Philips, 2930 Holmes Street, Kansas City, Mo.

THE SILENT CAMPS.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

[At Winchester, Va., the cemeteries of the blue and the gray are separated by a stone wall, hidden by ivy and flowers.]

Where nods the pine her stately crest
And the soft green grasses wave,
Where the wren has built in the ground her nest,
Is many a hero's grave;
Aye, side by side with a wall between,
Waiting the judgment day,
Slumber the boys who battled in blue
And the boys who wore the gray.

No more for them on the mountain tops
The camp fires flash afar,
No longer down in the valleys deep
Like a pall hangs the smoke of war;
But flowers bloom where they sweetly rest
From morn till the twilight gray—
The boys who marched to the fight in blue
And the boys who rallied in gray.

No longer crimson the rivers run
Through smoke to the sun-kissed sea,
No more the war winds twist and turn
The banners of Grant and Lee;
For them the robin her matins sings,
And nature with blossoms gay
Crowns the graves of the boys in blue
And the graves of the boys in gray

Under the creeper and under the rose
And under the peaceful pine,
Brothers in death, though once as foes,
They stood on the battle line;
But side by side with a wall between
They're taking their rest to-day,
And a mother waits for her boy in blue
And one for her boy in gray.

They camp in their glory with never a care,

The charge and the march are o'er,
The bugle's blast and the old camp's glare

Are dreams of the days of yore;
The grass grows green and the clouds of war

Forever have rolled away,
And the rose of peace in her beauty blooms
Alike upon blue and gray.

Let blessings fall on their graves alike,
Peaceful 'neath nature's sheen,
For love hath hid with blossoms fair

The wall that stands between;
They silently slumber, and round them all
The sunbeams gently play,
And God looks down on the boys in blue,
And guards the boys in gray.

WHAT WAS TAUGHT AT WEST POINT.

[Col. R. Bingham, of Asheville, N. C., has written on the subject, and from a printed pamphlet some important facts are procured.]

The following are historic facts—often at least so claimed, and never officially denied: From 1825 (the year during which Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis entered the United States Military Academy) to as late as 1840, if not later, the United States government taught its cadets at West Point, from Rawle's "View of the Constitution," that the Union was dissoluble, and that, if it should be dissolved, allegiance reverted to the States. Some conclusive proof of this fact is hereby offered, for the first time, as far as the writer has been able to ascertain. In consideration of facts which cannot be gainsaid or denied, the words rebel, rebellion, traitor, and treason should disappear, and national Americans should no longer do injustice to each other's motives, as every one who took up arms on either side of the war between the sections did so in obedience to the call to arms by his State, to which his primary and ultimate allegiance was due according to the theory of the founders of the government and of their successors till 1860, and according to the official instruction given by the government itself at West Point to those who were to command its armies. Extracts from Rawle's "View of the Constitution," hereinafter given, speak for themselves.—R. Bingham, *Superintendent of The Bingham School, Asheville, N. C.* [This school was founded by his grandfather in 1793—Editor.]

A. L. Mills, Brig. Gen. U. S. A., Supt., gave out from "Headquarters United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., November 18, 1904," that in the forthcoming Memorial Volume of the Military Academy, being printed, will appear the following note regarding the book: "342. 73 R. 20 Rawle (William): 'A View of the Constitution of the United States of America.' Philadelphia. 1825, 1v. O. The text-book of the law department from (?) to (?). The text-book of the law department, owned by Library, United States Military Academy, makes it very probable that it was used as a text-book."

Edward S. Holden, Librarian of the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., wrote November 23, 1904: "The copy of Rawle (William), 'A View of the Constitution of the United States of America,' . . . Philadelphia, 1825, 1v., O., owned by the Library, U. S. M. A., contains MS. notes which make it very probable that this book was used as a text-book at the Military Academy, inasmuch as there is a list of sections and lessons marked. The book contains

no information as to just the period during which it was used as a text-book, nor have we been able to find this out up to the present time."

A. R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, Washington, under date December 3, 1904: "I find on examination of the Annual Catalogues of the West Point Military Academy that no text-books appear to be named until A.D. 1842."

William Brooke Rawle, a great-grandson of William Rawle, wrote from Philadelphia December 13, 1904: "The book entitled 'A View of the Constitution of the United States of America' was written by my great-grandfather. . . . The book was, I think, the first treatise upon its subject in America. The author, after having studied law in New York under the Royal Attorney-General and later in the Middle Temple in London, was admitted to the Philadelphia bar September 15, 1783. He was therefore of an age to appreciate the doings of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, which sat in this city, where he resided. Doubtless he attended its sittings, although I do not find among his papers any statement to that effect. The work, I have always understood, was for many years used as a text-book at the United States Military Academy at West Point."

John Rawle, another grandson of William Rawle, wrote from Natchez, Miss., January 27, 1905: "In re William Rawle, my grandfather, I am aware that his 'View of the Constitution of the United States' was used as a text-book at West Point, but I do not recollect in what years it was. Gen. R. E. Lee et al. said that they were taught by that book while at West Point. . . . Gen. Lee told Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana, that if it had not been for the instruction he got from Rawle's text-book at West Point he would not have left the old army and joined the South at the breaking out of the War between the States."

Joseph Wilmer, a son of Bishop Wilmer, wrote from Rapidan, Va., February 10, 1905: "I have a distinct recollection of my father's statement from Gen. Lee that 'Rawle' was a text-book during his cadetship at West Point."

Mrs. M. J. Leeds, a granddaughter of William Rawle, wrote from New Orleans, La., January 19, 1905: "I am positive that the work of my grandfather, William Rawle, was used as a text-book at West Point. I have heard this from my own father, Judge Edward Rawle, who died in 1880, a son of the author of the book."

Judge G. L. Christian wrote from Richmond, Va., in December, 1904: "I have frequently heard Gens. D. H. Maury and Fitzhugh Lee state that 'Rawle on the Constitution' was one of the text-books used at West Point when they were students there. I have also heard the same statement time and again without any suggestion that there was any question about it. I saw Gen. Lee last night, and he again told me there was no doubt about this being the fact."

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee wrote from Norfolk, Va., December 5, 1904: "My recollection is that Rawle's 'View of the Constitution' was the legal text-book at West Point when Gens. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, and Stonewall Jackson were cadets there, and later on was a text-book when I was a cadet there."

Gen. Dabney H. Maury wrote in Vol. VI, p. 249, "Southern Historical Papers:" "It [Rawle] remained as a text-book at West Point till —, and Mr. Davis and Sidney Johnston and Gen. Joe Johnston and Gen. Lee and all the rest of us who retired with Virginia from the Federal Union were not only obeying the plain instincts of our nature and dictates of duty, but we were obeying the very inculcations we had received in the national school. It is not probable that any of us ever read the Constitution or any exposition of it except

this work of Rawle, which we studied in our graduating year at West Point. I know I did not."

Charles Francis Adams, author of "The Constitutional Ethics of Secession," states: "Much has been written and said, and still more declaimed, as to the peculiar and exceptional allegiance due, in case of attempted secession, to the national government on the part of the graduates of the Military Academy at West Point. It is, however, a noticeable fact that anterior to 1840 the doctrine of the right of secession seems to have been inculcated at West Point as an admitted principle of constitutional law. Story's 'Commentaries' was first published in 1833. Prior to its appearance the standard text-book on the subject was Rawle's 'View of the Constitution.' This was published in Philadelphia in 1825. William Rawle, its author, was an eminent Philadelphia lawyer, a man of twenty-nine at the time the Constitution was adopted, and already in active professional life. In 1792 he was offered a judicial position by Washington. Subsequently he was for many years Chancellor of the Law Association of Philadelphia and principal author of the revised code of Philadelphia. He stood in the foremost rank of the legal luminaries of the first third of the century. His instincts, sympathies, and connections were all national. Prior to 1840 his 'View' was the text-book in use at West Point."

"The Republic of Republics" (Boston), fourth edition, 1878, states: "Another event of great historical interest in which Judge Clifford participated was a solemn consultation of a small number of the ablest lawyers of the North in Washington a few months after the war upon the momentous question as to whether the Federal government should commence a criminal prosecution against Jefferson Davis for his participation and leadership in the war of secession. In this council, which was surrounded at the time with the utmost secrecy, were Attorney-General Speed, Judge Clifford, William Everts, and others, who had been selected from the whole Northern profession for their legal ability and acumen, and the result of their deliberations was the sudden abandonment of the idea of a prosecution in view of the insurmountable difficulties in the way of getting a final conviction."

The same "Republic of Republics," page 44, states that Rawle's "View" "was a text-book at West Point when Lee and Davis were cadets there. Davis and Lee were at West Point during the administration of John Quincy Adams, who, as late as 1830, essayed to teach the whole American people that 'the people of each State have a right to secede from the Confederated Union.' These are his very words."

"The Republic of Republics" is understood to have given some of the lines of defense by Jefferson Davis's counsel had the case been brought to trial, and to have had the approval of Mr. Davis himself. The book is very highly spoken of by Charles O'Connor, one of Mr. Davis's counsel and one of the most distinguished lawyers in the United States in his day, who wrote to the author in 1865 [see page 4]: "With so admirably prepared and so overwhelmingly conclusive a brief [as his book] my task [of defending Mr. Davis] would be easy indeed."

The following letter explains itself:

"417 PINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, March 25, 1884

"Dear Col. Bingham: While the question of Jefferson Davis's trial for high treason was pending Mr. William B. Reed, counsel for the defense, was a member of my brother's congregation at Orange Valley, N. J. He told my brother, after it had been decided that the trial was not to take place, that if the case had come to trial the defense would have

offered in evidence the text-book on constitutional law [Rawle's 'View of the Constitution'] from which Davis had been instructed at West Point by the authority of the United States government and in which the right of secession is maintained as one of the constitutional rights of a State. You are quite at liberty to refer to me for this statement, which is given according to the best of my recollection.

L. W. BACON."

Rev. Dr. Bacon's present address is Assonet, Mass.

Correspondents and advertisers in the VETERAN must be prompt in sending as soon as practicable what they wish in the current issue. It takes longer than many suppose to get out editions of over twenty thousand. Such a paper with engravings cannot be printed as rapidly as the work usually done on a daily. Then the folding, trimming, and mailing require several days even with the large number of persons employed in the mechanical department of the VETERAN.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

[Mrs. A. B. White, President of the Tennessee Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, made an elaborate report at the recent annual convention in Memphis. The report is exhaustive and shows unceasing devotion to every interest of the Division. Extracts are given on important topics.]

Ten years ago at Nashville was organized the Tennessee Division, which, through the splendid labors of my predecessors, has grown into a power beyond the hopes of the most optimistic; and it is with a sense of deep responsibility of the trust reposed in me that I come before you as your President to report to you the condition and growth of the Division during the past year, to tell you of the work accomplished, to make plans for the future, and to tell you of the needs of the Division. In all that I say and in the suggestions I make there is only one thought paramount—the welfare and upbuilding of the Division.

WORK OF THE DIFFERENT CHAPTERS.

At my request almost all of our Chapters sent me a summary of the Chapter work for the year. Not one Chapter has failed to do good work; all report interest and enthusiasm. There has been growth throughout the Division, nearly every Chapter reporting some new members, and I am particularly glad to see the additions to the roll of some of our oldest Chapters. This shows that they have lost none of their early enthusiasm and love for our cause.

We rejoice over the six new Chapters added to our organization this year, and welcome them heartily among us as sisters in a common and beloved cause—the Robert E. Lee Chapter at Puryear, the Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter at Humboldt, the Kenton Chapter at Kenton, the Dixie Chapter at Petersburg, the Algood Chapter at Algood, and the Mary Leland Hume Chapter at Spring Hill. All these Chapters were organized under flattering auspices and with more than the requisite charter membership.

WORK OF THE HISTORY COMMITTEE.

The History Committee has done excellent work. The State Historian agrees with the President in thinking the historical work will be promoted by identical and uniform study by all the Chapters, and to that end would suggest that the History Committee be authorized to prepare and issue a yearbook for the use of the Chapters or send out monthly programmes for the Chapters. It would draw the Chapters

nearer together, I believe, if the State Historian should have more general supervision of the historical work of the Division and if the Chapters would make regular reports to her of their historical and literary departments. So much of the unwritten and local history of our State will be lost to us unless we gather it up.

VISIT TO THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME.

One visit your President made was of interest and yet of sadness—a visit a few weeks ago to the Confederate Soldiers' Home in company with the Home Committee and other ladies. It was a pleasure to see the change that had been wrought, the improvements made by you, dear Daughters, through the personal supervision of our untiring Home Committee, and the work of our efficient and energetic matron, Mrs. Carmichael, who has proved a treasure to the Tennessee Division and an angel of comfort to those dear old men. Only a personal visit shows the need of this place of refuge for the veterans, what work has been done there, how much should be done. As the long line of crippled, enfeebled, tottering old men passed and shook hands with me, I thought of what they were forty years ago: youthful, vigorous, able to cope with the world, part of the army "without fear and reproach," now the beneficiaries of the State and of your liberality. So many came to me saying: "God bless the Daughters of the Confederacy! What would become of us without them? We love them every one." Many of them have no one to look to for care or comfort except us. I beg you let not one look in vain. In a few years this work will be ended. Do it well while you may. I cannot commend too highly the work of the Home Committee nor the Chapters for their devotion to the interests of this Home. Scarcely a Chapter has failed to send something.

But in helping those in the Home forget not those in your town or county whom family ties keep out of the Home. Many Chapters have benevolent committees who care for these. The mild winter, however, has made calls of this kind fewer than usual; then the small pensions Tennessee has been giving to the veterans and to widows of veterans have placed in many homes necessities, sometimes comforts, so there has been less for the Daughters to do.

CHAPTER HOUSES IN VARIOUS SECTIONS.

It is good to see some of our Chapters establishing habitations of their own—Chapter Houses where may be garnered many historic treasures, portraits, and Chapter lore. Last year the Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter told us of the Forrest-Stewart Memorial they had projected. The Francis M. Walker Chapter is assisting in this. Clark Chapter is fortunate, and has a Chapter House in historic Trousdale Place which they are beautifying and storing with many objects of value. Nashville Chapter, No. 1, assisted by three sister Chapters (William B. Bate, Kate Litton Hickman, and A. B. Ford), has planned and projected on an ambitious scale the Nashville Chapter House, which in its broad scope and sheltering wings will supply a long-felt want of Nashville and be a pride to the whole Division. These enterprises are to be commended with the wish that, while every Chapter cannot copy anything so ambitious, every Chapter could have at least a Chapter room where they can make collections of books, papers, and the many documents of a Chapter that may be lost or scattered about as they are in private homes.

The work for the Confederate Girls' Home goes steadily on, and it is to be hoped the whole Division will unite in this

work for the descendants of Confederate veterans who need a helping hand. These struggling girls are our sisters, and we can show no greater appreciation of the bravery of their fathers than by giving them this home.

And let us hold up the hands of our Educational Committee by giving them needed funds and by helping the daughters and granddaughters of veterans in our midst. I am afraid the importance and the necessity of our educational work are not appreciated by some of our members.

CARING FOR GRAVES AND BUILDING MONUMENTS.

Several Chapters are raising funds for monuments to the Confederate soldiers of their counties.

All Chapters have observed appropriately the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and the birthday of President Davis seems to have been universally commemorated by placing flowers—offerings of love and remembrance—upon the graves of our Confederate dead. Upon these Memorial Days and on the birthday of Sam Davis many Chapters bestowed crosses of honor upon veterans and some few upon descendants. To them I would say: Continue this work of love until every worthy veteran shall receive this symbol of his faithful performance of duty and devotion to principle. For those Chapters that have never conferred them or for struggling Chapters there is no more beneficial work; for, bestowed publicly and with fitting ceremonies, the occasion attracts attention to the Chapter and its objects, and arouses the interest of the community to all pertaining to the Chapter.

There are many Confederate graveyards in the State. The Chapters near them are protecting these sacred spots with iron fences, laying walks through them and caring for them in every way. The first money expended by some Chapters—the Jefferson Davis Chapter for one—was for one of these graveyards. Many Chapters are engaged in marking the graves of the veterans of the Confederacy who sleep their last long sleep in their vicinity. This work I would commend to all Chapters, because with the passing away of our old citizens these sacred places will be forgotten. It is difficult to find some now; or, if otherwise marked, it may be forgotten that they were once faithful soldiers of the Southern Confederacy. If each grave of a Confederate soldier—the one who fell in battle and the one who fell asleep in the quietude of late years—be marked with "C. S. A.," irrespective of the handsome marble shaft or the modest headboard that may be already there, his children and his children's children and the world will know that he belonged to the immortal army that feared neither foe nor exposure nor cold nor hunger, but gave up ease and wealth and the comforts of home to battle for the right. If he were asked, I believe he would say: "Mark my last resting place, so it may be known always that I followed the flag that was unfurled and furlled without a stain."

TENNESSEE ROOM IN CONFEDERATE MUSEUM.

The Tennessee Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond has been sorely neglected by us—I think not through intention, but through ignorance of its needs and claims upon us. It is to be hoped that every Chapter will henceforth assist our efficient and hard-working regent in the work of securing relics for this room and in maintaining it properly. For the maintenance and enrichment of this room there should be a regular income from the Chapters, for without revenue the regent can accomplish nothing, and I am sure all of us want the Tennessee Room to be the equal in all respects of the other rooms of the museum.

ORGANIZATION OF CHILDREN'S AUXILIARIES.

Four Chapters have reported the appointment of committees to organize children's auxiliaries. A year ago only three auxiliaries had been reported—one at Paris, one at Knoxville, and one at Gallatin. Nashville Chapter, No. 1, recently organized two, one for girls and one for boys, both under efficient directors. William B. Bate Chapter has reported a fine one with forty-seven members under a very efficient director, Mrs. Battle.

CONFEDERATE CATECHISM.

A member of Bate Chapter is preparing a Confederate catechism for the use of auxiliaries. This auxiliary work is so far-reaching in its results, teaching love of the Southland, family traditions, the emulation of the patriotism and principles of their forefathers, that it would be well for every Chapter to take it up. There are no regulations for this work; but the President has made the following ruling: That boys and girls alike are eligible to membership (in fact, any child in sympathy with the organization or who wishes to learn something of Southern history); that auxiliaries pay neither State nor U. D. C. dues, but may have auxiliary dues if they choose; that the officers shall be members of the auxiliary, but the parent Chapter shall furnish a wisely selected director from the Chapter.

SAM DAVIS MONUMENT FUND.

In pursuance of instructions of last year's convention of the Tennessee Division that the San Francisco Convention be asked for a donation for the monument to our boy hero and martyr, Sam Davis, who preferred death to dishonor and the betrayal of a friend, your President asked the United Daughters of the Confederacy for a contribution. They responded cordially and liberally, giving us five hundred dollars. I do hope, friends, that we shall show our appreciation of this munificent gift, given so enthusiastically, by renewing our interest and work for this monument. Let us make one grand united effort, so that ere long a fitting memorial will speak to the world of our martyred boy.

Concerning the Shiloh monument she says: "Six years ago the Shiloh Chapter, No. 371, of Savannah, inaugurated the great work—too long deferred—of raising funds for a monument to the Confederate dead at Shiloh. They and the Shiloh Monument Committee have continued to work faithfully for this cause, and have more than a thousand dollars in bank. Following a suggestion of Mrs. J. W. Irwin, Chairman of the Shiloh Monument Committee, that the cooperation of other Divisions be obtained in this work for Shiloh, and feeling that one Chapter or one Division could not build a suitable memorial upon this great battlefield, your President, with the approval of the Tennessee delegation at San Francisco, asked the United Daughters of the Confederacy to take up this work of building 'one grand memorial' at Shiloh and that all Divisions and Chapters be asked to unite in this work. The resolutions were adopted unanimously, and many Divisions have expressed their approval and are working for Shiloh. This monument will be on Tennessee soil, and for that reason and because so many brave Tennesseans sleep their last long sleep there it behooves our Division to do its full part for this monument. If all our Chapters would emulate the work of the Shiloh Chapter, the time for the unveiling of the monument would not be far distant."

MRS. WHITE PAYS TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERATES.

With sorrow we record the death of two prominent Confederate Veterans of Tennessee. Dr. W. J. McMurray, the

President of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Soldiers' Home, was ever a friend in need and an adviser to his old comrades, looking after their comfort and welfare, and he was ever a friend to the Daughters of Tennessee, always ready to help them in their work for the Home. Maj. John W. Thomas, a man loved and honored throughout the State, was our friend too, ever ready to do all he could for a cause so dear to him. Both were faithful in the Confederate service, and both were Southern gentlemen.

A few months ago the sad tidings went forth that "Fighting Joe Wheeler," the hero of two wars, great in his old age as in his youth, had fought his last fight and was at rest. No more will this familiar figure be seen at the Reunions among his devoted comrades. He has gone to join the larger and ever-growing band on the other side of the dark and silent river; but his fame, in which we have worthy pride, will remain with us always.

It does not seem a year since we met in conference, so full has the year been with work and the work so interesting. I have tried not to neglect any part of the work but to keep in touch with it all. Every day has brought some letters, nearly every day some have been written; the urgent ones have been answered immediately, all have been answered promptly.

SAM DAVIS FOR ALL.—One lady, talking to another about the Shiloh monument in the San Francisco Cemetery, said: "The States having soldiers in that battle are specially interested, but *Sam Davis belongs to us all.*" Aye, the Northern people, especially the Union soldiers who were at Pulaski, Tenn., on that fateful November 27, 1863, without exception, so far as known, honor his memory; and many of them, like the commander, Gen. G. M. Dodge, are contributors to the monument fund. Dollar subscriptions are popular and desirable.

REUNION MANAGEMENT CRITICISED.

BY CAPT. R. B. PADDOCK, COMMANDING FIFTH TEXAS BRIGADE,
FORT WORTH, TEX.

I submit the following excerpts from the report of the New Orleans Reunion and Veterans' Ball as printed in the columns of the local press:

"The auditorium was well filled with an audience that positively refused to pay any heed to the speakers, to the committee reports, or to the transaction of business on the platform. Time and again Chairman Lee rapped for order, but never once was his call heeded." (*Times-Democrat* report of the New Orleans Reunion.)

"Veterans and their wives, sorely disappointed in their anticipation of participating in the chief social function of the Reunion, moved as a solid procession back through Royal Street. It was unfortunate that the Veterans, the guests of the city at this time, should have been the ones to be denied taking part in an event arranged for their special benefit." (*Times-Democrat* report of the Veterans' Ball.)

"The spectacle of a white-gloved member of the Reception Committee rudely kicking and cuffing refined ladies and gentlemen while two officers of the law from within used their clubs over the heads of the assembly was one to make me blush." (Extract from a card from a Daughter of the Confederacy to the *Times-Democrat* about the Veterans' Ball.)

"Sponsors, Maids, Veterans, and Sons, who by every law of hospitality should have been among those first admitted, were among those who failed to participate. Thousands clamored in vain for admittance and went away disappointed." (From the *Picayune's* account of the Veterans' Ball.)

These extracts, Mr. Editor, emphasize and accentuate the contention that I have long made: that the Reunions of the Confederate Veterans as latterly conducted are not for them, and that society events are the leading features of these gatherings. I concede it had taste to criticise the conduct of your host, but my interest in the Veteran exceeds my concern for what my host may think of my criticism. Can you not exert the influence of your columns, which every Veteran reads, to induce the people of Richmond, in which city we assemble in 1907, to eliminate from the entertainment every semblance of a social gathering and devote their energies to affording the Association an opportunity to transact their business without interruption by an uninterested, curiosity-seeking multitude? No one who attended the Reunion and felt an interest in its proceedings can be otherwise than disappointed. The addresses were unheard, and the reports of committees were received, adopted, and ordered printed in total ignorance of their contents. If this is to continue, the Association may as well disband without delay. The Veterans should have a hall in which they may be able to deliberate and transact business without interruption. They care but little for entertainment; but if any is offered, it should be in such a manner that they may participate. Roomy quarters for the several States, with chairs and ice water, would cost less than a ball and be more acceptable to the Veterans and their patriotic friends.

[While these extracts from the *Times-Democrat* are in the main correct, it should be known that many times as much might be said in just praise of the management. The criticisms caused surprise, especially in the failure to reserve places for Veterans and official guests. The lack of consideration in the public proceedings has ever been a fault, and the *Veteran* suggests as the only remedy to have the business, strictly speaking, in a small hall, letting it be understood that only delegates and officials of the Veterans, Sons, and U. D. C. organizations are to be present. Then the business could be dispatched speedily and intelligently.]

HE SINCERELY HONORS THE CHARACTER OF GEN. LEE.

At a notable celebration of Gen. Robert E. Lee's ninety-ninth birthday in Nashville Master Eugene Long Crutcher, son of a prominent Confederate worker, recited "The Sword of Lee" with fine effect, and followed it with "Memories of the Blue and Gray" as an encore.

The speaker of the occasion was Dr. R. Lin Cave, who served four years under General Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was introduced by Hon. Tully Brown, who in the course of an eloquent talk said: "This is one of the South's whitest days. Ninety-nine years ago, when a child was born in the house of Light-Horse Harry Lee, the stars were in a happy state of conjunction, and a human creature was produced perfect in moral character, perfect in nature, and a

Greek god in stature. They gave him the knightly name of Robert Edward Lee. Washington had lain but a short time in the grave when old Virginia gave to the world Lee, of whom it was said when he died that he had gone to the heights to break the solitude which surrounded Washington. He was good and great enough to have founded a religion. He was a great soldier, and it takes much to make a great soldier—a great brain, a great, fiery soul, and a superb body. With all this, he was gentler than the gentlest girl. Such another combination I have not known of in the history of the world. It is my mission to introduce to you a man who was at Manassas and who surrendered at Appomattox, a splendid citizen, a splendid soldier under Lee."

Dr. Cave said that General Lee, while a man of the amplest influence, was yet the clearest of ambitious crime. He was rich in common sense, and, as the greatest only are, was in his simplicity sublime. Among the salient points of his character noted were his uprightness as a boy, his purity at West Point, his large-heartedness under all conditions, his sympathy and tenderness for the weak and the oppressed—even dumb animals—his great feats of physical and moral courage, his contributing to the success of the American arms in the war with Mexico, his ability to resist temptation, his calmness and self-possession, and his reverence for all holy things—a symbol of the highest type of manhood and womanhood to which the world has ever attained.

MEMORIES OF BLUE AND GRAY.

BY HENRY LYNDEN FLASH.

We are gathered here, a feeble few
Of those who wore the gray;
The larger and the better part
Have mingled with the clay.
Yet not so lost but now and then
Through dimming mist we see
The deadly calm of Stonewall's face,
The lion front of Lee.

The men who followed where they led
Are scattered far and wide—
In every valley of the South,
On every mountain side;
The earth is hallowed by the blood
Of those who, in the van,
Gave up their lives for what they deemed
The sacred rights of man.

The flag you followed in the fight
Will never float again.
Thank God! it sunk to endless rest
Without a blot or stain;
And in its place "Old Glory" rose
With all his stars restored,
And smiling peace with rapture raised
A psalm to the Lord.

A few short years, and Yank and Reb
Beneath their native sod
Will wait until the judgment day
The calling voice of God.
The Great Commander's smile will beam
On that enrollment day
Alike on him who wore the Blue
And him who wore the Gray.



EUGENE CRUTCHER, JR.



"There's no such thing as death;
In nature nothing dies;
From each sad remnant of decay
Some forms of life arise.
The little leaf that falls,
All brown and sere, to earth
Ere long will mingle with the buds
That gave the flower its birth."

HIRAM BARTLETT OLNEY.

This gallant Confederate officer, who distinguished himself in the defense of Battery Wagner and Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, and subsequently in the North Carolina and Virginia campaigns, died at Charleston, S. C., January 9, 1906, in his sixty-ninth year. He was associated with his father, the late George W. Olney, Sr., in business as a merchant in that city when the great war broke out; and, being then a non-commissioned officer in the crack military corps, the Washington Light Infantry, he went into service with his company immediately after his State seceded.

He came from a fighting family. His paternal ancestors were famous Indian fighters in colonial times, and his grandfather, Capt. Stephen Olney, of the 1st Rhode Island Continental Infantry, led the assault on the last British redoubt at Yorktown and was the first to mount the parapet, where, standing erect and waving his sword to his men to follow, he fell desperately wounded, having been the common target of the fire from the enemy within.

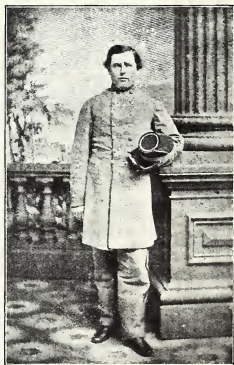
The son of the old Revolutionary hero, George Washington Olney (named for his commander), after service in the War of 1812 migrated to Charleston, S. C., where ninety years ago he founded the Southern branch of the family.

The first act of the war after secession was the seizure of Castle Pinckney by the Washington Light Infantry, and Sergeant Olney, possibly in emulation of his grandfather, was one of the first over the ramparts with no more serious consequences than an accidental flesh wound, which he facetiously referred to as the "first blood of the war."

The Washington Light Infantry was reorganized into three companies for the war, and Mr. Olney was elected first lieutenant of Company A. Although this was his rank throughout the war, he was in command of his company much of the time until disabled by wounds near its close. His first serious service was in the battle of Secessionville, where the company lost heavily. Subsequently the company was ordered to the defense of Battery Wagner, with Lieutenant Olney in command. The defenders were under continuous bombardment from the enemy's land batteries and the fleet of ironclads lying off the harbor. They were in that trying position, exposed to the enemy's fire and losing men continuously, and yet unable to inflict much damage in return. Lieutenant Olney was officer of the guard, staying on duty for thirty-six consecutive hours, exposed to the attention of the Federal sharpshooters. In the evacuation of the fort he brought his company off as a rear guard. The enemy stormed Battery Wagner in force the next morning, only to find it unoccupied by the living.

Lieutenant Olney's command was next sent to Fort Sumter, where the conditions were very much the same as at Battery Wagner—the endurance of a galling fire from the enemy with such patience as nonretorters could command. The danger was from night assault, and the garrison slept during the day; but as soon as darkness came on every officer and soldier was assigned to a post. Lieutenant Olney was in charge of the northeast angle of the fort, when near midnight an eleven-inch shell from one of the monitors struck his casemate, killing eleven of his men instantly. He had moved from the spot just a minute before.

The Washington Light Infantry was made a part of the 25th South Carolina Regiment, and after much service was ultimately sent to Virginia. No sooner had the command alighted from the train at Petersburg than it was ordered into a fight at Port Walthall Junction. A week later the regiment was in the thick of the battle at Swift's Creek, and Lieutenant Olney was again in command of his company, the captain having been wounded the previous day. The battle of Drewry's Bluff followed, and here Lieutenant Olney at last shared the fate of his comrades which he had so long escaped.



HIRAM B. OLNEY.

In the midst of a dense fog, while leading his company against a battery of the enemy, he received a grape-shot in the jaw, which broke it and inflicted a wound in the shoulder. Although faint from the loss of blood, he was still advancing, when Major Glover, in command of the regiment, checked him, and he was taken to the rear. Incredible as it may seem, the wounded officer walked all the way to Richmond, some twenty-five miles, holding his wounded jaw; but, as he said, kindly assisted by occasional gentlemen whom he met, who produced their flasks. He reached Richmond at last, to fall into the gentle hands of women who speedily found a place for him in the ladies' hospital.

A surgical operation was followed by a long and dreary hospital experience. The wound in the face never completely healed, and was the cause of much suffering afterwards. Lieu-

tenant Olney was invalided and ordered home, and before he was well enough to resume his command Appomattox came. In the renewed days of peace Charleston knew of nothing too good for Hiram Olney. He was one of the city fathers, and for a number of years one of the most active members of the municipal government. He was for a long time one of the commissioners of the Orphan House. He was member and officer of many social and business organizations and first President of the Association of Veterans of the Washington Light Infantry. He was in business until failing health, largely the result of his distressing wound, finally obliged him to retire from an active life. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and a son, Mr. Courteney Olney, an officer of the Commercial Savings Bank of Charleston.

At the funeral services on January 10 at the Citadel Square Baptist Church, Charleston, the Washington Light Infantry and its veteran corps, bearing the famous old "Eutaw Flag" of the Revolution, the South Carolina Society of Sons of the Revolution, and delegations from the Confederate Veterans' Association and Daughters of the Confederacy were present. On the casket were beautiful floral tributes from the latter and from his old command. The Rev. Dr. Ramsey officiated. The pallbearers were fellow-Confederate veterans. He was interred at Magnolia Cemetery beside his brother, Sergeant Alfred L. Olney, of the same company, 25th South Carolina, who died at Richmond after the shelling of Petersburg, in 1864.

N. B. STANFIELD.

N. B. Stanfield was born December 4, 1847, and enlisted in the Confederate service in 1861 at Brandenburg, Ky., when hardly fifteen years old. He was a member of Forrest's 1st Kentucky Cavalry; but later was with Morgan's command, and was captured during the famous Ohio raid. Some will yet remember the little boy with his "flag of truce" who

"hailed and captured" the Yankee gunboats on the Ohio River, ever after bearing the name of "White Pigeon." He escaped from prison twice, but was recaptured; and when he finally emerged from prison walls, within which he had suffered injuries, cold, and starvation, he was but a shadow of himself. Whether within prison walls or on the forced march, hungry and footsore, he was always cheerful; and in the memorable fights in which he participated he was among the bravest. When the end came, the same courage which animated him to deeds of valor on the field of battle nerved and sustained him during the dark days of reconstruction and on to the end.

Subsequent to the war Mr. Stanfield resided in Henderson, Ky.; but removed to Hopkinsville, and in 1878 was married there to Miss Gabe Hamill. He came to Nashville in 1868, and died in this city on the 11th of October, 1905, leaving a widow and four children. He was a consistent Christian, a member of the Presbyterian Church, and ever strove to do his duty. His great simplicity and sincerity of character had endeared him to a host of friends, who honor his memory.

TWO MEMBERS OF CAMP ADAMS, AUSTIN, ARK.

Duncan H. Jackson, who died on February 24, was born in 1840. He served in Company A, 37th Arkansas Infantry, Trans-Mississippi Department, under Gen. Sterling Price. He went from Tennessee to Arkansas with his parents in early days and settled in White County.

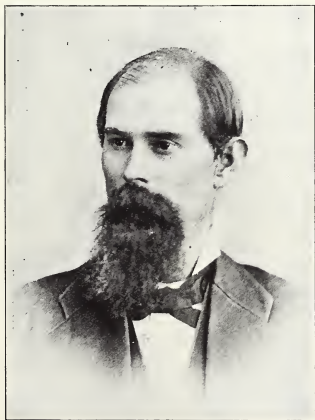
G. W. Haskins died on the 9th of January. He was born in Alabama in 1846, his parents removing to Arkansas when he was a boy, and he was reared near Austin. He served in Company A, 47th Arkansas Cavalry, being quite young when he entered the army. He was a charter member of Camp Adams.

WILLIAM T. HOLT.

Rev. J. W. Cullom, who was chaplain of the 24th Tennessee Regiment, writes thus of William T. Holt, a brave and honored Confederate soldier, who died at his home, near Nashville, Tenn., January 24, 1906: "Brother Holt was about seventy-four years old, and for ten or twelve years had been totally blind; but there was not a man in his community who kept a more open house of hospitality nor proved a more genial and engaging host. He was a lieutenant in Captain Cox's company, McCann's Squadron 9th Tennessee Cavalry, and afterwards a member of Colonel Ward's regiment, Morgan's command. He was with Morgan in his memorable raid in Indiana and Ohio, in which he was wounded, captured, and sent as a prisoner to Fort Delaware, where he remained till exchanged, just before the close of the war. During the war he did much scout service, often being in the greatest peril. Always and everywhere he was a true man."

F. W. SHEETZ.

From a tribute by a friend and comrade the following notes are given of the life of another Confederate comrade lately called to his reward: "F. W. Sheetz was born and reared in the South Branch Valley, Va. (now West Virginia), growing up among men whose watchwords were honor, integrity, and loyalty to State. When the Southland called for troops, he enlisted under the Southern cross with such spirits as Harness, Vanmeter, Vandiver, Kuykendall, Cunningham, McNeill, and a host of other mighty men, with whom he marched in paths where death lurked, but where duty led. Faithful unto the end, he returned home with the consciousness of having fought for a principle he knew was right and which might could not make otherwise. His home was at Keyser, W. Va."



N. B. STANFIELD.

WILLIAM HENRY HERBERT.

William Henry Herbert, one of the old Confederate Veterans, was born in Hagerstown, Md., August 23, 1839; and died at his home, in Sandusky, Ohio, March 28, 1906.

Mr. Herbert was engaged in the mercantile business in Morgan County, Va., when the War between the States began. He enlisted January 1, 1862, as a private soldier in Company C, 12th Virginia Cavalry, Gen. Thomas L. Rosser's well-known "Laurel Brigade." He served in the ranks, but most frequently as scout, detailed by General Rosser, until the command was disbanded, in the latter part of April, 1865. Rosser and Munford and their commands refused to be paroled at Appomattox.

Mr. Herbert was a member of the Gen. Turner Ashby Camp, No. 240, Virginia Division, at Winchester, Va., and received in 1902 from Dabney Maury Chapter, U. D. C., Philadelphia, his Southern cross of honor. In 1877 he removed to Sandusky, Ohio, where he engaged in business until his death. He married in December, 1877, Miss Elizabeth Davis Lee, and held several municipal offices in the city. He was a Freemason, an Elk, and a member of many clubs, as well as having been a gallant soldier, and was much beloved by all who knew him.

MRS. ROBERT W. PARCELS.

Col. George Wythe Baylor, of Guadalajara, Mex., writes of the death of a noble woman, Mrs. Robert W. Parcels, who had lived there for eight years, going from St. Louis with husband and son, who had made many friends in the little American colony, and who was a heroine of the War between the States in Missouri. As an ardent partisan of the South, she never lost an opportunity to aid the cause of the Confederacy in her native State, and for those efforts she was twice imprisoned by the Union forces and her mother's home was burned by Kansas troops.

"Mrs. Parcels's maiden name was Martha Brinker. She was born in Warrensburg, Mo., and at the opening of the War between the States she was twenty-two years of age. One of her most daring exploits was a night ride of thirty miles to warn the forces of Col. Barton Cockrell, brother of the late Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, of the approach of the Union forces in command of Col. Melvin Foster. The warning gave Cockrell's men a chance to prepare for battle, and they met the Union troops at Lone Jack. The battle proved to be one of the bloodiest in the history of that terrible war, the dead and wounded representing forty per cent of the total number engaged. The warning given by the Missouri girl is said to have saved the Confederates from a complete surprise and probable annihilation.

"During the battle of Lone Jack Miss Brinker carried supplies to the Confederate soldiers and cared for the wounded. News of her night ride reached the ears of the Union officers, and sometime later she was arrested and placed in prison in Warrensburg. She was kept there for several months. As soon as she was released she again busied herself in the cause of the South, and on several occasions carried information through the Union lines in that part of Missouri. Her activity finally resulted in her arrest a second time, and she remained in prison in Kansas City for a long period. Her second prison experience had no more effect upon her sentiments than her first; and after she again gained her liberty, she became identified as actively as before with the Southern cause, and so continued up to the close of the war."

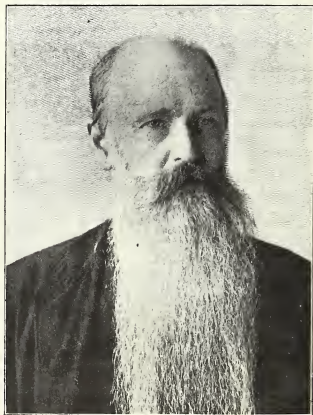
A letter from the St. Louis Chapter, U. D. C., of which Mrs. Parcels had been a member, to the bereaved husband

shows the high estimation in which she was held by those with whom she had long been identified: "At a regular meeting of the St. Louis Chapter, U. D. C., held Tuesday, March 6, the death of your beloved wife was announced. Deep sorrow fills the hearts of her former associates for the passing away of one so well loved by all who knew her. No one could have left the Chapter and been more missed than has been Mrs. Parcels. Her energy and example were an inspiration to her coworkers; she was true and faithful to the cause she loved. We cannot but sorrow that her bright and cheery face will never again be seen in our midst, but we are confident that our loss is her eternal gain. The St. Louis Chapter, U. D. C., extends to you the sympathy of every member in this your sorrow of sorrows. By order of the Chapter: Mrs. C. C. Rainwater, Chairman; Mrs. G. L. Corlis, Mrs. O. C. Beckett."

COL. HILLIARD F. FELTON.

At the ripe old age of eighty-three years Col. H. F. Felton died at Marshall, Tex., on the 13th of February, 1906. He was for many years a revered citizen of Marshall, and was noted for his rare intellectual powers and strength of character. When the call came from the South for soldiers in her defense, as a true patriot he answered that call and became a soldier of the Confederacy.

From resolutions passed by the W. P. Lane Camp of Marshall, of which he was a member, the following is taken: "Comrade Felton was born in Lawrence County, Ala. He entered the Confederate service June 15, 1861, as a private in Company A, 3d Texas Cavalry, serving thus till December, 1863, when he became a member of Capt. S. J. Richardson's company of cavalry, W. P. Lane's Rangers, Morgan's Regiment, Parsons's Brigade Texas Cavalry. Company I was mustered out of the service at the end of the war, May 20,



COL. H. F. FELTON.

1805. Thus at a ripe old age has passed a comrade as full of years as of those rare qualities of head and heart which made him in full proportions a Christian gentleman of the old school. . . . May we meet him again 'when the roll is called up yonder!'"

N. B. HOGAN.

After almost a year's illness, Comrade N. B. Hogan died at his home, in Springfield, Mo., April 26, 1906. He was born in Alabama sixty-two years ago; but for twenty years his home had been at Springfield, going there from Christian County, to which section he moved shortly after the war. He was a Confederate soldier, and had served the Campbell Camp at Springfield for fifteen years as Adjutant, and was last year its Commander. He leaves a wife, three sons, and a daughter.

"General" Hogan was well known in Southwest Missouri, and will be remembered for his social qualities in mingling with his fellow-men. He was a good conversationalist and a newspaper writer of no mean ability, and until a year ago was capable of much work. As a soldier, he was fearless and faithful, and remained loyal to the principles for which he had fought. Peace to his ashes!

J. W. STEPHENSON.

On the 5th of January, 1906, taps was sounded for J. W. Stephenson, of Kit Mott Camp, U. C. V., Holly Springs, Miss. In April, 1861, Comrade Stephenson volunteered for the Southland, enlisting in the Marshall County Rifles, raised at Chulahoma, Miss. The company was sent to Corinth, where it became Company I of the 19th Mississippi Regiment. This regiment was ordered to Virginia, and became a part of the A. N. V. Comrade Stephenson was in all the battles of his regiment until captured at Spottsylvania C. H., on the 12th of May, 1864, and until the end of the war he was a prisoner at Fort Delaware. He returned home to devastation; but with an indomitable spirit he went to work to reclaim and build up what had been despoiled, and succeeded in amassing a competency of this world's goods ere the final summons. He cherished and believed in the principles for which he had fought.

WILLIAM NEWTON LEE.

After an illness of some weeks, resulting from a paralytic stroke, William Newton Lee died in Carthage, Tex., on January 6. He was a native Mississippian, but went to Texas in early boyhood and settled in Panola County, on the east side of Sabine River. He cast his vote for the Confederacy, and went out with the first company to leave that country, under Capt. R. A. Young. The members were sworn in at Fort Washita, Ind. T., about June 1, 1861, and attached to an Indian regiment commanded by Col. D. H. Cooper. After

twelve months' service, his company reorganized as an independent company, with L. E. Gillett as captain, and served nearly two years as bodyguard to General Cooper, who had been promoted to brigade commander. In the spring of 1864 his company was placed in a battalion of Texans, commanded by J. W. Wills, and early in 1865 that battalion was merged with Goode's Battalion of Texans and formed a regiment, which was ordered to Texas. They were disbanded at Hempstead in May, 1865, and returned home.

Comrade Lee was married in January, 1863, to Miss Ellen Higgins when on a short visit home. His old company met in reunion for the first time in November, 1904, and he was with them and took an active interest in the proceedings and contributed liberally to the aid of disabled comrades. Only one other meeting was he permitted to enjoy, in the summer of 1905, greeting some old comrades whom he had not seen since 1865.

[From a tribute by his old friend and comrade, J. T. Allison, these notes are taken.]

THOMAS H. PETERS.

A comrade "who loved him" sends notice of the death of Thomas H. Peters on the night of Christmas Eve, 1905, in Columbus, Miss., where he was born and reared and where he had been a brilliant factor in the upbuilding of the community. He died in his fifty-ninth year.

While yet a boy at a military school, and before the war was half over, Thomas Peters left his books and enlisted in Company E, 6th Mississippi Cavalry Regiment, Mabry's Brigade, Chalmers's Division, and was one of those youthful soldiers who made the legions of Forrest famous the world over for their brilliant victories. His first duty as a soldier, having had military training, was to drill raw recruits, among them men old enough to be his father; but while still a boy in his teens he became a regular soldier. He was in more than twenty-five battles and skirmishes, and was always found in front on the firing line, never shrinking from duty, and he carried with him the scars of battle to the end. As a leader of true and brave patriots during the dark days of reconstruction, he helped to wrest his State from the hands of usurpers in 1875 and restored her to her present prosperity. A wife and three sons, with a host of relatives and friends, mourn their loss.

THOMAS R. EDWARDS.

Thomas R. Edwards was born at Eutaw, Ala., in December, 1832, and went to Texas in 1853. On the 2d of April, 1861, he volunteered in Company H, 1st Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade. He made a faithful, fortunate soldier, participating in all the battles in which this brigade was engaged from Manassas to Appomattox, and was but slightly wounded once or twice. He was never absent from his command on sick leave and never at home during the war. He was present when General Longstreet was wounded at the Wilderness and assisted in carrying him from the field. Comrade Edwards lived on his farm, near Will's Point, Tex., for many years, a highly respected Christian gentleman.

THOMAS F. DONNELL.

Young County Camp, Graham, Tex., reports the death of a beloved member in March, 1906. Thomas F. Donnell, born in Wilson County, Tenn., in 1838, with his brother, William, moved to Hickory County, Mo., in 1841, and together they enlisted in the Confederate army from that State. These brothers messed together, slept together in the leaves, and together challenged death on many battlefields. Thomas Don-

well served as lieutenant of Company D, 11th Missouri Infantry. He was in the battles of Pea Ridge and Lone Jack, and was wounded at Spring Hill. After the war he went to Young County, Tex., where he lived as an earnest Christian; and to his children and brother is left the memory of a life well spent, a heritage greater than riches.

JOEL T. BLEDSOE.

Hon. Joel T. Bledsoe, tax receiver of Macon County, Ga., died at his home, in Montgomery, Wednesday night, February 21. He was a worthy Confederate veteran.

This notice was sent to the VETERAN by S. J. Chalmers, colored, of Altonia, Tex., who writes of him: "Joel Bledsoe went to the war when little boys were being received. The child came home at the close with but one leg. He taught the first negro school in that section. He was my first teacher, but I was twenty-four years old."

Chalmers also writes that his master was James Williamson, of Georgia, whose two sons, William Alan and Person, served through the war.

MRS. SUSAN M. BROCK.

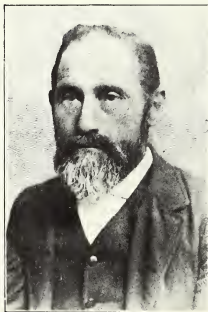
Comrade J. P. Brock, Quartermaster of Camp No. 770, Los Angeles, Cal., mourns the loss of his wife, Susan M. Brock. She was born near Jackson, Miss., but resided in Texas many years before going to California. She was one of the noble women of the South, and for two years she endured hardships to be with her husband, who was with the 21st Texas Infantry in the campaigns in Texas. She was an unfaltering Daughter of the Confederacy, a member of Robert E. Lee Chapter, a true and steadfast Christian, and loved by all who knew her.

RYNINGER.—George H. Ryninger, Company D, 25th Louisiana Infantry, died January 19, 1906, aged sixty years. He was buried by the Confederate Camp of Los Angeles, assisted by the U. D. C.

DR. G. W. EVANS.

After a short but acute attack of pneumonia, Dr. G. W. Evans died at his home, in Memphis, Tenn., on the 19th of December, 1905. He was born March 7, 1837, in Davidson County, Tenn., and graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Nashville in 1860. He served the Confederacy for four years under General Forrest as assistant surgeon, Huggins's Battery of Horse Artillery.

Dr. Evans is survived by his wife, three sons, and a daughter. He was a Mason of forty years' standing, and lived its principles. To his family is left a heritage of honesty and integrity.



DR. G. W. EVANS.

In reporting the death of two members of Stonewall Camp, Portsmouth, Va., Adjutant Thomas Shannon mentions that since its organization, in 1884, the Camp has had a total membership of three hundred and fifty-three, of which one hundred and eighty-five have passed over.

SULLIVAN.—Josephus Sullivan was born January 24, 1839; and died at his home, in Macon County, Tenn., February 11, 1906. He enlisted in the 24th Tennessee Infantry in July, 1861, and made a brave Confederate soldier until his left arm was shot off at the shoulder at Perryville. Returning home, he took up the burden of support for his family. As a neighbor and citizen, he was held in high regard.

LIEUT. RICE McLEAN.

Rice McLean was born in Marshall County, Tenn., August 8, 1835. His father, A. M. McLean, was a leading and public-spirited citizen of the county and substantial in business.

When the war began, in 1861, Rice McLean was among the first to offer his services to his native State, and enlisted in a cavalry company recruited by Capt. D. W. Alexander, an old citizen of the neighborhood. With this company Rice participated in the first West Virginia campaign, under Gen. R. E. Lee. This company did valiant service in that campaign, and won a fine reputation by its faithful and heroic service. After this the company was ordered to the Army of Tennessee, and Rice McLean was made first lieutenant of the company. It became part of a battalion that participated in Bragg's Kentucky campaign.

In 1862, before the battle of Murfreesboro, this with other detachments was organized as Company A, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, of which Baxter Smith was colonel. It was placed in the brigade of Gen. John A. Wharton, of Texas. The other regiments forming the brigade were the 8th and 11th Texas, the 1st Kentucky for a while, and then the 3d Arkansas, the latter forming the brigade up to the surrender, on May 3, 1865, at Charlotte, N. C.

Captain Alexander, while a most gallant officer, having been wounded and being quite old, the command of the company devolved largely upon Rice McLean. He was its fearless leader, participating in all of its battles and marches from Murfreesboro till its surrender with Joe Johnston, in 1865. No officer in the command made more character in the faithful discharge of the duties of a soldier, and many instances could be related of how he was called upon when some daring or perilous service was demanded. He was wounded several times in action, and was usually back at his post of duty before his wounds were fully healed. His reputation in his regiment was that of one of its bravest, most reliable officers. Every old soldier knows unmistakably what this means and the honor the assertion gives after four years' service in the Confederate army.

As a citizen, Rice McLean was a most exemplary one, well known as an honest, upright man in every condition of life. He was conspicuously prompt and energetic, and was amiable, sympathetic, and lovable in his character. He died in December, 1897, in Livingston, Ky., where he had lived for some years after he returned from the army, in 1865. He possessed an extensive circle of friends and acquaintances, who honored, loved, and respected him.

[The foregoing is by a fellow-officer who knew him well.]

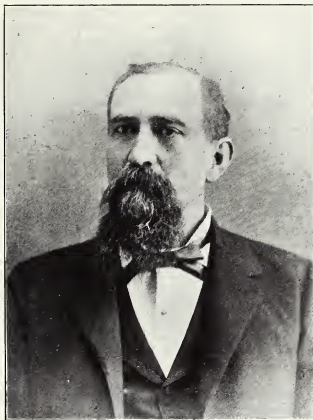


RICE McLEAN.

JOHN WHITE GRIFFIS.

After a prolonged illness, John W. Griffis died at his home, in Grenada, Miss., April 16, 1906. He was born March 3, 1846. His parents, Jesse and Jane Griffis, moved to that section from South Carolina in 1837.

Before the period for him to have entered college, young Griffis enlisted in Company K, 3d Mississippi Cavalry. By his gallantry in the battle at Salem, Miss., he was commis-



J. W. GRIFFIS.

sioned as lieutenant. In the battle of Atlanta he was wounded in the chest so severely that he was confined to the hospital (Eufaula, Ala.) for several months. He had so recovered, however, as to be paroled with his command at Lexington, Ala., in 1865.

Upon his return to home and family after the war he applied himself diligently to labor on the farm for a time. Later he engaged in merchandising at Hardy Station until 1872, when he went to Grenada and engaged as salesman in the stores of Mr. R. Mullen and then Lake Bros. In 1879 he entered business on his own account. With unflinching energy and fine business sagacity, he succeeded; but when able to retire from business, he had so overworked that he did not enjoy a life of comparative leisure, as he otherwise would. He became the first President of the Bank of Grenada, and was continued at its head until his death.

In 1886 Mr. Griffis was married to Miss Cora Mullen, daughter of R. and Mary Mullen; who survives him. A record in the Grenada *Sentinel* says that everywhere he was recognized as a stalwart character, an upright citizen, a safe counselor, an honest man. The funeral occasion gave public testimony to the esteem in which he was held by his people. Together with the people of Grenada there were many from a distance, and all the business houses were closed. In compliance with their request, a number of negroes who had been employed

by Mr. Griffis filled the grave. They designated him as their benefactor and friend.

It is a rare circumstance that the editor of the *VETERAN* has been more affected by the death of a comrade. In August, 1900, he was four weeks seriously afflicted in the private hospital of Dr. John A. Wyeth, New York, where he made the acquaintance of Mr. Griffis, who, though a patient, was quite able to go about at will. An own brother could not have expected better attention. Day and night for weeks he was untiring in this attention; and when the feeble patient became able to get out, his friend Griffis continued his deeds of brotherly kindness. The association is ever cherished with gratitude and with pleasure. (In this connection it seems well to mention the devotion of Comrade Griffis to the memory of his father-in-law, Mr. Mullen.) Special pleasure in a promised visit was to show Comrade Griffis the panorama just south of Grenada, where President Davis reviewed an army of forty thousand men under the command of Gen. J. E. Johnston. *En route* to the last Reunion, at New Orleans, a visit was made to that memorable place, passing the grave of this friend in a beautiful cemetery on which were still banked flowers from many devoted friends.

HODGE.—Edward Hodge, another member of W. B. Tate Camp, Morristown, Tenn., who served in Company G, 61st Tennessee Regiment, died January 19, 1906, aged about seventy years. His record was that of faithful service both as soldier and citizen.

PULLAN.—A member of Wirt Adams's Louisiana Cavalry, C. S. A., Thomas Pullan, died at the residence of his sister, Mrs. E. S. S. Kemp, Chicago, Ill., February 28, 1906.

CAPT. J. G. MORRISON.

Capt. Joseph Graham Morrison died April 11, after a lingering illness, in Charlotte at the home of his sister, Mrs. Gen. T. J. Jackson. He was buried in Lincoln County in the graveyard of old Machpelah Church, near his own home, where he had been a member and a ruling elder for years. This was the Church of his fathers. Rev. Robert Hall Morrison, D.D., the first President of Davidson College, had been for years its distinguished pastor; he lies by the side of his youngest son, the lamented Rev. J. Alfred Morrison, whose ministry of brilliant promise was cut short almost as soon as it began. Close beside these two is buried another brother of Captain Morrison, Maj. William Morrison, whose life was sacrificed in the service of the Southland. Near the Morrison plot in this old burying ground are the graves of the Grahams and Brevards, whose blood flowed in the veins of Captain Morrison's generation, giving him a rare heritage of high character and lofty ideals and of which he had proved himself worthy in the sixty-five years of a well-spent life. This country cemetery, with its massive stone walls, was a fitting spot in which to lay the body of Capt. "Joe" Morrison beside the kindred whose name he had honored, that his dust might mingle with theirs, "awaiting the summons from on high."



The whole countryside had gathered to pay the tribute of affection to one whom they honored. One of the strong men who helped to fill the grave declared with moistened cheeks that, out of a personal acquaintance with Captain Morrison running over thirty years, he had come to regard him as one of the very best men he ever knew. That remark crystallized a testi-

monial in which hundreds were ready to join as they stood around that new-made grave.

Old soldiers wept for the loss of a comrade who had gone to rest, Church members wept because this day they put out of their sight a Christian brother whom they loved and trusted and an elder whose wise counsel and devoted leadership had guided the little congregation through many a dark and trying day in its checkered history. Neighbors, too, without regard to Church ties, were carrying their own burdens of sorrow as they covered the grave of their beloved friend with a profusion of floral offerings of exquisite beauty. White-haired negroes—men and women—also stood with bowed heads about that grave, and realized that they were the poorer for the death of this ever-faithful friend of the black people, the last link that held many of them to the better, happier day of long ago.

But of course the real meaning of this sorrowful scene was only fairly appreciated by those who were bound to Captain Morrison by the tender ties of the home and of close kinship. Within this circle he was best known and most loved. The strong man had been taken out of the family life. A wife sorrowed for the going away of her beloved companion, whom she had nursed with heroic fortitude and marvelous tenderness and patience for a year and more, and in the fires of these afflictions they had both been purified. In this release from pain the bereaved ones knew well that it meant to him a blessed gain, for they had watched him grow in faith and beauty of character in all those days and nights in which he learned to "suffer with Christ, that he might be also glorified with him."

Besides the wife, Janie Davis, whose maiden love Captain Morrison had won and cherished for thirty-three years, there remain to be a comfort and joy to their widowed mother six children, three daughters and three sons. The youngest son is within a few weeks of the completion of his college life. Captain Morrison also leaves behind him to mourn their loss one brother (Dr. Robert Hall Morrison, of Shelby, N. C.) and two sisters (Mrs. Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson and Mrs. Col. J. E. Brown, of Charlotte, N. C.).

It seems peculiarly appropriate that Captain Morrison should have died in the home of the widow of Stonewall Jackson, for as a young aid-de-camp he had placed his life in jeopardy to save that of his great chieftain on that fateful night when Jackson had received his mortal wound at Chancellorsville.

Young Morrison entered the Confederate army in Virginia as a cadet of the Virginia Military Institute, and became a member of the staff of General Jackson, serving with notable gallantry on many a field. In 1864 he was slightly wounded at Drewry's Bluff. Returning for active service a little later, he was seriously wounded and crippled during the shelling of Petersburg, while spending the night at the headquarters of General Hoke.

Captain Morrison carried the scars and disability of his war service to his grave, and they were more than honorable wounds. They became the badges of those high qualities of manhood which, by stainless integrity, fearlessness for the right, generous sympathy, and ever-increasing Christian faith and devotion, made him a worthy son of a worthy sire. The greater part of his life after the war was spent in the duties of a successful planter and as the proprietor of the Mariposa Cotton Mills; and here, as everywhere, he proved himself the peer of any of that splendid generation of men which is too rapidly passing away from our State and nation.

[The foregoing is from notes by Rev. Dr. A. T. Graham.]

Mrs. J. M. KELLER.

A Christian character, faithful, loyal, devoted, strong, benevolent, and always beloved by those of earth who knew her, has left us to rest at the throne. She will wait for those of us she leaves and loves.

Mrs. J. M. Keller passed away Sunday, April 8, 1906, after months of gradual decline in physical strength. She left as a flower that had ripened, blushed, and given joy to the passing world by its fragrance and radiance, and then by natural influences leaf by leaf fluttered to the ground to be gathered by admirers and be cherished among the things we love, leaving the germ of life to the Maker's will. Let her Church say what manner of Christian she was. It will be, I believe, in the words of the Master: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

By hundreds the beggar and the fallen revere her memory, for through her influence they have long ago turned from shiftless ways. She gave abundantly and in secret. To her admirers, weak or strong, poor or rich in worldly effects, she was a faithful and loyal helper—devoted to her home, husband, and offspring, and, above all, at all times devoted to her Maker, the wonderful framer of such characters as hers. History should tell no little of her deeds and devotion to one worldly cause which she espoused and which she most nobly defended and strengthened by self-denial and physical suffering until defeat. And history should tell how steadfastly she had worked since that cause was defeated to perpetuate the names of its heroes and the principles of her work and that of her colleagues—a principle not tainted with complaint, but a genuine appeal to generations to come to weigh well the facts on both sides before judging too quickly the causes and deeds done in one of the greatest and cruellest conflicts the world has known. She died a "daughter of the Confederacy."

[The foregoing is from Dr. J. C. Minor, of Hot Springs.]



MRS. J. M. KELLER.

GREAT PICTURE OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

The finest frontispiece yet on the VETERAN is that which ornamented the May number. Mr. John A. Lowell, of Boston, writes concerning it:

"In answer to your question as to how it happened that we took up the matter of engraving a portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee, I will say that I was a guest of Cazenove G. Lee, Esq., nephew of General Lee, at the Cosmos Club, Washington, D. C., when he and a few friends were discussing the merits of an engraving of President Charles W. Eliot, which we had presented to the club. In discussing the matter of other subjects Mr. Lee suggested that of Gen. R. E. Lee, and I said I would engrave it if sufficiently encouraged. He replied: 'The South will see that you succeed with it financially.'

"After serious consideration of the matter with my associates, it was decided to make the picture. I thought, of course, that such a photograph of the General as I had in mind could be easily obtained. This, however, was not the case; but I selected one that I thought best for our purpose. The design was made and submitted to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who happened to be in Boston at that time, for his opinion. He was pleased that our house was to make a portrait of his uncle, but said the picture did not look like the General as he remembered him. He knew of one that was better; and if I would get that and make a new design in two weeks, when he would return to Boston, he would report upon its fitness. That very afternoon Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was stricken down with what proved to be his death. This design was completed, however, and taken to Washington to have it approved by the family before going on with the work. Again the picture was deemed unsatisfactory by Mr. Cazenove G. Lee as to the likeness, who said there was a cabinet photograph taken by Brady, a noted photographer of those days, at the home of the great General in Richmond, Va., three days after the surrender. There were only a few copies of this picture ever made. Where to locate one of them was the question.

"I went to Richmond, hoping to find a copy there, and called upon the Rev. J. William Jones, Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans, who showed me every attention; but we failed to find the much-sought-for picture. . . . At last he found one in the library of Dr. William Thompson, in Philadelphia, who kindly loaned it to me. From this photograph the final design was made and submitted to Mr. Cazenove Lee and friends, who pronounced it perfectly satisfactory. Now that a picture has been made and pronounced upon by the Lee family and others who were associates with and under him as the most perfectly satisfactory likeness extant of the great Confederate leader, it will be handed down to posterity as such."

COMMENTS UPON THE LOWELL PICTURE OF GENERAL LEE.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee: "In my judgment I consider it the best portrait extant of General Lee, and I should like to see it in every Southern household."

Col. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky.: "The etching of the portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee came to-day; and it is not only a splendid likeness of our beloved commander, but it is also a magnificent work of art, and wherever the name of Lee is loved and known, which is the world over, this picture of him will be appreciated and admired."

Mr. Joseph Bryan, Richmond, Va.: "I think you may well be proud of having gotten out such a work of art so true to the original and so inspiring to see. A copy of that picture ought to be in every house in this country."

Rev. J. William Jones, Richmond, states: "I offer you my warmest congratulation that you have succeeded so well in producing this superb picture. It is one of the very best likenesses of General Lee I have ever seen and a beautiful specimen of art. I should be glad to see it widely circulated in the homes and libraries of our people, and shall take occasion to recommend it as I may have opportunity of doing so."

BISHOP QUINTARD'S MEMOIRS.

It was in 1894 that Bishop Quintard began the gathering of material for a volume of his recollections of service in the Army of Tennessee. "O that mine enemy would write a book!" he quoted in a note asking the assistance of the VETERAN in putting him in correspondence with surviving comrades; and in response to that notice he doubtless secured much valuable data from those who remembered him as chaplain of Hood's army. So the work of giving his recollections of army service was undertaken in good spirit; but death interposed before it was finished, and to a younger hand was left the completion and publication of these memoirs. To Rev. Arthur H. Noll, of Sewanee, we are indebted for the finished volume.

This volume adds materially to the history of the War between the States, and through it can be seen the great missionary work devolving upon an army chaplain. To him indeed a great task is committed, and to win the love and confidence of the men whose spiritual shepherd he is demands a man of broad and tender sympathy. That Bishop Quintard filled this requirement is well known, and many letters have been received in commendation of the work from those who knew him in the trying days of war or since in the close association of spiritual work.

The book is published in two editions. One bound in cloth, \$1; the other in paper cover, 50 cents. In connection with the VETERAN, \$1.75 and \$1.25. Orders for either edition separately or with the VETERAN supplied from this office.

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Asheville, N. C., Annual Conference Young People's Missionary Movement, June 29 to July 8, 1906.

Asheville, N. C., Convention of the Commercial Law League of America, July 30 to August 4, 1906.

Athens, Ga., Summer School, June 26 to July 27, 1906.

Boston, Mass., National Medical Association, June 10-17, 1906.

Denver, Colo., Annual Meeting B. P. O. Elks, July 16-21, 1906.

Hot Springs, Va., Southern Hardware Jobbers' Association and American Hardware Manufacturers' Association, June 12-16, 1906.

Knoxville, Tenn., Summer School of the South, June 19 to July 28, 1906.

New Haven, Conn., Knights of Columbus National Council, June 3-9, 1906.

For complete information as to rates, dates of sale, etc., call on or write J. E. Shipley, D. P. A., 204 Fourth Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Emma Moore, of Cornersville, Tenn., is extremely anxious to learn if the graves of those who were killed at Drewry's Bluff are being cared for. She lost a brother there, W. M. Davis, who belonged to Company C, 17th Tennessee Regiment, and will appreciate any information as to the care of graves

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In addition to the foregoing, announcement is made that double daily through train service will be again established via the F. W. & D. C. Railway through to Denver about June 1, and that in all likelihood a third train will be placed in service for the accommodation of local business between Fort Worth and Quanah, Tex.

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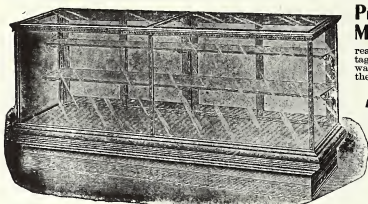
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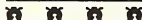
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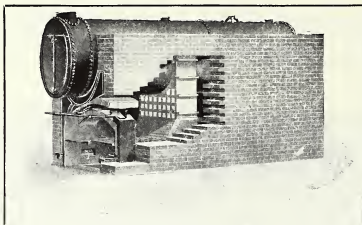
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The *civil war* was too long ago to be called the *late war*, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1906.

No. 7. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PUNTINGHAM.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, HIGGINSVILLE, MO.

BY T. R. CARR, "SON OF A CONFEDERATE."

In 1900 Mrs. A. E. Asbury, of Higginsville, Mo., as President of the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, appointed a committee of five ladies on a proposed monument—the idea of which she had conceived—to be erected at the Confederate Home. Later she was made Chairman of the Monument Committee. Many helped toward the happy consummation of this enterprise. But since the bulk of the work fell to the Chairman of the committee and her Secretary, Mrs. Ryland Todhunter, of Lexington, Mo., to these two ladies much of the credit of securing the monument is due. The committee let the contract for the monument to Mr. M. H. Rice, an able sculptor of Kansas City, Mo. It is built of Barre granite from Vermont, under Mr. Rice's personal supervision. On June 2, 1906, as splendid and orderly a crowd of four or five thousand people as ever assembled met to witness the dedicatory ceremonies. From four directions by rail and from every direction by vehicle they came till enthusiasts declared ten thousand people were on the ground. Mrs. J. H. Campbell, of Lexington, Mo., for the past eighteen months the President of the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, presided over the exercises with distinguishing tact, ease, and elegance. The programme was as follows, with Mrs. A. E. Asbury as Chairman: 10:30 A.M., bestowal of Southern crosses of honor on Confederate veterans by U. D. C. Chapters of Higginsville, Lexington, Columbia, and probably others; 12 M., forming of Veterans in line of march and stationing Daughters to receive them; 12:30 P.M., march and unveiling ceremonies, dedicatory prayer by Dr. E. C. Gordon, unveiling of monument by Mary and Edna and Elizabeth Robert, granddaughters of Mrs. P. G. Robert, founder of the Missouri Division, U. D. C., salute and decoration with flowers; 1, dinner; 2, introductory address by Dr. J. J. Fulkerson, address by Gen. James B. Gantt, Commanding Missouri Division, U. C. V., and other addresses by Gen. George P. Gross, Commanding Western Brigade, Missouri Division, U. C. V., Maj. R. W. Nicolds, Hon. Harry B. Hawes. Music by Third Regiment Band, of Kansas City. The Marshal in Chief was Capt. A. E. Asbury, and Mrs. H. H. Craig was Secretary of the Programme Committee.

After the unveiling act, there stood before the admiring multitude one of the most masterly significant and pleasingly symmetrical monuments reared to the Confederacy. No other monument of the Confederacy has so stirred the writer as

this one, save the equestrian statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee at Richmond, Va. Its weight is sixty tons. Its height is eighteen feet above a concrete foundation that extends three feet into the earth and two and one half feet above the surface, with the earth raised and sodded to the lower edge of the granite. The massive base suggests strength and indestructibility. The four nine-foot columns, each weighing fifteen hundred pounds, are eloquent with beauty and aspiration, sustaining in their upreach the four-gabled granite roof. The block of granite weighing four tons, out of which the great lion is carved, rests in security between the columns. The power of the monument centers in this lion. He is a reproduction of Thorwaldsen's colossal lion, carved out of solid rock near Lucerne, Switzerland, commemorating the Swiss guards who fell while defending the Tuileries in 1792. [A copy of this is in the Atlanta cemetery. See VETERAN title-page for August, 1895.—Ed.] Thorwaldsen once was accused of not being able to work in marble. He said: "Not



MONUMENT AT CONFEDERATE HOME, HIGGINSVILLE, MO., 1906.

Read from left to right: Col. J. L. Pace, Superintendent Confederate Home, Higginsville, Mo.; Mrs. Hiram F. Campbell, President Confederate Home Chapter No. 203; Mrs. James H. Campbell, President Missouri Division United Daughters of the Confederacy; Mrs. A. E. Asbury, Chairman Monument Committee; Capt. A. E. Asbury, Member Monument Committee; Mrs. Ada L. Knaup, Daughter of Col. Pace; Capt. J. R. Woodside, Maj. Charles H. Vandiver, Members Board of Managers Confederate Home; Mrs. Capt. M. L. Belt, Member Monument Committee.

work in marble? Tie my hands behind my back, and I will hew out a statue with my teeth!" Mr. Rice rightly conceived that if a lion wounded unto death well represented the brave Swiss who fell defending a foreign palace, better would it represent the deathless courage of the Confederates defending what to them was dearer than life; the sovereignty of their States, the inviolability of the Constitution, the sacredness of their property rights, and the sanctity of their homes, their loved ones, their institutions. There is a cruel shaft plunged into the back of the lion, up from beside which the life blood of the dauntless monarch of beasts bubbles. The dying lion sinks with his head and one strong paw in protecting power over the seal of the Confederacy. All that is in death shall serve to keep that which he defended with life. So like a colossal lion mortally wounded in his back, in the supplies of life and the munitions of war, the Confederate soldiery clung to its cause with sublime courage and devotion while strength ebbed out—in death, as in life, the monarch in courage, the mother in devotion.

Beneath the sinking lion is the seal of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with its striking motto from Kipling's "Recessional": "Lord God of hosts, be with us yet; lest we forget, lest we forget." Yet below the seal is the legend: "In Memoriam, Our Confederate Dead."

On the back of the monument is the legend: "Erected by the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. 1861. Gloria Victis. 1865."

An old soldier, an inmate of the Home, feasting his eyes on the rich significance of the monument, said: "We ought to be proud of it. It is good enough for anybody." So it is and will tell a great story to any discerning spectator. In the afternoon, under the shade of the trees, there were able and informing addresses, which strongly appealed to the great audience. Hon. Harry B. Hawes said: "It was Southern statesmen that added every foot of territory to the United States except Alaska and the Philippines." Speaking of the soldiers of the Confederacy, he said: "Their monument more lasting than the one to-day unveiled is that they pushed the standard of courage and endurance beyond all past records and up to the farthest limit of human nature, so that for all time to come they have set a standard that never can be surpassed. By the fame of their achievements they built a wall of fire along Dixie that will light the pages of history for all time." Judge Gant said: "Whenever there was a war for the honor of our country, the South led it. If Joe Wheeler had not been in the saddle at El Caney, somebody would not be the President of the United States to-day." This unveiling day, with its exercises and incidents, this monument which utters with a lion's voice its story, serve to strengthen the fellowship of our citizens, to enrich their sentiments and enlarge their vision of life. It was an addition to life that will help to project past glories of the South into the future.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE DEDICATION.

BY MRS. E. R. IRELAND, LEXINGTON, MO.

"Is them the women of the Resolution?" inquired an old colored woman as loaded vehicles passed on the way to the Confederate Home.

We might truly answer "Yes."

Forty years ago the South needed no monuments to commemorate the bravery of her soldiers, for in every home there were silent voices speaking of self-sacrifice and death. The old gray uniforms and the swords and guns were held as evidence of their owners' prowess. But as the years passed on

and the old soldiers grew feeble, many of them being without comfortable homes, the women resolved that they should be provided for.

Sacrifice had been instilled by sacrificing mothers, so it was called forth and rendered with joy, and the Confederate Home at Higginsville is one of many built by resolute women.

Again the women resolved that history, which so often gives only a passing notice to the unsuccessful, should be true to the lives and deeds of their heroes; and now Jackson, Lee, and many other glorious names stand forth on its pages, claimed by both North and South as brilliant gems in our united galaxy of brave, noble men.

The last resolution by Confederate women was to honor their dead warriors' graves. This movement has extended throughout the South and has deeply touched the North. In Missouri it reached a happy climax on Decoration Day, the 2d of June, substituted for the 3d, when a beautiful monument was unveiled.

The artistic beauty of this monument grows with analysis. It shows the Lion of Lucerne expiring with a mortal wound, clutching under its paw the bronze seal of the Confederacy.

The unveiling was attended by impressive ceremonies. From six to ten thousand people assembled to honor their dead and to show their appreciation of the work done by loving, enterprising women.

At twelve o'clock the line of march was formed. The old veterans from every part of the State came first. They were greeted with music, cheers, and waving handkerchiefs. About seventy children from four years of age and upward, all dressed in white and red, carrying flags and bunches of flowers, followed; then the "Daughters," each wreathed in smiles, because of accomplished resolutions. [See illustrations on title-page.] The band played and flags waved, while two little girls, Mary and Elizabeth Robert, granddaughters of Mrs. Robert, founder of the Missouri Division of U. D. C., unveiled the monument.

Salutes were fired and flowers thrown; then a great hush, while Dr. E. C. Gordon, who was secretary to Gen. R. E. Lee, pronounced the prayer of dedication.

Reminiscences.

In the entrance hall of the Home we were welcomed by a stately veteran, Lieut. G. W. Turnell, of the 5th Virginia Cavalry. For eight years he has been actively employed in the Home. He spoke of imprisonment on Johnson's Island. Since the war he has followed literary employment, for which he is now incapacitated by obstructed vision.

In the hospital we met Captain Kilgore, of Virginia, a great sufferer, but brave and still true to a warrior's colors, exemplified by uncomplaining patience.

By an eastern window in the same hospital sat an old man with folded, helpless hands. "I'm sorry I can't shake hands!" he exclaimed, "but rheumatism holds them in its grip." He smiled and continued: "I have a bright room."

When helpless, we are so prone to think our life work is over, but that is never true until "the tired heart has ceased to beat." An impressive lesson was taught me by this old man; and doubtless to many others he continues his lessons in patient, cheerful endurance.

An old lady near the monument exclaimed: "I once carried a dispatch from Price's army to Lexington. I was terribly frightened. Under my riding skirt were buckled two revolvers. I don't know why I carried them, for I didn't even know how to pull the trigger. The woods were full of des-

peradoes. Every twig that broke or leaf that rustled made my heart beat like a drum. I've often wondered that I didn't develop heart disease after that ride; but to tell the truth, a certain kind did set up, for a young man saw me home safely, and we were married before the close of the war."

"I was a prisoner," said another. "I saved a wounded man by warning him in time to escape. I was arrested and requested to take the oath, which I declined because of one previously taken which bound me to the South. I said to the



LIEUT. G. W. TURNELL, 5TH VA. CAVALRY.

provost marshal: 'Could you have any faith in me if I should break my oath?' I then proceeded to read him one written by us Southern girls. It was not complimentary to the North, but very binding to the South, so much so that he took it as an insult and ordered me to jail, calling me a dangerous character; and afterwards I was banished beyond the Federal lines."

A colored woman supporting her lame mistress to a comfortable chair, and then tenderly ministering to her wants, carried me back to the black mammy days. "She is a Confederate," exclaimed one of the party from Marshall, Mo., "and proves her allegiance by her works. Washes and irons to keep her almost helpless charge comfortable." "One left!" I exclaimed, "of the many faithful;" and my mind flashed back to childhood days, when six motherless children, one in the arms, the others clinging to Mammy's skirts, looked up into her kindly black face for sympathy and mother-love, and she gave it freely and truly.

The call for dinner roused me from memories of the past to present needs, and as I turned from the monument these lines came to my mind:

"Sweet as music's richest measures,
Words like these rise from the ground,
'God is reigning, though you weep;
Angel guards their vigils keep
Over those who calmly sleep."

WHY GENERAL SHERMAN'S NAME IS DETESTED.

A few weeks since, the people of the South were surprised, if not startled, by the announcement that Father Sherman, the son of Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, had just started, under the escort of United States cavalry, to follow and "study" the route of his father's famous march through Georgia and the Carolinas in the year 1864. It seemed incredible that this man should be so ignorant of the facts connected with this famous march, truthfully characterized by the Nashville *American* "as such a record of burning, robbery, ravishing, and wanton destruction as finds no parallel in American history" or, it might be added, in the history of modern warfare. It seemed incredible that he should deliberately rake over the ashes of the slumbering past and subject his father's memory to the denunciations sure to follow the recountings of his barbarous acts. Fortunately there was a man in the White House broad-minded enough and patriotic enough to take in the situation, and promptly squelch the folly by ordering the cavalry escort back to its command, leaving Father Sherman in the public road.

Instead of being grateful to the President for relieving him from the mortification and ridicule this folly would surely have subjected him to (the old slaves and their descendants even would have hooted at him), he is reported to have been indignant at the President's prompt action, because he had considered himself the guest of the nation. Father Sherman certainly possesses a large share of his father's personal vanity, but a small modicum of his brains. The military officers responsible for this folly are "taking to the woods" and trying to place the responsibility on "the other fellow." Father Sherman's passing in triumph over his father's route through Georgia and the Carolinas would mean that he approved his actions, which is of no importance; but were he escorted and protected by an escort of United States cavalry that would be an indication that the present administration at Washington looked with leniency upon, if it did not approve, the acts of destruction and desolation that accompanied Sherman's march. That would have created great indignation throughout the South and a good part of the North. This was stopped by the promptness with which the President showed his hand, and for which he deserves the hearty thanks of the people of the South, the hearty thanks of a reunited nation. All this might have been overlooked but that a good portion of the Northern press, which should have been better informed, expressed surprise that such a fuss should have been made by the South over such an insignificant affair.

Surely they must have forgotten the records of the past; surely they must be ignorant of the detestation that the name of W. T. Sherman conjures up to-day not only in Georgia and the Carolinas but throughout the South. The writer has since those events mingled with people of all parts of the South, especially on Sherman's line of march. He has yet to find one among the women and noncombatants who has spoken a kind word of him. There must have been exceptions: he must have had a kindly, human side to his character. His rough side was, however, almost invariably shown to women, and if irritated his manner bordered on the brutal. There must have been some cause for this almost universal detestation.

For the information of those Northern papers which express surprise at this feeling, it is proposed to recapitulate some of the incidents that are of record that go to justify this state of the Southern mind. In this recapitulation only

those acts will be mentioned that are contrary to the usages of civilized warfare.

Civilized warfare is fighting in the field the enemies of your country who bear arms to fight you. It is just as much the duty of an army commander to protect the women and children and all noncombatants of their enemies in their unlawful occupations as it is to fight those enemies in the field.

General Sherman did not have independent command of an army until the opening of the campaign of 1864, when he moved from Dalton, Ga., against the Confederate army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who kept him pretty busy until the latter withdrew south of the Chattahoochee River in July. This exposed the cotton factories at Roswell, Ga. (where were manufactured cotton sheetings and the coarse fabrics suitable for shirting), which were promptly burned. This was an unnecessary and wanton destruction of private property; but when it was emphasized by the gathering together of the operatives, composed largely of women and children, shipping them to Louisville, Ky., and turning them loose in a large city, these acts will forever be a stain upon the character of the Federal commander.

When, in the process of investing the fortified city of Atlanta, the populous part of that city came within range of his twenty-pounder Parrotts, they were turned loose and a continuous fire kept up without giving timely notice to General Hood, of the opposing army, as required by the rules of civilized warfare. This act brought a stern rebuke from the latter officer, the correspondence relating thereto being a matter of record. Before the part of the city within range could be evacuated, several women were killed.

The movements and battles of the next few weeks resulted in the evacuation of Atlanta by the Confederate forces on September 1, 1864, Sherman concentrating his army around Atlanta and Hood the Confederate army around Jonesboro.

A short time after these events General Hood received a communication from General Sherman, stating he had determined to fortify Atlanta for a smaller garrison and that it had become necessary to destroy all dwellings within range of his fortified line. This made it necessary to send all the inhabitants (women and children and a few old men) through his lines. He stated that he would commence delivering these people at once by train at Rough and Ready Station, and that General Hood must arrange to receive them. This in the form of an ultimatum. General Hood's protest against this brutal proceeding as contrary to the rules of civilized warfare was of no avail. The army transportation was busy for the next two weeks hauling these desolate families, with such bedding and furniture as could be brought along, to Jonesboro, and from there they were distributed through the South. The cities of the South responded nobly to this sudden necessity for their hospitality.

That this act was contrary to the rules of civilized warfare does not admit of argument and was one of the most brutal acts of his campaign. This brutality was the more pronounced when the best information goes to show that the work of constructing this fortified line, that he gave as the moving cause of the depopulation of the city, was never even commenced—works probably requiring several months to construct. The city was burned all the same, and his army commenced that celebrated "march to the sea," in view, substantially, of its smoking ruins.

On leaving Atlanta Sherman cut loose from his base, and besides the few days' supplies of commissary stores in his wagons depended solely on subsisting his army of one hun-

dred thousand men on a country already denuded of such supplies by the necessities of the Southern army. As General Wheeler's cavalry was the only force he had to confront him, he counted on cutting a wide swath through the most populous part of Georgia, intending to reach a base of supplies on the sea near Savannah, Ga.

In a late number of one of the monthly magazines an officer of this army gives an account of the organization of a corps which he styles "Sherman's Bummers," ostensibly to collect supplies near the line of march, but which soon degenerated into a band of robbers and plunderers whose acts of cruelty and outrage have made infamous the name of "Sherman." Where the negroes could not be bribed to tell of the hiding places of silver and other valuables, they resorted to the bayonet, not to charge the enemy, but to prod the earth to discover these hidden treasures. By this systematic process of plundering, the country contiguous to the line of march was denuded of every vestige of food for man and beast—every mule or horse, every valuable, except what the faithful slave had slipped off and concealed in the neighboring swamps. That this plundering and ill treatment of women and children was winked at by those high in authority does not admit of a doubt, for with this army to a certain extent concentrated (partly due to the Confederate cavalry hovering on its outskirts) it could have been practically stopped by a word from its commander in chief. In fact, it would never have been commenced without a tacit nod from headquarters. This contention is substantiated by the threat semiofficially sent out from Savannah before his advent to the Carolinas: "I have been pretty rough with the people of Georgia, but let the people of South Carolina look out."

This "bummer corps" for collecting supplies "did not get well down to its work" in Georgia. Its development did not fully culminate until passing through South Carolina. In the latter part of November (the exact date not recalled) Sherman's army reached the coast in the vicinity of Savannah, Ga., and by a successful assault with an overwhelming force on Fort MacCallister (defended by a small garrison) he opened communication with the Federal fleet and soon had his army supplied with all necessary stores.

Lieutenant General Hardee, commanding the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, had on the approach of Sherman concentrated a small force of about ten thousand men in the vicinity of Savannah, which withstood a siege of several weeks against Sherman's entire force, in the meantime having taken the precaution to put in place a pontoon bridge across the Savannah River and its lagoons by which to withdraw at the proper time toward Charleston, S. C. Seeing unmistakable signs of the intention of the enemy to move a large force from Beaufort or Port Royal, S. C., to cut off his line of retreat, he promptly withdrew at night his whole force, with all their light batteries, to the end of the railroad leading to Charleston, S. C. Commodore Tattnall on the same night burned all of the Confederate men-of-war shut in at that point, retiring to the same point on the quarterdeck of a mule with the officers and sailors.

The withdrawal of Hardee's force by land necessarily left within Sherman's line a large number of women and children, some refugees from Georgia on the approach of his army, with many of the wives and families of Confederate soldiers. These refugees soon became an elephant on General Sherman's hands; and after a few weeks they were loaded onto a large transport steamer, sent around by sea, and transferred

off the port of Charleston to a Confederate transport and to their friends.

From these refugees, among whom were the wives of high Confederate officers, came the information more or less authoritative that Sherman would resume his march in January, passing northerly through South Carolina. By the same channel came the threat, as coming from Sherman himself, "that he had been pretty rough on the people of Georgia, but when he came to South Carolina let 'em look out," or words to that effect. In the same connection: "The 11th Corps always knows how to do its duty."

True to these rumors, General Sherman commenced his march in January in a northerly direction, as he knew there could be nothing in his front except Wheeler's and Hampton's cavalry, who were only of sufficient force to keep in touch with his movements. Some remnants of that grand Army of Tennessee that had suffered so heavily at Franklin and Nashville got in his front before reaching Columbia. Hardee had around Charleston a small force that in no event could have offered any effectual resistance. Sherman had evidently determined to ignore the latter force, knowing his march northeasterly would either isolate it or compel the evacuation of Charleston and all the Carolina coast. The latter result followed.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the wanton destruction of private property and robberies perpetrated by "Sherman's bummers" in his march to Columbia. Suffice it to say the size of this "corps" visibly increased with the march, and with its size their brutality and disregard of all the decencies of life increased. An army of its size (one hundred thousand men) necessarily requires several parallel roads for its movements. The best information is that almost every farmhouse on the different roads was burned after being plundered of all valuables. The location of the several lines of march could be fixed during the day by the columns of black smoke arising against the sky on all the roads that were used. The writer happened to be at Orangeburg, S. C., on the 11th or 12th of February, then occupied by the remnant of Cheatham's Division under General Pettus. On the approach of this army, its several divisions could be located by these grim evidences of destruction looming up on the several roads crossing the Edisto River in that vicinity.

Now as to the burning of Columbia (a city even then of beautiful homes and with a refined and cultivated people), for which General Sherman has been denounced more thoroughly than for any one act of his thoroughly ventilated march. He has always denied responsibility for that event, laying the onus on General Hampton, whose cavalry burned a few bales of cotton at the railroad station a day or two days before the fire broke out. Leaving out of view all other testimony, this bald fact should decide the matter. The fact that this army, on their march, *preceding* and after *passing through* Columbia, destroyed almost every farmhouse on their route is *prima facie* evidence that the same army would not hesitate to destroy the city that was the birthplace of the secession movement. That army would not have done this destruction without the tacit or direct order of its chief.

Moreover, witnesses have come forward belonging to his own army that destroy his contention. Among others is that of an officer met several years since with whom pleasant relations were soon established. Among other subjects that came up was the burning of Columbia, S. C. After relating all he knew, he remarked, alluding to what he saw the night of the fire: "I can assure you, sir, that if the army had been

ordered to move the day after the fire the 11th Corps *could not* have moved." Then came back to me that threat attributed to General Sherman: "The 11th Corps always knows how to do its duty." The two phrases fit.

This officer was one of many, many thousands of the rank and file of that army that deprecated and deplored the vandalism of this "bummer corps"—an army that had done splendid fighting at Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and in all the battles of the Atlanta campaign. It could not be that an army with such a record could have in its ranks a large per cent of the "bummer" element. It must be that all of that element had been concentrated in this celebrated "bummer corps," who under their commander in chief is responsible for this blot on their escutcheon.

Enough has been set forth in the foregoing to indicate why the name of William Tecumseh Sherman is detested among the Southern people. They especially have this against him: that, knowing the defenseless condition of the parts of the South through which he proposed to pass in Georgia and South Carolina, knowing that the white population were women and children with a few old men, with a scant supply of the necessary food supplies, he nevertheless precipitated upon them an army of one hundred thousand men, with a scant supply of commissary stores, with orders that the country should be required to furnish the balance; furthermore that he practically made no effort to protect the women and children from the "bummer" element of his army.

Gen. U. S. Grant would have made this march practically without these outrages, as is proven by his campaigns in other parts of the South. As an indication of his line of thought there is an authentic anecdote recorded of him that when, a few years after the termination of hostilities whilst passing along the route of this "celebrated" march, these lone chimney stacks of destroyed homes loomed up against the sky, he sadly remarked: "There are some of Sherman's monuments." There could not have been a more telling rebuke from this big-hearted soldier. Those monuments still live in the memory of those who suffered and of their descendants forever.

After all is said, it is not believed this famous march of Sherman to Savannah and thence to the seacoast in North Carolina had a particle of effect on the termination of the war. Had it occurred a year earlier, it would have had a marked effect in the destruction of the railroads by which supplies for Lee's army would have been curtailed. That event resulted in the first place from the disaster to the Army of Tennessee at Franklin and Nashville, followed soon afterwards by the fall of Petersburg and the subsequent surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox. The movements of Sherman's army had no effect on the latter event, for by the time his army reached the North Carolina coast the fate of Lee's army had been practically sealed. Had Sherman turned back from Atlanta and followed Hood, the movement would have been more influential in deciding that contest than that march of devastation and destruction through the heart of the Confederacy, which has only resulted in making his name detested.

In concluding this article would that suitable language were at command to express my admiration of the loyalty of the old slaves of that era—equally applicable to the slaves of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina—with whom the writer was more or less thrown during "those times that tried men's souls!" There was little difference among them as to their loyalty to their old masters and their families. With every incentive to go wrong, with every

opportunity in the presence of Federal soldiers to take revenge for real or fancied wrongs inflicted on them by their old masters, I never heard of one instance of an advantage being taken of their power, but have heard of many instances where their influence was for the protection of the families of their old masters. All such incidents would go back very quickly to the father, husband, or son at the front. By the conscript law one white man was exempt from military service to twenty slaves. With this small per cent of white men, these faithful slaves worked year after year, raising corn and oats and hogs, very generally managed by the wife of the husband at the front. Had these slaves shown the least restlessness, the least disposition to insurrect; had one of those outrages on women been reported as to-day are met with such summary vengeance, the soldiers in the armies could not have been held back from their mothers and wives and sisters.

There are a few of these old slaves left, and as they pass around I feel like raising my hat. There were a few at the Nashville Reunion who could be recognized by the kindly light that glinted from their eyes and the doffing of the hat as they recognized the Veteran's badge.

What higher proof of the kindly feeling existing between master and slave could be found than their conduct toward each other during those times that, indeed, "tried men's souls."

What stronger testimony could be brought forward in refutation of the slanderous charges that are promulgated for political purposes during each presidential campaign, through "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and other such plays, against the old slaveholders? These slanders are put forward by the very men whose forefathers years ago fitted out ships and sailed from their rock-ribbed shores, asking the blessings of the Almighty for a prosperous voyage. The destination of these ships was the west coast of Africa, where were loaded on to them the forefathers of these old slaves whose praises have been sung and transported in chains to the Southern tier of Colonies of His Britannic Majesty in North America.

WILLIAM D. PICKETT.

Lexington, Ky.

Colonel Pickett's intimate relation with the commanders of the army as inspector general for Hardee's Corps and his well-known integrity warrant implicit faith in his statements.

INCONSISTENCY OF MILITARY ESCORT TO FATHER SHERMAN.

Concerning Father Sherman's trip, the editor of the *Veteran* wrote (April 30) for the *Nashville American*:

"Your telegram from Chattanooga in to-day's *American* that Father Sherman is to follow the line of General Sherman's march to the sea, escorted by detachments of United States soldiers, is the most acutely painful announcement that I have read for years, not even excepting the statement that a negro was entertained in the White House—the moral effect of which has caused many lynchings and worse crimes.

"This journey over the country devastated by General Sherman must be one of interest to his son, and he could easily have secured the company of men who marched to the sea with the father, and they would certainly receive courteous attention, but for him to be supplied with or accept a military escort is an insult to Georgia and to the South.

"The public generally is so shocked by the announcement that I would refrain from comment but for a reminiscence that is fitting in this connection.

"A dozen years after the war General Sherman journeyed over part of that territory, and in the interest of peace and

good will I journeyed with him. He had no escort whatever, and he was treated with courtesy by all the people. It was a coincidence that I traveled over the same route with Gen. J. E. Johnston after the war, and General Sherman was much interested in the account given of General Johnston's journey.

"When Sherman's trip was made, it was known in advance, and there were many people at the stations through curiosity to see him. As an illustration of how he was treated, I note that at Cartersville there were hundreds of men at the station, and General Sherman walked out on the platform, when a man off in the crowd said, 'General, we have improved since you were here;' and the prompt reply was made, 'Yes, we left a clean field for you.' Just then the train moved off and Sherman added: 'I see you have the same depot, but you have put a new roof on it.' There was not the slightest incivility shown him anywhere, and for the military authorities of the United States to send a detachment of soldiers to accompany the son a quarter of a century later is a discredit to them, and it is a pity that he would accept it. If he diverges on his journey to visit the grave of Father Ryan, let us plead that he be permitted to visit it alone. It would be a pity to disturb the peaceful sleep of that Catholic father."

General Sherman in his memoirs expressed such ignorance of particulars concerning General McPherson's death—before Atlanta, July 22, 1864—that the writer supplied him with a statement from Capt. Richard Beard, commander of the skirmish line and one of whose men shot him. It became accepted supplemental history in proceedings of the Grand Army.

The following letter is in regard to this report:

Headquarters Army of the United States,

Washington, D.C. March 15 1899

Lt. C. Cunningham Esq.
Cincinnati, Ohio -
Dear Sir:

In addition copies of the
Proceedings of the Army of the
Union - you must write
to Col L. H. Dayton. Secy
American Bk & Pub Works
Cincinnati Ohio I have
only my single copy and it
was he who sent one to you
Yrs
W. L. Garrison

FORREST'S CAVALRY AT NEW ORLEANS RE-UNION.

EXTRACTS FROM MINUTES OF THE SECRETARY.

At a meeting of Gen. N. B. Forrest Cavalry Corps in the Armory of the Washington Artillery in New Orleans, during the Reunion, May 26, 1906, there was a full and enthusiastic attendance of the old riders who followed the "Wizard of the Saddle." The men are grizzled and gray, rugged but not ragged, and still full of fire and the vim that made them famous, many of them looking equal yet, after thirty-six years, to the driving of a Sturges, Grierson, or Streight to a surrender.

After a rousing address of welcome by our most gallant Commander, Gen. H. A. Tyler, of Hickman, Ky., Gen. V. J. Cook, of Arkansas, a former Kentucky soldier of Forrest, was called upon to preside. Capt. Charles F. Jarrett, of Hopkinsville, Ky. (the last surviving member of General Buford's staff), was named to act as Secretary or Adjutant.

General Cook accepted the honor in a graceful, stirring address to his old comrades, urging organization and brotherly love and that they stand bravely to each other to the end.

Gen. H. B. Lyon, of Kentucky, the last commander of the Kentucky brigade under General Forrest, was called to the platform. The General acknowledged the compliment gracefully. General Lyon is the hero of two wars and conspicuously of the battle of Brice's Cross Roads. He opened that fight under orders from General Forrest, and held a greatly superior force in check until General Forrest could give him assistance. When the gallant Bell, Rucker, and Morton came up to help him, the most complete victory of the war (when we consider numbers engaged) was gained. When the war closed, General Lyon did not surrender; but crossed the Mississippi River when forty miles wide, went to Mexico, and offered his services to Maximilian. He has never been "reconstructed."

General Rucker was introduced to his enthusiastic comrades. He looks hale and hearty and bears his years well. He left an arm on the Hood retreat from Nashville while gallantly protecting the rear. General Forrest always depended upon Rucker's strategy in places of great danger, and he never failed. In battle his old comrades when pushed were always listening for Rucker to be heard on an unexpected flank or in the rear. He was a terror to the enemy.

Maj. Charles Anderson, the aged chief of staff and confidential secretary of General Forrest, was unavoidably absent, but was lovingly inquired for and greatly missed.

Miss Lella Simon, of Texas, was escorted to the stage. In a graceful manner she gave a beautiful eulogy on General Forrest and his riders, which was a happy and appreciated surprise. Her well-trained voice filled the large armory. Miss Simon then rendered Father Ryan's poem, the "Conquered Banner." There was not a dry eye in the vast throng.

The sponsors (in all about twenty) of Forrest's Cavalry Corps were invited upon the stage. They represented Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Texas, and Kentucky. Never was such a galaxy of youthful beauty seen anywhere or on any stage. The scene was brilliant, and it was touching to see the old soldiers gather around them. Most of them were the daughters or granddaughters of loved comrades many of whom were gone.

Mrs. Alice Collier Neely, Batesville, Miss., was the chaperon, and the following were the sponsors: Miss May Bell Lyon, of Eddyville, Ky., daughter of the General; Miss Kathleen Malone, Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Julia Young, Oxford,

Miss.; Miss Marion Brevard, Hickman, Ky.; Miss Aleen Collier, Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Sara Hill, Covington, Tenn.; Miss Elsie Govan Barker, Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Elsie Green, Tyler, Tex.; Miss Florence Pitts, Pittsburg, Tex.; Miss Ella Musgrave, Jacksonville, Tex.; Miss Harly Senter, Columbus, Miss.; Miss Rogers, New Albany, Miss.

There were flags for each brigade represented. Handsome souvenir Forrest badges were generously donated by General Tyler, and distributed to all entitled to them.

The election of Commander was next in order. Gen. H. A. Tyler, of Hickman, Ky., was put in nomination. There being no opposition, General Tyler was declared duly elected Commander for the year 1906-07 by a rising unanimous vote.

Thus was brought to a close the most memorable meeting of Forrest's Cavalry we have ever known. General Tyler had given much time and money to make the meeting a great one. He had organized the corps most thoroughly as a cavalry corps. He is fond of his work and proud of it.

Let us hope that we may all meet again. Let "On to Richmond!" be our watchword. It was long the watchword of the Federal forces who never got here; we will get there and have a glorious welcome.

The meeting was adjourned to assemble in Richmond, Va.,

A CAMP SONG TO GENERAL FORREST.

(Air: "Columbia, the Home of the Brave.")

The day of our destiny was darkened,
The heart of the nation stood still,
When Forts Henry and Donelson surrendered,
And Johnston fell back to Nashville.
But the clouds, which then thickened around us,
Served only the plainer to show
The form of that hero arising
To deliver us all from the foe.

Chorus.

Here's to Forrest from the brave Tennessee,
Here's to Forrest from the brave Tennessee;
In our hearts he will triumph forever,
Here's to Forrest from the brave Tennessee.
At Shiloh he charged a division
And covered our army's retreat;
At Murfreesboro won his promotion
When Crittenden acknowledged defeat.
Next Streight went careering before him,
Expecting our rear to assail,
But Forrest, with his fair maiden pilot,
Soon landed the robber in jail.
Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Okolona,
Memphis, and Tishomingo Creek,
Union City, Fort Pillow, and Paducah—
All the deeds of our hero bespeak.
Now Athens, Sulphur Springs, and Pulaski
Have aroused old Sherman from his lair,
For the boldest of Yankee commanders
Will tremble with Forrest in his rear.
Next Johnsonville attracted his attention
Where Sherman had collected his stores,
And the gunboats, once terrible to mention,
Floated grandly and proudly at its doors.
But Forrest's artillery battalion,
Morton, Rice, Ed Walton, and Thrall,
Soon set fire to his gunboats and transports,
Nor ceased till they had burned all.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SHERMAN'S "ACHIEVEMENTS" IN GEORGIA.

Elsewhere (page 295) is published a carefully prepared paper by Col. W. D. Pickett on Sherman's march through Georgia. The announcement that his son, an honored and beloved priest of the Catholic Church, would go over the route, "attended by a military escort," was at once acutely painful. The priest's action as well as that of President Roosevelt in regard to it are both creditable. Father Sherman's explanation is pathetic: "My connection with the expedition has never been understood. The military detachment was in the field by order of the War Department to study Civil War maneuvers. I was an invited guest because General Sherman was my father. Nobody had any idea of affronting the Southern people. There was no such a thing as a body-guard. That word was invented by some Georgian who had the wrong idea of my purposes. I have no ill feeling toward Southern people, but I am disappointed that they should attribute purposes to me that I never entertained. It was more an outing for me than otherwise. I am a Jesuit priest, and have devoted many continuous years to the service of the Church. A few weeks in Georgia viewing the scene of my father's achievements would have been gratifying to me in both particulars."

The Adjutant General of the army, according to published report, is not satisfied, and has again started an expedition over the line of the Union forces in the sixties. The strategy (!) beyond Atlanta may be the occasion for writing a book. It is not often that so large an army ever made so long a journey in the enemy's open country without opposition.

COTTON STALKS FOR MAKING PAPER.—The Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record* prints an interesting article on the manufacture of paper. It states that about five per cent of the paper made at present is of rags and about three-fourths of wood pulp; that the quantity of paper made annually in five thousand mills of the world aggregates nine million tons, and that is three times the cotton product. The occasion for producing the statement herein is that it has been demonstrated that all grades of paper, from the best of linen to the lowest, can be manufactured from cotton stalks. The time is not far distant when paper plants equipped with all modern machinery and devices for making paper and the utilization of the other by-products referred to will be built and placed in operation throughout the cotton-growing States of the South. It will prove the entering wedge of checking the present increasing cost of paper. It is estimated that on an area of land producing a bale of cotton at least one ton of stalks can be gathered. Upon this basis of calculation this new industry can annually depend upon from ten million, to twelve million tons of raw material. Although the \$15,000,000 Cotton Stalks Company has been authorized, some of the leaders are not willing that it be put on the market until its practicability has been thoroughly tested. It is stated that one of the company's directors, Mr. W. P. G. Harding, President of the First National Bank of Birmingham, wouldn't permit the use of his

name until there was a distinct understanding that only so much of the stock should be sold as would yield enough to build and equip one mill, and that future stock offerings should be based entirely upon the results obtained from this mill.

ADDITIONAL TRIBUTES TO GENERAL WHEELER.

Charles R. Miller, Commander in Chief of the Spanish War Veterans, in concluding his tribute to General Wheeler in the Atlanta memorial service, said:

"Then will the beautiful tribute of the poet, Kinney, to our national emblem be realized:

'Flag of the Union, float and fly
O'er land and sea, in all the sky,
And as thy State stars multiply
Group them together all so high
That they shall blaze one sun on high.'

No one more completely exemplified this sentiment than him in whose memory we meet to-day. Courageous, resourceful, and loyal to his cause in war; upright, steadfast, and incorruptible in time of peace; deeply beloved and revered—his memory will ever linger with us, a chastening and refining influence as pure as the fragrance of a beautiful flower.

"I was honored in being present at the White House when the martyred President McKinley appointed General Wheeler a brigadier general of the regular army, and I saw there before me two great men who in the past had been engaged on opposite sides in deadly combat, who had, peace being restored, resumed the duties of citizenship, climbing the ladder of fame, and, at a time of the nation's conflict with a foreign foe, one as President and commander in chief was great enough to accept the services of his former antagonist, and the other was great enough to lay his life and skill as a soldier upon the nation's altar. I come, therefore, to-day to do that which my great kinsman would have been proud to do were he living, to lay upon the casket of your friend, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, my humble tribute to his lasting memory as a citizen and a soldier of the nation."

Commander Miller is a relative of President McKinley.

In the notes about General Wheeler in the June *VETERAN* an omission occurred inadvertently in the failure to mention his son and namesake, now a captain of fine reputation in the United States army. For the moment the name was omitted in the hope of procuring definite information in regard to his rank and standing, and then was overlooked. Captain Wheeler was an officer in the army at the same time his father increased his fame at Santiago.

GENERAL WHEELER TOOK THE SPANIARDS FOR YANKEES.

The following story is told of General Wheeler while at the last Reunion in Louisville.

One of his friends is reported to have said: "General, I have heard a story about you, and I would like to know from you whether it is true. I hear that at the battle of Santiago, when you were in command of the United States troops, you rose in your stirrups during the hottest of the fighting and said: 'Boys, give the "damn" Yankees h—.' Did you say that, General?"

"Well, I did not say damn," replied General Wheeler.

"You did call them Yankees, did you, General?"

"Yes, I said it several times. I could not help it. Things did not look so different from what they did during the War between the States, and I forgot where I was."

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1866, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom all contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, { Montgomery, Ala.
ALBERT C. SEXTON, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF, {
GEORGE R. WYMAN, COMMANDER ARMY N. VA. DEPT., { Louisville, Ky.
A. T. BURGEVIN, ADJUTANT,
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., { Jackson, Tenn.
C. E. PIGFORD, ADJUTANT,
J. M. TISDALE, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., { Greenville, Tex.
—, ADJUTANT,

(No. 10.)

CONFEDERATION NEWS.

GREETINGS.

[This report was prepared for June VETERAN.—Ed.]

The Commander in Chief sends greetings and good wishes to Sons of Confederate Veterans everywhere! In New Orleans, April 25-27, the sixteenth annual Reunion of the U. C. V., the seventh annual convention of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the eleventh annual reunion convention of the U. S. C. V. were held. These gatherings were all eminently successful in attendance, enthusiasm, and in the work accomplished. Their work and activities were reported in highly satisfactory condition.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee was reelected Commander in Chief of the Veterans, Mrs. W. J. Behan was again elected President of the C. S. M. A., and the Sons called Dr. Thomas M. Owen to succeed himself. Department Commanders of the U. S. C. V. were elected as noted in the heading of this column.

With the hearty Godspeed which goes to the individual members is coupled the hope that these patriotic bodies may work out, in fullest measure, the high destinies to which they stand pledged in relief, monument, and history work!

The next number will contain much detailed information concerning Departments, Divisions, and Camps.

The Commander in Chief wishes to urge, as strongly as possible, that all Sons subscribe to the VETERAN, and thus contribute to the support of the noble work carried on by Mr. Cunningham. This Department will be continued through his courtesy.

HEADQUARTERS AND ADJUTANT GENERAL.

The following orders were issued, designating general headquarters and naming Albert C. Sexton, of Montgomery, as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS U. S. C. V.

General Orders, No. 9, issued at Montgomery, Ala., May 1, 1906, states: "The Confederation in its eleventh annual reunion convention, April 26, 1906, having again honored me by election to the high and responsible position of Commander in Chief, formal thanks are tendered comrades everywhere for this renewed evidence of confidence. In entering upon the new term, I desire to appeal to all loyal descendants of Confederate veterans to a better support of our noble organization. It will be impossible for your officers to secure the best results without the cooperation of Camps and the members generally. If we really have a mission of usefulness in history, monument, and relief work, it should be esteemed a proud privilege to promptly, earnestly, and faithfully meet the sacred duty. In the future, as in the past, it will be my ambition to serve you with an eye single to the achievement, in fullest measure, of the objects and purposes to which we stand pledged."

WORK OF THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION, APRIL 25-27, 1906

Following the adjournment of the reunion convention, the Commander in Chief issued "Circular No. 5," containing a summary and review of the work done, which is given below for the information of all interested. The minutes of the convention, now in press, will contain in full all reports and papers. It is expected that they will be ready for distribution by August 1.

This Circular No. 5, dated at Montgomery, Ala., May 1, 1906, is addressed to comrades, and is in part as follows:

"The eleventh annual reunion convention of the Confederation, held in New Orleans, La., April 25, 26, and 27, 1906, was one of the most successful and important in our history. In point of attendance, pleasurable personal and social attractions, important work accomplished and projected, and in general interest, it was indeed gratifying to all concerned with our welfare and success.

"The convention was composed of about five hundred qualified delegates, although all of these were never present at any one time. Two business sessions were held on Wednesday, April 25, and two on Thursday, April 26. Meetings were held in the Crescent Theater, which had been tastefully decorated. During the meetings the sponsors and maids of honor, with their chaperons and friends, were in attendance, and thus contributed to enliven the reunion spirit. Perhaps there was a larger attendance of General, Department, and Division officers than ever before in the history of the Confederation. More than twenty-five members of the staff of the Commander in Chief were present.

"After organization on the first day, at 11 o'clock A.M., the entire convention, officers, delegates, sponsors, maids of honor, chaperons, friends, and visitors marched in a body to the Auditorium for a joint session with the United Confederate Veterans. They were preceded by a band which played Confederate selections. Reaching the convention hall, they were greeted with enthusiasm, and the party was escorted to seats reserved for them. The Veterans received them standing. A response on behalf of the Confederation was made by Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Commander in Chief. This joint session is only another evidence of the spirit of cordial sympathy which exists between the members of the U. C. V. and of the U. S. C. V.

"While delegates entered with enthusiasm into the many social attractions offered, they were nevertheless zealous in attention to the business of the organization. The convention was a working body. There were very few long addresses. Interest in the programme was maintained up to the hour of adjournment, and delegates generally took part in the discussions.

"In addition to the subjects covered in separate paragraphs below, the following are the most important matters which had attention: Written and oral reports were presented by the Department and Division Commanders; members of the staff of the Commander in Chief presented historical papers on the branch of the service in the Confederate States Army represented by their respective staff positions; reports were made by the Adjutant General and the Quartermaster General; the Commander in Chief was authorized to pay the Adjutant General fifty dollars per month for his services; an official blank (Form 8) application for membership was adopted; and there was a general discussion, from time to time, of the purposes and objects of the Confederation.

"The committee reports were unusually interesting and val-

uable. The Historical Committee, through George W. Duncan, chairman, presented a full and elaborate summary of work already done and investigations now being carried on in the Confederate historical field, with accounts of Confederate historical collections and museums, etc. Past Commander in Chief Thomas P. Stone, chairman of the Relief Committee, gave a history of pensions, Soldiers' Home, and other relief legislation in behalf of Confederate soldiers and sailors and their widows and orphans. The work of the Monument Committee, of which Past Commander in Chief R. B. Haughton is chairman, was devoted to an effort to give an exhaustive sketch and history of all Confederate monuments and memorials. The report of James Mann, chairman of the Woman's Memorial Committee, consisted of a financial statement covering his entire work, together with a report from Gen. C. Irvine Walker, special representative of the committee. The report contained sundry recommendations as to the form of the memorial proposed to be erected by the U. S. C. V., all of which were referred to a special committee for investigation and report. This committee, appointed by the Commander in Chief, is as follows: George W. Duncan, Chairman, Auburn, Ala. (for Army of Tennessee Department); Brant H. Kirk, Oklahoma City, Okla. (for Trans-Mississippi Department); and S. Heth Tyler, Norfolk, Va. (for Army Northern Virginia Department). The report of the special committee on revision of the constitution was made by Past Commander in Chief William McL. Fayssoux, Chairman, and gave intelligent direction to the action of the convention on the several proposed amendments.

"Important changes were made in the Confederation Constitution on the following points: Division Commanders are required to make written reports, one month prior to annual reunions, to the Commander in Chief, and they are also required to transmit to General and Department Headquarters copies of all general and special orders, and circulars issued by them; the status of Camps in arrears for *per capita* tax is defined; provision was made for the suspension of elective officers; and the annual *per capita* tax was increased from ten to twenty-five cents.

"Add the following after the end of Section 29, Article VI., and as a part thereof: 'One month before the annual reunion they shall make a written report to the Commander in Chief for their respective Divisions, in which they shall present a full account of the work of the Confederation therein for the period covered, the formal proceedings of their reunion convention for the year, if any has been held, together with any and all such other matters as may be necessary for a full record of the said Division for the year, said reports to be published in the Minutes of the next succeeding reunion convention. They shall promptly transmit to General and Department Headquarters copies of all general and special orders, and all circulars, circular letters, and other literature which may be issued by them.'

"Strike out the following clause of Section 88, Article XV.: 'And against any Camp in arrears for one year's dues, which remain unpaid after written notice by the Adjutant General.'

"Add additional sections to Article XV. as follows: 'Camps in arrears for *per capita* tax at the close of any fiscal year shall *ipso facto* stand suspended upon the books and records of the Confederation, and shall thereafter be carried upon the rolls and published in the Minutes as suspended Camps, with the number of years in arrears in each case. Upon the payment of all arrearsages and penalties such Camps shall be restored to the active roll.

"During the period of suspension or after forfeiture of membership has been declared, Camps shall not be entitled to receive notices or to any other privileges of this Confederation whatsoever, but the Commander in Chief is charged with the duty of encouraging as far as possible the removal of causes of suspension or forfeiture.'

"Strike out Section 101, Article XVIII., as it now reads, and substitute as follows:

"A yearly *per capita* tax of twenty-five cents shall be paid by each Camp for every active member on its rolls in good standing.'

"The parade on Friday morning was a thrilling and inspiring spectacle. The Veterans, gayly-decked carriages with the ladies, the Sons of Veterans and the military, all presented a brilliant gathering. The showing made by the U. S. C. V. was very gratifying, and served to inspire increased respect.

"It is believed that far-reaching results will follow the work of the convention. The high character of the investigations of committees, the growth of sympathetic relations with the Veterans, the increase of the *per capita* tax, provision for paid clerical service, the increase of power in the hands of the Commander in Chief over elective officers, are all substantial advances toward a more healthy future. Comrades everywhere should respond to the spirit of revived interest.

"The selection of Richmond by the Veterans as the place for holding the Reunion of 1907 is regarded as exceedingly fortunate, and affords another cause for increased hope in our future. This choice, it is felt, will bring about a general revival of all Camps in the eastern section of the Confederation.

"If comrades desire more detailed information than is contained in the foregoing, General Headquarters will endeavor to supply it."

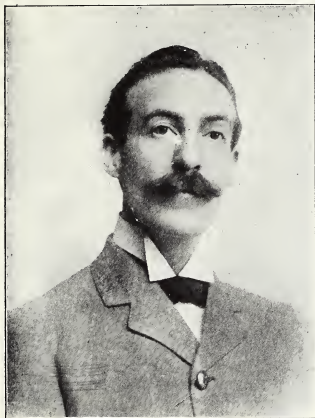
ALBERT C. SEXTON, ADJT. GEN. U. S. C. V.

Albert Campbell Sexton, of Cullman County, Ala., was born July 12, 1870, at Chatham Hill, Smyth County, Va., and is the son of Charles McDonald Sexton, a native of the same county, and of Emily Bradley Sexton, daughter of Spottswood M. Campbell, a native of Tennessee. The father, Charles M. Sexton, is a veteran of the War between the States, enlisting at Marion, Va., April 15, 1861, in Company D, 4th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade. He participated in many battles, including those of Kernstown, Second Manassas, Chancellorsville, Mine Run, Cedar Branch, Winchester, Sharpsburg, Harper's Ferry, Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, and surrendered at Appomattox.

After attending the common schools of his native county, he graduated with high honors at Marion Academy, and afterwards taught in the same institution. He went to Alabama in 1894 and engaged in colonization work. In 1898 he moved to Cullman County, and was from there, in October, 1900, appointed to the office of Chief Clerk to the Secretary of State, which position he has held under three administrations. On July 15, 1903, he was appointed captain and aid-de-camp on the staff of Brig. Gen. Louis V. Clark, Commander First Brigade, Alabama National Guard, which office he still occupies. On May 20, 1905, he was made Adjutant of Camp Holtzclaw, No. 259, U. S. C. V., of Montgomery; and on July 24, 1905, he was appointed Adjutant on the staff of Commander George W. Duncan, of the Alabama Division, U. S. C. V.; and on May 1, 1906, was appointed by Commander in Chief Thomas M. Owen as Adjutant General and Chief of

Staff, U. S. C. V. He is a Democrat, a member of the Episcopal Church and Knights of Pythias.

On April 15, 1901, he married Mrs. Catherine Forker, widow



ALBERT C. SEXTON.

of the late Harry Gordon Forker, who at the time of his death was managing editor of the *Chicago Chronicle*, and daughter of John J. and Euphemia Carnduff, both natives of Scotland.

SOLDIER RECORDS IN FLORIDA.

Brig. Gen. Fred L. Robertson, of the Florida Division, U. C. V., who is also the Compiler of Records of Soldiers of Florida, sent out a circular dated January 19, 1906, in which he states to comrades:

"The Florida Division, U. C. V., at its fifteenth annual encampment, held at Jacksonville December 13, 14, 1905, adopted the following:

"*Resolved*, That the Florida Division most heartily commends the effort of the State to perpetuate the memory of all the soldiers of Florida, on which work Col. Fred L. Robertson has been engaged for some time, and urges every Confederate Veteran to supply him with such data as may be in the Veteran's possession relating to the commands in which service was rendered. It also recommends that all corrections possible of the work entitled 'Soldiers of Florida' be furnished Colonel Robertson, P. O. Box 96, Tallahassee, as promptly as possible.

"General Ballentine, in his annual address, said: 'A great deal has been accomplished, but much yet remains to be done. Let every Florida Veteran who has in his possession any document, such as a parole or muster rolls or records of Florida soldiers, forward them without delay to the compiler of records of soldiers of Florida, our Adjutant General. If they are highly prized, Colonel Robertson will list (copy and

number) them, and at the request of the owners return them uninjured, doing this for the purpose of preserving your own history. You want your children and grandchildren to be able to say that their ancestors were in the army from the State of Florida. If this assertion is questioned, you want them to be in a position to produce evidence of the fact. There is no true soldier of this State who has anything to fear from his record. On every field where Florida troops fought their record is equal to that of any who fought in the same battle. The little State furnished eleven regiments of infantry, two regiments and two battalions of cavalry, and five batteries of artillery to the Confederate service. To you, Florida veterans, I appeal to assist the compiler in this great work. . . . Nearly every old soldier has something of interest stored away in his memory. He may tell how some devoted comrade fell and died in the line of duty. All this is history, and history which we must preserve.'

"The members of the glorious armies of the Confederacy are all standing close to the shores of eternity, with still a great duty unperformed: that of giving to the future the story of the past. The active participants in the events of the sixties can alone tell this story, and each surviving soldier owes it to his dead comrades, to himself, and to the coming generations in the South to leave to posterity a personal account of the incidents in which each was an active participant."

Comrade Robertson was promoted to Brigadier General and A. A. G., Florida Division, December 1, 1905.

CONCERNING FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of Louisville, Ky., appointed a committee to take suitable action on a protest from the G. A. R. relative to the display of the Confederate flag. The following resolutions were adopted by said committee:

"Whereas the G. A. R., Department of the Potomac, at their annual encampment, held recently in Washington City, saw fit to issue a protest against the display of Confederate flags on public occasions, 'as tending to instill into the minds of coming generations aversion, if not hostility, to our national emblem;' be it

"*Resolved*, In view of the fact that the government to whom those flags were surrendered, in the true spirit of a magnanimous victor, returned them to the custody of their former foes without exacting any such requirements, that we disregard this protest on the part of the G. A. R., considering it officious in the extreme, and far more likely to stir up 'sectional animosity' than the innocent display of either those bullet-riddled battle flags, which proclaim with their myriad tongues the valor of both the blue and the gray, or the little silken memorial of Southern heroism that will always be precious to every loyal heart, despite such protests;

The papers were signed by Mrs. Mary Slack (Chairman), Mrs. L. E. Williams, Mrs. Basil W. Duke, Mrs. A. B. Knighton, Mrs. James Montgomery Hunter, Mrs. Andrew M. Sea.

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT COMRADES.

V. Hugo Rhoda, 121½ Utah Street, Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "In 1861 I became a member of Company B, 4th Texas Cavalry, entering the service at Mountain City, Hays County, Tex., as one of Capt. Jonathan Nix's company, formed in the vicinity of Lockhurst. John Porter, Thomas Everett, and about seven others from Mountain City joined the same company. We made the New Mexico campaign, and after that I was transferred to the 17th Texas Infantry, Col. R. T. P.

Allen's Regiment, Company K, and with this command I served to the close of the war. I should be happy to communicate with the boys from either command, but desire especially to come in touch with the members of Riley's Regiment. I left Texas in 1884, and came to California. I am now seventy-six years old."

Information is desired by the widow of Richard Blythe Lee, who served in Company F, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, concerning his services at the close of the war. Mr. J. W. Lee, of Duplex, Tenn., writes: "He made a good soldier, always ready for duty in the fighting or elsewhere, but I cannot remember anything after the day he was wounded in front of Nashville, falling in my arms." Address No. 1003 Pennock Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

F. M. Kelso, Fayetteville, Tenn., desires information of his only living brother, Newton I. Kelso. He formerly lived near Denton, Tex., but moved to Chico, then to Bridgeport. From there he went to Oklahoma or the Indian Territory. The family have heard nothing from him in more than three years. Any information will be thankfully received.

HANDCUFFS ON MANASSAS BATTLEFIELD.

BY GEORGE G. BRYSON, GALLATIN, TENN.

I cannot tell you much about the handcuffs seen on the First Manassas battlefield. I saw them in barrels on the slope of the hill between the Henry House and the spring. There were also several barrels of crackers, which had been opened and out of which I replenished my haversack. There may be some survivors of Lindsay Walker's Battery who were present in this battle. It was Walker's guns which so effectually demolished the last effort to form line made by the Federals on this part of the field. If there are any of them living, I believe they can also testify, for the handcuffs were within a few yards of the spot occupied by this battery while in action. There were also several boxes, still unopened, on which was written: "To be opened on streets of Richmond."

I have had a talk with my old friend M. E. Head, who was with me and saw the cuffs and boxes. His recollection and mine are the same, except as to locality. He thinks they were on the opposite side of the hill from where our command (Holmes's Brigade) halted; but as to fact of seeing them there is no doubt in his mind any more than in my own.

Now, my friend, I will fulfill in part the promise made while at the dedication of the monument to the 2d Tennessee dead on Shiloh battlefield last August, in which you requested me to write of incidents both amusing and of historical value. Nearest in point of time is one humorous incident which happened on the morning of the dedication. We had spent the night at Mr. Hurley's house, about one mile from Shiloh Church. At the breakfast table Mr. Hurley asked if we had felt the earthquake last night. "At what time?" some one asked. "About twelve o'clock." "O," said Mr. Terry, in apparent earnestness, "Mr. Harris slept on the floor. He just turned over—that was all." Mr. Harris weighs about two hundred and forty pounds.

Next evening, when preparing to leave for home, we called on Mr. Hurley for our board bill. He would not have pay. We pressed him to accept pay. "No," said he, "I'll not have any pay; but all I want is for you to pay for me." "Yes sir, yes sir," said Terry, "I'll do it." As we started off Harris elbowed Terry and said: "John, I believe he had better take

Confederate money for pay than that prayer." We who know the character of Terry's prayers can best appreciate the joke.

There are Confederates living who saw greenbacks scattered through one of the Federal camps over which we passed Sunday morning, April 6. I remember seeing large sheets of them—I suppose as they came from the printing press.

What Confederate command was it which went into that battle armed with pikes? I suppose they were called pikes. They had a wooden handle ten or twelve feet long, on one end of which was an iron or steel spear, and also a curved knife. I saw perhaps a dozen, some lying on the ground and others hanging in trees. I also saw on this battlefield dead Federals having on coats made with breastplates in them.

Does any surviving member of the 2d Tennessee Regiment remember Tom Buck, of Company I? Just before we left Corinth, Miss., for the Shiloh battlefield the regiment was out on dress parade one evening. I had been on guard duty that day, and therefore was relieved from dress parade. I was lying in my tent, and the door of it opened to the back of Company I's row of tents—to which company, as stated above, Tom belonged. He had been left in camp to cook supper for his mess. He was about six feet four inches high, dark-skinned and very rawboned. He was cock-eyed, and had one crooked leg. He was knocked-kneed, and was altogether an odd character to look at, and was just as odd in mental characteristics. Tom was getting on nicely with his supper—had put his biscuit to bake and was preparing to fry the meat. Presently he lifted the oven lid, and saw the biscuit were rising nicely but were about to scorch. Placing a small stick of wood on each edge of the oven, he replaced the lid. After a while, going back, he saw that the biscuit were still rising and still burning. He removed the small sticks and put larger ones in place. After an interval, he came again, and, finding the biscuit still rising and burning, he quietly removed the fire from the lid; then, placing three or four sticks on it and using his poker as a support, he stepped on the lid with both feet, and of course crushed the oven into the earth. Leaning over and looking under the lid with one eye, he quietly remarked: "Now, damn you, come up." I have seen many funny tableaux, but Tom Buck and his biscuit "take the cake."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF HANDCUFFS.

BY MRS. E. A. MERIWETHER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

I notice in the VETERAN for April an article about the handcuffs found on the field of the First Manassas battle. The writer says: "I confidently defy any one to find in print a reference to this fact." About two years ago a book entitled "Facts and Falsehoods Concerning the War on the South in 1861-65" was published. Among other known "facts" contained in the book may be found an interesting account of the handcuffs and shackles captured at Bull Run.

Some years ago my husband's cousin, Capt. Robert Walker Lewis, of Albemarle, Va., wrote to him (Col. Minor Meriwether) of being in that First Manassas battle, and that he and his men captured a wagon loaded with handcuffs and shackles. Some of the Union prisoners captured at the same time stated that these instruments were intended to be used on the Rebels they expected to make prisoners, and intended to march them into Washington in that shackled condition. I now have hanging in my hall one of these shackles. It is made of two strong iron rings, with lock and key, to be fastened on the ankles. These rings are fastened together by a strong iron chain seventeen inches long.

CONFEDERATE MUSEUM, RICHMOND.

The "White House of the Confederacy" was built for a gentleman's private residence, and was thus occupied until 1862, when Mr. Lewis Crenshaw, the owner, sold it to the city of Richmond for the use of the Confederate government. The city, having furnished it, offered it to Mr. Davis, but he refused to accept the gift. The Confederate government then rented it for the Executive Mansion of the Confederate States. President Davis lived there with his family, using the house both in a private and official capacity. The present "Mississippi" Room was his study, where he often held important conferences with his great leaders. In this house, amid the cares of State, joy and sorrow visited him: Winnie, a cherished daughter, was born here, and little Joe died from the effects of a fall from the back porch. It remained Mr. Davis's home until the evacuation of Richmond. He left with the government officials on the night of April 2, 1865.

On the morning of April 3, 1865, Gen. Godfrey Witzel, in command of the Federal troops, upon entering the city, made this house his headquarters. It was thus occupied by the United States government during the five years Virginia was under military rule. In the present "Georgia" Room, a day or two after the evacuation, Mr. Lincoln was received. He was in the city only a few hours. When at last the military was removed and the house vacated, the city at once took possession, using it as a public school for more than twenty years. In order to make it more comfortable for school purposes, a few unimportant alterations were made. It was the first public school in the city. War had left its impress on the building, and the constant tread of the little feet did almost as much damage.

To save the "White House" from destruction, a mass meeting was called to take steps for its restoration. A society was formed, called the "Confederate Memorial Literary Society," whose aim was the preservation of the mansion. Their first act was to petition the city to place it in their hands to be used as a memorial to President Davis and a museum of those never-to-be-forgotten days, 1861-65. The dilapidation of the entire property was extreme, but to its restoration and preservation the society had pledged itself. They had no money; the city had already given its part. What could be done?

To raise the needed funds, it was decided to hold a "Memorial Bazaar" in Richmond for the joint benefit of the museum and the monument to the private soldier and sailor. All through the South the plan of the museum and the bazaar was heartily indorsed, so that donations of every kind poured in. Each State of the Confederacy was represented by a booth, with the name, shield, and flag of her State. The whole sum realized was \$31,400. Half of this was given to complete the monument to the private soldier and sailor now standing on Libby Hill, and the remainder to the museum.

The partition walls were already of brick, and the entire building was now made fireproof, and every other possible precaution taken for its safety. In every particular the old house in its entirety was preserved, the woodwork (replaced by iron) being used for souvenirs and the old wood sold for souvenirs. The building was ready for occupancy in the latter part of 1895. On February 22, 1896, the dedication service was held, and the museum formally thrown open to the public. The Governor, Col. Charles T. O'Ferrall, and staff honored the occasion by being present officially. The opening prayer was by the venerable Confederate chaplain, Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D.D., and the oration was by Gen. Bradley T. Johnston, C. S. A.

In the beginning the house was entirely empty, of course. Rapidly the memorials were gathered from each Southern State and placed in their several rooms. The treasury had been nearly exhausted by the restoration of the building. The current expenses were met only by the strictest economy. Nothing has been bought in the whole museum, except in the case of the "Chapman Pictures," which show the wonderful defense of Charleston, and the "Sheppard Pictures," giving in detail the life of the Confederate soldier. Their purchase was made possible by the liberality of friends throughout the South, who prized their historic importance as well as their artistic merit.

In the past nine years much has been accomplished. We are free from debt, and our museum is now widely known. But much now lies ahead in the ideal we have set before us, and the work grows larger, more important, and far-reaching as we approach it. During the past year we had 7,459 visitors, of whom 3,717 were from the North. It is by these doleful fees that we endeavor to meet our expenses.

It would be quite impossible to enumerate all the articles of interest to be found here. The memorials gathered are not only interesting in themselves, but invaluable for the truth and lessons which they teach. We have already on our "Roll of Honor" eighty-eight volumes, all bound, with more than 13,376 certified names of our heroes; also a large number of the personal papers of the Hon. Jefferson Davis. The catalogue will tell of other important articles. Historians in search of information can here obtain original data in regard to the War between the States. The United States government has made use of our records for its new navy register.

Each Confederate State is here represented by a regiment, set apart in the special honor of her sons and their deeds. A regent in that State has it in charge, and is responsible for its contents and appearance. A vice regent (as far as possible a native of that State, but residing in Richmond) gives her personal supervision to the room and its needs. The labor is incessant, and would be impossible but for the fact that it is impelled by a sense of sacred love and duty.

"TOM" HALBERT, OF FORTY-FIRST TENNESSEE.

John Thomas Halbert was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., August 5, 1841; and died at his home on May 30, 1866. In May, 1861, he volunteered in the 8th Tennessee Regiment, but was rejected because of his having but one hand. He lost a hand when a small boy in a cotton gin. In October following, when the 41st Tennessee Regiment was being organized, he again offered his service to his country, and was accepted and became a member of Company D of said regiment. He

was much elated over his acceptance, and entered the ranks with the most determined resolution. The first engagements of his regiment were in the battle of Fort Donelson, February 13, 14, and 15, 1862, in which he discharged nobly the duties of a soldier. He was taken prisoner, sent North, and remained in prison for seven months. He was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., with his comrades, rejoined his regiment in its reorganization, and was in all the engagements of his command.

Many deeds of daring might be



TOM HALBERT.

written of him. His reckless bravery, his devotion to duty, and his love of country were scarcely equalled. Among many incidents in which he showed indomitable courage, one is noted. On the 28th and 29th of December, 1862, at Vicksburg, Miss., a Federal force had made a landing from the river just above the city. The 41st Tennessee and some other regiments were ordered in haste to confront them. Two companies from the 41st were advanced to a picket line, Company D being one of them. In a deserted log cabin in a skirt of timber several Federals had taken shelter, and were harassing our line with Minie balls. Volunteers were called for to drive them from the cabin. It was so hazardous a venture that but two responded—J. T. Halbert and Thomas Steadman, now of Texas. They crawled for a considerable distance to within fifty or sixty yards of the cabin, and opened such a fire that they drove the Federals pellmell from the cabin.

In the battle of Chickamauga this brave son of the South, while carrying the flag of his regiment in the heat of the battle, was badly wounded in his only arm, which rendered him incompetent for further service. He returned home after much suffering. His health failed and his nervous system was shattered from long exposure. Notwithstanding all this helpless condition, the notorious Federal General Pain had him arrested after his return home and sent to prison, where he remained for some time. After being released, he again returned home to his loved ones a helpless invalid. All that devoted relatives and friends could do was done until his heroic life went out and he slept.

Tom Halbert was the most noted soldier in his regiment. In the severest test of personal courage he seemed to be happiest. Such men are always generous and true, and this recklessly daring soldier met every demand consistent with that which was human.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT OXFORD, MISS.

BY MRS. N. D. DEUPREE, HISTORIAN UNIVERSITY CHAPTER, U. D. C.

May 10, 1906, was a red-letter day in the annals of Oxford, Miss., as on that day there was unveiled a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead in the cemeteries east and west of the city. Six hundred sleep under the shade of the trees a short distance west of the university. Most of their names are unknown;

"But their memories e'er shall remain for us,
And their names, bright names, without stain for us;
The glory they won shall not wane for us.

In legend and lay
Our heroes in gray
Shall forever live over again for us."

Their deeds of valor are forever stamped on the memory of the fair women of Mississippi, who, as the Vestal virgins of ancient times kept ablaze the sacred fires of their deity, preserve and perpetuate the memorial flame of love and patriotism for the great cause that was overwhelmed, not lost; overpowered, not defeated.

The valiant heroes of Lafayette County, whose devotion made glorious many a battlefield, repose in the city cemetery. Their graves are lovingly cared for and decorated by their surviving comrades, and their deeds of glory are recorded on the western face of the stately shaft, bearing on its summit the figure of a Confederate soldier, who seems watching the enemy, as with hand shading his eyes he peers through the leaves of the grand old oak in front of him.

The monument is the fruition of long years of patient toil

begun by the Memorial Association of Oxford, organized soon after the war by the devoted women who had seen and known the trials of those heroic times. But as one by one these loyal women laid down the burden it was assumed by younger and stronger hands, and the work thus prosecuted toward completion. A few years ago the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 379, U. D. C., was organized, and subsequently merged with the Memorial Association in the work so dear to Southern women, whose purpose has ever been to commemorate the chivalrous deeds of the men of 1861-65 and to hold aside the curtain of memory that those who will may read the story as it was written—as it was lived—in the bitter days of war and reconstruction.

The great crowd of people began the line of march from Court Square at 1:30 P. M. First, the First Regiment Band; then a beautifully decorated carriage, in which were seated Hon. Charles Scott, of Rosedale, speaker of the day, Hon. C. L. Sively, of Oxford, and Rev. W. D. Heddlston, Chaplain; then carriages with prominent men and devoted women, including the Daughters of the Confederacy; next a wagonette



THE MONUMENT AT OXFORD, MISS.

filled with the fairest flowers of the county's young womanhood, each representing a Confederate State, carrying garlands of red and of white roses; next, marching with measured tread, came the battle-scarred veterans, the most honored of the occasion, bearing aloft the sacred flag of the Confederacy; and, lastly, following the grim-visaged warriors, came the cadets from the training school in their gray uniforms, carrying the stars and stripes.

Upon arriving at the campus, which was never more beautiful, Hon. Mr. Sively, master of ceremonies, called on the Chaplain to lead the invocation. After the prayer, the Confederate girls formed a semicircle at the monument and sang the sweet old song, "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and laid their garlands of roses on the mound at the base. Mr. Sively gave a brief résumé of the work of the women of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, which was consummated by the unveiling of the beautiful shaft, fashioned by Southern hands from Georgia marble taken from the famous Tate quarries, where Joseph E. Johnston fought some of the great battles of the war; so the stone has been baptized with some of the best blood of the South. The monument was designed by the son of a Mississippi Confederate soldier, manufactured by Southern men, and paid for by Southern women. Mr. Sively in a few beautiful remarks introduced the speaker, Mr. Scott, who was a Confederate soldier, a son of Mississippi, whom she is proud to claim and pleased to honor. The following extracts from his address give only a faint conception of its lofty and patriotic sentiments expressed in the purest English:

"More than forty years have been added to the silent centuries since the Southern Confederacy passed away, the youngest, the noblest, the bravest of all the nations of earth. When her stainless banner was forever furled on the fateful field of Appomattox, the enlightened lovers of liberty and justice in all countries and all climes joined with the distressed sons and daughters of the South, saying with white lips and heavy hearts:

'Let the ritual now be read,
The requiem now be sung,
An anthem for the queenliest dead
That ever died so young;
A dirge for her doubly dead
In that she died so young.'

"Go where you will within the confines of the civilized world, and the memory of Southern valor and Southern chivalry is venerated and esteemed. It was my good fortune to see this fact exemplified during the past season. One night in October last I was seated with my wife and daughter in the rotunda of the Grand Hotel, in Paris, one of the handsomest hotels in all the world. It was brilliantly illuminated with something like one thousand incandescent lights. This rotunda, with the adjoining café and dining hall, constitutes one vast room, with a seating capacity for fifteen hundred persons, and every available space was occupied. We sat and listened to the full, sweet tones of the inspiring music as the splendid band rendered many artistic and popular airs. These included a number of national anthems, among them those of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. And then rang over the 'Marseillaise,' the national hymn of France. The crowd enjoyed all, but gave no audible sign of approval. Finally, my fellow-citizens, the quick, glad tones of 'Dixie' filled the air. Instantly every reserve light was flashed on; and as the exhilarating strains grew louder and louder, filling the vast hall and reaching to the lofty dome, there arose pro-

longed and deafening applause. Before realizing it, I found myself on my feet, with tears in my eyes, scarcely able to restrain my emotions; and if you, my fellow-Mississippians, had been there, we would have startled the astonished ear of Paris for once at least with that wild, weird cry known to all men as the 'Rebel Yell.'

"This ovation to 'Dixie' was not an accident. The air was rendered again during our stay at the same hotel. Again the reserve lights flashed on and the applause followed, a distinction not accorded to any other national air. Why is 'Dixie' so honored in the far-off land of the French lilies? The cause is not far to seek. It is the involuntary homage paid by the civilized world to the memory of the old South, once radiant with all the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.

'No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.'

And the world is beginning to recognize this fact, and we are now, in part at least, understood.

"The Confederate soldier, my friends, was different in many salient characteristics from all the warriors of all the world. With the exception of a few officers who had been educated at West Point, they were entirely lacking in military training or experience. High-strung, spirited, and independent, they were naturally impatient of discipline or restraint, yet they made superb soldiers. The Southern soldier, whether officer or private, fought neither for gold nor other gain. The call to arms was prompted neither by vengeance nor hatred. No unholy lust for conquest nor consuming love of martial glory summoned them from their peaceful homes to the tented fields. These men battled for a principle, in which each believed with all his heart, soul, and mind. Overwhelmed at last by countless numbers and the boundless resources of a hostile world (for the South fought the whole world), the soldiers returned to their desolate homes and devastated fields; but they promptly assumed and faithfully discharged the duties of American citizens. All this was done with a Southern grace and courtesy and good humor which in the course of time disarmed enmity and criticism and brought peace and good will to the whole country.

"The war is over. Its animosities have passed away. The house of York is no longer arrayed against the house of Lancaster; the white rose and the red now cluster lovingly and peacefully side by side on the fair bosom of our beloved country. Nevertheless, we must keep the record clean. We owe this to ourselves and to our children and to our beloved Southland.

"At last the whole nation begins to show signs of accepting the noble and patriotic sentiment of Oxford's statesman and peerless orator, the incomparable Lamar: 'My countrymen, know one another, and you will love one another.'"

After the applause which greeted this polished address had quieted, Mr. Charlton Alexander, of the university law class, spoke in behalf of the university. Mr. John F. Brown, a veteran member of the Lamar Rifles, spoke for the local Camp of Veterans, thanking the Daughters for their tribute to his comrades. Mrs. J. S. Hudson, Secretary of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, presented crosses of honor to seventeen veterans.

The veterans present, under the command of Captain Shinnault, drawn up in line in front of the monument, fired a parting salute of three volleys, and thus ended the joyous and memorable occasion.

COLONEL SMITH INTRODUCED TO COLONEL SMITH.

A singular and interesting story is given in this connection by the introduction of Colonel Smith to Colonel Smith. The name was not so common even with the prefix as to have the matter pass without explanation. Col. Baxter Smith, well known in the cavalry service from Tennessee, introduced the inquiry of the other Colonel Smith after the introduction, saying: "My name is Baxter Smith." "That is my name also," responded the other. The story of his family and experiences is so interesting that it is given in brief, with a note from his family history for several generations.

Baxter Smith, a native of Dinwiddie County, Va., moved to Alabama in 1816, taking with him four hundred slaves. He settled on the Alabama River, near where Selma was afterwards located. His only child, Baxter, was twelve years old at the time his father died, and the lad was sent back to Virginia. On arriving at mature age he returned to Alabama, a graduate of the University of Virginia. He married in 1830 Miss Rebecca Jason Gardner, who was born in 1822; and died in Mobile, Ala., her native State, in 1884. He preceded his wife to the grave thirty-seven years. Mrs. Smith spent much time in France on account of the delicate health of one of her children. The large estate was maintained, and she returned to reestablish her residence in Alabama in 1860.

This son, Baxter Smith, left school in Germany in 1862, at the age of sixteen years, and went to London, where he met Mr. James M. Mason, Minister of the Confederate government. He was soon sent home with dispatches for the Confederate government to Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State. The trip was made speedily via the Wilmington blockade, and the papers were delivered promptly to the Secretary.

Of course the proper thing to do then was to enter the military service, and the young man was offered a commission as midshipman in the navy, being especially fitted through his familiarity with foreign languages; but he joined Morgan's Cavalry. General Morgan kept him much at his headquarters, allowing him to serve occasionally with Quirk's Scouts. Being cut off with fifteen of the scouts, he did not go on the Ohio raid. After Morgan's capture, about seven hundred of his men met at Morrisown, Tenn., and marched to Ringgold, Ga., where they joined General Forrest. Under him their first service was to drive the Federals away from Ready's Bridge, which they were trying to destroy. During the battle of Chickamauga he served as scout for General Forrest. His horse was killed the second day of the battle. He then secured a transfer to the 7th Alabama Cavalry, and was later promoted to captain on the staff of Gen. James H. Clanton. He was next assigned to the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. Later, in a fight with Rousseau's raiders, he was severely wounded. He was with Gen. Abe Buford from the vicinity of Selma, Ala., to Columbus, Ga., where he was in his last fight.

After the war, when the main part of the large estate was lost, his mother had saved, by her fine business sagacity, \$150,000, which he invested as a silent partner in mercantile business and entered as a student in a medical college. He rarely looked after his large investment until in dismay he learned that he had lost all. He succeeded as a physician and surgeon. He is called colonel because of having that rank on the staff of the Governor of Texas and with Lieut. Gen. William L. Cabell, in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V.

BEGINNING OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

BY PRIVATE E. T. BOLAND (13TH ALA. INF.), BREWTON, ALA.

I have been reading a history of the war, which many of our people have in their homes, that was written by a Major Handy. I believe he was with Ewell's Corps. His history does some injustice to Archer's Brigade, of Heath's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps. Said brigade was composed of the 1st, 7th, and 14th Tennessee Regiments, the 13th Alabama and 5th Alabama Battalions, and Joe Davis's Mississippi Brigade.

On the morning of the first day of July, 1863, these commands broke camp at Cashtown, seven miles from Gettysburg, the 13th Alabama in advance. We passed Anderson's Division in camps; and when within about four miles of Gettysburg, we passed through a small village of a few brick houses. About one-half mile above the village the turnpike enters a thick woodland or swamp. Here we halted. A misty rain had begun to fall.

Col. B. D. Fry, of our regiment, rode back to the color bearer and ordered him to uncase the colors, the first intimation that we had that we were about to engage the enemy. We discovered about this time a squad of Federal cavalry up to our right in an old field, holding their horses. We were then ordered to file to the right into an apple orchard and to load our guns at will. Companies B, C, and G, of the 13th Alabama, and the 5th Alabama Battalion were ordered out and deployed as a skirmish line. After the line of the brigade was formed, the command, "Forward, march!" was given. As soon as the skirmish line entered the swamp a shot rang out, it being the first gun fired in the great battle of Gettysburg. The skirmish line and regular line of Confederates advanced, the Federal cavalry falling back before the skirmish line.

I will say here that the cavalry we encountered was Buford's Division, which was easily driven back. When within about one mile of Gettysburg, we came in plain view of the town and also a long string of bluecoats marching. We learned that it was the first Federal Army Corps, commanded by Major General Reynolds. When we started across this field, the enemy's artillery, which was located in the edge of town, opened up on us with shot and shell. We were then ordered to double-quick. Just before reaching Willoughby's Run, the cavalry began to get stubborn, and our line passed the skirmish line. Then we drove them back until we crossed the Run and went up a short hill. About one-fourth of a mile from the town we discovered that we had tackled a hard proposition, for there were Federal soldiers to the right and to the left. As the lamented Bill Arp would express it: "We had Yankees on the front, Yankees on the flanks, and soon Yankees behind us." For as soon as we engaged them in front the cavalry passed around and came in our rear.

Here occurred one of the most unequal and hardest fought battles, considering the number of men engaged on either side, that I ever saw or heard of. The 13th Alabama was on the right of the two brigades, and had struck the Federal line in or about its center, so all they had to do was to wind themselves around us. After a short, furious fight, surrounded by infantry and cavalry, nothing was left for us to do but lie down in the field and allow the enemy to come on or surrender, which we did. General Archer had gone in on foot; and when the writer arose, two or three other comrades got up also. I cannot say how many were taken prisoners; but all who had not grasped time by the forelock and left when they realized what a deadly trap we were in surrendered.

We were then taken to the edge of the town, and I can say truthfully that we could see one mile back in the direction from which we came, and not a sign of Confederates or reinforcements was in sight. The brigade we met that day was the Iron Brigade of the Army of the Potomac, commanded by Gen. Sol Meredith, and all Western men. General Reynolds was killed in front of us.

I give you this brief, plain statement of facts, and refer you to any member of Archer's Brigade now living as to its truthfulness. One of the companies was from Greenville and one from Camden, Ala.

DARING CAPTURE OF A FEDERAL TRANSPORT.

BY HENRY S. HALBERT, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

On August 17, 1864, a discharged Confederate soldier and two boys captured on the Arkansas River, about twenty miles above Pine Bluff, a Federal transport, the Miller, which was loaded with ordnance and commissary stores. The Confederates made their attack from the south bank of the river. There were eighteen men on board the boat, nine of whom were whites and nine negroes. The whites refused to surrender, and secreted themselves in the hold of the boat. The negroes had all killed in trying to make their escape. The Confederates boarded the boat and secured the captain, whom they brought off, together with two stands of colors and a fine race horse belonging to the Federal General Steele. They then set fire to the boat and burned it, including the men in the hold.—*Montgomery Daily Mail*, October 2, 1864; "*Official War Records*," Serial No. 83, pp. 264, 265.

Such is the meager account of an unparalleled Confederate exploit published in the Confederate papers of the time and vouched for in an official report of Gen. Thomas P. Dockery, which report, it seems, is now no longer extant.

But apart from these accounts this exploit is corroborated from a Federal source in an official letter from Col. Powell Clayton to General Steele, written at Pine Bluff and dated August 20, 1864. The extract from Colonel Clayton's letter is as follows: "The capture and burning of the Miller was one of the most pusillanimous affairs upon the part of those on board that I have ever heard of. She was captured and destroyed by three men. There was a large mail on her for this post and some commissary stores, which were lost."—"*Official War Records*," Serial No. 84, p. 784.

This account is collated and compiled for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in the hope that some one will give more details of this daring Confederate deed, such as the exact locality, the names of the three Confederates, and the strategy used, if any, by which they managed to capture the transport.

THE KILPATRICK SPOTTED HORSE AFFAIR.

We have read an article in the February number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN entitled "Kilpatrick's Spotted Horse." We were members of Company D, 3d Alabama Cavalry, Hogan's Brigade, and were with the whole brigade at the fight that occurred near Fayetteville, N. C., the morning that we surprised General Kilpatrick, of the Federal army.

Sim Lambrecht, of our company, captured the bay stallion, and Aleck McArthur, also of our company, captured the spotted stallion. The next day General Wheeler sent for McArthur, stating that he wanted to see the spotted horse, and he rode the horse to General Wheeler's headquarters. General Wheeler said to McArthur: "I want this horse." McArthur said: "General, you can have him." General

Wheeler replied: "I don't want him as a gift. There is a roan horse that will answer your purpose as well. Go and see him; and if you like him, take him." Aleck McArthur was well pleased with the roan horse, and General Wheeler gave him a pair of pistols "in the bargain."

Signed: D. A. K. McDowell, J. W. Hawthorne, Sam D. Moore, J. O. Young, R. H. Bussey, A. J. Campbell.

It was the duty of D. A. K. McDowell to report to General Wheeler every day. Not seeing the spotted stallion, or horse, at Wheeler's headquarters, I asked one of General Wheeler's staff what had become of the horse. The staff officer stated that Wheeler and Kilpatrick were cadets at the West Point Military Academy. The staff officer told me that General Wheeler returned the horse under a flag of truce to General Kilpatrick, and wrote him that he expected to capture the horse soon again if he did not keep a sharp lookout. I refer the writer of the spotted horse article to Maj. William E. Wailes, of Selma, Ala., who was on General Wheeler's staff, to prove that General Wheeler never rode a spotted horse.

D. A. K. McDowell.

REPLY TO "EXPERIENCES AT HARRISBURG."

BY THEODORE G. CARTER, DEADWOOD, S. D.

[Theodore G. Carter was captain of Company K, 7th Minnesota Infantry Volunteers. Apology is made for delay of printing it. While the VETERAN is Confederate, it proposes fair play to the other side.]

In the August number of the VETERAN Mr. Henry E. Hord gives us a thrilling story of his experiences at the battle of Harrisburg, Miss., July 14, 1864. It is a very interesting account, and certainly Mr. Hord is a good writer. I do not question his veracity, as he evidently believes what he writes to be the facts; but I cannot help thinking that he has confused with it some of the other hard fights of Gen. Forrest's Corps and merged them into one. No one can say a word in disparagement of the bravery of Gen. Forrest and his gallant men. At Harrisburg it seems that Gen. Stephen D. Lee had charge of the assaulting lines. Had the troops commanded by Gen. Forrest taken part in the assault, it would evidently have been much better for Crossland's men, as they would not have received the oblique fire said to have been poured upon them from troops and cannon in front of Roddy's lines. Confederate authorities agree that it was the worst battle, in killed and wounded, that Forrest's command, which was noted for desperate deeds, was ever engaged in. A regard for truth in writing history obliges me to correct some of the statements in Mr. Hord's article.

At the Confederate Veterans' Reunion at Nashville, in 1897, I was present, and very much enjoyed talking with my former adversaries as to scenes in which we had mutually participated. I "met up" with one old veteran who was in Mabry's Brigade at Harrisburg, and we talked for about an hour of what we saw there; and when we shook hands at parting, he said: "But we whipped you well, anyhow." Evidently he believed it, and it seemed to do him so much good that I did not have the heart to try to un deceive him. I feel the same in this matter, only as this is in print it is different. What is in print is usually taken for history. There is a great deal in the "War Records," published by our government, that is exaggerated, and neither side has a monopoly of that kind of reports. It looks as if the idea was that it was a poor officer who could not make a good report with a very little foundation in the shape of facts. "Yaller Glory"

for officer and men was the great incentive. I was present at the battle of Harrisburg, and have a vivid recollection of what took place on the whole campaign, so far as came under the observation of myself and friends. I also have a diary.

The guerrilla warfare mentioned by Mr. Hord as having been carried on from the beginning of our march from La-Grange on July 5 was unknown to the main body of our army, with which was the train. We were never disturbed, never camped in line of battle, made as long marches as the men could endure in that hot climate, until on the afternoon of July 10 we camped in line of battle, and remained in that position all night, but neither saw nor heard any Confederates. The cavalry in the lead had some light skirmishing from the second day out, but always out of hearing of the infantry, the main body. Our marches were from ten to eighteen miles a day, which in such hot weather was very good for an army of Northern men unaccustomed to the climate. We lost neither wagons nor mules previous to July 13, and the graves we left along the road were filled by victims of the heat, not of war. The term "invisible escort" is correctly used if the Confederates *did* escort us, for we neither saw nor heard them or of them. We had no skirmishing until the 13th, when we took up the march from Pontotoc to Tupelo.

Some hours after we had moved, Gen. Forrest, with his old regiment, his escort, and Mabry's Brigade, attacked the rear of the column, which was covered by a brigade of colored troops and a regiment of cavalry. But this did not accelerate our pace at all. The rear guard made a stand and held the Confederates at bay for a while, then hastened up to the rear of the column to receive another attack when the Confederates had rallied again. This was repeated at intervals throughout the most of the day. There was no pressure upon us whatever to require us to move more rapidly than we had at any time on the march. In fact, we made the march on that day with less worry and fatigue than on any previous day of the campaign. There was no "driving," so far as the column was concerned. In the afternoon Gen. Chalmers, with Rucker's Brigade, attacked our regiment and the 12th Iowa on our right flank. As we were marching "left in front" ready to form facing to the right at a moment's notice, and had flankers out several hundred yards in the woods to our right, we had due notice; and when the flankers were driven in, we faced to the right and charged through a cleared field, and drove the Confederates out of the bed of a small brook which was lined with bushes, where we took position and fought for twenty or thirty minutes, when the attack ceased. The 12th Iowa had the line just beyond the field; and as the woods were dense just at that point, they held their fire until the Confederates were at close range, when they gave them something of a surprise.

We lost our surgeon and had several men wounded here, and the 12th Iowa also lost a few men, but I think none were killed. The nearest that any Confederate came to our train was not less than one hundred yards. We lost seven wagons and something more than half of the mules belonging to them, and possibly one or two ambulances; but no caissons, as reported. Some of the wagons were lost more through the cowardice of the drivers ("levee rats" from St. Louis), who cut the traces and tried to get away. The loads were transferred to other wagons, and such portions of the wagons as could be used for repairs were taken along and the remainder burned. A short distance east of the "White Zion Church" my regiment was ordered to advance on the double-quick by the right

flank up a gentle acclivity, a cornfield being directly ahead of us, where the road turned at a right angle to the left. It was supposed that the enemy was in force in or beyond the cornfield. As we approached it a concealed battery opened upon us, and we had some men wounded, one dying of his wound later. Owing to the corn and the timber, we could not see the enemy, and I think the gunners could not see us distinctly; otherwise we would have lost one-quarter of our men at each discharge of the cannon, as it was an enfilading fire at close range.

We had but a little skirmish here, as the Confederates did not stand against our attack, and we continued our march. Here my company was ordered to deploy as skirmishers and flank the regiment on the right at about four hundred yards' distance, and we continued this movement without further interruption until our arrival at Harrisburg. We camped at some distance from our position next day, as did nearly the whole command. Other portions of the column were attacked before reaching Harrisburg, but nothing serious took place. No fortifications were made or ordered to be made either that night or the next morning, except that the 9th Illinois Cavalry made a slight barricade on our extreme left, which was not used nor needed.

On the morning of the 14th, before it was fairly light, the several commands were stationed in readiness for the expected assault. Our place was on the right of the Pontotoc-Tupelo road, our left resting on it. There had been a rail fence on each side of and at right angles with the road, and what was left after its use for our night and morning camp fires was laid along the ground for a slight protection from bullets, although in some places in front of my company the rails had been entirely taken away. In no place did I see more than three, and I was sorry there were any, for a cannon ball or shell would have created havoc among us had it struck them. Of course, as there were no banks, there were no ditches.

After the battle on the 14th and on the morning of the 15th, some slight works were thrown up in front of the lines which had been assaulted. On the left of the road a few bales of cotton were used. It may be thought that this was inconsistent with military usage; but Gen. Smith was not much in favor of intrenching, as a general thing, unless ordered to do so by his superior officer. A case in point: A few days before the battle of Nashville Gen. Thomas ordered each corps commander to throw up breastworks in front of his lines. One of my men went to carry some papers to Gen. Smith one morning, and just as he was leaving Gen. Thomas and staff rode up. As Gen. Smith was in front of his tent, he overheard the conversation. Said Gen. Thomas: "Gen. Smith, I have been inspecting your breastworks. They are very poor, sir. Do you think that you can hold your line in case of attack?" "I don't know, sir. If we had none, I could hold my line; my men are not accustomed to fighting behind breastworks."

If Mr. Hord entered our lines that night, he certainly did not find any breastworks nor regiments and batteries in position, for they were not placed until the next morning. If he found a good haversack, he was lucky, for I doubt if any of our soldiers could do so. The haversacks furnished by our government were miserable things, and after ten days' use were old and of little account. If he got some hard-tack, he got a "worm sandwich," which was more palatable in the dark than in daylight.

We had twenty-two cannon, but only a portion were en-

gaged. The Confederates had twenty, all of which were engaged, except that perhaps one or two guns were disabled during the action. On the night of the 13th Gen. Forrest rode along our front close to our lines and ascertained our location. In the attack there were six guns that could be used against Crossland's Brigade, with three more farther on our left that might have been used could they have seen where to fire, and three in our center on the road that could have been so used if they had not been needed against the brigades of Mabry, Bell, and Rucker, and Morton's, Thrall's, and Rice's batteries. There was no hand-to-hand fighting in that battle. No Confederate came closer than ten yards to our lines, and only two or three did that, except prisoners captured farther in the front.

Could the facts be known, it would be found that in the attack by Rucker's Brigade on our flank on the 13th and in the engagement on the 14th there was no disparity of forces, so far as the actual fighting was concerned. Our lines were long, and only a portion were assailed; and, while nearly every organization suffered from the Confederate fire more or less, yet the greater portion of our troops were not engaged. The reason that we had so few killed and wounded in proportion to the Confederates was that our men were lying down—not behind breastworks, but mostly flat on the ground—and the Confederate fire was too high. As to the fight at Old Town Creek, we did not have a part in it; but just as we reached camp four or five shells were exploded high in the air over our heads, but no one was hurt. The brigade in our rear happened to be close to the attacking party, and immediately charged them, and we heard no more of the fight. We did not know that we were "retreating," and certainly we were not "pressed," and consequently did not get nervous. We did know that we had but little to eat, and what we did have was very bad, except our coffee. After the affair at Old Town Creek, we heard no more fighting. As to our wounded being left in bad condition, if this was the case, it was because the wounded were taken care of as they came to them, without distinction as to whether Union or Confederate. There were several times as many Confederate as Union. We left one or more surgeons with them.

CONDITIONS IN CALIFORNIA.

[Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, industrial and promotion organizations East are supplied with an interesting statement of conditions in California since the earthquake by the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce, of which Alden Anderson is President and John C. Ing is Secretary.]

The many letters of inquiry which have been received, as well as the numerous misstatements which have been made and published throughout the country, relative to the recent earthquake and fire in San Francisco and the effect of the earthquake in other towns in California prompt this Chamber of Commerce to make a statement of facts and conditions as they truly exist, and we would ask the several bodies to whom this is addressed that it be given the consideration and the publicity which it deserves in the interest of truth and of justice to California.

The earthquake occurred about 5:15 on the morning of April 18. The temblor was perceptible to a greater or less extent throughout the State. It was most severe on the peninsula of San Francisco, in Santa Clara County, and in Sonoma County. San José and Santa Rosa were considerably damaged by the earthquake alone; and some of the intervening towns between these places and San Francisco were

damaged considerably, but many escaped without much injury. In Alameda County, across the bay from San Francisco, Oakland probably suffered the most; but the damage was slight in comparison with that done in the above-mentioned localities.

Throughout the San Joaquin Valley, the Sacramento Valley, Northern and Southern California there was no damage done at all. In this city, the capital of California, ninety miles from San Francisco, the temblor awakened many people; but not even a chimney was disturbed or a pane of glass broken. The same is true of all the cities in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys and in Northern and Southern California.

San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, suffered terribly from the ravages of fire, which was the indirect outcome of the earthquake. True, there was much damage and many buildings, particularly of the older type, were badly shaken and some entirely destroyed; but if the damage had ceased there, the matter of the earthquake shock would by this time have passed into history. Immediately after the shock, however, some two score or more fires broke out in as many different places throughout the city, and it was then discovered that the water mains (the sole supply of the city) were broken and rendered useless and unavailable. The telephone and telegraph systems were also servicable. It was not until Thursday evening that the fire was checked, and it was well into the day of Saturday before the authorities had it under complete control.

Thousands of people were rendered homeless. The territory devastated by fire included the wholesale and retail business section of the city and the hotel and compactly built residence portion. The loss was enormous, and at this writing has not been computed; but semi-official estimates place it in the neighborhood of three hundred million dollars.

San Francisco was the great clearing house of the State, and it will be rebuilt better and greater than ever. The many modernly constructed buildings of steel and stone were practically uninjured by the earthquake and suffered only by the fire. It must be remembered that California is some eight hundred miles long and three hundred miles wide, and the districts which suffered by the earthquake cover a very small part thereof.

Crops and agricultural conditions, as well as those of mining, live stock, lumber, and the great fruit industries, were uninjured in the slightest degree. All these great interests, which constitute by far the major portion of California's wealth and resources, promise a most bounteous yield this year; and, together with the immense amount of construction work now being done by new railroads, make it patent that there will be ample work and opportunity for all who desire it. There has been no interruption to the general business of the State, outside of San Francisco, save that which has been occasioned by the efforts of the people in aiding and alleviating distress in the stricken city.

There are many theories and opinions ventured as to the cause of earthquakes, but this matter will always be more or less obscure to the mind of the layman. From the reports of scientists who have been conducting investigations it is stated that localities which have a volcanic or rock foundation have felt more severely the earthquake temblor than localities such as Sacramento and the Sacramento Valley, which are located on very deep sedimentary or alluvial foundations. It is an undeniable fact that this great valley has never had a severe or disturbing temblor in the history of American occupation.

FIGHT AT DEAD ANGLE, IN GEORGIA.

[From a letter to Maj. T. G. Dabney, Clarksdale, Miss., by Capt. W. D. Eleazer, 11th Tennessee, Cumberland Furnace.]

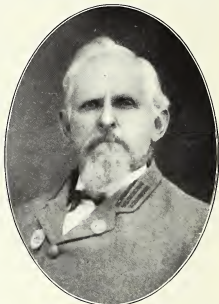
Your article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for February, 1906, from New Hope to Kennesaw Mountain, is correct in the movement of the forces. General Polk was killed on Pine Mountain about one hundred yards from where I was standing, left of Vaughan's Brigade, Cheatham's Division. I see you are in doubt as to the location of Dead Angle. That was on the Kennesaw line, on a hill to the left of Kennesaw proper, and was occupied by Cheatham's Division. The location of the hill was such that Cheatham had to extend his line forward in a V shape to keep the enemy from getting possession and shelling us out. This hill was the key to the Kennesaw line. We had good earthworks with head logs, and were instructed to hold the hill at all hazards. The enemy had possession of a hill about four hundred yards in line with the top of this hill, with a battery of sixteen guns, which enfiladed our works, so we had to dig cross ditches and cover them to protect ourselves from the shells, etc. The formation of this hill was such that we could not see a man over seventy-five yards from our works. The enemy drove in our pickets and threw up works just out of sight of our works, and made an assault with five lines of battle in close column, and charged with blind determination up to the foot of our works, but were driven back with great loss. At the opening of this assault the artillery had the top of the hill a mass of fire of bursting shells, and from this fight Dead Angle was derived.

As to the "lightning bug battle," that started at New Hope. General Canty's brigade was on the main line of battle, about two hundred and fifty yards to the right of New Hope Church, with Vaughan's Brigade to support. For three or four nights in succession General Canty's men got up a hot picket fire about midnight, and Vaughan's men were hustled into position. When things would quiet down, Vaughan's men got to geying Canty's men for shooting at the lightning bugs; and P. G. Price, of Company D, 11th Tennessee, wrote an article to the Atlanta paper stating that Cheatham's Division would donate a ton of printer's ink to black the lightning bugs to keep Canty's men from shooting at them, etc. A few nights after the assault mentioned at Dead Angle, our videttes came in and reported the enemy coming, and we could hear them giving commands and men moving, etc., so the order was given to fire, which was done in good style, with both artillery and small arms, which lasted about thirty minutes. When it was found that this was a false attack, Canty's men came back at us in an article in some paper offering to divide ink with Cheatham's Division. This is the lightning bug incident. But a few days later Gens. Joseph E. Johnston, Hardee, and Cheatham rode up to our position, and General Johnston told the boys he would furnish the ammunition to shoot at the lightning bugs as long as we would do as good execution; that he had just gotten a Chattanooga paper giving a statement of it; that the enemy was moving in a command to relieve the command that made the assault a few days before at the time the firing began, and they reported a loss of about eleven hundred killed and wounded and two hundred mules, terminating in a grand stampede. The enemy did not try assaulting any more, but approached by ditching to within about twenty steps of our works and attempted tunneling and blowing us up, but we fell back before they completed their tunnels. This is written to give you the facts as to the location of Dead Angle and the "lightning bug battle."

THE FOURTH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

BY A. J. MEADOWS, RIPLEY, TENN.

When I left home for the war, I was orderly sergeant of Capt. John Sutherland's company, organized in May, 1861, at Germantown, Tenn., as Company G, 4th Tennessee Infantry, of which Rufus P. Neely was elected colonel, and Capt. O. F. Strahl lieutenant colonel. We assisted in fortifying Fort Pillow and Columbus, Ky., and helped to run General Grant into his boats at Belmont. The winter was spent at Columbus, with some service at Island No. 10, and then we moved on to Corinth, Miss. We were in the second line of battle at Shiloh, and captured McAlister's famous brass battery, which was supported by seven regiments. (See official map of the battle.) This battery had been charged twice before with no success; but led by our intrepid Lieut. Col. (afterwards Gen.) O. F. Strahl,



A. J. MEADOWS.

that magnificent soldier and gentleman, the enemy's guns were soon turned on them, and they made haste to reach their boats at Pittsburg Landing. This was the most unequal, the most superb, and the most gallant charge I ever saw. One regiment against seven, and yet I have never seen it in history except in Colonel Vaughan's history of the 11th Tennessee and also in a letter from Captain McAlister.

There was an incident here that perhaps should be mentioned. Colonel Strahl led his regiment to within thirty steps of the battery. I stepped it on Shiloh's thirty-eighth anniversary. Seeing his men slow up, or fearing they could not take the battery with empty guns, he cried, in tones above the cannon's roar, "Lie down! Load!" and again at the proper moment he commanded, "Charge the battery!" and, as Captain McAlister states, we did it in fine style.

From Shiloh back to Corinth, from Corinth to Tupelo, from Tupelo via Mobile to Chattanooga (wading the Tennessee River) and into Kentucky, to Perryville, where we took another battery, back to Knoxville and on to the battle of Murfreesboro, to Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, and then commenced the hundred days' fight against Sherman under Joseph E. Johnston and then Hood. We fought around Atlanta and at Jonesboro, then with Hood at Franklin, one of the bloodiest battles of any war, and on to Nashville, where we got licked. The balance of the story would be a tale of woe.

INQUIRY FOR COL. R. R. GARLAND.—Dr. J. H. Combs, of San Marcos, Tex., writes: "I belonged to Company E, 6th Texas Infantry, Col. R. R. Garland, commander. We were captured at Arkansas Post. In the consolidation of regiments after the exchange Colonel Garland was not put in command, and I have never been able to hear what became of him. Please inquire through the VETERAN."

MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVED IN CHICAGO.

Sunday, June 3, was observed by those of Southern birth residing in Chicago in gathering at the Confederate monument in Oakwoods Cemetery, trimming the monument in Southern vines and mosses, and listening to a charming address by Rev. Fred Deval, rector of St. Andrew's Chapel. There was in attendance a fine representation of those whom the fortunes of life have called from their Southern homes to Chicago, and the exercises were enjoyable. Chicago Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy had charge, but were reinforced by veterans of the War between the States on the Confederate side and by many others from the South. The music was furnished by veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, who sang beautifully and effectively "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" and a number of other suitable selections. The veterans of the two sides mingled and warmly shook hands when the exercises were concluded.

The decorations on the monument were most appropriate, consisting of palmetto, lemon and orange branches, magnolia leaves, and the long trailing moss from the far South. The Confederate flag waved side by side with the national banner, their folds intermingling in the kindly breezes—breezes that softened the warmth of the June sun as time has softened the heat and bitterness of the passions of war.

Dr. Deval's address was that of a man of the new time—a man of Southern birth coming after the war period, but with all the inbred love of the South, her manners and her customs, that characterizes the true Southerner. It was the loving, loyal message of the young Southern man of to-day, teaching the duty of remembrance and pride, of glorying in the past while rejoicing in the present. His words were the token of loyalty and patriotism, the echo of days that are past set to the music of progress and the future. It was a tribute to the flag that fell without a stain, yet full of the loyalty which the people of the South pay in unstinted devotion to the flag of the one great nation. It lauded the heroes of the South, but set them on no solitary pedestal. "The South," he said, "has long ago learned to honor and praise those who saw it as their duty to oppose the South; the North has come to honor the character, the genius, and the leadership of those whom it once called by the name of traitor. In all the country to-day the names of Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln, of Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant, and of all the great leaders on both sides in the great conflict, are enrolled on the list of the nation's immortals. The war drums throb no longer and the battle flags are furled forever so far as internal differences are concerned, and the reunited country could be no more strongly exemplified than in the forward rush of the citizen soldiery of the South when the nation called for volunteers in the war with Spain."

Dr. Deval was warmly congratulated by many present on the excellent address he had made, by none more warmly than by the veterans of the two armies. Said one of the singers who wore the uniform of the G. A. R. and a medal of bronze for services in the war: "The men who did the fighting have forgot that they were enemies, it has been so long ago." [The VETERAN contends that there never was personal hatred between soldiers.—ED.]

[The foregoing is by Dr. R. A. Halley, who deserves credit second to no other of the younger generation for his helpfulness in making the VETERAN worthy its widespread patronage. Dr. Halley is one of the most capable and best-known journalists of Tennessee, now a resident of Chicago.]

ANOTHER SAM DAVIS.

BY I. E. HIRSCH, WESTMORELAND, N. H.

I was very much interested in the several articles on the Confederate hero, Sam Davis. They proved to me, however, that you did not refer to my hero of that name. The Sam Davis to whom I refer left his large plantation and his young wife and baby on the banks of the Yazoo River, six miles below Greenwood, Miss., at the beginning of hostilities. I cannot remember what command he joined, but think he was an officer in some cavalry regiment or a scout. There is doubtless some one living in that locality who could supply these particulars. He was severely wounded in the fall of '62 or spring of '63, and sent home. After the fall of Vicksburg, he acted as scout or spy for Gen. Joe Johnston; was captured near Snyder's Bluff, tried as a spy, and sentenced to be shot or hanged next morning. At night he asked to go to the river, and two armed guards took him, handcuffed and feet shackled, down to the river. He jumped into the ice-cold water and disappeared; the guards fired at what they supposed to be him, feeling assured that, if not shot, he would be drowned. Davis, however, managed to get across the river, made his way up Deer Creek to the house of a friend, and had his handcuffs and shackles filed off and himself doctored up. He then made his way across the swamps to his home, where he remained only long enough to get a fresh outfit and a good horse, when he rejoined General Johnston. Next morning he started out with a squad of scouts, and when near the Federals he placed the men in ambush and told them he would bring the Yankees right up to them. He started forward alone, first tying himself to the saddle, so that he would not fall off if killed or badly wounded. As soon as the Federals perceived him, they began firing and charged. He returned the fire, killing three of them, then wheeled his horse and started back, the enemy following close behind. The entire squad was buried right where our men had been in ambush. Sam Davis's body was found tied to the dead horse.

NEW YORK CHAPTER, U. D. C.

A social and historical meeting of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy was held at the home of Mrs. J. M. Graeffe, 50 West Sixty-Ninth Street, on the evening of May 18. This spacious home was opened wide for the guests, who on entering were impressed with the cordial hospitality extended to all. The floral decorations were artistic, combined with draped flags and Confederate colors imbedded in evergreens. The air of Southern hospitality unmistakably pervaded the atmosphere.

The President of the New York Chapter, U. D. C., Mrs. James Henry Parker, Mrs. C. Myles Collier, Historian of the Chapter, and the gracious hostess were in the receiving line, giving all a cordial welcome.

The historical subject presented on this occasion was embodied in a paper published in Columbus, Ga.—the *Times* of March 12, 1866. This paper is yellowed by age, but treasured as bearing the irrefutable fact of the origin of "Memorial Day," thereon stated. This ceremony was inaugurated by Mrs. Mary Ann Williams, of Columbus, Ga., the widow of Col. Charles J. Williams, colonel of the First Georgia Regulars, and who died during the War between the States. This occurred in 1866—the decorating of the graves of the Confederate soldiers in the cemetery at Columbus—and the great army of Northerners, instead of objecting to this ceremony, recognized the touching sentiment of appreciation expressed there-

by, and from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, from ocean to ocean, this tribute is yearly extended to the soldiers of this war, both the "Blue" and the "Gray." Mrs. Williams died on the 15th of April, 1874, and to her was accorded the distinction of being the first woman buried with military honors. The Columbus Guards escorted the body to the grave; and after the sod had been heaped upon it, the soldiers marched in single file around it, and as he passed each cast upon the grave the rose he carried until the earth was hidden beneath the floral pile. A fitting tribute from the men whose comrades' memory will live forever enshrined in the custom she inaugurated!

The programme was an interesting one, the singers who proffered their services on the occasion being Southerners and the songs most appropriately selected from the ballads of the South. There were several recitations, Mr. H. G. Hawn giving some of his inimitable dialect selections, so fully appreciated by all.

Light refreshments were served, and afterwards the floors were cleared for dancing, in which many participated to the inspiring music of the band. The evening came to a close all too soon, and the hostess was complimented and thanked for the pleasure she had conferred on all.

We hope to continue our historical evenings the next season.

Mrs. C. MYLES COLLIER, *Historian New York Chapter.*

MAY DAY LUNCHEON OF THE NEW YORK CHAPTER.

On the first day of May the New York Chapter of the U. D. C. held a luncheon at Hotel Astor, Broadway. There was a large attendance, with many distinguished guests of honor—among them Mrs. Francis M. Jones, of Charleston, S. C., Regent "Rebecca Mott" Chapter, D. A. R.; Mrs. Clarke Waring, Ex Vice President General D. A. R.; Mrs. J. D. Beale, Ex Vice President General U. D. C.; Mrs. Charles E. Bateson, grandniece of Jefferson Davis; Mrs. Charlotte Wilmur, President Sorosis; Mrs. Eldridge Gerry Slade, President Daughters of 1812; Mrs. E. S. Gaillard, one of the founders of the New York Chapter, U. D. C.; Mrs. John H. Judge, President Society Political Study; and Miss Adele Field, Parliamentarian.

The day was lovely, and the scene presented by the beautifully gowned women encircling the round table covered with the red-and-white colors of the U. D. C. was one of great beauty. The programme of songs and recitations was well rendered, and our popular associate, Mr. H. G. Hawn, entertaining the ladies with his fine negro dialect stories. Praise is due the Chairman, Mrs. Clara Kyle Crank, for her efforts in behalf of the society.

The membership is still increasing, and we hope to continue in our Chapter the fine record heretofore made in charitable and memorial work.

CONVENTION FLORIDA DIVISION, U. D. C.

The eleventh annual convention of the Florida Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Orlando May 2-4, was well attended, delegates being present from nearly all the Chapters in the State, and a spirit of harmony prevailed.

Mrs. Butt, President of the Annie Coleman Chapter, of Orlando, was unable to be present, except for a brief greeting on account of the illness of Judge Butt. Mrs. Lula P. Lawrence, the First Vice President, a sister of Mr. J. A. Hayes, of Colorado Springs, son-in-law of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, presided most gracefully, introducing the veterans in her inimitable way.

In response to a paper as to whether "The Clansman" is of historical value, the negative side being taken by the author, Miss A. E. Caruthers, of Tampa, Mrs. John W. Trench, of Gainesville, made an earnest argument in favor of it, in connection with which she said: "I am proud to say that my father and brothers were members of the Kuklux; and if I should ask the veterans present (I am not going to), I am sure they would agree with me, for I know most of them were members. If I live to be ninety, the one 'page in memory' of which I shall be proudest is that my father and brothers belonged to the Kuklux."

"The Bloody Angle," by Mrs. Beatrice Sellers Howe, of the Pensacola Chapter, was accepted as the prize poem on that subject. It is as follows:

"THE BLOODY ANGLE."

(At Spottsylvania.)

The camp is dark, no light to mark
Where war-worn soldiers sleep;
The rain-soaked wind blows all unkind
O'er vale and trenches deep.

A sentry hears what soon appears
The enemy's commands;
From far ahead sharp sounds have sped,
Which a soldier understands.

Quick orders fall on the ears of all.
By instinct soldiers know
What is wanted; with hope undaunted
Go forth to meet the foe.

All unafraid, nor yet dismayed
Because they are so few;
Love and grit may conquer yet—
At least they can be true.

Forward they ran, obeying command,
On, on through the battle's thunder.
Shot and shell swift on them fell,
While ranks were torn asunder.

By cannon swept, still onward stepped,
Until there were not any;
Courage and despair were with them there,
The few against the many.

Two against one—since war begun,
The ever-unequal numbers—
But annals of glory tell the story,
And sweetly a soldier slumbers.

O Father above, in all thy love
Where was thy guiding hand?
Each could feel death's sharpest steel
Pierce through our great Southland.

The right has often not the might,
And evil triumphs long;
Our tear-dimmed eyes have made us wise,
And suffering made us strong.
After the rattle and din of battle,
God gives his heroes sleep;
And of that hell 'tis we must tell,
While they long silence keep.

Ten awful hours, O heavenly powers,
When will hell's work be done?
At what a cost is victory lost,
Eternal glory won?

The day is past, the end at last,
Well fought and bravely lost;
Dear comrades here, we shed a tear
For those who paid the cost.

Pensacola Chapter, No. 298, is in a flourishing condition, and was well represented, Mrs. A. E. McDavid, President, Mrs. M. E. Batts and Mrs. J. C. Pebley, Vice Presidents, and Miss Fannie Caldwell being in attendance. Mrs. B. S. Howe, although detained at home by the illness of her sister, was unanimously elected State Historian. Previous to the convention she was tendered the chairmanship of the Shiloh Monument Fund of Florida, an honor fully appreciated by our Chapter.

Our entertainment was royal. The Annie Coleman Chapter, U. D. C., Veterans, Rosalind Club, and the ladies and gentlemen of Orlando, untiring in their efforts to make our visit a happy one, succeeded beyond my power of expression.

[The foregoing extracts are from an interesting report by Addie L. Batts, First Vice President Pensacola Chapter.]

INQUIRIES ABOUT GALLANT CONFEDERATES.

BY J. H. LADD, 6TH KENTUCKY, U. S. A., COUNTY TREASURER,
GREENVILLE, ILL.

In renewing my subscription to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN permit me to ask if any of your readers who fought on the Confederate side on the right at Shiloh Monday, April 7, can give any information concerning a distinguished-looking citizen who was left dead on the battlefield. He was of medium size, fair complexion, and thirty-five or forty years of age. Near him lay thirty or forty other dead Confederates, and suspended in a tree near by was the body of a young man who had been killed there—I presume a sharpshooter.

The 6th Kentucky Infantry, U. S. A., commanded by Col. W. C. Whitaker, captured part of a battery near where those men lay. Whitaker says in his report that Major Monroe, of a Kentucky regiment, fell in the front. Colonel Traube, of the Kentucky Brigade, C. S. A., says in his report that Major Monroe was killed near the close of the battle; also that Gov. George W. Johnson, who was fighting as a private in the ranks of Company E, 4th Kentucky, was killed. If Governor Johnson's body was left on the field, probably it was his to whom I refer.

I should also be glad to know of the Confederate cavalry officer who was with Bragg's rear guard on his retreat from Kentucky October 16, 1862, and was wounded in a skirmish soon after leaving Mt. Vernon, Ky. He was struck in the leg below the knee by a Minie ball. His horse was fatally wounded, but ran about a mile after being shot, when it fell dead in a hole of water in a creek. My company was on the skirmish line, and we carried this officer to a house near by and our Dr. Joseph Drain dressed his wound. Can any reader of the VETERAN recall this event and if he is still living? I think he said he was a Tennessean.

Again, I should like to know of the daring orderly who made himself very conspicuous on the Confederate right during the early part of the battle of Stone's River, December 31, 1862, carrying orders back and forth between the lines. He was riding a white horse, and by his bold conduct proved himself a courageous fellow. I have often wondered if he escaped death on that awful occasion.

[Try to answer Mr. Ladd. This feature of inquiry from one side to the other is diligently attended to by the VETERAN.]

BURIAL OF JOHN HANEY BY THE G. A. R.

A newspaper clipping in hand without date or place tells of the death, near Ottawa, Kans., by a railroad train of a man on whose person was found a paper from which it was learned that the deceased was John Haney, a former member of the 4th Texas Cavalry, and therefore a Confederate soldier. The paper was a certificate issued by R. Moss, mayor of La Grange, Tex., under date of February 12, 1906, recommending John Haney to all charitably disposed persons who would assist him in passing from La Grange to his destination.

The fact that he had been a soldier, although fighting against the Union, stirred the sympathies of the old soldiers of Ottawa, and they took up the question of giving his body a Christian and soldier's burial. The interment was made in the G. A. R. burial lot in Ottawa Avenue Cemetery.

H. G. Conant, Commander of Seth C. Earl Post, G. A. R., addressing his comrades, said:

"Comrades: We are here to do the last sad rite for one who wore the gray. John Haney served in the 4th Texas Cavalry, C. S. A. That is all we know of him. There is no doubt but that he had strayed from the straight and narrow path, but we know that no braver men were ever mustered for war than the men who wore the gray. In 1898, when President McKinley called for volunteers, it awoke the patriotic spirit of the South as well as of the North. They are our brothers, born under the same flag and schooled in the same tongue. The God of peace is their God as well as our God.

"Comrades, when under the green sod we lay the ashes of our foe, who bravely fought to uphold a cause he thought was just, drop a flower on his grave. What a sweet smile it would bring to a mother's lips if she only knew!"

After the remarks of Mr. Conant, the Post Chaplain, Mr. D. B. Snow, said, among other things, that he recalled that shortly after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox the regiment to which he belonged was at Selma, Ala., and that very many of Lee's army came through Selma on their way to their homes in the Southwest, which they had left long years before and from which many had not heard a word for a very long time, as the mails of the Confederacy had been greatly deranged by the capture of Vicksburg and by Sherman's army on its march from Chattanooga to Atlanta and from Atlanta to the sea; that these Confederate soldiers were ragged and foot-sore and hungry and that the only friends they found were the men who wore the blue. Mr. Snow related how he himself made a "Reb" happy by giving him his old haversack filled with crackers and sending him on his way with a "Godspeed." The same spirit which moved the Union soldiers in May, 1865, to extend to their late enemies a soldier's kindness and the fraternity of the brave to the brave has ever characterized the true soldier the wide world over.

"We may not know," he said, "the story of this poor man's life, whom we now give a Christian burial amid the flowers and grasses of this May time, but surely the 'God of all the earth will do right;' and this soldier, although a stranger to us, is known to the Heavenly Father, whose love, like the heavens above, bends equally over all. And so, as we give his body to the hospitality of the grave, we commit his spirit to the God who gave it."

During these impressive services Mr. Conant, on behalf of his comrades, placed upon the casket a small flag, the stars and stripes, and Mrs. Fannie King, President of the W. R. C., on behalf of that organization of patriotic women, covered the coffin with flowers.

TENNESSEE DAUGHTERS.

At its recent annual convention held in Memphis the United Daughters of the Confederacy reindorsed the VETERAN as its official organ. The officers chosen for the ensuing year are: President, Mrs. A. B. White, Paris; First Vice President, Mrs. Vonnicoffer Metcalf, Fayetteville; Second Vice President, Mrs. Mark S. Cockrill, Nashville; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Memphis; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. O. Wells, Chattanooga; Treasurer, Mrs. George Denny, Knoxville; Historian, Mrs. Penny Dozier, Franklin; Register, Miss Susie Gentry, Franklin; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. Beal J. Baker, McKenzie; State Poetess, Miss Beatrice Stephens, Dyersburg.

A Memphis paper reports regarding the closing night in which the Veterans participated:

"It was a Veterans' rally, pure and simple; and when the wild cheers of the old soldiers, who occupied front seats on the first floor, broke out when 'Dixie' was played, the enthusiasm of the big audience reached the climax.

"There was hardly standing room in the Grand Opera House, a brilliant and representative gathering of Memphians being in attendance, besides the two hundred or more fair delegates from the State Chapters.

"Mrs. T. J. Latham's address, 'Phoenix of the Civil War,' was the opening number. It was a well-written paper, and at the close Mrs. Latham was showered with bouquets of flowers.

"'Red, White, and Red Fantasies,' as announced on the programme, in which the young ladies of the J. Harvey Mathes Chapter took part, formed a delightful feature of the evening.

"As the curtain rose James Beaseley, a member of the Memphis Drum and Bugle Corps, sounded the reveille. Nine girls, dressed in white and bearing red and white streamers in their hands, went through a series of beautiful poses, holding their banners in such a manner as to form different emblems and figures. As each pose was taken, Mrs. F. G. Miller recited, with much elocutionary effect, appropriate lines relative to Southern history.

"The act 'A Page from the Confederacy,' by Mrs. Carleton Adams, elicited deserved applause. At the close she described the effects that the old Confederate battle cry had upon the enemy, ending abruptly by asking the Confederate soldiers themselves to give it. The old soldiers were equal to the occasion, and three deafening yells responded.

"'In Tennessee' was sung by thirty-nine younger girls of the Confederacy, making an attractive feature.

"Mrs. Lelia Morgan Murrell told some amusing 'Anecdotes of the Confederacy' from prepared manuscript.

"The Confederate soldiers were called upon the stage. After going through a few military movements, the 'jolly four' were brought forward. Led by Capt. W. L. McLean, one of the number, the other three, J. M. Williams, H. E. Cannon, and George Roden, joined in the refrain of 'The Merry Cobbler,' followed by a lively imitation of a sailor's hornpipe. 'Jim' Pitts went through a 'jigging stunt,' in which he brought out many new steps.

"The Southern cross drill, directed by Capt. W. L. McLean, closed the evening."

In the June issue there was published much of the President's address. By mistake it was headed as if for the general organization.

HOW BILL RIFFERY GOT TO THE REUNION.

The Bristol (Tenn.) *Courier* tells very cleverly of how William Riffery was made happy by the late Col. William E. Peters, who commanded the 21st Virginia Cavalry, and at another time was lieutenant colonel of the 45th Virginia Infantry: "Riffery was an illiterate fellow, but made a gallant soldier from Bull Run to Appomattox. He had a family and was poor, but so honest as to command the esteem of Colonel Peters. When the excitement was high in regard to the Richmond Reunion, Comrade Riffery had six dollars, and it required ten dollars; so he requested a friend to write to Colonel Peters a request that he supplement the small fund in hand. Instead of the four dollars, he sent his check for twenty-five dollars, which made the old soldier quite happy."

GALLANT CAPT. S. R. SIMPSON.

Capt. Samuel Robert Simpson died at his home, in Gallatin, Tenn., on April 29, 1906, of apoplexy. He was a native of Philadelphia, of Irish parentage; and his father, Samuel Pollock Simpson, was city horticulturist in Philadelphia early in the past century, where he superintended the planting and care of trees and shrubs in the city's parks. Much of the high admiration that Captain Simpson always evinced for Benjamin Franklin, no doubt, was thus instilled into him by his father, whose opportunities for appreciating Franklin were so excellent. His love for Ireland was devoted and constant, and he never failed to observe her national celebrations upon the 4th and 17th of March. But this attachment did nothing to obscure his perceptions of civic duties near at hand, and his liberality and his love of the ludicrous constantly amused him in situations that would have made the most of his firebrandlike countrymen see everything red.

Captain Simpson was always a Democrat in politics, having voted first for President James K. Polk in Philadelphia. He never voted other than the Democratic ticket. He remained throughout his life devoted to the poetry of Burns, of Moore, and of their—and of his own—contemporaries. He was largely instrumental in bringing Motherwell to the knowl-



CAPTAIN SIMPSON.



VIEWS OF THE NEW PENITENTIARY AT NASHVILLE.

edge of his friends when popular anthologies were almost inaccessible, and he carried throughout the War between the States a copy of Burns, now a cherished relic in his family. He gratified his love for books without degenerating into a mere collector of them. Thus, while his democratic political faith naturally led him to revere Jackson, his desire to know the man led him to obtain sixteen histories and biographies of him—the unfriendly as well as the loyal.

He entered the Confederate service at the beginning of the war in the 30th Tennessee Regiment, Col. James J. Turner, and served until the cessation of hostilities. When he surrendered at Fort Donelson, he wrapped the colors of his regiment around him under his clothing, and thus concealed them throughout a considerable period of imprisonment at Johnson's Island. In the early eighties, when much unseemliness arose in regard to a suggestion that the battle flags of the Confederates be returned to them, his liberality impelled him to present this flag, which was never captured (thanks to his exertions alone), to General Fairchild. He published his views on this question at the time in the *New York Graphic*.

Nominally, he was a quartermaster; actually, an Irish soldier, splendidly courageous in battle and infinitely helpful and resourceful amidst the numberless privations and discouragements of active military life. It is indisputable, moreover, that his marvelous helpfulness and his really superhuman kindness to the unfortunate and to the distressed were his chief characteristics. Upon his return to Springfield, Tenn., at the close of the war he had forwarded thither about one hundred mementos of his cherished dead comrades; and he succeeded, literally after years of effort, in delivering all of them, with only two exceptions, to those for whom they were intrusted to him. Immediately after Chickamauga he returned to that awful field of slaughter and disinterred the remains of his former company officer, Captain Jones, which he had reburied in a grave that he marked; and after the war, he went from Springfield to Chickamauga and brought the body back with him.

For several years Captain Simpson was superintendent of bridges on the Edgefield and Kentucky Railroad, now of the Louisville and Nashville System. About 1870 he raised the outside rail in one of the curves of the trestle at Baker's Hill five and three-quarters inches above the other. He proved practically that this super-elevation was necessary; but his superiors were afraid of it, and they had it lowered. Such super-elevation of outside rails is not considered great to-day.

When Captain Simpson was seventy-five years old he was appointed, entirely without the faintest suggestion from him, by Governor Turney as one of the commissioners for the construction of the Tennessee State Penitentiary, and it is understood that he, personally, was instrumental in saving a large sum of money to the State in this matter. This unique and gratifying task for a man already long past most men's period of usefulness is the more extraordinary in the fact that so large a sum of money was never more advantageously expended on so large a scale. Several views of this important public building are published herewith.

Captain Simpson was married in 1844 to Miss Catherine Cressman, who died about two years ago. Nine children were born to them, five of whom survive: Mrs. Catherine Hitchcock, Mrs. Prudence Dresser, Miss Nellie, S. H., and W. A. J. Simpson. All reside at Gallatin.

Sumner County undoubtedly never witnessed a simpler nor a better attended funeral. St. Peter's Church did not admit nearly all that came to the service there; and none could have failed of interest in the noble, simple, and sincere ceremonies at the grave by Donelson Bivouac, U. C. V., and by the King Solomon Lodge, No. 99, F. and A. M. One of the most grieved of those in attendance was Charles Thompson, colored, who followed all the fortunes of the 2d Tennessee Volunteers as a servant of the three Thompson brothers, of Castalian Springs.

BRIGADES IN JACKSON'S CAVALRY DIVISION.

[B. E. McGehee, of Company H, Ballentine's Regiment, writes of the brigades of Jackson's Cavalry in the Army of Tennessee.]

In the April number of the *VETERAN*, page 192, Comrade E. I. Kellie made a mistake about the brigades composing Jackson's Division. He says: "Our division was composed of Armstrong's Mississippians and Ross's Texans. Occasionally we had French's Brigade, but I never thought they belonged to our division." French's Brigade was infantry, and was never attached to our division. Jackson's Division was composed of three brigades—Armstrong's, Ross's, and Furgerson's. Ill feeling existed between Jackson and Furgerson, and that brigade was generally kept off on the flank somewhere and was hardly ever with us—Armstrong and Ross. We always spoke of Ross's Brigade as our right bower.

Comrade Kellie is right about our having the same work to do on the left wing of Johnston's army as Wheeler's Corps did on the right. The world never produced any better troops than composed those three brigades. Nearly all were young men, ranging from sixteen to twenty-five, commanded by young officers—the three brigade commanders were twenty-five, twenty-six, and twenty-seven.

I, like Comrade Kellie, have often wondered why so little has been written of Jackson's Division.

[Both the comrades writing of French's Brigade make mistake. The only General French was Samuel G., a major general, and he commanded a division much of the time. He could have commanded the army with honor to his name.—EDITOR.]



"THE PASSING HEROES."

BY ADELAIDE LANE LINCOLN.

One by one they answer roll call,
One by one they pass away;
Pass beyond this vale of heartaches,
Noble wearers of the gray!

Pass and cross that mystic river
Near its placid, restful shore;
Reach the long-lost land of Eden,
Join the comrades gone before.

Ah, each year their ranks grow thinner,
Veterans weary by the way;
Soon life's sun will sink forever
On those wearers of the gray.

When in spring the gentle showers
Kiss sweet rosebuds into bloom,
Then we weave a fragrant garland
For the Southland's cherished tomb.

Weave a garland, yes, of memories—
Memories twined with flowers so rare—
Place it o'er our fearless heroes,
Bid its perfume linger there.

GEN. G. C. WHARTON.

Maj. Gen. Gabriel C. Wharton was born in Culpeper County, Va., little more than eighty-two years ago. He came of an old military family, having descended through a long line from an old Norse Viking. His great-grandfather was Maj. Gen. Sir George Wharton. His grandfather was a brave soldier in the Revolutionary War, and was severely wounded during Lafayette's campaign against Cornwallis in Virginia. He graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1848 along with A. P. Hill, John C. Moncure, and others. It is an error that "he served through the Mexican War." He desired to go with Scott to that war, but his father's pronounced opposition kept him from leaving school.

Before the War between the States General Wharton spent much time in Arizona Territory, where he had large mining interests. On the secession of the Southern States he left at once for his Virginia home. When near the line of Texas, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who was hastening South from California, fell in with Wharton's party, and afterwards (just before the battle of Shiloh) humorously remarked that Wharton captured him and his little party. When Virginia seceded, Wharton was made colonel of the 51st Virginia Infantry. A little later he was promoted to brigadier general, his brigade consisting of the 51st and the 62d Virginia Infantry, Shaw's Battalion, and a battery. His brigade was for some time in the first Kentucky campaign; but his service was devoted almost entirely to the defense of his native Virginia, principally to the valley and the southwestern portion of the State.

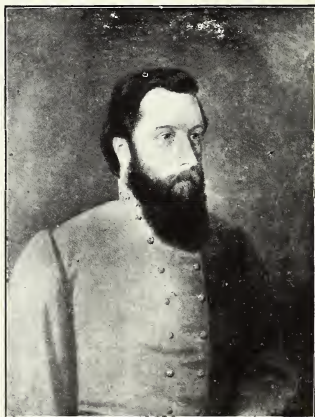
In the spring of 1862 he was intrusted with an important

mission to the Army of Tennessee, and reported to Gen. A. S. Johnston just before the great battle of Shiloh; and, being invited to remain till after that battle, he accepted a position on the staff of General Johnston, and was not far from that great general when he received his death wound. General Wharton told me eight years ago in Atlanta that, although great victories were afterwards gained by our armies, like those of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, Cold Harbor, etc., his hopes were never restored.

General Wharton distinguished himself most in the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, and especially at New Market. For some reason, perhaps never known, he was not liked by President Davis; but he had the implicit confidence and esteem of Lee and of other generals. General Gordon often spoke and wrote of him as "the intrepid Wharton" and of his command as "the superb brigade." General Lee showed his great confidence in Wharton by sending for him for a conference in his own tent when he was about to send a force to drive Hunter from the valley. The great General thrice repeated the injunction, "General Wharton, *you must whip Hunter*," when finally Wharton replied, "Then I will whip him;" and he did—at New Market. Wharton being joined by Gen. J. C. Breckinridge, who assumed the chief command of the pursuit, Hunter was driven entirely out of the Valley. Soon after this campaign Wharton was promoted to a major generalship. He was with Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia the last weeks of the war, and was in the surrender at Appomattox.

In 1863 General Wharton married a Miss Radford, a brilliant young lady, who survived a few years only, leaving a son, now Capt. W. R. Wharton, of New York.

For several years General Wharton served his district as representative in the Virginia Senate. He gave much atten-



GEN. GABRIEL C. WHARTON.

tion to the development of the mining interests of his State. But amid the activities of his busy life he had time to serve God, and for many years he had been recognized as a devout Christian. He died in great peace at his home, in Radford, Va., May 11, 1906. We feel sure that he has joined his former friends and compatriots, Lee, Jackson, and Gordon, and that together they are now "resting under the shade of the trees" of life, while

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

[The foregoing is by J. U. H. Wharton, D.D., Homer, La.]

MRS. NORVELLA D. MARKS.

Many thousands read in the *VETERAN* the report by Mrs. Norvella Davis Marks, widow of Governor Marks (pages 18-20, January, 1906), of her "Return from Dixie." In a personal letter she wrote: "I am glad you like my sketch. As I said before, it is valuable because it shows clearly what trials we endured in those days. We certainly had help from the Lord God Jehovah, who promised his children that he would go with them through the deep waters and with them always even to the end of the world."

Mrs. Marks finished her earthly labors about the middle of March, 1906. Her entire life was consistent with the sentence quoted above, and it may indeed be said that

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

CAPT. HENRY MAY WARREN.

Jesse S. Barnes Camp, U. C. V., of Wilson, N. C., lost a valued member in the death of Capt. Henry May Warren, late Commander of the Camp. He was born March 4, 1836; and enlisted in the war April 17, 1861, as a private in Company F, 4th North Carolina Infantry. His death occurred February 27, 1906, having nearly completed his seventieth year. As a soldier, he exhibited that unflinching courage and sublime heroism which gave the name of Confederate that glory of immortality which will never fade from the pages of history. In time of peace he lived a life equally to be commended for its high-mindedness, and he left behind the record of an honest man, courteous and kind.

JAMES NICHOLAS HASSELVANDER.

J. N. Hasselvander died at his home, in Selma, Ala., on the 4th of September, 1905, leaving his wife, one son, and three daughters. He was an enthusiastic member of Camp Jones at Selma, and ever ready to do anything for the benefit of the organization. Comrade Hasselvander was born at Lorraine, France, October 15, 1846. He entered the Confederate army on the 12th of March, 1862, at Okolona, Miss., as a private in Company I, 2d Alabama Cavalry, under Capt. W. W. Daniel, Col. William Boyle commanding the regiment. He was in the battles of Moscow, Tenn.; Ripley, Mud Creek, Tupelo, Miss.; Marietta, Greensboro, and Atlanta, Ga.; surrendering at Selma May 31, 1865.

JOSHUA E. MIZE.

In reporting the death of Joshua E. Mize, Capt. F. G. Terry, of Cadiz, Ky., says: "If the army had been composed entirely of such men, it would have been invincible."

Joshua E. Mize was born in Rockingham County, N. C., July 1, 1843; and died in Trigg County, Ky., February, 1906. In early childhood he was removed to Dickson County, Tenn., and later to Stewart County, near Cumberland City, where he resided till July, 1861, when he enlisted with Capt. George Stacker, whose company later became Company B, 50th Tennessee Infantry, commanded by Colonel Sugg, and gave honorable service to the Confederate cause till the close of the war. He was captured with his regiment at Fort Donelson, and was seven months in prison at Camp Douglas; was wounded three times, losing his left hand in the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864. He was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Raymond, Miss., Stone's River, Chickamauga, from Dalton to Atlanta, Missionary Ridge, Port Hudson, and others.

Comrade Mize's service in the army was characterized by the same earnest devotion to duty, energy, and push that followed him through life. He was fearless of his enemies, but gentle and lovable as a child to his friends. Like most Confederate soldiers, he commenced the new life penniless; but through energy and thrift his life work was crowned with a fair measure of success. He was married in 1872 to Miss Elizabeth Colly, who, with nine children, survives him.

JAMES S. DILL.

Resolutions by Camp Winkler, of Corsicana, Tex., report the loss of "a faithful and earnest member" in the death of Comrade James S. Dill, "his family a faithful husband and father, and the community a zealous and worthy citizen."

James S. Dill was born in Augusta, Ga., February, 1834; and in that city was reared, receiving a liberal education. He was married in 1857 to Miss Anna E. Archer, both families being prominent in that city. He removed to Navarro County, Tex., after the war, and settled near Purdon. He died on the 1st of May, 1906, survived by his wife and eight children.

In 1861 Comrade Dill enlisted in Company A, 5th Georgia Infantry, and was soon afterwards ordered to Virginia, where he took part in almost every great battle. He leaves a record as soldier and citizen of which his family may well be proud.

DEATHS IN BUCHEL CAMP, TEXAS.

Deaths in Buchel Camp, Wharton, Tex., are reported by Dr. J. T. Bolton, First Lieutenant: John Ferguson was a member of Company E, Bate's Regiment, Morgan's Division. He was captured in Indiana and kept a prisoner at Camps Chase and Douglas for nineteen months. After the war he moved to Texas, and was an exemplary citizen of the State. His death occurred in April, 1905, aged seventy-six. Capt. R. F. Bentley, who died in January, 1906, at the age of sixty-seven, served in Company A, 16th Alabama Regiment. He was in the battles of Fishing Creek, Shiloh, and at Perryville he was severely wounded; was transferred to the engineer's corps and promoted to captain. He went to Texas in 1880, and served as County Judge of Wharton County a number of years.

MILLER—David R. Miller, of the 3d Engineer Corps, C. S. A., died June 16, 1905, aged sixty-three years. Comrade Miller was an active member of W. B. Tate Camp, of Morris-town, Tenn. He was a good soldier, a good citizen, and a consistent member of the Church.

DR. T. R. WATKINS.

He fell asleep in rosy May,
And gently we laid him to rest;
Sleeping now in his coat of gray,
God knoweth what is best.

In the sixty-fifth year of his age, Dr. T. R. Watkins died at his home, in Memphis, Tenn., May 31, 1906. He was born at LaGrange, Tenn., the second son of Richard Watkins and Lucy M. Sneed. He was attending college at Chapel Hill, N. C., when the war broke out; and returning to his home, in Somerville, Tenn., he enlisted in the first company formed there—Company D, 6th Tennessee Infantry, Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division—and was in every engagement of his command until captured at Franklin and sent to Camp Chase. He was wounded at Franklin, and also at Perryville.

After the war he went to Philadelphia, and graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He practiced his profession for forty years in Memphis, and was a true and tried friend to that city in her darkest days. He came into prominence in 1873, during the cholera epidemic of that year; and when yellow fever spread there throughout the land, he offered himself to the Humane Association, and was ever ready to respond to the call of the sick and suffering. When others were fleeing to places of safety, Dr. Watkins was fighting the dread disease with all his skill.

It has been truly said that the sublimity of wisdom is to do those things while living which are to be desired when dying. Dr. Watkins had verified that truth, and his life had been so replete with good deeds that he was ready to receive the benediction: "Well done, good and faithful servant; . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." He was an optimist by nature, and carried gladness and sunshine into the lives of all who knew him; and as an inspiration to his fellow-men, the world is better that he was here.

JAMES STUMP.

James Stump was a man of remarkable strength of character. He was of German birth, but was brought by his parents to America when a child. The family located in Baltimore, and there the greater part of his long life was spent. When fifteen years of age, he was a Mexican war soldier.

In the War between the States he did much valuable service by putting into the perilous service of blockade-running between New York and Richmond several of his own ships. These vessels were all eventually captured. During the administration of President Cleveland he was Master of Arms at the National Capitol. He died while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. W. A. Greer, of Valdosta, Ga., May 2, 1905.

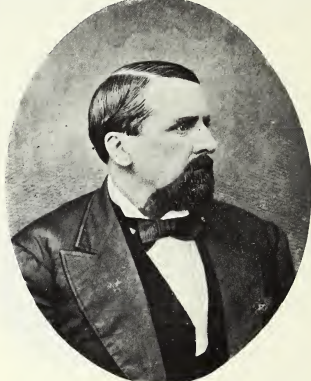
The casket, wrapped in a Confederate flag by the Daughters of the Confederacy, was "covered with banks of flowers." All of his surviving children are residents of Georgia.

NOAH SMITH.

Comrade P. A. Blakey, of Mt. Vernon, Tex., reports the death of a pioneer citizen of Texas and long a resident of the community about Mt. Vernon—Noah Smith, who died on the 23d of February, 1906. He was born in Greenup County, Ky., seventy-six years ago, and went to Texas when quite a youth, locating at Rusk. When the War between the States came on, he enlisted in Company I, 19th Texas Infantry, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. He was a member of the Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., and was true to the principles for which he had fought. In his death the community has lost a good citizen, the Methodist Church an exemplary member, his home a loving husband and father.

MAJ. WILLIAM MASTERSON.

William Masterson died at the home of his sister, Mrs. T. L. Smith, at Columbia, Tex., May 4, 1906. He was born in Nashville, Tenn., in May, 1835, the eldest child of Thomas Gilbert Masterson and Christina Irby (Roane) Masterson.



MAJ. WILLIAM MASTERSON.

The family moved to Texas about 1838; and when his adopted State seceded from the Union and called for troops, William Masterson, though opposed to secession, resigned his position as Deputy United States Marshal and entered the Confederate service as a member of Governor Hubbard's regiment, as second lieutenant of the company under Captain Sharpe. He participated in all the battles of his regiment, and was promoted on the field of battle for gallantry, being made adjutant of his regiment. He was severely wounded in the battle of Mansfield, La., losing an arm, and suffered ever afterwards from a wound in the side until the ball was extracted, about twenty years later.

Comrade Masterson was practically a planter all his life except for his short term as United States Marshal and when Governor Hubbard, remembering his former adjutant, made him a public weigher at Galveston. He owned a fine sugar and cotton plantation on Oyster Creek, where well-known Texas hospitality was dispensed. He was never married, but a devoted sister and four brothers mourn the breaking of family links.

Through his father, William Masterson was connected with the Washingtons of Tennessee; his mother's relations were the Roanes, of Tennessee—Archibald Roane, one of Tennessee's first Governors, and for whom a county of the State was named, was her uncle—and she was a cousin of President Tyler and of the veteran Senator Morgan, of Alabama.

WILLIAMS.—On October 16, 1905, there passed into "the great beyond" the spirit of Comrade G. B. Williams, who was born in Henderson County, N. C., in April, 1842. He enlisted in Company K, of the 24th Georgia Regiment, in the

spring of 1861, and served faithfully to the end. Part of the time he was held a prisoner at Point Lookout. He was an honored member of the Camp at Bozeman, Mont.

DR. J. R. ATKISSON.

Dr. J. R. Atkisson answered the last roll call at his home, in Lavinia, Tenn., on December 29, 1905. He was born in Carroll County January 8, 1845; and enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Company B, 55th Tennessee Infantry, in July, 1861. His first service was at Columbus, Ky.; and he was in the fort on the bluff during the battle of Belmont, Mo. When Columbus was evacuated, he went with his regiment to Island No. 10, and at the surrender of that place they were sent to a Northern prison. After several months he was exchanged, and was in all the fighting around Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Jackson, Miss. His regiment was made a part of the Army of Tennessee at Dalton, Ga.; and he was in that memorable campaign of skirmishing and fighting until the 28th of July, 1864, in front of Atlanta, where he received a wound which rendered him unfit for field service, and he was placed on hospital service and remained in that until the close of the war. He then returned home, studied medicine, and was graduated from the Nashville Medical School in the spring of 1867. From the date of graduation he practiced his profession in his native town and surrounding country until his death, and was considered one of the best-posted physicians of the State.

Dr. Atkisson was married to Miss Bettie Lanier in 1867, and his wife, two sons, and three daughters are left. He was a charter member of Preston Smith Camp, U. C. V., of Lavinia, of which he was Commander from its organization. He was also a prominent Mason and a consistent member of the Church, leaving to his family a heritage of good deeds.



DR. J. R. ATKISSON.

CHRISTOPHER T. LANGLEY.

From New Haven, Conn., a letter comes to the *VETERAN* with an account of the death of "Captain" Christopher Langley, a veteran of their fire department, as well as a veteran of the Confederate army. Going north at the close of the war, he had settled in New Haven, and made a host of friends among all classes. He had been a member of the fire department

nearly thirty-three years, giving meritorious service, and after his retirement his health had failed. C. K. Cadwell, who writes of him, says that Admiral Foote Post, G. A. R., at their meeting in April, sounded "taps" for their departed friend, an evidence of the esteem in which he was held and showing that a strong sentiment has developed among the "boys in blue" toward the brother in gray. "Life is too short," he adds, "for any strife to exist between those who once met in deadly conflict."

Born in Richmond, Va., July, 1847, when the war broke out, Christopher Langley enlisted in Company A, 46th Virginia, known as "Wise's Legion," in honor of and commanded by Governor Wise, the famous Virginia War Governor, and his service extended to the surrender at Appomattox. He is said to have been in twenty-eight regular engagements and from thirty to forty skirmishes. After retiring from regular duty as captain in the New Haven fire department, he was still retained as a "call" captain, and during his long service he was noted for his feats of bravery and his record was one of the most honorable on the rolls. As the most popular fireman in a voting contest, he was sent to the St. Louis Exposition by a host of friends.

Death came to him suddenly through a stroke of apoplexy on the morning of April 3.

DR. J. C. KENDRICK.

From his friend G. J. Buck, of Waco, Tex., comes this tribute to Dr. J. C. Kendrick, who died on May 31, at his home, in Los Angeles, Cal.:

"Almost every man in Gano's Cavalry Brigade, from General Gano to the humblest private, loved Julien Kendrick, the blue-eyed, golden-haired, seventeen-year-old boy, whose amiability and laughing buoyancy made sunshine all about him by day, and whose large store of musical songs cheered the camp fire by night, who fought with the abandon of an old soldier, who never shirked a camp duty, who even then in his boyhood was always and everywhere a gentleman and a Christian. He was the second son of Dr. C. C. Kendrick, preacher and author, famous in Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, and California. After his father's death, Dr. Julien became the recognized head and sage counselor of the family. His wife was the accomplished daughter of Judge Spencer Ford, of Bryan, Tex., one of the foremost lawyers of that State, and she made their home such that it was always a rendezvous of the ten brothers and sisters, all of whom became prominent in their professions and communities, and one of whom is Judge William Kendrick, of Los Angeles.

"Dr. Julien Kendrick was no ordinary man. His melodious songs cheered their Church State Conventions; his speeches equaled those from their best preachers; as a physician he was much beloved; as an esteemed friend, father, and husband he was not surpassed. If we judge of a man's life by the sunshine he diffused, by the moral integrity and perfect purity of life, by the good he did, by the hearts he made happier, by his high grade as a gentleman, a neighbor, a father, and a Christian, then this comrade measured up 'a full-grown man.' How his friends loved him! When I resigned the presidency of the frontier college to go into the Confederate army, Julien Kendrick, the best of the students, and but little my junior followed me, and there was not a better soldier in the brigade. Then during over forty years of unbroken, loyal, intimate friendship the promise of the youth bore fruition in the splendor of the man's fullness. His death has left a void with his family and friends which can never be filled."

COL. ANDREW GLASSEL DICKINSON.

Col. Andrew Glasel Dickinson died at his home, No. 261 Central Park West, New York City, April 5, 1906. Colonel Dickinson was born in Bowling Green, Caroline County, Va., April 15, 1835, the son of Festus Dickinson. The Dickinsons came to this country from Dundee, Scotland, in early colonial days, settling first in New England, later spreading to Pennsylvania and thence to Virginia.

Colonel Dickinson obtained his early education in his native town, and at the age of nineteen years he went to the Southwest, where he began a commercial career, remaining until the outbreak of the War between the States. During the war he held the place of chief of staff in the Confederate army, under Gen. J. B. Magruder. He was one of the commanding officers of the assaulting party which captured the United States war steamer Harriet Lane, and he was desperately wounded in the battle. Later in the war he commanded the line of the Rio Grande, when he was called upon to organize the cotton bureau, which furnished the Texan and Trans-Mississippi Consistory of New York."

When the war closed, Colonel Dickinson went to New York and associated himself with the New York Life Insurance Company. He organized a department for that company which took in Cuba and the other West Indian islands, with the whole of South and Central America and Mexico. Colonel Dickinson received the cross of the Order of Isabella la Catolica from the Queen Regent of Spain in 1869, and the Cross of Bolivar from the United States of Venezuela.

Colonel Dickinson was the organizer of the Confederate Veterans' Camp of New York, of which order he was elected first Commander. He was also elected the President of the Association of Southern Democrats in New York.

In 1861 he married Miss Sue Marshall, daughter of Col. Nicholas D. Coleman, of Vicksburg, Miss., and a niece of Chief Justice Marshall.

He was a member of the Manhattan Club, the Sagamore Club, the New York Southern Society, and the Confederate Veterans' Camp; also director of the Bear Lithia Spring Company.

In compliance with a request of his son, H. M. Dickinson, for particulars of the funeral, he wrote:

"The church [St. Thomas] was beautifully decorated. The beautiful music was appropriate. There was a choir of eight voices, and Mr. Ensworth, a friend of my mother's, sang a solo.

"The honorary pallbearers were Gen. Roger A. Pryor, Capt. Hugh R. Garden, John R. Heggemann, Dr. E. Vansantvord, Mr. T. Walters, Maj. Ed Owen, John C. Calhoun,

Gen. W. T. Douglas, Col. C. E. Thorburn, Dr. J. Harvey Dew. Fifty members of the Confederate Veterans' Camp came to the church in a body, and an equal number from the Association of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"A delegation from the Camp escorted the body to the grave, a special train being provided for that purpose from the Grand Central Depot to Mt. Hope Cemetery, where all that was mortal of our dear father was laid to rest with Masonic honors.

"Rev. Dr. Wasson, of St. Thomas's Church, officiated, with the assistance of Rev. F. M. S. Taylor, our pastor, and the Chaplain of the Confederate Veterans' Camp, Dr. Baker.

"Father was a Thirty-Second Degree Mason, a member of the Mecca Temple and the Consistory of New York."

The death of Col. Andrew G. Dickinson removed from the walks of men one to whom the editor of the VETERAN is indebted to a degree that can never be known. A tribute to his memory, together with an account of what he did for the Confederate cause, would fill an issue of the VETERAN, and then the story would not be told. There is hardly a record in the affairs of men more extraordinary than his zeal for the writer through all the years of this publication.

Colonel Dickinson was a man of much wealth. He had his struggles for years succeeding the war, and retiring in advanced age, he sought peace and quiet. He found health

and pleasurable instruction in travel; and with his wife, to whom he was ardently devoted, he seemed as a young man on a bridal trip while making long journeys by land and sea. But far or near, his thoughtfulness and devotion to the VETERAN and its founder were perpetual. His relation was paternal, and he could hardly have shown more interest in the welfare of a son. In the darkest hours of that worrying lawsuit for libel, when it seemed that only an overruling Providence could have saved the issues and perpetuated this publication, when a majority of the Trustees of the C. M. A. were ostensibly indorsing the prosecution, he was still as steadfast as a father, and the appeal now comes in personal tones: "Cunningham, let me give you the money to maintain the suit. I can spare it, and the expense may be too much for you." Nobody can know the gratitude whereby the acceptance never became necessary, and yet it is profound as if from his prolific purse succor had been accepted. In a long letter, after explaining the earnest desire of Charles B. Rouss to have the writer know that he was loyally and thoroughly his friend, Colonel Dickinson concluded as follows: "I did not intend to refer to this subject again. I dropped the whole thing three years ago when I started around the world. I have avoided the subject ever since, and do not wish to be mixed up in it again." However, he added: "I am as close



COL. A. G. DICKINSON.

to Mr. Rouss now as I ever was. I will advise and assist him when necessary. I have never in my life accepted one cent of his money for my own benefit, nor for expense money for trips in his interest, and I have given money time and time again to aid the work of the Battle Abbey."

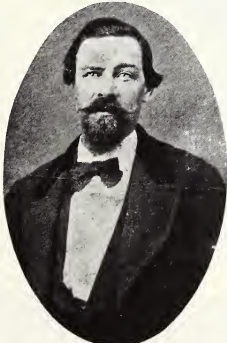
Colonel Dickinson's last letter of a large package fondly preserved stated: "I am a little better, but my improvement is slow. I think when I get out in the country I shall be a different man. The long and tedious winter has been very hard on me. If you come to New York this spring or summer, do not fail to visit me. We shall go to our country place about May 10."

Extracts from these letters of travel may appear soon.

JOSEPH W. BAILEY.

Joseph Weldon Bailey, father of United States Senator Bailey, of Texas, died at the New Orleans Sanitarium on March 21, 1906, after a severe operation. He was born in New York City April 6, 1834, and his life, though radically different from that of his son, who evidently likes public distinction, was full of interesting and romantic incident. He was essentially a home man, living quietly with his family, and would never accept public office.

When twelve years of age young Bailey was taken to Natchez, Miss., by three wealthy and influential uncles named Weldon, who were contractors and had in hand many of the large public improvements of that section of Mississippi.



JOSEPH W. BAILEY.

He was put to school in Natchez, but remained only a short time, running away and going to sea. He served before the mast until grown, then went back and settled at Raymond, Miss., where he married Miss Harriet Dees, who now survives him. At the outbreak of the war he joined the Confederate forces and served until the end.

Later on Mr. Bailey located at Crystal Springs, and was a leading merchant of that place until his retirement, some ten years ago. Had Mr. Bailey lived two years longer he and his devoted wife would have celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Eight children were born of this union, three of them not living. The five surviving children are:

Mrs. W. A. Mason, Clinton, Ky.; Senator J. W. Bailey, Gainesville, Tex.; Mrs. J. R. Rucker, Temple, Tex.; Mrs. W. H. Cox, Crystal Springs, Miss.; Mrs. A. L. Childress, Nashville, Tenn.

WIFE OF "CORPORAL" JAMES TANNER.

Most distressing news came from Helena, Mont., on June 29. Corporal Tanner and wife were taking an automobile trip, when the machine fell from an embankment and Mrs. Tanner was killed.

For more than a quarter of a century Mrs. Tanner had been well known and esteemed in the South through her cordial coöperation in her husband's patriotic and progressive movements for the restoration of fraternal sentiment between the sections. She was attending him in his rounds as Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic at the time of the accident. She was with him at the Wheeler Memorial service in Atlanta; and when surprise was being expressed by a group confidentially that the U. D. C. Division of Georgia were preparing to erect a tablet to martyr Henry Wirz, in Atlanta, Mrs. Tanner referred to the President of the organization, saying: "She is such a nice woman." Of the ladies who assisted in entertaining Mrs. Tanner were Mrs. James Jackson, Mrs. D. J. Carson, Mrs. W. L. Peel, and Mrs. E. G. McCabe.

The burial took place in Arlington National Cemetery July 5. Officers of the Legion of Loyal Women and the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Union Veteran Legion, associates of Mrs. Tanner, were present. Among the floral tributes was a handsome wreath from President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

MRS. E. M. HENRY.

The Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, U. D. C., of Norfolk, Va., mourns the death of Mrs. Edward M. Henry, which occurred on May 26. The resolutions passed in her honor are given here in part:

"As Indiana V. Kilby, Mrs. Henry inherited the best traditions of Virginia; and endowed as she was with unusual intellectual ability, she never failed to illustrate those traditions and adorn the station in life in which God had placed her, whether as daughter, wife, mother, friend, or neighbor. But it is in reference to her connection with the United Daughters of the Confederacy that we would speak now.

"When the War between the States began, she, having bloomed into womanhood, was one of that class of lovely Southern women whose enthusiasm and patriotism did much to support the courage of the men of our own State who, almost without exception, joined the Southern army and served through a long and bloody war.

"Becoming herself the wife of one of those gallant soldiers during the war, she shared with him some of the discomforts, and bore her share of the anxiety which such a union necessarily caused.

"When the war was over, and she and her husband took their places in our community in the new strength of life, Mrs. Henry never lost her warm sympathy for the men and women who had suffered by the war, and as soon as this organization was formed she became, and continued to the day of her death, one of its most active members, always ready to render any service in her power to promote its objects or relieve the suffering of any of its beneficiaries. She never failed to do what was in her power for Confederate soldiers or their families."

Committee: Mrs. William W. Old, Mrs. Theodore S. Garrett, Mrs. Frank Webster.

DR. W. J. McMURRAY.

The death of Dr. W. J. McMurray, of Nashville, has been mentioned incidentally in the *VETERAN*, but a profound sense of duty is incumbent to give a more formal tribute. It would not be extravagant to state that he was the most useful Confederate in Tennessee. Impaired by the loss of an arm in the service and an education which was kept back by the four years of war, still he began the uphill of life with courage undaunted. Soon after beginning his educational course as a physician reconstruction methods were such as to compel a renewal of strife in a more complicated way than open war for the defense of home and morality, and young McMurray organized the Kuklux in a large area extending south of Nashville for fifty miles. Two deserters from the Klan reported its secrets to the military authorities in Nashville, and the determination to have him executed was quickly ascertained. It was believed that summary methods would be adopted, so in a few hours' time the traitors disappeared from the face of the earth and no other witnesses could be found to condemn him. He remained about home during that perilous period. Dr. McMurray began to write the history of the Kuklux operations just before the attack of his fatal illness, but had gone far enough with his notes to enable his friends to complete it.

W. J. McMurray was born in Williamson County, Tenn., September 22, 1842, the son of John McMurray, a noted teacher of young men in that county. When but ten years of age, his mother was left a widow with seven children. As a child he had often heard his father speak of the war that would take place between the North and South; and when the first bugle blast swept over the hills of old Williamson, young McMurray was among the first to respond to its call, and joined a company that was being raised by Capt. Joel A. Battle at Nolensville in April, 1861, which afterwards became Company B, 20th Tennessee Infantry Regiment. Devotion to duty and bravery on the field won him promotions as corporal, orderly sergeant, and to first lieutenant. Some marvelously heroic deeds were performed by this young lieutenant, one of which was the capture of a party of Federal soldiers in the basement of a house by his bold demand that they surrender. An incident of his cool courage is told by his comrades of his going into the battle at Resaca, Ga., with a rally-

ing song on his lips. He was wounded several times. At Murfreesboro he was wounded in the breast, and lay all night in the rain; at bloody Chickamauga he was thought to have been mortally wounded, and was again left on the field through the night; at Resaca he was wounded in the left leg; and on the 5th of August, 1864, he lost his left arm in front of Atlanta. When he had recovered from this wound, he again reported for duty, and surrendered with General Forrest at Marion, Ala., May 17, 1865.

After the war was over, he returned home and went to work in the field to get money for his living and to finish his

education, graduating as valedictorian of his class at the Nolensville Academy in 1867. He then read medicine with two physicians there, and graduated in medicine from the University of Nashville two years later, receiving the unanimous vote of his class of seventy-two graduates to deliver the valedictory address. He began the practice of medicine in 1869, and became noted in his profession and for his liberality toward his patients, and especially for his charity practice. His first prominence in this latter respect was attained by his charity practice for the Tennessee Industrial School, which he served for twelve years.

The crowning work of Dr. McMurray, however, was in his service for the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home, eleven miles from the city. In selecting a Board of Managers some twenty years ago, Dr. McMurray, Capt. M. S. Cockrill, and Maj.

R. H. Dudley, all of Nashville, were made an Executive Board, and for several years the three practically managed the Home. Captain Cockrill looked after the farm (the Hermitage), Dr. McMurray looked specially to the sick (a physician was employed later), and Major Dudley, merchant, looked after the finances. Upon his election as Mayor of Nashville, Major Dudley resigned, and Mr. Joseph B. O'Bryan was chosen his successor, continuing till his death, when Mr. J. B. Richardson succeeded him, and Mr. Tim Johnson succeeded Dr. McMurray. In all these years Dr. McMurray continued his oversight of the sick, traveling a distance in the aggregate of perhaps more than eight thousand miles, at a sacrifice of at least ten thousand dollars. With all these detractions from business he was successful, and he procured a fine estate.

Dr. McMurray was a charter member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, of Nashville; was one of its presidents, and also



DR. W. J. McMURRAY.

President of the State Association. He was President of the State Board of Health at the time of his death, and for a number of years he had been Surgeon General on the staff of Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander in Chief U. C. V. His loyalty and devotion to the cause will be best appreciated by comrades of the South in being recalled as the Commissary for both the Nashville Reunions. His "Confederate Hotel" was always mentioned with pride and satisfaction by the committee. When the second Reunion for Nashville was suggested, he was of the first to say, "No; we have an established reputation and do not want to risk it again;" but when it was decided to entertain the Confederates the second time, Dr. McMurray told his family that he would have to give up home again, and he practically worked night and day until every visiting comrade had left the city.

Dr. McMurray was an enthusiast for the 20th Tennessee Infantry, and with the assistance of Dr. Deering J. Roberts he issued a most authentic history of the regiment a year or so ago. He wrote the sketch of that regiment for Lindsley's "Military Annals of Tennessee." He was married in 1873 to Miss Francis M. McCampbell, daughter of Hon. Thomas C. McCampbell, State Senator from the Knoxville District in 1845. She and their only child, Mrs. Charles L. Ridley, with three grandchildren, survive him.

MISS ANNE CARTER LEE.

BY J. RANDOLPH SMITH, HENDERSON, N. C.

Far from the toil and tumult of the twentieth century, nine miles from a railway, and a half mile from the "high road," is to be found a family graveyard, consisting of less than an acre, situated upon a knoll, surrounded by a forest of cedars. It is always in shadow, for the cedars have been left to shelter the graves. These, with two immense chestnut trees and the running box and flowers, are the only "watchers" of those "asleep."

The little cemetery is inclosed by an iron railing supported by large granite posts surmounted by caps. These are the "sentinels" guarding the "sleepers" within, whose graves are marked by handsome stones of granite and marble.

In the southeast corner there stands a granite column, twelve feet high on a square base four feet each way and one foot high. The die is three feet square with molding on top, the shaft is eighteen inches at the base and twelve at the top, capped by an urn. The whole composes as symmetrical a monument as one could find.



GRAVE OF ANNE CARTER LEE.

Three sides of the die are engraved. On the south (facing you as you approach the grave) is:

"Anne C. Lee, Daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee and Mary Custis Lee."

On the east:

"Born at Arlington June 18th, 1839.

Died at the White Sulphur Springs, Warren County, N. C., Oct. 20th, 1862."

On the west:

"Perfect and true are all his ways

Whom heaven adores and angels praise."

These were the closing lines of one of her favorite hymns, and the one she asked to be sung just before she died.

When General Lee was consulted about the inscription to be placed upon the monument, he sent the above and asked that nothing be added, and that plain English letters be used.

General Lee's family found that it was necessary for them to evacuate their home at Lexington, Va., early in the beginning of hostilities; and after trying several temporary homes, drifted down to the then famous Warren County White Sulphur Springs, hoping that here in this quiet place, with the help of the valued waters, Miss Anne Lee might be nursed to health and strength. Before the war "Old Warren" was one of the leading counties of the State, and "Jones's Spring" (as it was more familiarly known) was the rallying place of the wealth and beauty of North Carolina and her sister States. The proprietor, Mr. William Duke Jones, was an old-time Southern gentleman, and treated his patrons as if they were veritably his "guests." Here in this haven, far from the battles, Mrs. Lee and her daughter made their home. But in October, 1862, the fragile sufferer sank to sleep, surrounded by loving friends, and was laid to rest in this private cemetery of Mr. Jones, which was only a short distance from the hotel.

Impossible as it was for General Lee to leave his place at the head of the army, it was equally impossible for her friends to carry her body to her home at Lexington, and so in this "resting place," the ideal of the old Saxon words "God's Acre," was buried the beloved daughter of the chieftain of the Confederate States army.

Before the war began Mr. Joseph Speed Jones, son of Mr. William D. Jones, employed a competent stonecutter, Zerald Crowder, to place granite steps and supporting columns to his house, which was being remodeled, and also to carve a monument for his wife, lately dead; and in 1862, when Miss Lee died, he had intended that Mr. Crowder should also carve a stone for her grave, but every man having been called into service Mr. Crowder was at "the front." Mr. Jones, wishing to leave undone nothing to show honor to the General's daughter, wrote to General Bragg, who was a Warren County man, asking if he could not have Mr. Crowder detailed for the work of cutting the monument, as his health was not good, and he was unfit for active service in the army. General Bragg wrote on April 2, 1862: "The feeling and just tribute you are quietly paying to the worth and eminent services of my old friend, General Lee, is just what I should have expected of old Warren. Whatever I can do to forward the project will be most cheerfully performed."

General Bragg was with General Lee in the war with Mexico. This letter was dated April 2, 1862. On April 15 he wrote again: "Private Crowder will hand you this. He is directed to see you and execute the work of which you spoke to me, or rather of which you wrote to me. It was necessary to use

some little circumspection to keep General Lee from knowing the object, or he never would have yielded his assent. Be so good as to require him to finish the work as soon as possible, and return and report to me if he is able."

The Warren women took up the work of love, and, electing Mrs. Joseph S. Jones Chairman, organized a society for the purpose of collecting funds with which the grave of Anne Lee might be marked by as handsome a stone as they in their own great need could give. No others were asked to subscribe than the women of Warren County. This was the first monument ever erected to a woman by women, and this handful of Confederate daughters formed the corner stone of the many Chapters of the U. D. C.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. W. J. Green were the largest contributors, and made possible this handsome monument, though many a "Widow's Mite" was gladly given.

These Daughters (the first) also made all arrangements for the unveiling. They invited the "Poet of the Confederacy," Capt. James Barron Hope, of Norfolk, to be the orator of the day. He complied, and delivered upon that momentous occasion an elegiac ode. Extracts from this poem are as follows:

AN ELEGIAC ODE.

He chastens us as nations and as men;
He smites us sore until our pride doth yield;
And hence our heroes, each with hearts for ten,
Were vanquished in the field;

And stand to-day beneath our Southern sun
O'erthrown in battle and despoiled of hope,
Their drums all silent and their cause undone,
And they all left to grope

In darkness till God's own appointed time
In his own manner passeth fully by.
Our penance this. His parable sublime
Means we must learn to die.

Not as our soldiers died beneath their flags,
Not as in tumult and in blood they fell,
When from their columns, clad in homely rags,
Rose the Confederate yell.

Not as they died, though never mortal men
Since Tubal-cain first forged his cruel blade
Fought as they fought, nor ever shall again
Such leader be obeyed!

No, not as died our knightly, soldier dead,
Though they, I trust, have found above surcease
For all life's troubles, but on Christian bed
Should we depart in peace,

Falling asleep like those whose gentle deeds
Are governed through time's passions and its strife,
So justly that we might erect new creeds
From each well-ordered life,

Whose saintly lessons are so framed that we
May learn that pain is but a text sublime,
Teaching us how to learn at Sorrow's knee
To value things of time.

Thus thinking o'er life's promise-breaking dreams,
Its lights and shadows made of hopes and fears,
I say that Death is kinder than he seems,
And not the King of Tears.

The complete poem is found in "Vance's Sketches of North Carolina," but the book is now out of print.

It was not until the summer of 1866 that the monument was ready for public dedication. The ladies sent invitations to General Lee and his family by special messengers; and asked that, if they could not be present at the time specified, they appoint a time when they could be present. General Lee could not be present by the terms of his parole, and traveling at that time was too dangerous an undertaking for Mrs. Lee and her daughters; but Gens. G. W. Custis Lee and W. H. F. Lee came, and were the guests of their old West Point comrade, Col. Wharton J. Green, at his home, Esmeralda, several miles from "Jones's Springs." Here too, as guest for the occasion, was Orren Smith, the right hand of the "Daughters," putting the monument in position, making the scaffolding safe and ready for Mr. Crowder—who was to have the honor of putting the finishing touches to his own work—to place the urn upon the monument, clearing the grounds in front of the cemetery, arranging the speaker's stand and seats for the guests. For all this Colonel Green gave him the money from his own pocket to pay the hands, and on the great day was the master of ceremonies.

Some time after, the year before General Lee died, he with his daughter, Miss Agnes, drove in a buggy to Mr. Joseph Jones's house as quietly and simply as one neighbor going to see another. Mr. Jones was planting potatoes, and went to meet his guests, Southern fashion, never dreaming that one was of all men the man he honored most.

When General Lee arrived at his daughter's grave, he was deeply affected and much gratified that the women of their little had done so much for him and his. He said that he never wished his daughter moved from this hallowed spot, then he spoke of North Carolinians as true and tried friends.

Several years ago Mr. Orren Smith, knowing that so few people knew of the quiet grave in North Carolina, took his daughter to this "God's Acre" that she might make a sketch of it. An oil picture, done from this sketch of the grave and monument, is now in the North Carolina Room of the Museum at Richmond, Va., the old "White House" of the Confederacy. Another picture of the monument as you approach the cemetery is at his home, in Henderson.

Mrs. Lee's letter to James Barron Hope is appropriate here:

"LEXINGTON, VA., November 10, 1866.

"I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to you, my dear sir, for sending me that beautiful sketch of my dearest child's tomb.

"I have often longed to revisit it, and it is an inexpressible comfort to me daily to view this image of a spot so dear. I have loved to think of her dying so quiet in that lovely place where the foot of our invaders never trod; to know, too, that she was spared the misery of seeing the downfall of the cause she so much loved. She only met the doom Heaven often awards its favorites, and I am content.

"I do not know the names or ages of your children, but send them two photographs of the General which they may perhaps value in the time to come. You can place their names on the back of each card.

"Yours most truly and respectfully, M. C. LEE."

Mrs. Lee also wrote a letter to Mr. Joseph S. Jones, still treasured by Mr. Howard Jones, son of the recipient.

So here in this beautiful "God's Acre," where she was laid to rest in 1862, we leave until that last great morn the dust of her who was the daughter of that Christlike man, our chief-

tain, Robert E. Lee, hoping, praying that we may live to see that prophetic vision of Captain Hope's come true:

"In the future some historian shall come forth both strong and wise,

With a love of the republic and the truth before his eyes.

He will show the subtle causes of the War between the States,

He will go back in his studies far beyond our modern dates,

He will trace out ideas as the miner does the lodes,

He will show the different habits born of different social codes;

He will show the Union riven, and the picture will deplore;

He will show it reunited and made stronger than before;

Slow and patient, fair and truthful must the coming teacher be

To show how the knife was sharpened that was ground to prune the tree.

He will hold the scales of justice, he will measure praise and blame,

And the South will stand the verdict, and will stand it without shame."

The remains of Miss Mildred Lee, youngest daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee, were on March 31, 1906, placed in a crypt of the Lee mausoleum at Washington and Lee University. The other members of the family buried there with General Lee are his wife and daughter, Miss Agnes Lee.

GEORGE P. MASSENGALE.

The death of G. P. Massengale on May 8, 1902, removed from the citizenship of St. Louis a prominent and beloved man—a man who stood high in the business world and who

had won for himself, by deeds of charity and kindness, the love of his fellow-men. He was the leading member of the Russell-Massengale Commission Company, and for years a member of the Directory of the Lumberman's Exchange.

George P. Massengale was born in Wrightsboro, Ga., in 1843, and while attending school at the Adelfoff Institute, on Lookout Mountain, the war came on between the North and South. He promptly enlisted, though not eighteen years of age, and served four years, rising to the rank of colonel. He took part in many of the severest battles of the war, including Shiloh, and was severely wounded in the head at the battle of Peachtree Creek, in front of Atlanta, when serving under General Hood.

Just after the war Mr. Massengale went to Nashville, Tenn., as manager of the Noel Flouring Mills; but in 1876 he removed to St. Louis and established with his brother, the late Maj. Henry Massengale, a grain commission company, which he gave up some years later to engage in the lumber business.

He was married in 1870 to Miss Julia B. Smith, of Georgia, who survives him, their only child having died in infancy. He was a brother of Capt. John E. Massengale, Manager of the St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Company, and had two sisters, Mrs. L. M. Pickett, of St. Louis, and Mrs. John R. Knox, of Omaha.

A friend writes of him: "He carried to the altar of his native land the enthusiasm that only a boy can know. To him the duty of defending her was not dampened by abstruse questions of constitutional law. He believed through life in secession, but accepted defeat with 'that proud patience which the gods are said to love' . . . He had in a marked degree the chivalry and manly grace of the Southern gentleman, but he had more: In him was found a strict integrity and high sense of honor. His life should act as a stimulant to the rising generation who come from Southern ancestry and whose hearts are full of interest for the past and present of that beautiful part of the country."

The Stonewall Jackson Bivouac will hold its sixteenth annual reunion at McKenzie, Tenn., on Saturday, July 21, 1906. It will be appropriate to pass resolutions at this reunion in honor of the late Judge A. G. Hawkins, who for so many years was in an important sense its leader.

George C. Templeton, President Temple (Tex.) National Bank, writes: "Who knew David Rogers during the war? He enlisted at Grapevine, Tarrant County, Tex. He had a son, Adam, in the artillery. He is now at this place very old and poor, and wishes a pension. Any Confederates that can aid him will please write me at Temple, Tex."

CONFEDERATE GRAVES NORTH TO BE MARKED.—The number of graves of Confederate dead in the North is stated to be 30,152, of which 726 are known and 481 are designated as citizens, while the remainder are to have the sad word "unknown" on headstones. These graves are in 89 localities. It is stated that 9,300 Confederates are buried in national cemeteries. The commissioner in charge of this important work is Col. W. E. Elliott, of Charleston, S. C.

TWELFTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.—At a reunion of Companies A and D, of the 12th Virginia Cavalry, on June 9, the anniversary of the battle of Brandy Station, there were present three survivors, Henry, William, and Ben Eagle, of Company A, and seventeen of Company D, of whom four were named Osborne—J. B., G. W., A. L., and R. L.



GEORGE P. MASSENGALE.

"THE STORY OF CAMP CHASE" AND ITS AUTHOR.

The VETERAN could not exaggerate its sentiment in behalf of the work recently issued by Col. W. H. Knauss under title of "The Story of Camp Chase." The book is full of interest; it is in succinct form, a mine of history, and it breathes a spirit of fraternity from cover to cover. It has been produced by years of labor in compiling as accurately as possible the details of prison life and with unstinted outlay of money. The work is complete, and the finished book is ready for those who can afford it and will expend the small sum of \$2.20 necessary to meet the outlay of its cost.

This is an important work by Colonel Knauss and his collaborators, and every Southern person who would honor the patriot and benefactor should be diligent to procure it.

Bear in mind continually that the editor of the VETERAN has done what he could to aid Colonel Knauss in this work gratuitously; and with an earnest desire to have every copy of it purchased promptly, he urges all friends who are grateful to Colonel Knauss for his years of unceasing service and a large outlay of his own money for our honored dead in Ohio to respond to the plea that they buy the book at once. Order of him at Columbus, Ohio, or of the VETERAN.

The following tribute by Walter A. Clark most eloquently presents the noble service of this good friend to the South and should awaken quick response from those who are indebted to him for much:

"More than forty years ago, when the drums were beating and the sulphurous breath of battle tainted all this Southern air, the Federal government established near Columbus, Ohio, a military prison within whose rifle- and bayonet-girdled walls thousands of Confederate soldiers were held as prisoners of war, wasting away under the rigor of the climate to which they were unaccustomed, pining away by starvation and under the depressing influence of a confinement that seemed so endless; and denied the loving ministry of sister, wife, or mother, twenty-two hundred and sixty of these men sickened and died, and were given burial in what was then alien and unfriendly soil.

"For thirty years these graves, neglected and forsaken, felt not the touch of care or tenderness from the hands of either friend or foe. But in the tide of time there came into the heart of one man the consciousness that under each of these forgotten mounds there lay the sleeping dust of 'Somebody's Darling.' Reared under a less sunny sky, bravely loyal to another flag, he had met these men or their comrades in the shock of battle, and bore upon his body lasting evidence of the meeting. And yet this ex-Federal soldier, Col. William H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, for six years, unaided, practically cared for these Confederate graves, had the ground cleared of rubbish, and laid above them at each recurring springtime the flowers that kindred hands, if opportunity had served, would lovingly have placed there. Inspired by his example and by his long, unselfish service, other hearts were touched, and now within the silent city of the dead there stands a monument reared in honor of these men who sleep in loneliness and death so far from home and kindred, crowned by the figure of a Confederate soldier, his face turned toward the Southland.

"Posterity cannot forget, and would not if it could, the radiant heroism of Richard Kirkland, the brave Carolina boy who, heedless of hissing Minies and shrieking shells, heedless of the dangers that menaced him at every step, went out over the lead-swept slopes of Marye's Hill to carry water to the parched and pleading lips of his wounded, suffering

foes. Nor will it disregard Pat Cleburne's gallant men at Kennesaw, who, at the bidding of their leader, threw down their smoking guns and, leaping the breastworks, went out under the blazing sun and the fiercer heat of the burning woods to rescue from the hissing flames the maimed and helpless boys in blue.

"And so I feel assured that every true man and woman under this Southern sky will hold always in grateful and loving remembrance the kindly, unselfish service of Colonel Knauss, the Good Samaritan who laid out his great heart in loving ministry over their sacred dust. And when the final day shall come, when in the radiance of the resurrection air the 'Book of Gold' shall be unclosed by angel hands, full high upon its shining pages his name shall stand beside Abou Ben Adhem's as 'one who loved his fellow-man.'

"And now this golden-hearted soldier in a volume of four hundred pages, issued by the Southern Methodist Publishing House at Nashville, has written up the 'Story of Camp Chase.' In graphic style and thrilling narrative it paints the long-drawn agony of prison life, its hardships and privations. It tells of daring efforts to escape its horrors that succeeded, and just as daring ones that failed; of a brave Southern woman smuggling prison letters through the lines; of their interception and of their unearthing on dusty library shelves when more than forty years had passed; of Morgan's reckless raid into Ohio; his capture and marvelous escape; of a daring Confederate spy who won recruits for Southern arms on loyal soil and under the very eyes of Union officers; of the long list of those who fell on many battlefields and found a burial where they fell.

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Eugene Wiggins, of Scotland Neck, N. C., served in a Virginia company, having enlisted when sixteen or seventeen years of age. The company and number of regiment are wanted by his daughter to aid her in application for membership to the Daughters of the Confederacy. Such information will be gratefully appreciated. Address John L. Cantwell, Wilmington, N. C.

John Egbert, 2020 Bank Street, Louisville, Ky., seeks some information of a long-lost brother, Delancy Egbert, of whom he has not heard since the war, the last information being that he was, interpreter for Mexicans at New Orleans.

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J. B. Chaplin, of Sarasota, Fla., would like to hear from some of his old comrades of the 16th South Carolina, Company A. He would also like to know how many of the boys were killed, wounded, and missing out of the old company at Franklin, Tenn. C. J. Elford was colonel and Thomas Roberts was captain, both from Greenville, S. C.

J. C. Ferguson, Booneville, Ark., desires the address of one or more comrades who served with him in Company A, 8th Regiment Tennessee Cavalry (afterwards combined with the 8th Texas Cavalry), under General Forrest.

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H. E. Duffel, of Hohen Solms, La., has a number of books and magazines which he is anxious to dispose of at a fair price, and invites correspondence from those who find in the list something desirable: "John Ashton," a story of the war, by Capers Dickson; "Life in Dixie during the War," by M. A. H. Gay; "Some Rebel Relics," by A. T. Goodloe; "History of the Fourth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers," paper cover; "Mosby's War Reminiscences," by John S. Mosby; "Uncle Scipio," by Mrs. J. H. Wadsworth, paper cover; "War Talks of Confederate Veterans," by S. S. Bernard; "Southern Soldier Stories," by G. C. Eggleston; "Virginia of Virginia," by Amelie Rives; "The Heart of Virginia," by I. Prentiss Tracy; "The Gray and the Blue," by E. P. Roe; "Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison," by G. A. Sola; "Story of the Confederate States," by Prof. J. T. Derry; "Deeds of Daring by the American Soldiers," "Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis," by J. William Jones, D.D.; "Pictorial History of the Great Civil War," by I. L. Wilson; "The Confederate Mail Carrier," by James Bradley. The following by John Esten Cooke, cheap edition: "Beatrice Hallam," "Stonewall Jackson," "Hilt to Hilt," "Mohun," "Westbrook Hall." In addition, he has a number of old magazines for sale.

Mrs. A. Simpson, of Baird, Tex., asks that some one who knew John P. Holloway in the army will kindly write to her. He volunteered in Walker County, Ga., in May, 1862; and served as second lieutenant of Company E, 39th Georgia Regiment. He was captured near Vicksburg, Miss., in May, 1863, and taken to Johnson's Island. His widow wishes to procure proof of service in order to secure a pension, as she is old and feeble and has no means of support.

C. T. Boggs, of Stephens, Ark.: "If there are any comrades living who were members of the 1st Georgia Regulars, I would like to hear from them."

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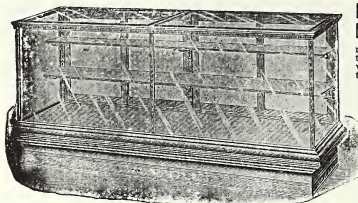
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Vol. XIV.

AUGUST, 1906.

No. 8.

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John Goode, lawyer, soldier, statesman, has had a long, active, varied, useful life; he has served his State and his country in many ways and always to his honor and his State's good. He has come in personal contact with great men; he has helped frame measures of national importance; he has been concerned in the larger human interests, in problems of war, peace, legal rights, government. He was a member of the Virginia House of Delegates; he served on the staff of Gen. Early; he was in the Confederate Congress and in the 44th, 45th, and 46th Congresses of the United States; in 1885 President Cleveland appointed him Solicitor General. When the last Virginia State Constitutional Convention met, John Goode was chosen its president, for in all Virginia no other man so completely represented the best in the life and traditions of the Old Dominion.

When a man has served well his fellow-men, when his work has been effective for good, when his acts and thoughts have been of more than personal or private significance, it is well that a record be made of that life. John Goode's life has been dedicated to Virginia.

Since it is next to impossible that any man write of another with adequate knowledge and justice, the man who can tell the story of his own life is very fortunate. In spite of certain minor difficulties inherent in the autobiographical form, it remains the best possible way to write what we afterwards call "history," and the memoirs and reminiscences of to-day become the priceless material for the historian of tomorrow, when the historian looks at men and deeds and measures in their broad and final relationships. Yet this book is not merely an autobiography, but is the recollections of a lifetime, in which John Goode, as usual, has more to say of others than of himself.

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BY REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D.D.

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Dr. Jones has written of a man among men. His hero is no weak man, but a giant of towering height and character of the might of gentleman, and self-command. A modest, God-loving gentleman, a firm, staunch patriot and intrepid soldier, a brilliant commander, a magnanimous foe, a thorough scholar, a useful and honorable citizen, Robert Edward Lee's place is at the head of the great men of recorded time.

We cannot have too many biographies of him, we cannot raise too many monuments to him, we cannot see his gentle face too often. Noble, just and generous, tender, strong and loving, he is venerated and loved throughout the world. Any serious work touching upon his life and character must command respect, and here we have his life as told by himself through his letters and by his chaplain, "the fighting parson," whom he greatly loved.

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The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil war* was too long ago to be called the *late war*, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1906.

No 8. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM.
PROPRIETOR.

GATHERING AT FRANKLIN SUGGESTED.

THE VETERAN suggests a gathering at Franklin, Tenn., of the survivors of that great battle, November 30, 1864. There have doubtless never been in the history of warfare two armies who were more valiant to the death and whose deportment toward those who were captured was more considerate. Think of how Gen. John Adams was treated—his horse dead across the breastworks and he wounded to death in the enemy's hands! The valor of both sides was such as to create the most profound respect each for the other.

It would be deeply interesting for the survivors of each side to have explained on the ground the positions and movements of their antagonists; it would be comforting beyond expression for comrades who were side by side in that awful carnage to meet again on the sanguinary ground. Besides, the property on both sides the pike, including the Carter House, the cotton gin, and the locust grove, is owned by people who are willing to sell at actual values. They have made these offers, and in such a meeting a movement might be inaugurated whereby the government would be induced to purchase an area at least large enough to include the principal parts of the battlefield.

There is no place in America more suitable for a monument to be erected by the government equally honoring the heroism of American soldiers than at Franklin.

A MESSAGE TO NEW CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT U. D. C.

So much easier is it to get into the right way of doing things at the beginning than to remedy matters after having gotten into the wrong way that I have for several months contemplated writing this for the special benefit of new Chapters. They are generally at sea as to the best way of beginning work, and the first mistake made is not to take themselves as Chapters seriously enough. Parliamentary law seems to those who have almost no knowledge of it too silly for serious consideration, while, in fact, when we look into it well and get a right view it is the most sensible thing on earth, and we wonder why any set of people ever try to conduct an association or club of any kind without a strict adherence to parliamentary principles. So, first of all, get for the use of your President a copy of "Robert's Rules of Order." I do not say get Shattuck, because the convention in San Francisco unanimously recommended the adoption of "Robert's Rules of Order," and I feel very sure that the change will be made at our next convention. Then a careful study of both

reveals the fact that even for beginners "Robert's Rules" is best. It is very simple. There are as few technical terms used as it is possible to use, so that persons wholly ignorant of parliamentary law have no difficulty in understanding. Pass a rule that the meetings shall be conducted by parliamentary rules, and pay attention when your President calls your attention to them. She of course will do this courteously, and no offense can be meant or taken. Observe the rules as she points them out to you, for as General Robert says: "It isn't the business of every man and woman to study parliamentary law; but it is the business of every presiding officer to do so, that he may conduct the business of a meeting properly."

When you make a motion that is out of order, be glad that your presiding officer is capable of suggesting the right motion to you after she has ascertained from you the thing you want accomplished. We women are new in this kind of work and are not expected to have had any experience to teach us, and it is not expected that all of us will make a study of it. We elect a President to do this part of the work, and it is ours to see that we uphold her in doing her duty. This thing of conducting your meetings upon parliamentary principles will steer you safely over many rocks and shoals which lie in the course which every Chapter must travel to usefulness. And I know that is the place for which all your sails are set; you would not have organized your selves into Chapters of the U. D. C. otherwise. And keep this always before you: that the rule of the majority is the *first* principle not only of parliamentary law but of every principle of law and justice. We cannot do anything at all otherwise. Fight pleasantly, fairly, and courteously as long as the fight is on; but when once the battle is decided, join cheerfully with the majority to do the work of the Chapter. Never lose sight of the fact that people may be just as honest, just as desirous for the good of the Chapter and its objects as you are and yet differ radically with you as to the best way to accomplish those things. We cannot all see alike; each must do her own thinking, and we must not expect others to always agree with us. For myself it is fortunately so, as it would be a sadly monotonous world otherwise. And if we will try to put our selves in the places of all those who do not agree with us, we may get a view point which will give us some new ideas.

Then for the best, the *very best* way to grow and develop work. Take up some special work. Write to Mrs. Heckman for the minutes of the last convention. Read the reports of

the different Divisions and see the work being done by them. Write to your Division officers for the minutes of that Division's last convention, and read the reports of the Chapters. Write freely to the President of your Division, and she can and will, I am sure, take pleasure in giving you excellent advice as to your work. The work which her experience and knowledge of conditions in your Division show her is most needed she knows better than any other person—certainly better than you who have just begun the work. Occasionally a Division makes the mistake of putting an autocrat in the place of President. That is unfortunate, but a Division rarely repeats this offense, and keep before you the fact that autocrats have autocratic manners, and they never see that those manners may be offensive to others; so don't be easy to take offense. The large majority of Division Presidents are big-hearted, fair-minded, generous women, who take a *real* pleasure in spending themselves and all they have for the best interests of the Division and its Chapters, whose affairs are intrusted to them. They desire above everything else harmony, usefulness, and growth for the Chapters in their Division, and will go to any amount of trouble to attain that end. And when you send them letters which do not receive immediate or prompt answers, *know* that there is some *good* reason why the answers haven't come and wait patiently for them.

Set yourselves high standards. Do not use for your official correspondence any scrap of paper which happens to be convenient. Get a good supply of the elegant U. D. C. paper, on which for a very little extra you can have added the name and number of your Chapter. If you will write to Mrs. Lily McDowell, Holly Springs, Miss., Chairman of the Stationery Committee, she will be glad to put you in the way of getting this paper very reasonably. Cheap paper and things of a like kind put a cheap estimate on your Chapter; and you want a dear estimate on it, because you mean to put it upon a high plane and keep it there. Let the Southern lady appear in everything you do, and remember that innate refinement and delicacy are the infallible marks by which Southern ladies may be known. Wealth has nothing to do with it. Courtesy, consideration for others, respect for the rights of everybody, and modesty—who in the world does not admire these qualities of the Southern lady? You may appear right for an instant by laying aside courtesy, but do you enjoy it when the calm thought comes?

And I must say a word to Presidents of Chapters. Never forget that you are the servants of the Chapters over which you preside. You are in the chair to conduct the business in the best way possible, and not to display any little knowledge of parliamentary law that you may have acquired. *You can lead people almost anywhere, but they will not be driven!* While you are in the chair if some member makes the wrong motion or makes a motion at the wrong time, in the first place ascertain the object which she wishes to attain, and suggest in a polite way the proper motion for her to make; in the latter politely tell her the motion is out of order at that time, but will be in order at some future time, to which point her. All of this you will find more fully set forth in "Robert's Rules," but I am calling attention to it to impress it on you.

Never take the responsibility of doing something which will involve the Chapter without first getting the Chapter's consent. You can at any time get a meeting of the Executive Board of the Chapter, and that can act for the Chapter. I have known Presidents of Chapters to get in very embarrassing positions by pledging the Chapters to things without first

consulting them. And I have rarely known a case where the President consults the Chapter beforehand that she does not get it to do as she wishes.

When you want advice, while I hold the office of President General it will give me pleasure to give it, and I am sure your Division President feels the same way.

Be sure to send at least *one* delegate to each Convention, Division and General. There is not anything which will help a Chapter like sending its members as delegates to the Conventions. The personnel of the Conventions is inspiring, and each delegate who goes returns with enough added enthusiasm for one's work to give a part of it to all the Chapter. Don't say, "O, a proxy will do as well," for it will not. Nothing helps us like meeting and talking to those old in the work.

Subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., which is the official organ of all the Confederate organizations, and that will help you very much, as you can get from it what we are doing.

May peace attend your paths and usefulness be your ambition!

MISSISSIPPIAN IN BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

M. E. Hanks, of Company H, 32d Mississippi Regiment, writes from Gumlog, Ark.: "In the battle of Chickamauga Wood's Brigade, composed of the 16th and 45th Alabama Regiments and the 32d and 45th Mississippi Regiments, was ordered to lie down on an eminent position fronting the enemy's breastworks, where we lay and loaded and fired till ammunition was exhausted. We were then ordered to fall back, and retired some half mile and halted, yet still exposed to many of the enemy's missiles. Colonel Lowry rode hurriedly to the front, but returned soon and called loudly for the infirmiry corps. Failing to get them, he then called for volunteers from his regiment, the 32d, to go with blankets to meet Major Carr, who was coming badly wounded. I, with several others, started, and upon meeting the Major spread our blankets and laid him on them. While in a stooping position, preparing to raise him, a solid shot, perhaps a two-pounder nearly spent, came over us, hitting John Agnew, of Company A, and coming on diagonally over the Major, glanced me on the head, knocking both of us from our places at the blanket and disabling both. At the field hospital I learned that one or two other squads were broken up before the Major was gotten over the danger line. If any comrade can give any further account of the whole affair, I shall be glad to see it."

NEW OFFICERS.

At the recent annual election of officers in the Sterling Price Camp, Dallas, Tex., the following officials were chosen: W. M. Swann, Commander; W. R. Daniel, J. W. Dixon, Lieutenant Commanders; O. Steele, Adjutant; W. H. Gaston, Quartermaster; Rev. R. M. Gano, Chaplain; B. H. Means, Vidette; T. J. Pulliam, Officer of the Day; Dr. T. F. Berry, Surgeon; Dr. T. B. Fisher, Assistant Surgeon.

Thanks of the Camp were extended to the retiring officers for the faithful performance of their duties during the past year. This is one of the largest U. C. V. Camps in existence, and its usefulness is hardly limited to the State lines of the great Texas.

As usual, a large attendance of Texas Veterans will be at the Dallas Fair, October 25 and 26.



MISS KITTIEBELLE STIRLING,
Sponsor Raphael Semmes Camp, Mobil., Ala.

INQUIRIES BY AND ABOUT VETERANS.

W. H. Magehan, Webster Groves, Mo.: "I am anxious for information as to the whereabouts of a certain Confederate captain belonging to Colonel Freeman's Confederate command, who during the war (about 1862) was making a perilous trip with a squad of 'guerrillas' through Southwest Missouri, and was captured in the vicinity of Lebanon with eleven privates of his command by the Federal forces under General McNeil. A court-martial was held, and he was condemned to be executed with his eleven men in retaliation for twelve men similarly dealt with by General Quantrell. Being a military telegraph operator then at that station, and overhearing the noble and brave plea the captain was making not only for himself but for his men, I ventured my influence toward his rescue, which I accomplished, making exchange of an officer of like rank through Gratiot Street Prison, St. Louis. Coming in contact with him again after the lapse of about six months aboard the steamer Belle Memphis in a certain trip from Memphis to St. Louis, wherein a second interview was promised at St. Louis, which intervening circumstances prevented, the matter was overlooked, and I neglected to obtain the captain's address. I think he claimed his original home to be near General Pillow's plantation, somewhere adjacent to Helena, Ark. In this last interview he intimated that he was en route to Europe via New York, where he had friends and relatives to accompany him. I am interested in his welfare."

[This must have been Thomas R. Freeman, whose Missouri Cavalry Regiment, without number, bore his name.—EDITOR.]

WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

Come, all you sons of Freedom, and join our Southern band;
We are going to fight the enemy and drive them from our land.
Justice is our motto, and Providence our guide;
So jump into the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

Chorus.

Wait for the wagon,
The dissolution wagon;
The South is our wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

Secession is our password, and our rights we'll all demand,
And to defend our firesides we pledge our heart and hand.
Jeff Davis is our President, with Stephens by his side;
Brave Beauregard, our general, will join us in the ride.

Our wagon's plenty large enough, our running gears are good;
It's stuffed with cotton round the sides, and made of Southern wood.

South Carolina is the driver, with Georgia by her side;
Virginia will hold our flag up, and we'll all take a ride.

There're Tennessee and Texas also in the ring;
They wouldn't have a government where cotton isn't king.
Alabama, too, and Florida have long ago replied;
Mississippi is in the wagon, anxious for the ride.

Kentucky and Maryland are slow;
They must join ere long, or where will they go?
The Missouri boys are ready to join our noble tide,
So come along, brave Jackson, and join us in the ride.

Our cause is just and holy, our men are brave and true;
To whip the Lincoln invaders is all we have to do.
God bless our noble army! in him we all confide;
So jump into the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

"OLD SOUTH," BY DR. H. M. HAMILL.

J. W. Culver, of Cuevas, Miss., writes to Dr. Hamill:

"I am just in receipt of your booklet on the 'Old South,' and have read it through. I wish to thank you for the intense pleasure it has given me. I am particularly interested in the 'Old South.' My mother and father and their parents before them were slave owners, and from them I have heard the traditions of the days of which you write. I was born and reared in Hancock County, Ga.; and it somehow seems to me that even within my memory things, conditions, and people were largely the same in many respects that they were in ante-bellum days. It is a source of pleasure that Bishop Pierce and my grandfather Culver were bosom friends and that my father was named Pierce for the Bishop.

"All these things, the proximity to Stephens's old home, and many other connecting links, make your booklet have a vital meaning to me. I know the conditions have been accurately portrayed and that you have handled them with no prejudice for or against.

"I have one or two Northern friends who have come to the South to live. They have changed many of their views on the race question and things relative thereto. I shall show them your book, and feel sure that it will give them pleasure and profit.

"I heard you lecture while I was living in Atlanta, and greatly enjoyed it. The book, however, has furnished me much more pleasure on account of its subject and the treatment given it. I wish its circulation it deserves, the rest will follow."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

PRESIDENT DAVIS AND GENERAL JOHNSTON.

Recent publications of President Davis's "unsent message" to the Confederate Congress, in which he gave his reasons for refusing to reinstate Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to an important command, have caused a revival of the unhappy controversies among Southerners. The Veteran reproduces the message in this issue and publishes comments by some who espouse the cause of General Johnston. It is done not to contribute to controversy, but to show specially why Mr. Davis superseded General Johnston when the Army of Tennessee, which he commanded, was so opposed to it. This message is to be found in the "Rebellion Records," but until recently had not attracted general attention.

Mr. Davis deserves at the hands of General Johnston's advocates consideration of the reasons that influenced him, which are so clearly set forth in the message; and now that several decades have elapsed through which Mr. Davis suffered martyrdom, and was faithful to the end of his years, it surely is due his memory to give him an unprejudiced hearing. Looking back to that tragic period, when the clash was on, when the doom of the Confederacy was in its worst possible crises, and not only the liberty but the life of Mr. Davis was in greatest jeopardy, it is without reason that his "prejudices" controlled him to the degree then believed by his actions. The writer, who served under General Johnston and was so enthusiastic for him as to share the earnest prejudice against Mr. Davis, is impelled to assert the faith that no patriot was ever truer to his convictions of right than was the Confederate President. The trial for him to oppose the re-appointment of General Johnston recalls that tragic period when he was being shackled in prison and he begged the guard to kill him rather than degrade and humiliate in such manner the millions of people that he represented.

It is clear now that radical differences between Mr. Davis and General Johnston were as honest as ever actuated men; and, while desiring to justify Mr. Davis as being influenced by the most exalted, and absolutely pure, motives, the writer, who carried a gun under Johnston, remembers the conditions, and believes that no greater influence, human, could have been exercised over an army than was that by General Johnston. In personal illustration mention is made of a time when Johnston's army was going from Canton toward Vicksburg. The writer had returned to his command from a severe illness, and on a hasty fatigue march in an August sun, when the wags even were silent, he was almost fainting from fatigue and thirst, and was depressed over the fear of an incompetent commander—a brigadier general, as he thought, but a gallant officer who was afterwards killed in battle—when he was startled by the breaking of buck bushes near by, and, looking up, saw Gen. Joseph E. Johnston passing the command with his staff and riding out of the road to avoid disturbing the march. The magic effect cannot be described. The feeble soldier had forgot his thirst and fever. The presence of no other man of the earth could have created so profound a confidence. He did not imagine that General Johnston was within a thousand miles.

Let us all agree to and stand for the truth that President Davis and General Johnston were both actuated by as high motives as can stir mortal men. Let us ever treasure the memory that, while Confederate soldiers were an honor to mankind in their courage and sacrifice to defend their homes and their rights under the constitution of the fathers, our leaders were as patriotic and as faithful, as conscientious and self-denying as ever conducted a government and commanded armies. Aye, may we not say that for exalted Christian characters the authorities of the Confederate government, and especially the President and the generals in the field, were never excelled among men and that they were almost equal to the women of the South?

COMMENT BY THE NASHVILLE AMERICAN.

"The message is an explanation and defense of President Davis's action in removing Gen. Joseph E. Johnston from the command of the Army of Tennessee. For clearness, lucidity, and forcefulness of statement Mr. Davis had no superior. He makes out a strong case against General Johnston, and his defense of his action in removing Johnston from the command of the Army of Tennessee will doubtless appear to many as a complete justification. General Johnston appeared to be singularly lacking in the aggressive spirit which did much to make Stonewall Jackson a great soldier. . . .

"The student should read Johnston's 'Narrative of Military Operations,' published in 1874, before undertaking to pass judgment on him as a commander. The Army of Tennessee never wanted to give Johnston up. They were in an almost mutinous spirit after he was removed. Opposed to Davis's opinion of Johnston is that of General Lee, who restored him to the command of the Army of Tennessee, and who declared in a conference at Richmond that 'if General Johnston is not a great soldier, then we have no great soldiers.' . . .

"Whatever faults or deficiencies he may have had, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was a capable soldier. He was in his fifty-eighth year when he was succeeded by Hood in the command of the Army of Tennessee, and a soldier at that age is not likely to be aggressive. Age had begun to be a weakness with General Lee, who was just fifteen days older than Johnston.

"General Johnston had fought through the Black Hawk and Seminole wars and the Mexican War in the United States army, where he outranked Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston, having the rank of brigadier. His bravery was shown at Manassas, when he personally led a charge with the colors of the 4th Alabama in his hand. He sought to prevent Grant from shutting up Pemberton at Vicksburg, and telegraphed the latter on May 2: 'If Grant crosses, unite all your troops and beat him. Success will give back what was abandoned to win it.' Similar orders were repeatedly sent, but disregarded. Pemberton was shut up, and the siege and surrender followed. Johnston took command of Bragg's army at Dalton in December, 1864, and brought it to a state of efficiency it had not known. His army was only about half the size of Sherman's. Military critics and commanders have asserted that his famous retreat from Dalton to Atlanta was the masterpiece of Johnston's life, and was one of the most skillful ever executed. The terms he secured from Sherman at the surrender in North Carolina were so liberal that Sherman was severely criticised.

"Mr. Davis, in his book, devotes a chapter to the defense of his action in removing Johnston from command of the Army of Tennessee and giving it to Hood. The 'unsent message' is very similar to that chapter, though it contains more charges than does the book."

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT. United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1866, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom all contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, L.L.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, { Montgomery, Ala.
ALBERT C. SEXTON, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF, {
GEORGE R. WYMAN, COMMANDER ARMY N. VA. DEPT., { Louisville, Ky.
A. T. BURGEVIN, ADJUTANT,
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., { Jackson, Tenn.
C. E. PLOFORD, ADJUTANT,
J. M. TISDALL, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., { Greenville, Tex.
—, ADJUTANT,

(No. 11.)

CONFEDERATION NEWS.

The Confederation is at the present time perhaps more thoroughly organized than ever before in its history. With few exceptions all Commanders are alert and active, and have their Divisions in good working order. With staff and committee appointments made as indicated below, with the Departments and Divisions organized, with the general headquarters conducted on a thoroughly business basis, it is felt that a most excellent year is ahead.

The South Carolina Division held its regular annual reunion in Columbia May 17. George Bell Timmerman, of Lexington, was chosen Commander to succeed J. J. McSwain, who did not stand for reelection. A full account will appear later.

J. M. Elam, formerly Adjutant of Camp John R. Long, No. 270, Springfield, Tenn., now resides at Houston, Tex.

Hugh M. McNutt, first Commandant of Camp Clayton, Birmingham, Ala., and first Commander of the Third Brigade, Alabama Division, has removed to Sheffield, Ala.

The Mississippi Division at its reunion in 1905, having failed to elect a Commander for the Second Brigade, in Special Orders, No. 18, E. A. Miller, of Meridian, was appointed to the vacancy.

OFFICIAL SUPPLIES.

Full information concerning uniforms, badges, commissions, membership certificates, membership application blanks, printed minutes, forms and supplies, flags and banners can be had from Circular No. 6, issued May 15, 1906.

CAMP ACTIVITY.

Comrade F. W. Campos writes most encouragingly of the condition of Camp Francis S. Bartow, No. 93, Savannah, Ga. He says regular meetings are held, much enthusiasm prevails, and that about twenty-five new members have been added since the Reunion in June, 1905.

Past Commander in Chief R. B. Haughton writes of the splendid work of Camp Sterling Price, St. Louis, Mo.: "You will be interested to know that the local Camp is quite active and has some very instructive and interesting meetings, where discussion of the various topics connected with the War between the States is being earnestly carried on. The members of our local Camp include very prominent men in this city and State, such as Gov. Joseph W. Folk, Judge James Seddon, Lee Meriwether, and Harry B. Hawes; and Commander Powe seems to have the energy and the tact calculated to bring out the best efforts of these men."

Most Camps call off all meetings for the summer season. Officers should see to it, however, that regular meetings are resumed in the fall. No Camp can succeed which does not hold regular meetings.

DIVISION REUNIONS.

The importance of Divisions is again urgently emphasized.

No Division can do good work unless representatives of Camps come together at stated intervals for counsel, discussion, and the stimulation of interest. Every Division of the Confederation is expected to hold a convention during the coming fall. The failure of a Division Commander to give his best energies to the successful execution of these suggestions without a good excuse will be deemed sufficient ground for his removal.

So far as can be ascertained, reunions will be held by the following Divisions on the dates named:

Alabama, in Mobile, date to be announced later.

Arkansas, at Fort Smith, date to be announced later.

Florida, at Gainesville, date to be announced later.

Georgia, at Savannah, November —.

Indian Territory, at Ardmore, October 26-28.

Kentucky, at Pee Wee Valley, date to be announced later.

Louisiana, at Baton Rouge, August 9 and 10.

Tennessee, at Pulaski, October 10 and 11.

Texas, at Dallas, October 25 and 26.

NEW CAMPS.

New Camps since No. 9, April, 1906, have been chartered as follows:

No. 537, Camp Stonewall Jackson, Hinsdale, Ark., April 2, 1906, thirty-four members; J. H. Dunnaway, Commandant; A. W. Gibbs, Adjutant.

No. 538, Camp Issaquena, Mayersville, Miss., April 6, 1906, forty-eight members; W. H. Scudder, Commandant; H. P. Farish, Adjutant.

No. 539, Camp Columbia, Appling, Ga., April 18, 1906, fifty-three members; Dr. H. P. Blount, Commandant; L. E. Blanchard, Adjutant.

No. 540, Camp Vermilion, Abbeville, La., April 18, 1906, thirty-nine members; Eli Wise, Commandant; A. J. Godard, Adjutant.

No. 541, Camp Wharton-Stuart, Stuart, Va., April 19, 1906, forty members; George T. Munford, Commandant; R. E. Woolwine, Adjutant.

No. 542, Camp Gueydan, Gueydan, La., April 20, 1906, eighteen members; A. W. Stebbins, Commandant; S. A. Pipes, Adjutant.

No. 543, Camp Col. W. W. Johnson, Marksville, La., April 23, 1906, fifty-three members; J. L. Ducate, Commandant; C. D. Gonnillian, Adjutant.

No. 544, Camp Hervey McDowell, Cynthia, Ky., April 23, 1906, eighteen members; W. T. Lafferty, Commandant; Wade H. Lail, Adjutant.

No. 545, Camp Richard Griffith, Vicksburg, Miss., April 25, 1906, thirty-eight members; E. N. Scudder, Commandant; Philip Crutcher, Adjutant.

No. 546, Camp Roland Gooch, Nevada, Tex., April 25, 1906, forty-two members; M. B. Passons, Commandant; J. J. Patterson, Adjutant.

No. 547, Camp Ada, Ada, Ind. T., April 25, 1906, sixty-six members; John P. Crawford, Commandant; Charles P. Little, Adjutant.

NEW DIVISION COMMANDERS.

The term of office of Comrade E. R. MacKethan, of Fayetteville, having expired, he was reappointed Commander of the North Carolina Division in Special Orders, No. 17, March 1, 1906.

By Special Orders, No. 19, April 25, 1906, Division Commander Otis B. Weaver, of Ada, was reappointed as his own successor. This appointment was rendered necessary owing

to the failure of the Division to hold a reunion convention for 1905.

By Special Orders, No. 20, June 1, 1906, Andrew M. Sea, Jr., of Louisville, was appointed Commander of the Kentucky Division to succeed Neville S. Bullitt, who resigned owing to pressure of business duties.

The election of J. M. Tisdal as Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department left a vacancy in the position of Commander of the Texas Division. To this place Comrade J. S. Hilliard, of Tyler, has been appointed by Special Orders, No. 21, June 14, 1906.

Owing to demands upon his time by a large law practice and by the advanced age of his father, Comrade E. Fontaine Broun has resigned as Commander of the West Virginia Division. To the vacancy Comrade Charles Cameron Lewis, of Charleston, has been appointed by Special Orders, No. 22, June 22, 1906.

STAFF OF COMMANDER IN CHIEF FOR 1906-07.

By General Orders, No. 10, dated June 1, 1906, the Commander in Chief announced the following staff appointments to rank from April 27, 1906—viz.:

Inspector General, Will T. Sheehan, Montgomery, Ala.

Quartermaster General, Richard G. Banks, Montgomery, Ala.

Commissary General, Leroy S. Boyd, Washington, D. C.

Judge Advocate General, John A. Collinsworth, Humboldt, Tenn.

Surgeon General, C. Hamilton, M.D., Rome, Ga.

Chaplain General, Rev. J. W. Caldwell, Jr., New Orleans.

Assistant Adjutants General: B. A. Taylor, Montgomery, Ala.; L. E. Quinn, Lockesburg, Ark.; Daniel J. Gantt, Washington, D. C.; A. Duncan Ken', Savannah, Ga.; R. L. Ream, Wapanucka, Ind. T.; Robert S. Ombeg, Louisville, Ky.; William L. Wooten, New Orleans, La.; Harry Gilmor, Baltimore, Md.; Robert Lewis, Woodville, Miss.; Clyde E. Tuck, Springfield, Mo.; Louis F. Sloan, Charleston, S. C.; L. M. De Saussure, Memphis, Tenn.; George S. Valliant, Texarkana, Tex.; John Baker White, Charleston, W. Va.; W. R. Kivett, Boise, Idaho.

Assistant Inspectors General: Harry G. McNeer, Montgomery, Ala.; Wallace Streater, Washington, D. C.; Robert C. Alston, Atlanta, Ga.; Erret Dunlap, Ardmore, Ind. T.; Sam W. Bedford, Owensboro, Ky.; R. A. Tichenor, New Orleans, La.; Ward B. Coe, Baltimore, Md.; P. S. George, Greenwood, Miss.; William D. Grimes, Washington, N. C.; Iredell Jones, Columbia, S. C.; J. W. Lillard, Decatur, Tenn.; T. W. Anderson, Justin, Tex.; Hill Beasley, Petersburg, Va.; Herbert Fitzpatrick, Huntington, W. Va.; Frank Walker, 1415 Hyde Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Assistant Quartermasters General: Harry T. Becket, Mobile, Ala.; Paul McKennon, Clarksville, Ark.; Frank R. Fravel, Washington, D. C.; Marion Dunwoody, Macon, Ga.; E. S. Ratliffe, Stonewall, Ind. T.; G. B. Bingham, Cadiz, Ky.; Allen Z. McChesney, New Orleans, La.; James S. Whedbee, Baltimore, Md.; Ewing Cockrell, Warrensburg, Mo.; John W. Stovall, Stovall, Miss.; John C. Spivey, Conway, S. C.; R. Henry Lake, Memphis, Tenn.; W. D. Williams, Fort Worth, Tex.; F. Stanley Hall, Manchester, Va.; Thomas Moore, Charleston, W. Va.

Assistant Commissaries General: E. W. Wadsworth, Wadsworth, Ala.; G. J. Pillow, Washington, D. C.; E. N. Martin, Summerville, Ga.; James Trimble, Ashland, Ky.; R. E. L. Marshall, Baltimore, Md.; W. A. Martin, Meridian, Miss.;

R. A. Doyle, East Prairie, Mo.; Thomas Barber, Jr., Winston-Salem, N. C.; W. L. Reeves, Wills Point, Tex.; J. Lewis Lawrence, Christiansburg, Va.; A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.; J. B. Johnson, Chicago, Ill.

Assistant Judge Advocates General: O. D. Street, Guntersville, Ala.; Edwin W. Kerr, Jr., Washington, D. C.; A. P. Wright, Washington, Ga.; J. B. Wickliffe, Wickliffe, Ky.; Fred C. Marsh, New York Life Insurance Company, New Orleans, La.; E. M. Hammond, Baltimore, Md.; E. N. Scudder, Vicksburg, Miss.; Harry B. Hawes, St. Louis, Mo.; Marshall Delancey Haywood, Raleigh, N. C.; Clinton M. Felder, Blackville, S. C.; W. S. Holman, Bay City, Tex.; Frank W. Kellinger, Norfolk, Va.; W. G. Peterkin, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Assistant Surgeons General: Dr. Henry Dickson, Paragould, Ark.; Dr. Lewis J. Battle, Washington, D. C.; Dr. E. W. Warren, Palatka, Fla.; Dr. W. P. Walker, Norcross, Ga.; Dr. W. J. Conley, Coalgate, Ind. T.; Dr. C. W. Ball, Clinton, La.; Dr. H. H. Duke, Louisville, Ky.; Dr. W. H. Scudder, Mayersville, Miss.; Dr. Floyd Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.; Dr. C. S. Bobo, Norman, Okla.; Dr. J. M. Glenn, Jackson, Tenn.; Dr. J. T. Wiggins, Rust, Tex.; Dr. G. N. Hardesty, Berryville, Va.

Assistant Chaplains General: Rev. Charles M. Brewer, Montgomery, Ala.; Rev. Harry W. Pratt, Washington, D. C.; Rev. V. W. Shields, R.D., Jacksonville, Fla.; Rev. M. J. Epting, Savannah, Ga.; Rev. E. Pendleton Jones, Owensboro, Ky.; Rev. Louis Tucker, Baton Rouge, La.; Rev. W. T. Allen, Laurel, Miss.; Rev. W. M. P. Rippey, Norman, Okla.; Rev. J. H. Taylor, Nevada, Tex.; Rev. R. W. Grizzard, Adams, Va.; Rev. Charles F. Ghiselin, Shepherdstown, W. Va.; Rt. Rev. William Hall Moreland, Sacramento, Cal.; Rev. H. F. Vermillion, Roswell, N. Mex.

Aids: H. L. Franklin, Hillsville, Va.; W. L. Norwood, Mineral Wells, Tex.; F. E. Myers, Robinson Springs, Ala.; S. S. Robinson, King William C. H., Va.; A. W. Gibbs, Hindsville, Ark.; L. H. Boggs, Jacksonville, Fla.; G. K. Renaud, New Orleans, La.; H. B. Trice, Louisa, Va.; J. H. Hood, Piedmont, Ala.; J. Lloyd Teaford, Columbus, Ohio; Z. A. Hall, Driftwood, Tex.; V. B. Hilliard, Marshall, Tex.; W. L. Souther, Powell, Ind. T.; E. K. Huey, New Orleans, La.; D. Houston Smith, Oxford, Ala.; J. G. Morrow, Santa Ana, Cal.; J. E. Thomas, Lawton, Okla.

COMMITTEES FOR 1906-07.

Standing committees, required to be named under Section 94 of the constitution of the Confederation, together with certain special committees, have been appointed as follows by General Orders, No. 11, June 2, 1906:

Historical Committee: George W. Duncan, Chairman, Auburn, Ala.; George Petrie, Ph.D., Auburn, Ala.; W. M. Kavanaugh, Little Rock, Ark.; Thomas R. Raines, Washington, D. C.; R. T. McEachern, Jacksonville, Fla.; William F. Jones, Elberton, Ga.; E. J. Giddings, Ardmore, Ind. T.; Ed P. Thompson, Jr., Frankfort, Ky.; W. H. McLellan, New Orleans, La.; J. Pierce Bruns, Baltimore, Md.; Dunbar Rowland, Jackson, Miss.; Lee Meriwether, St. Louis, Mo.; D. H. Hill, Raleigh, N. C.; E. T. Bynum, Norman, Okla.; Dr. P. H. Moll, Clemson College, S. C.; John H. De Witt, Nashville, Tenn.; Homer D. Wade, Waco, Tex.; R. S. Blackburn Smith, Berryville, Va.; Dr. W. L. Fleming, Morgantown, W. Va.; Ray P. Saffold, San Francisco, Cal.

Relief Committee: Thomas P. Stone, Chairman, Waco, Tex.; William B. Bankhead, Jasper, Ala.; R. G. Pillow, Lit-

tle Rock, Ark.; Rev. H. W. Pratt, Washington, D. C.; J. S. Maxwell, Jacksonville, Fla.; Walter T. Colquitt, Atlanta, Ga.; C. A. Skeen, Wapanucka, Ind. T.; R. C. P. Thomas, Bowling Green, Ky.; J. Y. Sanders, New Orleans, La.; E. B. Beasley, Baltimore, Md.; Thomas M. Henry, Jackson, Miss.; Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.; R. B. Glenn, Raleigh, N. C.; William Cross, Oklahoma City, Okla.; M. L. Bonham, Anderson, S. C.; J. J. Bean, Lynchburg, Tenn.; S. B. Cantey, Fort Worth, Tex.; T. H. Edwards, West Point, Va.; J. F. Thompson, Martinsburg, W. Va.; N. B. Wingate, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Monument Committee: Richard B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.; Benjamin G. Jennings, Seale, Ala.; Rev. W. D. Buckner, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Frank R. Fravel, Washington, D. C.; William Horner Cocke, St. Louis, Mo.; M. D. Haywood, Raleigh, N. C.; S. M. Cunningham, Lawton, Okla.; Robert H. Williams, Laurel, Md.; O. L. McKay, Meridian, Miss.; D. U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; Francis E. Lanier, Savannah, Ga.; R. L. Williams, Durant, Ind. T.; S. W. Bedford, Owensboro, Ky.; R. A. Tichenor, New Orleans, La.; D. A. Spivey, Conway, S. C.; R. Henry Lake, Memphis, Tenn.; Harry L. Seay, Dallas, Tex.; Samuel D. Rodgers, Petersburg, Va.; Robert White, Romney, W. Va.; J. Lloyd Teaford, Columbus, Ohio.

Finance Committee: D. C. Bell, Chairman, Pine Bluff, Ark.; R. G. Banks, Montgomery, Ala.; W. H. Langford, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Dr. Oscar Wilkinson, Washington, D. C.; G. G. Mathews, Jr., Ocala, Fla.; William F. Parkhurst, Atlanta, Ga.; Ira L. Smith, Atoka, Ind. T.; A. M. Seay, Jr., Louisville, Ky.; W. C. Hall, New Orleans, La.; George Forbes, Baltimore, Md.; W. A. Martin, Meridian, Miss.; W. M. Southern, Jr., Independence, Mo.; A. M. Scales, Greensboro, N. C.; Milton Bryan, Shawnee, Okla.; Clinton M. Felder, Blacksville, S. C.; John A. Collinsworth, Humboldt, Tenn.; N. R. Tisdal, Ruske, Tex.; Aylett Ashby, Newport News, Va.; F. B. Hooft, Charleston, W. Va.

Women's Memorial Committee: James Mann, Chairman, Norfolk, Va.; J. C. Elder, Birmingham, Ala.; R. L. Montgomery, Lewisville, Ark.; Wallace Streater, Washington, D. C.; C. S. Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla.; S. A. Crump, Macon, Ga.; J. W. Skeen, Wapanucka, Ind. T.; J. N. Gathright, Louisville, Ky.; T. S. McChesney, New Orleans, La.; Armstrong Thomas, Baltimore, Md.; W. Calvin Wells, Jr., Jackson, Miss.; Chilton Atkinson, 421 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.; J. H. Foote, Jr., Winston-Salem, N. C.; Brant H. Kirk, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Henry W. Conner, Charleston, S. C.; L. E. Mathis, Jackson, Tenn.; R. K. Gaston, Dallas, Tex.; E. Henning Smith, Richmond, Va.; A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.; J. B. Johnson, Chicago, Ill.

Joint Committee on Cooperation between Veterans and Sons: W. E. Daniel, Chairman, Yazoo City, Miss.; Walter P. Lane, Fort Worth, Tex.; Clarence J. Owens, Abbeville, Ala.; R. B. Haughton, St. Louis, Mo.; W. Mc. Barrow, Baton Rouge, La.

Executive Committee on Permanent Archives: Edwin P. Cox, Chairman, Richmond, Va.; E. B. Thomson, Richmond; J. B. Lightfoot, Jr., Richmond.

MISSISSIPPI-DIVISION, U. D. C.

REPORT OF MRS. LILY McDOWELL, PRESIDENT.

I have little to say that is not satisfactory and much to say that fills me with a profound sense of encouragement. The course of our order in Mississippi has been one of con-

tinued advance. There has been no backward step, nor even any period of inaction. The close of each year has found us stronger, better organized, and more fruitful in good works. This will always be the history of our Division so long as each year brings into our ranks and to the front noble and capable women who are willing to take up the work which has been so well carried on in the past, and so long too as those who are the older workers will continue along the same paths of endeavor.

The increase in numbers is as great through the addition of members to the Chapters already formed as through the acquisition of new Chapters, though we have gained several.

Our special work for the past year has been the building at Beauvoir of a dormitory for the widows of soldiers and sailors. Another work in which the Chapters were interested was in contributing to a fund for the building of a convalescents' ward at the Home.

BEAUVOIR.—I was in Jackson last winter during the session of the Legislature, and was present when the Home appropriation bill passed (March 8). I immediately published to the Chapters the provisions of the bill:

Maintenance fund for 1906.....	\$15,000
Maintenance fund for 1907.....	17,000
For building hospital.....	7,500
For artesian well.....	1,000
For uniforms.....	2,000
For repairs, etc. (nearly).....	6,000

In the passage of this bill we see the realization of all for which we hoped. The Home stands now well established and provided for by the State, but it will always be a testimonial to the splendid zeal and devotion of the Sons and the loving work of the Daughters. I asked Mr. Henry to talk to you about the Home. No one could be better qualified to do this, for his interest and efforts in behalf of the Home have been untiring since the Sons first undertook this noble work; and no occasion could be more fitting than this, when our nearness to Beauvoir will enable you to see for yourselves the illustration of all he will have told you.

DIVISION WORK.—Now that we no longer have the Home for our Division work we must give serious thought to some other to which we may devote our united efforts. Nothing can so bind together our Chapters as a common work, a common object of interest. I spoke to you last year of the educational purpose of our order, and I hope that in the future we may take this up in some form as a Division work. The Veterans have been so long the object of our regardful care that we shall not be willing to give them up wholly, and we may still find abundant field for labor at Beauvoir. Our Chapters might take up the work of furnishing rooms in the main residence, as they are vacated on the completion of the dormitories. We might place there such articles as would have some association with the war, and thus add to the attractiveness of the rooms and render them of greater interest to the soldiers in the Home as well as to the visitor. Surely there could be no better repository than this old mansion at Beauvoir for a collection of treasures pertaining to those historic days, and it is well to gather and safeguard these treasures. We have history and tradition, and some of us have our memories; but we all want such visible and tangible links binding us, as it were, to "the moorings that connect the present with the glorious past."

MONUMENTS.—Then there is a memorial work for the Di-

vision at Beauvoir. In the cemetery there the graves are still unmarked, save that each has a wooden headboard with the soldier's name upon it. These are the graves of the men who have died at the Home. A monument should be placed in the center and a stone at each grave. But Mrs. Wallace, the beloved "Mother of the Home," has had the graves cared for and the cemetery inclosed with an iron fence. The money she used for this purpose had been placed at her disposal, and she could scarcely have put it to a better use. The memorial work appeals strongly to the Daughters, and the building of monuments is and has been the local work of nearly all our Chapters. These monuments will be history to future generations; and when erected in the thoroughfares, the living may see them daily and learn the lesson they teach.

HISTORICAL.—The collecting of the unwritten history of the war is a subject that should claim your attention. Our Historian is beginning an important work in this direction, and I hope will have the cooperation of the Chapters. I am glad to have observed that her programme for the monthly meetings has been taken up by many of the Chapters and forms the basis of an interesting and profitable study.

MISSISSIPPI ROOM IN THE MUSEUM AT RICHMOND.—Last year an amendment was adopted on that section of the constitution which relates to the museum tax. The purpose of this was to enable the convention to regulate the amount to be given for the benefit of the Mississippi Room.

IN MEMORIAM.—Each year there pass from our midst some of those whose names are associated with an era in our history to which we always revert with pride. One by one these are passing away, thus severing the ties which connect our lives of to-day with that other order of things, and it saddens us, though it comes in the immutable course of events. Since our last meeting there has been stricken from the roll of our members a name that has stood there for many years as Honorary Vice President of our Division; not of an active worker, but of one whose influence lay in the fact that she was one of the women who bore her part in the days which we commemorate. Mrs. Charles E. Hooker died in Jackson on December 9, and I sent, in the name of the Daughters, a beautiful cross of flowers as a token of their remembrance. In the death of Mrs. J. A. P. Campbell, of Jackson, our Division has lost a member who had always been interested in the work of our order, and we would pay a tribute to her memory not only as a faithful Daughter of the Confederacy but as the wife of Judge J. A. P. Campbell, one of our beloved and distinguished citizens and the only surviving member of the Confederate Congress from Mississippi.

CONCLUSION.—The year just closing will for many reasons be a red-letter year in our history, replete as it is with events of importance and significance, and I feel proud to have served you during the time when our efforts produced such splendid results—results which represent the combined work of our Daughters and the influence and position of our Division. At San Francisco we obtained a twofold distinction such as will not likely come to any other Division—the choice of our State as a place for meeting and the choice of one of our Daughters as President General. This election fell upon one whom we delight to see honored as the representative of Mississippi, one whom we regard as the inspirer of many good works in our Division, and whose name will ever be indelibly associated with that noblest and most sacred of all—the work of the Daughters at the Beauvoir Soldiers' Home.

THE CABELLS IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

In connection with the report of the death of Col. George C. Cabell for the "Last Roll," Gen. W. L. Cabell ("Old Tig"), of Dallas, Tex., writes:

"This death leaves me alone, the only one left of a large family of seven sons (one had died in the fall of 1860 from an arrow wound by a Comanche or Lipan Indian when traveling through Mexico in 1852), six Cabells in the Confederate army from the first day of the war until the final surrender, when the Confederate flag was furled with honor and laid away forever.

"Col. George Cabell was badly wounded at Sharpsburg; also on June 10, 1864, when attacked by Butler at Petersburg.

"Col. Joseph R. Cabell, commanding the 38th Virginia Regiment, was killed the same day, June 10, 1864.

"First Lieut. Benjamin E. Cabell was badly wounded on the rear guard from Manassas to the Peninsula with Gen. J. E. Johnston in the spring of 1862, and died in the hospital at Richmond the next day.

"Dr. John R. Cabell, captain Company A, 38th Virginia, was wounded at Gettysburg, Sharpsburg, the Wilderness. He was surgeon in charge of hospitals at the Wilderness at the request of Mr. Davis. He was killed at his home in 1897.

"Maj. A. S. Cabell commanded a company of the 3d Arkansas Regiment at Oak Hill August 10, 1861, and was badly wounded. He died at his home, in Charleston, Ark., in 1898.

"I am now alone, waiting for the bugle call; proud of the fact that I was and am a Confederate soldier; proud of the fact that I belonged to the greatest army the world ever produced; proud of the fact that I commanded the bravest and best soldiers that ever shouldered a musket; proud of the South, of the bravest men and fairest women that ever lived in any country on the face of the earth. God bless them all!"



GEN. W. L. CABELL.

DEATH OF FEDERAL GEN. DANIEL MCCOOK.

PAPER BY MRS. ANNIE B. ROBERTSON AT HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

The death of Gen. Daniel McCook, the Ohio brigadier who lost his life near Huntsville during the early part of the War between the States, was the subject of a historical paper read at the last meeting of the Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy by Mrs. Annie B. Robertson. The paper contains data of historical interest given her by Capt. Frank B. Gurley, of the Confederate army, who was the central figure of the tragedy and was condemned to death by the United States army court-martial for firing the fatal shot. Captain Gurley is still living at Gurley, Ala.

Asked by our hostess to contribute an article by the U. D. C. Historical Class to the 4th Alabama Cavalry and Infantry, I give one of local interest which, I believe, has never been made public from the Southern standpoint. Therefore I have gotten these facts from the one person yet living who can give them, and I think it only just to the 4th Alabama Cavalry, and Company C especially, that the truth should be told by their side and preserved by the Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter, U. D. C.

Frank B. Gurley, having been commissioned captain of cavalry by the order of the Confederate Congress, raised a company in Madison and adjoining counties of one hundred and fifteen men. In the spring of 1862 he was sent to watch the enemy in North Alabama and Middle Tennessee, taking about thirty men, with orders to report to Gen. Kirby Smith, then at Chattanooga. Thinking he had not men enough for the work, he returned to the command and asked the commandant to let Capt. J. M. Hambrick with thirty men go back with him into the enemy's lines, which request was granted.

I asked Captain Gurley for dates of the skirmish in which General McCook (U. S. A.) was killed, and I give his answer in his own words: "I can't give dates—I had no way of keeping dates—I did not know when Sunday came. We lived on what we could get and slept where the enemy would let us." It was in the spring of 1862, soon after the return of the two companies to North Alabama, Captain Hambrick in command by right of seniority. I quote again from Captain Gurley: "I learned by slipping around among the few people who would take the risk of being my friends that a drove of beef cattle had been taken from the citizens of Limestone and Madison Counties by the Federal troops and would pass along the Limestone and Winchester road." Captain Hambrick, with sixty-six men all told, thought that, as the road on which the cattle would pass was through a barren woods, they might scatter the cattle and pick up quite a number of them.

Going north, they reached the Limestone road, when Captain Hambrick halted the command and Captain Gurley was ordered to move west to see if the cattle had yet passed. They soon came in sight of some Federal soldiers in the distance; the captain and men would retire, the enemy following. When they would stop, the bluecoats would do the same, thus tolling them until they were in firing distance, then the shooting began. Soon the Federals gave back, they shooting back and the Confederates at them. The dust soon became so thick that they could see only the hindmost men. This continued for about one-fourth of a mile, when a school wagon going at full speed came in sight. Soon the wagon ran under some overhanging limbs, tearing off the top. The wagon was driven by a negro. Two white men were on the back seat. One was in full uniform, and the other in his shirt sleeves. Captain Gurley and his brother were in advance, F. B. Gill, James

Mason, and James Campbell following closely. When within about fifty yards, Captain Gurley fired three shots at the officer in uniform. The wagon was halted, and on reaching it they found that the man with his coat off had been wounded, one ball passing through his body. Now as the shooting had been at the man in uniform, the killing of General McCook was an accident. When the rest of the command came up, Captain Gurley turned the wounded man, who proved to be General McCook, his staff officer, Capt. Hunter Brooke, and the wagon over to Captain Hambrick, and he and his men continued in pursuit of the enemy. In about a half mile they ran into a divided column of Federal infantry, which did not fire at them, although they passed the head of the column.

Seeing the situation, Captain Gurley ordered a retreat, reporting to the commanding officer. There was no further fighting. Captain Gurley says: "Why we were not pursued we never knew, and thought strange the Federal cavalry should abandon their commanding officer. General McCook had been left, presumably, to protect railroads in the rear of the Federal army that had moved toward Chattanooga to intercept General Bragg's advance into Kentucky. McCook's last encampment had been at Athens, Ala., and he was moving his brigade toward Winchester, Tenn., to join the Federal army in pursuit of Bragg."

Captain Hambrick had ordered the wounded general to be taken to the nearest private house. Dr. J. C. Steger thinks it was Mr. Crutcher's. He was attended by his own surgeon and staff officer, and the family did all they could to give relief. Soon afterwards smoke was seen in several directions, and it was learned that the Federals were burning the houses of citizens along the road. Capt. Hunter Brooke, U. S. A., who was a prisoner, suggested to Captain Hambrick that he should be permitted, under guard, to go and use his influence to stop the wanton destruction. He was sent with Lieutenant Gibson as guard, and did succeed at the time. Dr. Steger says: "But after General McCook's death, which was in twenty-four hours, the entire premises of those who had sheltered him were burned, and a sick man, seventy-five years old, with the ladies and children of his family, was made homeless."

Capt. Hunter Brooke was held for about two weeks, and then exchanged for a Confederate officer of equal rank. A few days after this incident Captain Gurley and troop, passing through Huntsville, were received as heroes. Cheers, tears, and flowers were showered on them; even Captain Gurley's horse was wreathed with flowers, the whole community joining in the laudations. The troop remained two or three weeks in North Alabama, and then joined the other three companies somewhere in Middle Tennessee, and were organized with a battalion by Captain Russell, under General Forrest, into the 4th Alabama Cavalry, and remained under Generals Wheeler or Forrest until surrendered by the latter at Gainesville, Ala., May, 1865.

What Captain Gurley suffered after his capture sometime later—aye, even after peace, as it was called—would take another paper to relate. After our own President and Secretary C. C. Clay, I suppose no Confederate soldier suffered more than our own gallant Captain Gurley. I myself know how he refused money, even gold, as scarce as it was at that time, for the corn and hogs on his place, saving it for those who had followed him into the war and the widows and children of those who had been killed in his company.

The VETERAN anticipates some interesting historic data from Captain Gurley ere long.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT SHREVEPORT, LA.

The unveiling of a Confederate monument in Shreveport, La., on May 1, 1906, marked the completion of earnest and patriotic work undertaken by the Daughters of the Confederacy of that community. To this noble band of women is due the credit for another memorial to the soldiers of Louisiana. The President of this Chapter, Mrs. Peter Youree, has labored persistently for the attainment of this object, nobly seconded by other members of the Chapter and Confederate Veterans. Fifteen years ago an association was formed at Shreveport by prominent women of that city, of whom were Mrs. N. C. Blanchard, Mrs. P. Youree, Mrs. V. Grosjean, Mrs. James M. Foster, Mrs. Hollingsworth, and a number of others, for the purpose of raising funds to care for infirm Louisiana veterans, and a number of successful entertainments were given at the State Fair grounds. Mrs. Grosjean was President, Mrs. Williams Vice President, and Mrs. Blanchard Treasurer.

In 1894 another organization was perfected with the purpose of aiding Southern soldiers to get back to their native States, so that they might enter the Soldiers' Homes. Of this organization Mrs. M. S. Jones was President, Mrs. J. F. Utz Vice President, Mrs. Scott Delay Treasurer, and Mrs. William Kinney Secretary. Much more money was made in connection with the State Fairs for this noble purpose.

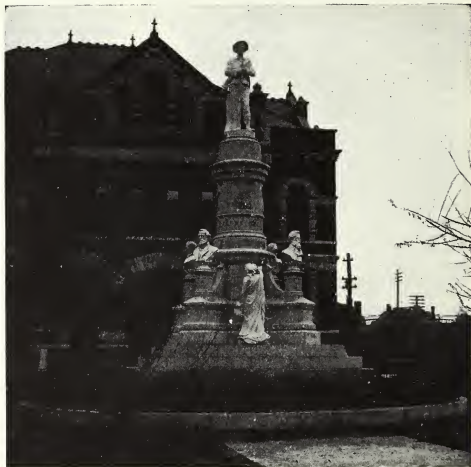
Then in 1898 a Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy was organized at Shreveport (the first in Louisiana having been formed in New Orleans six months before), and Mrs. R. H. Blackman, daughter of Dr. J. J. Scott, was made President, with Mrs. Scott Delay, Mrs. W. K. Sutherland, Mrs. S. J. West, Mrs. Julia Rule, and Miss Agnes Grosjean filling the other offices. All these associations were joined together and the funds in bank turned over to the Daughters of the Confederacy, and all united in a general effort to raise a monument fund that would secure a fitting memorial to the men who had laid down their lives for Louisiana and the South. The officers of this Chapter now are: Mrs. Peter Youree, President; Mrs. John S. Young, Mrs. M. S. Jones, Vice Presidents; Mrs. S. B. Hicks, Treasurer; Mrs. J. Burrows Johnson, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Charles S. Brown, Recording Secretary; Mrs. M. H. Williams and Miss Mary Furman, Historians.

The unveiling ceremonies were conducted by Dr. John J. Scott, and the programme was carried through without a jarring incident in the presence of a magnificent assemblage. The monument was unveiled by Miss Josie Utz, the charming daughter of one of Shreveport's bravest and most distinguished soldiers. The address was by Dr. W. T. Bolling, of Memphis, Tenn., and afterwards Governor Allen's farewell address to Louisiana was read by Judge T. F. Bell.

The monument is one of the handsomest erected in the South. It is of Texas granite, made by Frank Teich, of Llano, Tex., and shows beautiful workmanship. The figure of a youthful Confederate soldier surmounts the column, and about the base are placed busts of leading Confederate generals—Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and —; while a female figure, representing the women of the South, traces the inscription: "To our gallant deliverers."

EXTRACTS FROM DR. W. T. BOLLING'S ADDRESS.

This occasion and the ceremony of unveiling has a meaning far beyond the mere exhibition of a beautiful work of art chiseled by the hand of genius from the cold and shape-



THE MONUMENT AT SHREVEPORT.

less marble. It means more than the loyal devotion and unremitting toil of these noble women, making this erection and unveiling possible. It means a tribute of love to the memory of the most remarkable body of men ever engaged in war's bloody strife, whose deeds, the most remarkable chapter in all human history, gained for them the respect of their enemies and the admiration of the rest of the civilized peoples of the world, and whose setting sun, going down behind the clouds of defeat, left an eternal stream of military glory along the path of martial fame and threw the light of pride of a nation upon the tomb of the dead Confederacy.

I am not here to-day to cast one slur at the gallant men who wore the blue, but to give due praise and honor to the splendid soldiers who wore the gray. I would not wish one star less within the blue field of the stars and stripes, the banner of our common country; but I will not hide in shame

one inch of the flag which we followed under solemn conviction through weariness and suffering, blood and defeat, the stars and bars. The men who went forth to battle under this flag were not actuated by hate, by desire for conquest, or to maintain the institution of slavery, but battled for what they believed to be a great fundamental doctrine, a foundation principle in a government founded upon the consent of the governed.

Beginning with this great ground of their action, let us pause to consider who these men were and from whence they came. They were the direct descendants of the men who led the colonies in the conflict with England in the great struggle for liberty and the men who shaped the constitutional foundations of the young republic.

George Washington, a son of the South, led the colonial forces through seven years of conflict to final victory. The fertile brain of Thomas Jefferson, a son of old Virginia, conceived and his deft hand wrote the Declaration of Independence, while Green, Marion, and the stalwart sons of the South gave bloody emphasis to it upon many a hard-fought field.

I need not here attempt to show the conduct of the men who wore the gray, for the world has long since given them due meed of praise.

"It recks not where their bodies lie,
By bloody hillside, plain, or river;
Their names are writ on fame's proud sky,
Their deeds of valor live forever."

It is ours to preserve the history of those stormy days. Let our children not forget the untarnished honor of their fathers, the purity of the motive which sent them forth, and the undaunted courage with which they performed their part in the bloody drama of war. This is the more important when so much has been written as history which has no foundation on facts, but which constitutes the mere idle dreaming of prejudiced minds.

Mr. Roosevelt, in his "Life of Benton," says in regard to Jefferson Davis: "From being one of the chief repudiators, it was natural for him to become the arch conspirator." Now, I have great respect and some admiration for Mr. Roosevelt as President, but none for him as a historian. Mr. Davis was not old enough to be in public life when Mississippi repudiated her debt, and hence could not possibly have been a "chief conspirator," and if there were conspirators in the South in 1861, they were the same class with Washington and his co-conspirators of 1776.

Richard Henry Dana, in his history, says: "When the Legislature of Mississippi passed a bill to pay the debt, Jefferson Davis, who was Governor, vetoed it." Now with two exceptions this is accurate history, and these exceptions are that the Legislature of Mississippi never passed such a bill, and that Jefferson Davis, Congressman and Senator, was never Governor.

In concluding his beautiful patriotic address, Dr. Bolling said to the Daughters of the Confederacy: "We are still loyal to the solemn convictions of the sixties, still thrilled by the strains of 'Dixie.' We lovingly and reverently salute you, and we trust that you will hold us in memory when the last picket has been called from post, when the last camp fire has died out, and we have crossed 'over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.'"

Dr. Scott, the master of ceremonies, has been active for the completion of this monument and for making lasting record of the patriotic labors of his people.

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PRESIDENT, PARIS, TENN.

The attention of all Chapters of Tennessee is called to the circular letter sent out by the President General, Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, in regard to Chapters of the U. D. C. becoming auxiliaries to the Southern Industrial Educational Association. I approve of the proposed work of this Association for education in the South; but as State President of the Tennessee Division I indorse Mrs. Henderson's position that the Chapters of the U. D. C. should not become auxiliaries to any other organization, and request the Chapters of the Tennessee Division to restrict their labors to the well-defined work of the U. D. C. This Division has for several years been doing a good work toward educating the daughters of Confederate Veterans, and the State Educational Committee needs every dollar that can be secured for this work, and by sending money to another organization we weaken our own cause.

Answers to the following questions have been requested of your President by the Chairman of the U. D. C. History Committee:

1. When did your State or any persons in your State begin to observe regularly Memorial Day?
2. What days are so observed?
3. Recapitulation.
4. How many decorate June 3?
5. How many hold only memorial services June 3?
6. How many observe April 26?
7. How many days are observed?

Presidents and Historians of Chapters are requested to send answers to these questions as soon as possible to our State Historian, Mrs. N. B. Dozier, Franklin, Tenn.

The Division is to be congratulated upon the promptness of the Recording Secretary, Mrs. Clapp, and the printers in issuing our Memphis minutes, and all Chapters are urged to give the minutes and the new constitution and by-laws careful and studious consideration. In answer to inquiries and to prevent misapprehension, the Chapters are requested to note that the constitution and by-laws as adopted are printed in full in the back of the minutes.

Of the fifty-nine Chapters in the Tennessee Division, forty-seven have paid their 1906 dues. Those Chapters that have not yet sent in their State dues and those that pledged amounts for different purposes at the Memphis Convention should communicate at once with the State Treasurer, Mrs. George W. Denny, 504 Florida Street, Knoxville, Tenn.

The Tennessee Division now has sixty-three Chapters, four having been organized since the Memphis Convention, and there should be many more. There are many towns in Tennessee that have no Chapter where there is good material for a Chapter, and I ask every one of the Daughters to use her personal effort to change this state of affairs. Visit the towns near you, write to friends in other towns, and ask them to join us in this work of love. Many have not joined us because they think we are banded together to keep alive the old issues or to stir up bitterness. Let us disabuse their minds of that by letting them know we have too much to do in caring for our infirm Veterans, in compiling the history of our Southland, in building monuments to our immortal soldiers to discuss dead issues, and by making them realize that when they unite with the Daughters of the Confederacy, thus recording their descent from the bravest and best of earth's heroes, they confer upon themselves distinction and honor.

[Every State President, U. D. C., is urged to report matters of interest concerning their Divisions.—ED. VETERAN.]

CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY COL. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD, TOLEDO, OHIO.

I am much interested in an account of the battle of Franklin in the June VETERAN by Maj. G. C. Phillips. It is the most thrilling and realistic depiction of that memorable struggle I have ever read. I believe my means of observation were as good as that of any living soldier, either Federal or Confederate, as I was on the firing line from the first fire to midnight, when the order came to fall back. The casualty list of my regiment in that battle exceeded that of any regiment in the Federal army. In evidence of this I submit an extract from Gen. Orlando H. Moore, an officer of the regular army, who commanded a brigade at Franklin:

"GENERAL ORDER No. 7, NASHVILLE, Dec. 2, 1864.

"The heroic spirit which inspired the command was forcibly illustrated by the gallant conduct of the 11th Ohio Volunteer Infantry on the left flank of the brigade (Colonel Sherwood commanding). When the enemy carried the works on their left, they stood firm, crossed bayonets, holding their ground.

"By command of Orlando H. Moore, commanding Second Brigade, Second Division, Twenty-Third Corps."

I was in some thirty-three engagements during the war, but never experienced such a warm place as Franklin. General Adams's horse, referred to by Major Phillips, fell against the temporary works in front of the left company of my regiment. [These works may have been called "temporary," but the Confederates did not use that term in speaking of them.—ED. VETERAN.]

Col. Wilson J. Vance, of Ohio, in his war history tells of Franklin: "There was greater loss, greater sacrifice, and more bloody fighting on the part of old Frank Cheatham's men on that beautiful Wednesday evening in November, 1864, than took place on any field of the Crimean War. While thirty-seven per cent of Lord Cardigan's six hundred and seventy-three men were killed or wounded, more than half of Cleburne's and Brown's two entire divisions were left dead or wounded in the fields and gardens of the little Tennessee town, and how many of us know anything about it?"

DOUGLASS'S BATTERY AT FRANKLIN.

P. E. Hockersmith, of Woodlawn, Ky.: "I wish to correct some errors in the June number of the VETERAN made by Dr. G. C. Phillips with reference to the Franklin fight. He says: 'All our artillery had been left at Columbia except two small six-pounders, which came up after the battle opened,' etc. Now, I have heretofore stated, and I reiterate, that Douglass's Texas Battery, of which I was a member, was stationed near the pike just to the left of the old ginhouse. This battery had four twelve-pound Napoleon guns, captured from the enemy at Atlanta by General Manigault's brigade. I also saw a battery pass by us and get stalled or mired, which was finally gotten out and moved to our left. This battery belonged to Cheatham's Division. There was no firing from our artillery, the reason being that our men were too close to the enemy to allow us to do so without endangering them. However, we were directly on the line with the infantry, and the morning after the battle gave them a farewell salute from our battery. I want to also correct a mistake of J. K. Merrifield, of the Union army, wherein he says that 'Bledsoe's (Mo.) Battery was firing down the pike.' Bledsoe's Battery belonged to French's Division, and was not on this part of the line at all. Of course Dr. Phillips and Mr. Merrifield were honestly mistaken, and this is written only to point out these mistakes. If what is published becomes history, it

should be as near correct as possible. I was with Douglass's Battery from start to finish, and up to the battle of Nashville was never absent but three days."

ARTILLERY NEAR THE COTTON GIN.

William L. Ritter, Secretary of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland, writes from Baltimore: "I was not in the battle of Franklin, as our battery (3d Maryland Artillery) was held in reserve and did not take part in the engagement; but at midnight we were ordered to select a position for our guns on the left of the Columbia Pike facing north, and while examining the topography in front of the enemy's works we heard the report of the field pieces on the pike about where the enemy's line crossed it, indicating that the enemy was falling back. A little later we were informed that the enemy was in full retreat. At daylight I rode over that part of the field immediately in the vicinity of the Columbia Pike, and the first dead bodies of our men seemed to be about two hundred yards in front of the works, and increased in numbers as I approached the fortifications."

The VETERAN suggests a gathering at Franklin of the survivors of the battle on November 30, 1906.

INQUIRY BY DAUGHTER OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.—Adela Cowan was born in Lawrence County, Ala., about the beginning of the War between the States. She thinks that her father's name was Benjamin Cowan, and that he had two brothers, Thomas and William. Her father was a soldier in the Confederate army, and near the end of the war the family seems to have been broken up, and the little daughter, Adela, was taken by Mr. James McKinnie, of Athens, Ga., and placed with a family named Becker living there, but soon after receiving Adela they moved to Decatur, Ala. She continued with this family till 1870, when a Mrs. Ross, about whom nothing is known, appeared on the scene, claiming to be the child's mother, and took her to St. Louis. She had with her also a little boy, younger than Adela, who she said was Adela's brother. Mrs. Ross reared the children in St. Louis, but treated them very badly, and Adela is convinced that she was not her mother nor the boy her brother. As soon as old enough, about 1875, Adela left her and found employment elsewhere in that city. The boy also ran away, and she has not heard of him since. Adela has very little recollection of her father. She seems to recall that he came to her several times about the end of the war and that he was always in uniform. She has the impression that he had been a well-to-do planter in Mississippi. She is now a married woman in St. Louis with a large family of children, and has been too busy with domestic affairs until the last year to investigate her antecedents. She is anxious to learn whether or not she has any relatives and to get into communication with them. V. M. Porter, 220 North Fourth Street, St. Louis, Mo., is the lawyer in charge of her inquiries.

A CAMP SONG TO GENERAL FORREST.—John T. Buck, of Jackson, Miss., writes in regard to the above: "In the July VETERAN I see 'A Camp Song to General Forrest' which is very familiar to me; and as the name of the author is not given, I write to say that the words were composed by my old chief, Gen. James R. Chalmers, and I have heard him sing it as we lay in camp or rode along the march. The tune is 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.' General Chalmers had a good voice and was fond of singing. He composed several songs which he would sing for us and ask others to join in."

HEROISM OF PRIVATE J. N. SMITH.

BY J. W. WYNNE, CAPTAIN COMPANY B, 3D TEXAS CAVALRY.

I was in command of Company B, of the 3d Texas Cavalry, and J. N. Smith was a member of my company. He joined us as a recruit from Texas a short time before the battle referred to. The account is as follows: Our brigade was doubled-quickened to a certain position on the battlefield and ordered into line of battle. The enemy were already formed in line and had thrown out their videttes. We were ordered to throw ours out, and J. N. Smith was of the number. Just in front of my company we could see the smoke rise out of a little thicket of hazel bushes, but could not see the opposing vidette who was firing, when the order was given our videttes to "forward." Smith advanced rapidly, even faster than our vidette line, on this cluster of hazel bushes, in which were secreted the videttes of the enemy. When Smith reached the thicket, he found the vidette secreted behind a fallen tree, which Smith sprang over, landing so near this vidette of the enemy that before he got on his feet he thought best to grab him in a hand-to-hand combat. The hazel bushes were about waist-high. They had a hand-to-hand tussle for a few moments, when the enemy struck Smith a blow on the face which caused him to lose his hold on his antagonist, when the Federal jumped back and before Smith recovered from the blow fired on him, shattering his arm so badly that amputation was found necessary.

By this time my company had advanced up near to where the personal encounter had taken place. The Federal vidette, after firing on Smith, started to retreat to his command, a few hundred yards in rear, and was killed by some one of my company as he was jumping over the low-growing hazel bushes. On our reaching Smith a detail took him in charge, carrying him back to the ambulance, which bore him to the field hospital, where his arm was taken off.

He remained in the hospital for a few weeks, when he returned to the company. In the meantime the incident was the talk of the army, and the news of it reaching General Beauregard, he asked for an account of the affair, and upon receiving same requested that Smith be discharged, as he was totally unable for duty as a soldier. The discharge was made and forwarded to General Beauregard for his signature, and in due time the discharge was returned, with a badge of honor for Smith from the commanding general, also an account from the general of the circumstances attending the occurrence, in which he very highly complimented Smith for his heroism.

Copies of General Beauregard's tribute were sent to each brigade of the army, and ordered read the following day at review. Smith returned to his home in Waco, Tex., where he resided for a few years, when he moved to the Indian Territory, where he died a few years since.

I am attaching a copy of the discharge given Smith by me as captain, and countersigned by J. W. Whitfield, commanding 2d Brigade, Price's Division; also by R. H. Canby, colonel of 3d Texas Cavalry; also a copy of the communication commending Smith for his heroism and bravery.

This is a true account, so far as memory serves me after a lapse of over forty years. With the account I am sending you a letter which I received yesterday from Mr. A. S. Holber, who gave Mr. Laird, correspondent at Montgomery for the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*, an account of the affair, which account was published in the *Commercial-Appeal*, a copy of which I sent you with my last letter.

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GENERAL ORDER NO. 52.

The official order from General Beauregard states:

"HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
BALDWIN, MISS., June 4, 1862.

"The general commanding takes great pleasure in calling the attention of the army to the brave, skillful, and gallant conduct of Lieutenant Colonel Lane, of the 3d Regiment, Texas Dismounted Cavalry, who with two hundred and forty-six men, on the 29th ult., charged a largely superior force of the enemy, drove him from his position, and forced him to leave a number of his dead and wounded upon the field.

"The conduct of this brave regiment is worthy of all honor and imitation. In this affair Private J. N. Smith was particularly distinguished for brave and gallant conduct in the discharge of his duty, and was severely wounded. To him on some future occasion will be awarded a 'Badge of Honor.'

"By command of General Beauregard.

GEORGE W. BRENT, Acting Chief of Staff.

Official copy: M. M. KIMMEL, Major and A. A. G."

SOLDIER'S DISCHARGE.

To All Whom It May Concern: Know ye that J. N. Smith, a private in Capt. Jesse W. Wynne's company, 3d Texas Regiment, M. M., C. S. army, who was mustered into the Confederate service at Memphis, Tenn., on the 7th day of May, 1862, to serve three years, unless sooner discharged, is hereby honorably discharged from the army of the Confederate States for the following reasons:

1. That in a picket fight on the 29th ult., near Corinth, Miss., while gallantly leading a charge, he was so seriously wounded in the right arm that amputation was necessary.

2. That he is discharged in obedience to an order of Major General Van Dorn, dated Priceville, June 11, 1862.

The said Smith was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., is thirty-five years of age, six feet high, with fair complexion, blue eyes, and light hair, and was by occupation, when mustered into the service, a farmer.

J. W. WYNNE, Captain Commanding Company B.

Approved: J. W. Whitfield, commanding 2d Brigade, Price's Division.

Approved: R. H. Canby, colonel 3d Texas Cavalry.

Both of the above orders are recorded in the Deed Records of McLennan County, Tex., in Book K, on page 131, and signed by T. A. Canfield, clerk of county.

[The data copied above is from Capt. J. M. Williams (notion broker), Memphis, Tenn.]

HOW FANCIES AND TASTES CHANGE.—While rummaging through the drawers of a bookcase in her daughter's room in search of some writing paper the other day, Mrs. Wimberling came upon a bundle of letters tied with a pink ribbon and emitting a faint perfume. She untied the bundle and glanced through several of the letters. Then she picked them up, went downstairs, and confronted her daughter "Eunice," she said in a high state of indignation, "who is the idiot that you're corresponding with, I'd like to know? Of all the love-sick trash I ever saw, this is absolutely the worst. I shall consider it my duty to report the matter to your father if this thing goes any farther. Who wrote these letters?" "I am not going to lie to you about them, mamma," said Miss Eunice serenely. "If you will put on your glasses and look at them again, you will find that they're a lot of old letters papa wrote to you when you were a girl."

THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL.

We loved the wild clamor of battle,
The crash of the musketry's rattle,
The bugle and drum.
We have drooped in the dust, long and lonely;
The blades that flashed joy are rust only,
The far-rolling war music dumb.

God rest the true souls in death lying,
For whom overhead proudly flying
We challenged the foe.
The storm of the charge we have breasted,
On the hearts of our dead we have rested,
In the pride of a day long ago.

Ah, surely the good of God's making
Shall answer both those past awaking
And life's cry of pain;
But we nevertheless must be tossing
On surges of battle where crossing
The swift-flying death bearers rain.

Again in the wind we are streaming,
Again with the war lust are dreaming
The call of the shell.
What gray heads look up at us sadly?
Are these the stern troopers who madly
Rode straight at the battery's hell?

Nay, more than the living have found us,
Pale specters of battle surround us;
The gray line is dressed.
Ye hear not, but they who are bringing
Your symbols of honor are singing
The song of death's bivouac rest.

Blow forth on the south wind to greet us,
O star flag, once eager to meet us
When war lines were set.
Go carry to far fields of glory
The soul-stirring thrill of the story,
Of days when in anger we met.

Ah, well that we hung in the churches
In quiet, where God the heart searches;
That, under us met,
Men heard through the murmur of praying
The voice of the torn banners saying,
"Forgive, but ah! never forget."

NOTE.—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, author of the above poem, is a noted physician of Philadelphia. He was a medical officer in the United States army during the War between the States. He is the author of many scientific works, several volumes of poems and novels, and a historical biographer of Lieut. Gen. Bedford Forrest.

FLAG HISTORY.—THE STARS AND STRIPES.—Peleg Dennis Harrison, of Manchester, N. H., has for some years been at work upon a history of the United States flag, the first volume of which is with the printer. This volume is entitled "The Stars and Stripes and Other American Flags." It contains some thirty chapters, dealing with such subjects as: Origin and Development of the National Standard, Colonial and Provincial Flags, Pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary Flags, Stars and Stripes, Arrangement of the Stars, Army and Navy Flags, Special Flags, First Displays and Other Notable Appearances of American Flags at Home and Abroad,

Notable Displays of Foreign Flags, The Return of Battle Flags, Flag-Making, Flag Display Regulations, Salutes, Tribute to the Flag, Honoring the Flag, Flag Legislation, The Flag of Truce, Displaying Flags at Half-Mast, Improvised Flags, Unique Flags, Combination Flags, The Stars and Stripes and Union Jack, The Largest Flag in the United States, Origin of the Name "Old Glory," Secession Flags, The Adoption of a National Flag, The Stars and Bars, The Battle Flag, The Second National Flag, The Third National Flag, Signal Flags, Incidents of the Flags, Songs and Their Stories. Mr. Harrison intends to follow this book with one containing the remainder of his data on flags. The two volumes will completely cover the theme of American flags and their predecessors.

JUNIOR CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

ORGANIZED IN MEMPHIS, TENN., JUNE 10, 1904.

President, Virginia Frazer Boyle; Vice Presidents, Mrs. F. H. Heiskell and Mrs. L. R. Donelson; Secretary, Martha Southerland; Treasurer, Alberta Semmes; Historian, Katherine Peters Estes; Color Bearer Stars and Bars, Hugh Heiskell; Color Bearer Stars and Stripes, Lee Harris; Official Organ Adopted June 10, 1904, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

With the June meeting the J. C. M. A. closed the second year of its existence. This Association was organized June 10, 1904, by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, as an auxiliary to that veteran organization, the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, of Memphis, Tenn., which was formed many years ago by Mrs. Charles W. Frazer, mother of the Junior organizer, and which, next to the Southern Mothers' Association, which it succeeded, stands as the oldest Confederate woman's association in the State. The late Col. Charles W. Frazer, Mrs. Boyle's father, was one of the charter members of the Confederate Historical and Relief Society, later the Confederate Historical Association, Bivouac No. 18, and for thirteen consecutive years, until his death, in 1897, he was its President. It was fitting that this latest-born Confederate association should have been planned by the child of both.

The objects of this Association as set out in its by-laws are: "To honor the memory of our dead heroes by assisting in the proper observance of Memorial Day, annually, at Elmwood; to perpetuate Southern principle and sentiment, wherever our individual lots may be cast, by example and precept, by diligent research into the record of Southern soldiery, by the preservation of all Civil War documents and the reporting of such finds to the proper authorities, and finally by a firm but dispassionate maintenance of the truths of history, fearlessly and intelligently giving honor to whom honor is due."

The membership is composed of boys and girls between the ages of two and eighteen years, the children and grandchildren of Confederate Veterans constituting "Active Members" and the nieces and nephews "Associate Members." In the filling out of papers two or more references must be given as to ancestor's record, and these must be approved by a record committee from each of the parent organizations. This Association is proud to claim the distinction of being the strictest of all Confederate organizations, and its records, as such, will become in time valuable adjuncts to the archives of Tennessee.

Beginning with a membership of eighteen, within two years there has been an actual enrollment of one hundred and twenty-five, with an average monthly attendance of seventy-five. These meetings occur on the second Saturday of each month.

All of the officers of this Association, with the exception of the President and Vice President, who are elected by the L. C. M. A. from amongst their number, are children who are elected by ballot from their own membership. The average age is from fourteen to sixteen, though the programmes are so planned that some of the most ardent members are the little tots of five and six. The oldest applicant admitted was seventeen years and eleven months; the youngest, a great-grandchild of Admiral Semmes, was presented for membership at the age of two days, thus showing the influence of this baby organization in its own community. Its organizer could tell many stories of a late awakening of dormant sentiment and of the acceleration of living convictions, but this is neither the time nor place for such intimate confessions.

The uniformed marching divisions, which play an important part in the J. C. M. A., are officered by boys and led by girls. The uniform for boys consists of white duck suits and caps, with red sash over the left shoulder. White dresses and tam-o'-shanters, with red sash around the waist, is the uniform for the girls. The leaders are distinguished by red-and-white rosettes; the captains, by red-and-white rosettes with red-and-white streamers. The duty of the uniformed marching divisions is to place the wreaths upon the headstones on Memorial Day, to familiarize themselves with all old Southern songs, arranged as choruses, and to serve officially upon all occasions where the Confederate or his principles are prominent.

The Junior Confederate Memorial Association has its own fife and drum corps composed at present of sixteen boys, not under fourteen years, who are equipped with regulation United States Marine corps fifes and drums. These boys have been carefully trained by a prominent professor of music, and it is the intention to double the corps and uniform them in regulation band uniform in the near future.

Form, which is a telling factor with children, has not been lost sight of within the past two years; but with it has gone

the mental pabulum which shall blossom and bear fruit when the last true Confederate shall have been laid to rest—nay, when his latest-born shall have been gathered to his fathers, for these are the grandchildren of a glorious heritage.

In the first and crucial year of the infant Association the organizer felt her way cautiously, and dealt only with the history at hand and with the leaders of our Western armies and the important battles in which they were engaged; but in the present year, confident of the enthusiasm and understanding of the growing association, the foundation was laid for an exhaustive course of study and research, which may extend over a period of years. The orator at each meeting is a veteran or the son of a veteran, and each alternate meeting is a story-telling morning. The Juniors have had the written and the unwritten history of an era from those whose oratory is both the pride and pleasure of our Southern country, and from those whose maiden speeches were made to these, their grandchildren as it were, but whose hands and hearts were strong in the making of that history. Among the subjects under consideration during 1905-06 were: "The Original Constitution of the United States;" "The Constitution as Construed Respectively by the North and the South;" "Free Trade and Protection;" "Why the Interests of the North Were Antagonistic to the South;" "State Rights and the Original Constitution of the U. S.;" "Famous State Rights Controversies;" "The Withdrawal of the South's Distinguished Officials from the Service of the U. S. Government;" "The Farewell of Jefferson Davis and His Departure from Washington;" "Did the South under the Constitution Have a Right to Secede?" "The Story of a Boy Soldier Who Fought and Bled and Starved for the Confederacy," told by the boy himself; "The Heroism of Three Young Confederates;" "Christmas in Prison on Johnson's Island;" "The Rising of the Klu Klux Klan in Memphis;" "Comedy and Tragedy as Seen by a Sixteen-Year-Old Soldier."

The past Christmas the Juniors, through their little Historian, wrote a "love letter" to the soldiers in the Home at Nashville, and sent it in a box of handkerchiefs, each handkerchief having the name and age of the little donor pinned upon it. Letters received since prove the appreciation of the tender touch of personality.

Annually this Association gives a reception and dance to its members and a limited number of guests. Last year it took the form of a Confederate Character Party, each child choosing a name prominent in the Confederacy and costumeing for it. This year the occasion was a double flag presentation. The handsome stars and bars, in regimental size, was the gift and the work of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, many of whom had sewed stars upon other silken folds when their hands and hearts were as young and full of enthusiasm as some of these little ones, and the sewing on of the cords meant perhaps a long farewell; the other, a silk United States flag, was the gift of the Oliver Perry Chapter, D. A. R.

This report has been given thus full, perhaps verbirosely, because of the numerous inquiries as to the organizing and making successful a children's association; because, though such work is not general among adult Confederate organizations, it is in reality of more importance, for the older folk will remember and honor the prowess of the South and its glorious past through their time and generation; but the younger ones must be taught, so that there shall be no lapses between the time of the making of our history and the time when the historian, yet to be born, shall do the writing of it.



MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, PRESIDENT.

RARE BOOKS TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

A volume of rare interest concerning the War between the States has been presented to President Roosevelt by Capt. James W. English, of Atlanta. The book, which is handsomely bound with the names of the giver and of the recipient embossed upon the cover, is entitled "Paroles of Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox C. H. April 9, 1865.

When General Lee gave up the struggle at Appomattox, one of the stipulations in the surrender agreement was that two copies of the muster rolls should be made, one to be delivered to General Grant, the other to be retained by General Lee. The rolls when completed included every soldier who was then with the Army of Northern Virginia. One copy of these rolls was given into General Grant's hands, by whom they were subsequently sent to the Secretary of War at Washington to become a part of the archives of the Federal Government. The other copy remained with General Lee until it was transferred to the Southern Historical Society with headquarters at Richmond, where it yet remains, a part of the archives of that association.

Some years ago a limited number of copies of these muster rolls were put into book form, and Captain English was fortunate enough to secure a copy.

Captain English recently came into possession of another copy of the book. This he had bound exquisitely and sent on its journey to the White House, a present to Theodore Roosevelt. It purports to contain the name of every soldier, from the members of General Lee's staff down to the private, who surrendered at Appomattox. An introductory chapter contains the correspondence between General Grant and General Lee immediately preceding the surrender and a recital of the circumstances and conditions as then existing.

It was on the night of April 7, 1865, that General Grant opened that memorable and historical correspondence with General Lee; and when the first letter came to the Confederate front, under a flag of truce, Captain English was in charge of the outpost at that point. The Federal officer was received by Captain English, to whom he stated that he had a letter for General Lee from General Grant. Captain English at once dispatched a courier for his immediate superior.

That letter was the one in which General Grant suggested to General Lee the surrender of the Confederate army under his command, and while it was being taken to General Lee's headquarters Captain English and the Federal officer conversed pleasantly.

BILL ARP'S BOOK SENT TO THE PRESIDENT.

R. H. Larner wrote to the *Atlanta Constitution*:

"Representative Adamson, of Georgia, called on the President to-day and presented him with a copy of Bill Arp's letters to Abe Lincoln, published in book form. Judge Adamson, in an amusing way, tells the following story:

"When I and Tom Heflin and Henry Clayton, of Alabama, were on our way to Washington, just before Congress assembled, we met President Roosevelt on our train. He had evidently come down into Virginia to meet us. While I was talking with him about his trip to Georgia, I asked him if he had ever read the letters Bill Arp, a Georgia editor, wrote to Abe Lincoln during the war. He said he had not, but expressed a great interest in the work of that clever Southern writer. I told him I would be glad to present him with a copy, and accordingly I obtained an autograph copy and carried it to him. He appeared to be greatly pleased in possessing it.

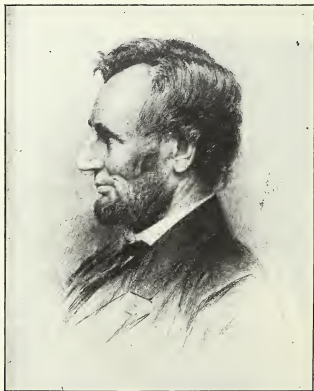
"That is all the business I had with him, notwithstanding the fact that I am a member of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, which will have charge of the railroad bill in the House."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

In a Fourth of July talk to his neighbors President Roosevelt said:

"I shall take as my text the words of Abraham Lincoln which he spoke in a remarkable little address delivered to a band of people who were serenading him at the White House just after his reelection to the presidency. He said: 'In any great national trial hereafter the men of that day as compared with those of this will be as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this as philosophy from which to learn wisdom and not as wrongs to be avenged.' He added later in the speech a touching characteristic expression of his, saying: 'So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's breast.'

"Now, friends, remember that Lincoln faced the greatest crisis that this nation has had since the Revolutionary War, as great a crisis as the nation can ever face, for it was a crisis which, accordingly as the result went one way or the other, meant national life or national death; and yet with all his firm resolution of purpose, with all the unbending strength of his will, with all the deep-seated intensity and sincerity of belief which alone could have borne him up through trials such as those he had to face, it was yet possible for him to say with entire truth that he bore no rancor even to those who had gone hopelessly wrong; that while endeavoring ruthlessly to cut out the evil he yet did his work without hatred to the doer of the evil; that while never for one moment blinding himself to the truth, to the philosophy of what was round about him, he yet did not treat anything that was done



FROM ETCHING, CHARLES BARMORE, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK.

against him as a wrong to be avenged. He treated the wrong as calling for a remedy, not as calling for vengeance.

"It is in just that spirit that we as a nation, if we possess the power of learning aright the lessons to be taught us by Lincoln's life, will approach our problems of to-day. We haven't got the same problems nor as great problems as those with which the men of Lincoln's generation were brought face to face, and yet our problems are real and great, and upon the way in which we solve them will depend whether or not our children have cause to feel pride or shame as American citizens."

Much as President Lincoln may deserve credit for his kindness of heart (and had he lived the South surely would have been spared much of Reconstruction), still there never can be that exalted regard for him by millions of people that would have maintained if he had stood by his oath of office on the slavery question—the Emancipation.

GENERAL GRANT'S ANGER AT HOLLY SPRINGS.

A circular issued as "Special Field Orders, No. 33," from the headquarters of the 13th Army Corps, Department of the Tennessee, at Holly Springs, Miss., December 23, 1862:

"It is with pain and mortification that the general commanding reflects upon the disgraceful surrender of this place, with all the valuable stores it contained, on the 20th inst., and that without any resistance except by a few men, who form an honorable exception, and this, too, after warning had been given of the advance of the enemy northward the evening previous. With all the cotton, public stores, and substantial buildings about the depot it would have been perfectly practicable to have made in a few hours defenses sufficient to resist, with a small garrison, all the cavalry force brought against them until the reinforcements, which the commanding officer was notified were marching to his relief, could have reached him.

"The conduct of officers and men in accepting paroles under the circumstances is highly reprehensible and to say the least thoughtless. By the terms of the Dix-Hill Cartel each party is bound to take care of its prisoners and send them to Vicksburg, Miss., or a point on James River, Va., for exchange or parole unless some other point is mutually agreed upon by the generals commanding the opposing armies. By a refusal to be paroled, the enemy, from his inability to take care of the prisoners, would have been compelled either to have released them unconditionally or to have abandoned all further aggressive movements for the time being, which would have made their recapture and the discomfiture of the enemy almost certain. [He here paid fine tribute to the 2d Illinois Cavalry.—Ed.]

"Had the commandant of the post exercised the usual and ordinary precautions for defense, the garrison was sufficiently strong to have repulsed the enemy and saved our stores from destruction and themselves from capture.

"The general commanding is satisfied that a majority of the troops who accepted a parole did so thoughtlessly and from want of knowledge of the cartel referred to, and that in future they will not be caught in the same way.

"By order of Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant.

"JOHN A. RAWLINS, Assistant Adjutant General."

Joe M. Smith, of Handley, Tex., wants Gus Clark, of Mississippi, to meet him at the Reunion in New Orleans. It would be well to appoint a meeting place in advance.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO THE NAVIES.

Veterans, Federal and Confederate, of Chattanooga held a service by the bridge on the banks of the Tennessee River which may be considered part of the national Decoration Day service. For the Confederates Capt. John W. Faxon, Historian of the N. B. Forrest Camp, said:

"It has been the tricky politician who by continuous effort has endeavored to secure an office by keeping up a bitter hatred between the North and South. Each year their efforts have proved less effective, and we now welcome the day when the living representatives of both armies and navies of the North and South can come together, not only to strew flowers on the watery graves of the gallant dead, but also to recognize the fact that between the human remnants of that war all hostility has ceased and that these old veterans of the North and South look back with pride upon their buried heroes as the best and bravest soldiers ever arrayed against each other.

"It is good to keep alive the memory of our dead. Old age, infirmity, and death encompass us. 'The air is full of farewells to our dying and mournings for our dead,' and yet we live as though we thought we never would die. A greater decimation is witnessed among the old soldiers of to-day than was caused during that dreadful conflict by the combined influences of the roll of musketry, the booming of artillery, and the pangs of disease. Our heroes are answering the inevitable sad summons of death, and in a little more than two decades we shall have all passed away and our children's children and grandchildren will alone be left to strew the lovely flowers upon our graves. Are we all prepared for that solemn summons? Are we loyal and determined as good soldiers to obey the orders of the Captain of our salvation? Do we bear his cross with other crosses of honor we have won, or are there those who cling to the terrors of an unbelief?"

JUDGE WOFFORD'S CONSIDERATION FOR A POOR NEGRO.—"Well, you're guilty of murder all right; but you're a poor, ignorant, no-account black man, and I don't want to hang you. You have no friends, and you have no one to plead that you were insane when you killed this man. If I sentence you to hang, you will hang. There will not be a whole lot of women circulating petitions to save your neck; there will not be a lot of fool men writing letters to the Governor to save you. No one will send you flowers. You'll just be forgotten until the day set for your hanging, and then they'll hang you." The Judge might have sentenced him to death by hanging, but he didn't; instead he gave the prisoner thirty years in the penitentiary.

MARTHA WASHINGTON'S BIBLE.—A Bible which belonged to Martha Washington and which was taken from the home of the Lee family at Arlington, Va., has been restored to Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee, by G. W. Kendrick, Jr., of Philadelphia. It is supposed that the Bible was stolen from Arlington sometime during the war of the sixties. It came into Mr. Kendrick's possession many years ago through purchase. He handed it to Miss Lee recently. The Bible was printed in London in 1702 by "Charles Bell and the executors of Thomas Newcombe, deceased, printers to the King's Most Excellent Majesty." It is bound in black leather and is in an excellent state of preservation. The earliest birth recorded in it is that of Fanny Parks Custis, in 1710. The birth is also recorded of Daniel Park Custis, 1711, and there is a record of his marriage to Martha Dandridge, who afterwards became the wife of George Washington.

THE BANNER OF BARS.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

I see it to-day as it waved in its splendor
Where the Rapidan slips with a song to the sea;
I catch the bright gleams of the stars that adorned it
When gayly I followed the fortunes of Lee;
How proudly it waved in the breezes of heaven
And opened its folds 'neath the sentinel pines!
How sadly we furled it, how slowly and tender,
To float not again on the old battle lines.

We gave it our love through its four years of glory,
Though torn by the hate of the shot and the shell;
Where it led us, how bravely we followed,
Nor shrank with a fear from the battle's dread hell!
Around it in valley, on hilltop, and mountain
We rallied with cheers in the desperate fray;
The comrades we loved as the truest of brothers
Went down where it waved in their garments of gray.

Alone and half dreaming I sit in the gloaming,
A scar on my brow and a crutch on my knee,
Whilst out of the past that forever has vanished
A beautiful banner comes dancing to me;
They laugh oftentimes at the weary old Johnny;
And wonder, perhaps, why his eye is so bright.
They cannot see with me the beautiful vision
Of the banner I guarded by day and by night.

My love is as strong as the day that we furled it
And tearfully turned from the sheen of its stars;
We gave it our prayers and we gave it our blessing,
And Fame set a wreath on the banner of bars;
The bugles still echo deep down in the valley,
And eager I list for the old battle call;
I see the long lines of the gallant gray legions,
And a banner of beauty waves high over all.

The vision fades slowly away in the gloaming,
The banner I followed no longer I see,
But yonder methinks the old regiment's passing—
The comrades who long ago battled with me;
How silent the ranks! Not the trill of a bugle.
I listen, but there is no tap of a drum;
They beckon to me, and I start from my dreaming,
And call to them gladly: "O comrades, I come!"

KENTUCKY IN THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

[Milford Overley, of Flemingsburg, Ky., in response to a request by the Lexington Chapter, U. D. C., read a paper on Kentucky's relations to the Confederacy which will be read with interest. Comrade Overley was an officer of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry. Mr. Overley refers to an article by J. Randolph Smith, of North Carolina, published in the *VETERAN* for December, 1903 (page 535), in which it was argued that Kentucky is not entitled to representation in the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Richmond, Va., because she did not secede.]

To Mr. Smith's article Mrs. Gen. Basil W. Duke, of Louisville, through the *Courier-Journal* made reply, and, it is hoped, proved to his satisfaction that Kentucky was as much a part of the Confederacy as was North Carolina, and that it was so recognized by the Confederate President, his Cabinet, and both Houses of Congress. But she failed to remind Mr. J. Randolph Smith that President Davis was a Kentuckian, born

and educated in the Blue Grass State; that a Kentuckian was his last Secretary of War and his true and trusted friend; that after the fall of Richmond and the surrender of the armies of Lee and Johnston Kentuckians escorted and guarded him and the remnant of his government from North Carolina southward, remaining faithful to the Confederacy till the starry cross went down forever; that these Kentuckians were in the field, armed and defiant still, ready and willing to continue the fight after every North Carolina soldier east of the Mississippi River had surrendered his arms and gone to his home; that a Kentuckian was in command of Mr. Davis's bodyguard when he was captured at Irwinsville, Ga., May 9, 1865, the day immediately preceding that on which the Kentuckians of the escort, commanded by Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, gave up their arms; and that Kentuckians fought, bled, and yielded up their lives on North Carolina soil in defense of North Carolina homes.

General Sherman's army was approaching Fayetteville, N. C., opposed by only a few hundred Confederates. These were holding the enemy in check while General Beauregard, who commanded the Confederate forces, was withdrawing his troops to the opposite side of Cape Fear River, upon the southern bank of which the city is located. A long wooden bridge spanned the river. In order to get possession of this bridge and thus cut off the retreat of the Confederates who were opposing his advance, the Federal commander sent a force of mounted men who made a detour far to the right, entering the city from the east and making a sudden and determined dash for the bridge, which the Confederates had already prepared for the torch. Gen. Wade Hampton, with his escort and some staff officers, was still in the city, as was also a commissary detail of fifteen Kentuckians from Colonel Breckinridge's Brigade. With these, the latter volunteering their services, General Hampton, in a counter charge, met the oncoming column, and in a moment the gray and the blue were mixed in deadly strife. But revolvers, sabers, clubbed rifles, and Southern valor won, and the Yankees were whipped and driven from the city with heavy loss and the Confederate skirmishers were saved.

One of the Kentuckians, a brave boy from Nicholas County, fell in the fight. His comrades left him to be buried by strangers, and maybe his ashes now rest in an unmarked and unknown grave, as do those of many other Kentuckians who gave up their lives in defense of Southern homes.

Notwithstanding the despot's heel was on Kentucky's neck and provost marshals in almost every town, her territory closely guarded by Federal troops, with spies in every neighborhood from near the beginning of the war till its close, about forty thousand of her sons, men who would not yield obedience to the petty tyrants sought to be placed over them, one by one or in small parties stole or fought their way through the Union lines to the South, where they enlisted in the Confederate cause. By this they renounced their allegiance to the Federal government and jeopardized every interest they possessed on earth; but they knew they were right, and they went to stay, and they did stay, and they fought side by side with Southern friends who were seeking to drive back the invaders that were desolating their beautiful lands and desecrating their once happy homes. They fought and bled on a hundred fields, and under the green sod of Kentucky and Tennessee, on the sunny plains of Georgia, and among the pines and palmettos of the Carolinas and the rugged mountains of the Virginias sleep Kentucky's dead who wore the gray. No bugle call, no battle cry can wake them now, for

theirs is the sleep of death—the sleep that knows no waking. Far from home and those who loved them, battling in a just cause for a noble and gallant people, they died as only brave men know how to die.

Among the Kentucky Confederates were men from every county in the State—lawyers and preachers, doctors and teachers, farmers and mechanics, and young men just from school—all volunteers, representing the best families in the State and led by brave, competent officers, some of whom had fought in the war with Mexico. Of these, Lexington furnished three—John C. Breckinridge, John H. Morgan, and William Preston—the records of whose achievements make many of the brightest and most interesting pages in the history of the greatest of civil wars.

John C. Breckinridge, an ex-Vice President of the United States, resigned a seat in the United States Senate to become a Confederate soldier. Soon he was in command of as fine a body of soldiers as ever stood in battle line—the famous "Orphan Brigade." With these men and as a division commander he won enduring fame. When the contest ended, he was the Confederate Secretary of War.

Mrs. Henrietta Hunt Morgan, the mother of Gen. John H. Morgan, the dauntless hero, the knightly cavalier, gave to the Confederate service all the male members of her family—six sons and two sons-in-law. There were a lieutenant general (A. P. Hill), a major general (John H. Morgan), and a brigadier general (Basil W. Duke). There were one colonel, two captains, a lieutenant, and a private—eight in all, seven of whom were commissioned officers. Two of the generals and the lieutenant were killed in battle and the other general was desperately wounded. Can any single family in all the Southland produce a war record superior to this?

General Preston was the American Minister at the Court of Spain when South Carolina seceded. Being an ardent Southern man, he immediately forwarded his resignation, hastened home, and joined the army of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, his brother-in-law, at Bowling Green. For a time he served upon the staff of General Johnston, and it was in his arms that that general died on Shiloh's bloody field. Subsequently he was given the command of a brigade of infantry, then of a division, and in the great battle of Chickamauga he and his men aided very materially in gaining the victory. President Davis, in 1864, appointed him Minister to Mexico; but, failing to reach there because of the blockade, he attached himself to the Trans-Mississippi Army, in which he served till the war closed.

But Lexington furnished to the Southern army many more soldiers as brave, as gallant, and as true as were the three mentioned—young men of intelligence and refinement, whose manly pride and whose love of liberty and justice would not permit them to remain at home in peace while their Southern friends were so much in need of help. They went; they did their duty well; they won distinction on bloody fields, and some who survived the war became famous in civil life. Those of them who yet live are among the best and most honored citizens of Lexington.

Our Kentucky Confederates believed they were right in espousing the Southern cause; they fought the war to a finish in the same belief, and, though defeated, the survivors came out of the conflict still loyal to the principles for which they had fought and suffered—principles as immutable as the everlasting hills—and to-day these gray-haired veterans have no prouder memory than that of their service in the Confederate army, battling for, right against might, for the weak against

the strong. A large majority of them were in the cavalry service, and they were the most independent, self-sustaining soldiers in the army. They furnished their own horses, captured their saddles, bridles, blankets, arms—indeed, almost their entire outfit. Whether in camp or on the march, fighting or scouting, raiding or picketing, they were the same gallant, generous, light-hearted Kentuckians.

Sherman's Federal army was approaching Columbia, S. C. Williams's Kentucky Brigade, commanded by Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, was falling back in front of one of the Yankee columns, the writer of this commanding the rear guard. A young officer of the brigade, having fallen behind the guard, for some purpose was hotly pursued by a small force of the enemy's cavalry. The guard was faced about and formed in line to check the pursuers and save the pursued, but just as the young soldier passed through the line he received a fatal shot. As he fell from his horse he cried in piteous tones: "O my mother, my mother!" These were probably the last words he ever uttered, and doubtless his last thoughts were of his mother. He was taken up to Columbia, where he died, surrounded by the smoking, smoldering ruins of South Carolina's capital, burned by Gen. W. T. Sherman.

But Kentucky's Confederate sons were not more devoted to the Southern cause than were many of her noble daughters—the wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters of the men who followed Buckner, Breckinridge, Forrest, and Morgan—women who hoped and prayed and worked for the success of the Southern cause. Though surrounded by spies and informers, by Federal troops and home guards, they yet found means by which to aid the cause. Sick and wounded Confederates were taken to their homes, concealed, nursed, fed, and clothed. They sent food, clothing, and money to Southern soldiers in Northern prisons; they sought and obtained valuable information concerning the enemy, which was conveyed to Confederate headquarters. The following incident illustrates the wonderful fidelity and devotion of these noble women to the Southern cause: "One dark night in the summer of 1862 the writer of this paper, with a single companion, was endeavoring to pass through the Federal lines in Bath County on his way to the South. All the roads, fords, and ferries were guarded by Union soldiers and home guards, and several men had been killed in attempting to pass. At Salt Lick Bridge we were discovered and pursued by home guards. These we eluded by concealing ourselves in a dense thicket of bushes on Licking River, where we remained till the following night, our pursuers still searching for us. During the darkness of the night a Southern citizen who knew of our hiding place conducted us through forests, over fields, and along by-ways to a farmhouse several miles away. Here an excellent supper had been prepared for us, and a guide was waiting to accompany us during the remainder of the night. The family present consisted of an elderly lady, her two daughters, and a son. While at the supper table the mother asked us if we knew whose hospitality we were enjoying. 'That of friends, we suppose,' was the reply. 'True,' said she, 'we are your friends and we are friends of the South; but my husband is in command of the home guards that are now searching for you, and my older son is also a member of the company and is out with his father to-night. But,' added the good woman, 'do not speak of this; for should my husband learn what I have done for you, he would never forgive me.' She had outgeneraled her husband and his men, leaving them to watch an empty nest, while we were being royally entertained by the women of his family."

Here the cruel dividing line separated husband and wife. The actions of the one may have been prompted by love for the Union; certainly those of the other were dictated by feelings of humanity and of devotion to the Southern cause.

Kentucky's Confederate daughters have been succeeded by her Daughters of the Confederacy, a worthy organization of the wives, sisters, daughters, and granddaughters of the men who followed the Southern flag. These are engaged in a commendable work—marking and keeping green the graves of fallen Confederates, helping to provide homes and the means of subsistence for the living poor, contending for a fair and impartial history of the great War between the States and its causes for use in our public schools in lieu of those that are intended to teach the children that their fathers and grandfathers were rebels and traitors because they dared to defend their invaded homes.

Mary Morris, a schoolgirl of Tennessee, burned her history because, as she told her teacher, "it made the Yankees win all the victories." This little act was the beginning of a revolution in the matter of text-books in the South, and it is resulting in the rejection by school boards of all histories that do injustice to either the North or the South in treating of the war. The Daughters of the Confederacy are exceedingly active and determined in their efforts to secure this result, for which they merit and receive much praise.

Miss Laura Galt, a pupil in one of the Louisville schools, refused to join her class in singing "Marching through Georgia," as required by her teacher. She is the granddaughter of a Confederate soldier, and, being a student of history, she knows that "Marching through Georgia" means murder, robbery, arson, and nearly all the other crimes enumerated in the black calendar, and she would not aid in singing the praises of the vandals who committed them. That odious song is now heard no more in the white schools of Louisville.

But it was reserved for you, brave Daughters of the Blue Grass Chapter, to take the lead in banishing from Kentucky that national nuisance, the play known as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which is doing more to mislead the young, to poison their minds, and to create prejudice against the South than is any history that has been written since the war; and for your determined efforts and your final success in securing the legislation necessary to accomplish this you merit and receive the approbation of almost the entire white population of the Southern States.

STRAINED RELATIONS BETWEEN GENERALS FORREST AND WHEELER.—Dr. F. A. Moseley, Dallas, Tex.: "I am very anxious to know who were the three soldiers that responded to the request of General Forrest when ordered by Gen. Joe Wheeler to take two companies of cavalry and go around the left wing of the Federal army after the capture of Snodgrass Hill. I think it was on Friday. After having gone as far as prudence would permit, General Forrest called for two or three volunteers to climb one of the taller trees to get above the undergrowth and see what the Federals were doing. I was one and would like to know of the other two. After our report, which was, 'General, they are skedaddling,' he said, 'Come down,' and down we came. The sharpshooters were sending balls in thick order, and occasionally a piece of artillery shelled the underbrush. Forrest immediately sent a courier to Wheeler and made request for a thousand men with which to attack the enemy's flank. In my opinion that was the cause of an estrangement between Forrest and Wheeler and caused Forrest to withdraw to West Tennessee.

I have always believed that the first disagreement between Generals Forrest and Wheeler began by the latter's refusal to allow the former the thousand men and to pursue the enemy. Blue bullets came thick and fast till we got out of range of the sharpshooters."

REMINISCENCES AT REUNIONS.

Do, comrades, write of your pleasant experiences at Reunions. The following paragraph may be taken as a guide for what is desired:

"There goes Capt. James W. Allen," exclaimed a veteran, pointing to a fine, soldierly figure that passed down the tannark aisle. "He's corporation clerk in the Department of State at Jefferson City; lives at St. Louis; belongs to Gen. M. M. Parsons Camp, 718. Long, long ago, when the war broke out, Captain Allen was publishing a paper called the *Saline County Herald*. He shut up shop and joined the Confederate forces. Fought through the war, went back and started up his old paper, but the sheriff of Saline County told him that if he tried to continue the office would be burned."

IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

I found in the heart of the Wilderness lone
A grave where is sleeping some hero unknown—
Some boy who went forth to the red battle lines
And is camping to-day in the shade of the pines;
Not far from the spot doth the Rapidan roll
With a requiem sweet for the ardent young soul,
And the stars in their beauty look down from above
And shower the mound with the light of their love.

I know that the winds of the Wilderness weep
Where the son of the Southland doth peacefully sleep,
I know that the robin makes music all day
Where gallantly battled the legions in gray—
Where once, through the smoke clouds that drifted afar,
They carried the flag of the cross and the star;
Nor folded it there 'neath the shot-riven pines
Till silence came down on the grim battle lines.

The twilight of June was as soft as a kiss,
No stir in the tangle, no dark serpent's hiss;
A rose on the grave in her vestments of white
Had folded her petals and whispered: "Good night!"
Methought that an angel had planted the rose
Where once in the Wilderness grappled the foes,
Where the North and the South, that are brothers to-day,
Stood fast for the Blue and stood firm for the Gray.

I know not the name of the young and the fair
Who sleeps all alone in his bivouac there;
Some comrade had carved at the close of the day
On the headboard of cedar: "A Hero in Gray."
God knows where he camps in the shade and the shine,
Where the oak sheds her leaves at the foot of the pine,
And lovingly grants him the sheen of his stars
As bright as the ones on the banner of bars.

O sweet be his rest in the heart of the wood
Where once in his youthtime heroic he stood!
Though "missing" to-day on his company's roll,
A mother's love clings to the gallant young soul;
In patience she waits for that long-cherished time
When the portals shall ope on the paradise clime;
In the rapturous hour that is not far away
She'll meet in God's country her darling in gray.

WHY I GOT IN BED WITH A CORPSE.

BY E. I. KILLIE, JASPER, TEX.

I enlisted in the Confederate army in Texas in 1861, at the age of sixteen, and went to Missouri and saw my first fighting at Oak Hills, then at Elkhorn Tavern, in Arkansas, after which our command was dismounted and sent across the Mississippi River and was attached to the Army of Tennessee. After taking part in the battles of Farmington, Iuka, and Corinth, we were again mounted, and our Texas brigade, under Gen. L. S. Ross, was assigned to Jackson's Division and took part in all the campaigns of that army. It is not the fighting I desire to tell about, so will skip that and relate my personal experiences in another matter.

Our division was on the left wing of Johnston's army all the way from Dalton as Sherman flanked us back to Atlanta. It was fight, fight, fight all day and often at night, and we were nearly worn out. In a hard fight at Dallas, Ga., my messmate and chum caught a Minnie ball through his left arm, at which he rather rejoiced, exclaiming: "Got a furlough at last!" That night he persuaded me to go with him to his sister's, who lived, he said, about sixty miles south of Atlanta.

I agreed to go with my wounded comrade and see him safe at his sister's, and my captain said: "All right, go ahead and come back as soon as you can." We were given dinings, picnics, parties, and dances until I forgot about there being any war and that my duty was with my command. After about three weeks of pleasure, I came to my senses one morning and told my chum that we must go back, his arm having healed. He replied: "No, sir, not under sixty days for me."

The third day of my return trip I found the citizens of a little town gathering their forces, old men and boys, to meet a Federal raid that was reported coming to burn a bridge at West Point. Finding I was a veteran, I was put in command, and with some four hundred old men and boys we formed on the east side of the river and remained all day, when we learned that the Yanks had changed their course. I bade my valiant command good-by, rode on toward Atlanta, and at a little town (I think Hamilton) I met up with a Lieutenant Black, who belonged to the 3d Texas, whom I knew well. He had been badly wounded and was returning to his company. I was glad to get with him, as the home guards had several times tried to arrest me. I told the Lieutenant where I had been and he said: "All right, we'll go on together."

As dark approached we saw a large two-story house some distance back from the road and concluded to try our luck on getting to spend the night there. We rode up to the gate, and soon a gentleman came out, to whom we explained our wants. When he found out that we were going to the army, he told us to get down, saying that he would gladly take care of us, and adding: "Come right in. I'll have your horses cared for." He took us through the house and out into the dining room, which was detached from the house. Seating us at a table full of good old Georgia victuals, he called a negro woman and told her to wait on us, excusing himself to go see about our horses. He soon came back and conversed with us about the war and its outcome until we were through eating. The Lieutenant said: "My friend, we will not stay for breakfast, as we are anxious to get to our command; and if you will show us to our place to sleep, we will retire." "O, I can give you breakfast anyway. We have plenty of negroes; but I will show you where to sleep." I had noticed several women and two or three men about the place, but never thought anything about it. "Young man," he said, turning to me, "you go upstairs," designating room.

On arriving at the top of the stairs I saw a door open and a candle burning on a table in the corner. A Confederate candle was a poor affair for giving light. However, I supposed that room was intended for me. The bed was in the far corner, and I went over to it and saw there was some one in it; but, it not being uncommon to put two soldiers in a bed, I thought nothing about it and, taking off my jacket and pants and shoes, blew out the candle and rolled in. In getting into the bed I rolled against the other fellow on purpose, thinking I'd wake him and let him know I was there also. He didn't move, however, and I turned over and went to sleep. How long I had been asleep, I have no idea; it might have been but a few minutes or an hour; but I woke up suddenly, hearing voices in the room. Some one said: "Why, who put out the candle?" The candle was relit and a man and a woman took seats at the table, the woman facing me. I kept wondering what in the world they were doing in the room. I could occasionally hear part of their conversation, but could catch on to nothing that related to me. I could not go to sleep, and kept watching them as well as I could from my position and wishing they would get out. Finally the lady said in rather an indignant voice: "You ought to be ashamed to be talking about love in the presence of the dead."

In less time than I can tell it I realized that my bedfellow was dead; that I had got into the wrong room. I knew I was in bed with a dead man, and I didn't intend to stay. Without thinking anything about the consequences I sat up and looked toward them. The lady saw me first, and with a scream that, it seemed, would take the roof off the house she jumped clean out of the room. The man looked toward the bed, and with a yell and a leap he kicked over the table, and those two people got down those stairs in a hurry. I got out and, gathering up my duds, scampered across the hall into another room (the one intended for me, I guess) and, fastening the door, rolled into bed.

The commotion that was going on downstairs soon had everybody, negroes and all, aroused. I could hear the women call for camphor and all manner of restoratives, and the men were running about to beat the band. It took some time to find out what was the cause of all the trouble; but finally I heard them coming up the stairs and heard the Lieutenant ask where I was. They told him I was in that room, and he made me let him in, and I played off so sleepy that I couldn't understand that a dead man had come to life in the room opposite. They were all apparently afraid to go in, until the Lieutenant said, "Give me the candle. If he is not dead, he needs attention;" and in he went. He went up to the bed and found the sheet turned down as I had left it, and said: "Why, the man is dead. The wind just blew the sheet off."

"No, sir, that man rose and was sitting up looking at me," exclaimed the man who was in the room when I got up. He doubtless thought so.

There was no sleep for me the balance of that night, and as soon as the chickens began crowing for day I went and saddled up our horses, woke the Lieutenant, and we rode off. I have ever since had remorse of conscience for not telling our host before I left how the whole thing occurred.

That day after we had ridden ten or twelve miles I told the Lieutenant about it under promise of secrecy. He got off his horse and laughed until I got mad and left him, and he failed to keep the secret. He related the incident to General Ross, who used to laugh heartily. One time when he was our Governor he got me to relate it to some friends in his office.

We reached the command in the midst of the terrible fight

at Marietta, Ga., and I had shot about twenty times before my captain knew I had returned. He treated me awful nice and never said a word about my long absence.

WILLIAM LOWNDES YANCEY.

BY SAVOYARD, IN NASHVILLE BANNER.

At his christening were multitudes of good fairies. One gave him a splendid person, one a glorious voice, one a commanding intellect, one a lofty character, one a superb courage (mental, moral, physical), one an eloquence surpassing the eloquence of all his fellows—these and other graces and accomplishments were conferred upon William Lowndes Yancey. He was the author of secession, but secession would have come sooner or later had Yancey never been born. He fired the Southern heart, but sometime or other another would have put the torch to that tinder had there been no Yancey. He staked his life for a punctilio, and he staked the South for a principle. He was a fanatic—haughty, arrogant, majestic—and would have serenely gone to the stake for his cause and joyfully yielded his life for his country. Judged by what he accomplished, the history he made, the convulsion he occasioned, the storm he conjured, the war he enkindled—judged by these, their magnitude, and their momentous consequences, William L. Yancey was the foremost orator of his generation and the equal of any orator of any generation. What his heart forged that his tongue uttered, and he was as honest a fanatic as ever preached a crusade. And strange as the statement appears, incredible as it is to the entirely misinformed, or to that even more hopeless set, the feebly informed, William L. Yancey was a Union man to the marrow of his bones, and until the election of a sectional President he never uttered one word nor did one thing that was not with a view to securing "a more perfect Union."

What ingenious American youth has not thrilled to the story of the glorious old ship *Constitution* and stout old Tom Truxton? In her heroic actions was Benjamin Cudworth Yancey, Truxton's favorite midshipman. When Truxton had his row with the Navy Department, Yancey resigned and entered upon the study of law in the office of R. G. Harper, a South Carolinian, as was his pupil, but now a leader of the Baltimore bar. The young man settled in South Carolina, where he was the friend and intimate companion of John C. Calhoun and William Lowndes, and was not considered inferior to either of them at the bar. He died in 1817 at the age of thirty-four, when his son, William Lowndes Yancey, was three years old.

The boy grew up on a Southern plantation and was prepared for college at several academies. He entered Williams College, Massachusetts, while yet a youth in his teens, and was finished in the institution that subsequently sent forth James A. Garfield and John James Ingalls. At the age of nineteen young Yancey entered the law office of B. F. Perry, afterwards Governor of South Carolina, and began the study of his father's profession. Like all cultivated Southern youths, he was a politician and a student of political science.

When Yancey came on the scene, the question in South Carolina was Union vs. Nullification, and he was an ardent, an intrepid, an able, an eloquent, a brilliant advocate of Union, opposing Calhoun, Hayne, McDuffie, and Hamilton. During that struggle Yancey was editor of the *Greenville Mountaineer*, and he proved himself as formidable with the pen as he was eloquent with the tongue.

Subsequently Yancey went West and settled in Alabama, where he engaged in planting; but he continued to take an

active part in politics and served in both branches of the Legislature. In 1840 he moved to Wetumpka and became the editor of the *Argus*. He was a brilliant and forcible writer, and the paper, printed in a country village, soon exercised a powerful influence in the State and throughout the South. He also entered upon the practice of law, and in a little while he was the greatest advocate in Alabama. These changes in his life were due to financial losses. He was urged to avail himself of the benefits of the bankrupt law, but he sternly refused, and paid every cent he owed within a very few years.

In 1844 Dixon H. Lewis resigned his seat in the Twenty-Eighth Congress to become a Senator at the other end of the Capitol, and Yancey was elected to the vacancy. He was then thirty years of age. When he got to Washington, Mr. Calhoun, whom he had opposed in his youth, but with whom he was now in general accord, was Secretary of State, and sent him word "not to do his best in his first encounter." Thomas L. Clingman, a member from North Carolina and a Whig, made a bitter speech against the policy of the Southern Democrats, and Yancey was selected to reply. Of his speech a literary gentleman, who was present, wrote: "Great was the expectation in relation to Yancey's talents as an orator, but it fell infinitely below what truth and justice warrant. His diction is rich and flowing; he is at once terribly severe in denunciation and satire and again overpoweringly cogent in argument and illustration, but ever dignified and statesman-like. He is comparable to no predecessor, because no one ever united so many qualities of the orator. He stands alone, and has attained a name and an elevation which is glorious and unapproachable."

Clingman was game as a fighting cock, and as a result of the debate he and Yancey had a hostile meeting and exchanged shots after the usual correspondence. Clingman fired first; and when Yancey returned the fire, the constables had arrived on the field, and were within a few feet of him to make arrest.

Stephen A. Douglas was also a member of the Twenty-Eighth Congress, and there sprang up between him and Yancey a warm and cordial personal friendship that even withstood the passions that were engendered by the Kansas troubles.

Yancey served but three years in Congress, and then voluntarily retired. Over the protest of Calhoun he voted for the Mexican War.

At the bar Yancey was a wonder. His partner was a gentleman of the name of Elmore, one of the greatest lawyers of a State celebrated for the learning of its bar. He was the greatest advocate in the State, and juries loved to give him verdicts. But he gave more time to politics than to the law. He was a free lancer, pleading for the Union as he conceived it under the Constitution—a Union of equal States—the Union of Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, who saw all the reason for returning a runaway negro to his master there was to restore an estrayed horse to its owner. Yancey thought Kansas as much the property of the South as it was of the North; and if a Northern man could take his horse there, a Southern man should have the right to take his slave there.

The Supreme Court said Yancey was right. The North nullified the Supreme Court's adjudication. Yancey said that was disunion; that the Constitution, the bond of union, no longer bound the stronger section, and that the Union of the fathers was no longer in existence. He therefore advised the formation of a Southern Confederacy, and his advice was taken. He became a Senator in the Confederate Congress. He died in July, 1863, at the age of forty-eight.

CAMPS OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

It is officially announced from the headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans that the following new Camps have been received into the organization:

Scotland Camp, No. 1576, Laurinburg, N. C.
George E. Pickett Camp, No. 1577, Tacoma, Wash.
J. I. Metts Camp, No. 1578, Whiteville, N. C.
L. B. Hall Camp, No. 1579, Dixon, Ky.
W. B. Bate Camp, No. 1580, Centerville, Tenn.
Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 1581, Atlanta, Ga.
J. A. Weaver Camp, No. 1582, Como, Tex.
Armstrong Camp, No. 1583, Armstrong, Mo.
John C. Bruce Camp, No. 1584, Williamson, S. C.
"Jeb" Stuart Camp, No. 1585, Fayetteville, W. Va.
John B. Gordon Camp, No. 1586, Brunswick, Ga.
Tolar Camp, No. 1587, Lorris, S. C.
T. N. Walls Camp, No. 1588, Silverton, Tex.
Tom Green Camp, No. 1589, Lindale, Tex.
William F. Martin Camp, No. 1590, Elizabeth City, N. C.
Bartow Camp, No. 1591, Dothan, Ala.
Gen. P. Roberts Camp, No. 1592, Belhaven, N. C.
Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 1593, Huntsville, Ark.
Dixie Camp, No. 1594, Sneads, Fla.
Mount Zion Camp, No. 1595, Mecklenburg, N. C.
W. J. Hoke Camp, No. 1596, Lincolnton, N. C.
Columbia County Camp, No. 1597, Appling, Ga.
J. J. Beeson Camp, No. 1598, Pisgah, Ala.
Alamo Camp, No. 1599, Erick, Okla.
Joe Wheeler Camp, No. 1600, Frederick, Okla.
Dimmitt County Camp, No. 1601, Carrizo Springs, Tex.
General Pegram Camp, No. 1602, Valley Head, W. Va.
David Pierson Camp, No. 1603, Winnfield, La.
Colquitt County Camp, No. 1604, Moultrie, Ga.

DISTINGUISHED AND UNKNOWN DEAD.

In his memorial address on April 26, 1906, at Montgomery, Ala., Maj. John G. Harris said:

"Here in Oakwood Cemetery sleep some of Alabama's most illustrious men. Just yonder stands a noble shaft that marks the grave of perhaps the most famous and gifted leader of the South in 1860. Bold, fearless, eloquent, William Lowndes Yancey, unawed, threw his matchless powers into the Southern cause and swept our people into a tornado of resistance to the encroachments upon our constitutional rights as he saw it. Here sleeps the grand old statesman whose character as a man, citizen, soldier, jurist brightens the pages of Alabama history. Rest in peace, Thomas Hill Watts. The children and grandchildren of your friends are honoring thy virtues and in silence recounting your glorious deeds. And over there, 'after life's fitful fever is o'er,' is the sleeping dust of the dashing, impetuous soldier-patriot, Gen. James H. Clanton. Time would fail me to tell of the nobleness of soul and greatness of mind of Stone, Elmore, Clopton, Rice, Troy, Bibb, Lomax, Tompkins, the eloquent and gifted Hilliard, and many others who have left the impress of their lives on the historic page of our commonwealth.

"While these were noble spirits, wise in council, courageous in right, patriotic in duty, loyal to the Southern cause, and to whom we ascribe a just meed of praise, yet silently sleep on yonder beautiful slope hundreds of private soldiers, upon some of whose headboards is marked 'Unknown.' These displayed as lofty a patriotism and as dauntless courage as the world has ever witnessed. Their deeds beautify and adorn our brightest pages with a glory equal to our wisest and

greatest and best. When I stand by the grave of a private Confederate soldier sleeping his last sleep, I am reminded of 'the heat and the burden of the day' he so patiently bore guarding the army sleeping in the bivouac with a watchfulness akin to that of a mother over the couch of a darling child. Who are these men? They belong to the rank and file of heroes. They fought for a principle."

OFFICERS FIRST BRIGADE, FLORIDA DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. Samuel Pasco, Monticello, Fla., announces the following staff appointments:

Lieut. Col. C. V. Thompson, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff.
Maj. W. K. Hyer, Quartermaster General.
Maj. Dixon P. Reed, Commissary General.
Maj. Henry H. Spear, Inspector General.
Maj. F. E. Wilson, Brigade Surgeon.
Maj. R. Q. Baker, Brigade Chaplain.
Capts. A. R. Seabrook, Milton, S. M. Robertson, Chipley, T. Hayward Randolph, Tallahassee, A. J. Murat, Apalachicola, A. C. Tippin, Escambia, B. W. Partridge, Monticello, T. R. Cantry, Quincy, J. J. Jones, Graceville, Daniel Campbell, DeFuniak, as aides on his staff.

BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILL, MISS.

REMINISCENCE OF JAMES LLEWELLYN, A UNION SOLDIER.

I was of Grant's army in the rear of Vicksburg, Miss. After the terrific struggle at Champion Hill, I started over the battlefield to look for one of my comrades. The dead and wounded lay thick, and among them one called me to come to him. I inquired what he wanted, and he asked for a drink of water. I went and cut three canteens from dead men, gave him one to drink, and laid the others by his side, telling him I would move him to a better place. I went to camp and got three or four men, and we carried him up on the side of the hill, where I fixed him a bed as good as I could of old blankets and knapsacks. I wanted him to eat, but he was too sick. The next morning I took him something to eat, but he was still unable to take nourishment. I had him sent to the field hospital, and never saw him again for about twenty-five years. After the war, I returned home to Indiana and he went back to Georgia. After some years, I went to Mabelvale, Ark., and in a few years T. I. Pritchard—for that was his name—came to the same place. We had gazed each other for some time about getting wounded, and one day I asked him where and in what battle he had been hurt. He replied: "In the battle of Champion Hill." He was supporting a battery on Champion Hill, and in reply to my questions explained that the battery stood in a ravine. I asked him if he had asked a stranger for a drink of water, and we then identified the conditions perfectly as stated. That was the last we knew of each other for twenty-five years.

A letter received with the above from B. F. Red (Company C, Phillips's Legion, C. S. A.), of Little Rock, Ark., states: "I often heard T. I. Pritchard tell of this circumstance at Baker's Creek battle, as he called it. After they became acquainted at Mabelvale, they were always the best of friends. Dr. Llewellyn is still a physician, and practiced for Pritchard's family while at Mabelville. T. I. Pritchard was a minister of the Methodist Church, South, of which Dr. Llewellyn was a member, and they were both members of the same Masonic Lodge. Pritchard was a member of Company F, 36th Georgia Regiment; Dr. Llewellyn was corporal of Company G, 11th Indiana Regiment Infantry. Comrade Pritchard died on the 11th of September, 1904."

FATHER RYAN'S TRIBUTE TO HIS BROTHER.

Young as the youngest who donned the gray,

True as the truest that wore it,

Brave as the bravest, he marched away

(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay),

Triumphant waved our flag one day—

He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest, where duty led

He hurried without a falter;

Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,

And the day was won; but the field was red,

And the blood of his fresh, young heart was shed

On his country's hallowed altar.

On the trampled breast of the battle plain,

Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,

On his pale, pure face not a mark of pain

(His mother dreams they will meet again),

The fairest amid all the slain,

Like a child asleep he nestled.

In the solemn shade of the woods that swept

The field where his comrades found him,

They buried him there; and the big tears crept

Into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept.

His mother (God pity her!) smiled and slept,

Dreaming her arms were around him.

A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,

A grave in the heart of his mother,

His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;

There is not a name, there is not a stone,

And only the voice of the winds makes moan

O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn;

But his memory lives in the other.

REMARKABLE COURAGE AND PRESENCE OF MIND.—History has recorded many remarkable events in which women have shown great bravery, and in the War between the States the women of the South were noted for their willingness to face the dangers of war or to shoulder the responsibilities devolving upon them as the family protectors. A most notable incident showing the presence of mind exhibited under trying circumstances has come to light in the death of Mrs. John S. Lewis, of Nashville, who was Miss Rebecca Jane Weldy, member of a wealthy and aristocratic family of Mississippi, and who was married in 1858 to Mr. John Lewis, nephew of the Nashville philanthropist, Samuel Watkins. A portion of her early married life was spent on a Mississippi plantation, but at the time referred to she was living in a small Mississippi town, in which only women and children and slaves were left. There was not an able-bodied white man in the village, and encamped across the Leaf River were ten thousand Federal troops on a raid. An escaping Confederate soldier, in a spirit of dare-devilry, fired into the Federal troops from the vicinity of the town, and immediately they began to shell the village. The women were terrified and helpless. Already the destruction by shot and shell had begun, when Mrs. Lewis ventured from her house, accompanied only by a servant, and tied a sheet to a tall, old-fashioned well sweep of her home for a flag of truce. In a few moments the firing ceased and the streets of the little village were filled with blue-coated soldiers, who had imagined the town was harboring a large detachment of Confederate soldiers. Thus was the little town saved by a woman's presence of mind.

AN "UNSEEN MESSAGE" OF PRESIDENT DAVIS'S.

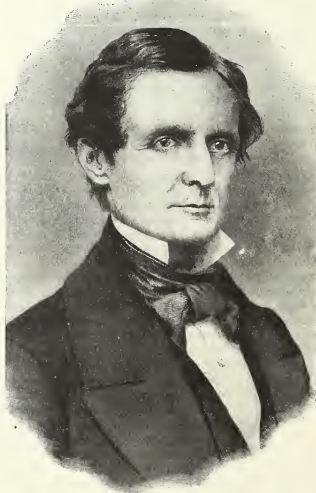
CONCERNING MILITARY CAREER OF GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON.

There appears in the "Rebellion Record," Series I, Volume XLVII, Part II, page 1304, a message of President Davis's that was not sent to the Congress, in which the President explained very much in detail why he did not yield to a widespread desire to reappoint Gen. J. E. Johnston to command of the Army of Tennessee or to some independent command.

On February 9, 1865, Gen. Robert E. Lee was appointed to the supreme command of the military forces of the Confederate States. General Johnston was ordered February 23 by General Lee to assume command of the Departments of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, "to concentrate all his available forces, and to drive back Sherman's army." General Johnston replied to General Lee: "It is too late for me to concentrate troops capable of driving back Sherman. The remnant of the Army of Tennessee is much demoralized and scattered. Is any discretion left me? I have no staff."

The same volume of the "Record" contains a letter from Mr. Davis to Col. James Phelan, of Meridian, Miss., in which he explains why he did not send the message to the Congress.

In that letter, dated March 1, 1865, President Davis stated: "As it would, however, have been necessary to accompany it, if sent, with a protest against any Congressional interference with the function exclusively executive of assigning officers to command, I determined to withhold it rather than, under existing circumstances, to send it to Congress with such a



PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

protest as I should have felt bound to make. I may add that since the paper was written General Lee has asked that General Johnston should be ordered to report to him for duty, and that I have complied with his wish in the hope that General Johnston's soldierly qualities may be made serviceable to his country when acting under General Lee's orders, and that in his new position those defects which I found manifested by him when serving as an independent commander will be remedied by the control of the general in chief."

The message is given in full as follows:

"EXECUTIVE OFFICE, RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 18, 1865.

"The joint resolution of Congress and other manifestations of a desire that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston should be restored to the command of the Army of Tennessee have been anxiously considered by me, and it is with sincere regret that I find myself unable to gratify what I must believe to have become quite a general desire of my countrymen. The expression of this desire has come to me in forms so imposing and from sources so fully entitled to my respect and confidence that I feel it to be due to the people, to justice, and to myself to take the unusual step of discussing matters which would otherwise for public consideration have been passed over in silence and of presenting the reasons which make it impossible for me to assign him again to an independent command.

"At the commencement of the present war there were few persons in the Confederacy who entertained a more favorable opinion of General Johnston as a soldier than I did. I knew him to be brave and well-informed in his profession. I believed that he possessed high capacity for becoming a successful commander in the field. Our relations under the former government were of a friendly nature, and so continued in the new sphere of duty opened to both by the change in the political condition of the country. At different times during the war I have given General Johnston three very important commands, and in each case experience has revealed the fact that with the high qualities above referred to as possessed by him are united defects which unfit him for the conduct of a campaign. When he was relieved from command in July last, it was believed that this action on my part would be accepted in its plain and only real significance as an indication that his conduct of the campaign was disapproved, and that apprehension was entertained that the grave losses already sustained would be followed by still further disasters if he continued in command. Any criticism on this action, however harsh and unjust to me personally, I was prepared to bear in the same silence which the interest of my country has imposed on me as a duty in many instances during the war. The disclosure of the ground of my conduct it would have been preferable to postpone to a future and more fitting occasion. But it has recently been apparent that there exists in some quarters a purpose, not simply to criticise the past, but to arraign me before the bar of public opinion and to compel me to do what my judgment and conscience disapproved or to destroy my power of usefulness by undermining the confidence of my fellow-citizens. It is better to lose that confidence than to retain it at the expense of truth and duty. Yet no man can conduct public affairs with success in a government like ours unless upheld by the trust and willing aid of the people. I have determined, therefore, now to make the disclosure of the causes which have forced on me the unpleasant duty of declining to gratify the desire of a large portion of the people as well as the expressed wish of Congress.

"General Johnston, on his entering into the Confederate serv-

ice, was assigned to the command of the Army of the Valley of Virginia, which was then confronted by the enemy in position on the north side of the Potomac. At Harper's Ferry there was a large quantity of materials and machinery for the manufacture of small arms of the greatest value to the Confederacy. Their removal to places of greater safety was commenced as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. During the progress of the work General Johnston insisted upon the evacuation of the place, and finally retired from it, as I then thought and still think, prematurely. The correctness of this opinion is sufficiently shown by the fact that after his withdrawal the working party remained without interruption by the enemy, and removed much valuable property, including the heaviest part of the machinery.

"When General Beauregard was threatened at Manassas by a large column of the enemy, his numerical inferiority and the inactivity of the enemy in the valley, under General Patterson, evinced the necessity, propriety, and practicability of a prompt march of our Valley army to his aid. General Johnston made serious objections to and expressed doubts as to the practicability of such a movement, and only after repeated and urgent instructions did he move to make the junction proposed. The delay thus occasioned retarded the arrival of the head of his column until after the first conflict had occurred and prevented a part of his troops from getting into position until the victory had been won. Indeed, we were saved from a fatal defeat at the battle of Manassas only by the promptness of Gen. E. Kirby-Smith, who, acting without orders and moving by a change of direction, succeeded in reaching the battlefield in time to avert a disaster. After the battle, the forces of General Johnston and General Beauregard remained united. General Johnston, who was in command of the combined forces, constantly declared his inability to assume offensive operations unless furnished with reinforcements, which, as he was several times informed, the government was unable to supply, and in the fall of 1861 put his troops in intrenched lines covering Centerville.

"During the winter he declared that his position was so insecure that it must be abandoned before the enemy could advance, but indicated no other line of defense as the proper one. He therefore was summoned to Richmond in February, 1862, for conference. On inquiry into the character of his position at Centerville, he stated that his lines were untenable; but when asked what new position he proposed to occupy declared himself ignorant of the topography of the country in his rear. This confession was a great shock to my confidence in him.

"That a general should have been many months in command of an army, should have selected a line which he himself considered untenable, and should not have ascertained the topography of the country in his rear, was inexplicable on any other theory than that he had neglected the primary duty of a commander. Engineers were sent by me from Richmond to examine the country and to supply him with the requisite information. General Johnston had announced, however, that his position was favorable as a point from which to advance if he could be reinforced. It was, therefore, agreed that he should mobilize his army by sending to the rear all heavy guns and all supplies and baggage, so as to be able to advance or retreat as occasion might require. The government was soon afterwards surprised by learning that General Johnston had commenced a hasty retreat without giving notice of an intention to do so, though he had just been apprised of the improved prospect of reinforcing him and of the hope enter-

tained by me that he would thus be enabled to assume the offensive. The retreat was without molestation or even demonstration from the enemy, but was conducted with such precipitation as to involve a heavy loss of supplies. Some valuable artillery was abandoned, a large depot of provisions was burned, blankets, shoes, and saddles were committed to the flames, and this great sacrifice of property was so wanting in apparent justification as to produce a painful impression on the public mind and to lead to an inquiry by a committee from Congress, which began an investigation into the subject, but did not report before Congress adjourned.

"During his retreat General Johnston telegraphed to Richmond to ask at what point he should stop, and afterwards admitted on conference the same want of topographical information previously confessed. When the enemy, instead of pursuing General Johnston in his rapid retreat, changed their base to Fortress Monroe and made the York River and the Peninsula their line of approach, he was ordered to Yorktown with his army, where General Magruder had for many months been actively constructing defensive works to resist an advance up the Peninsula. General Johnston soon announced the position untenable, and made another hasty retreat, and with another heavy loss of munitions and armament. He gave notice of his movement and of the necessity of evacuating Norfolk to the general in command there only after his own retreat had actually been commenced. The Secretaries of War and of the Navy had started (the former to Yorktown, the latter to Norfolk) to prevent a hurried evacuation and the consequent loss of the material of war. Too late to restrain General Johnston, they arrived in Norfolk in time to delay General Huglar's compliance with his notice until much valuable property was saved. But Norfolk could not long be held after the Peninsula was in the hands of the enemy, and with it were lost large supplies of all kinds, including machinery which could not be replaced in the Confederacy.

"General Johnston halted in his retreat near the Chickahominy; but after spending some days in selecting a position for defense against the advancing enemy, he suddenly crossed that stream without notice to the government, and retreated upon Richmond. He remained inactive in front of Richmond, making no intrenchments to cover his position, which might enable him to assume the offensive with the greater part of his army. He again neglected the proper reconnaissances and failed to have the roads laid down on topographical maps, a want of foresight sorely felt by our army when afterwards, under General Lee, endeavoring to cut off McClellan's retreat. He suffered the enemy to bring up their heavy guns, supplies, and troops without molestation, to build bridges across the Chickahominy, and to cross a portion of their army and make intrenchments not only without resistance but without knowledge of these important military operations. When, on a sudden freshet in the Chickahominy, a body of the enemy's troops was found to be on his side of the stream, an attack was made under the impression that they were cut off by the flood from reinforcements and entirely at our mercy. The battle was disastrous because the enemy was rapidly reinforced across bridges, the existence of which had not been ascertained by our commander, and because our troops attacked an enemy whom they did not know to be intrenched and assailed the front of a position which might easily have been turned by crossroads which were in constant use by the people of the neighborhood, but which were unknown to our officers. The General fell severely wounded in this engagement, in which he was conspicuous for personal

daring. But gallantry could not redeem the want of that foresight which is requisite for a commander, and the battle was, as I have said, a failure. His wound rendered him unfit for further service in the field for some months, and terminated his first important command, which he had administered in a manner to impair my confidence in his fitness to conduct a campaign for a government possessed of only very limited material resources and whose armies were numerically so inferior to those of the enemy as to demand from its generals the greatest vigilance and activity, the best discipline and organization, with careful provision and rigid economy. The loss of supplies during the time he was in command had been great, and our difficulties for the want of them were so distressing as to cripple our military operations to a far greater extent than can be appreciated.

"On General Johnston's fall General Lee assumed command of the army. He at once made an intrenched line by which the city could be covered with a part of his forces, and was thus enabled to cross the Chickahominy with the main body and with the aid of the troops from the Valley under General Jackson to attack the enemy in flank and rear, achieving the series of glorious victories in the summer of 1862 which made our history illustrious.

"As soon as General Johnston reported himself fit for duty, he was again intrusted with an important command; for, though my confidence in him had been shaken, it had not yet been destroyed. He had been tested in the immediate command of an army, and in that position had not justified the high opinion I had previously entertained of him. He was now assigned to a different class of duties—to the general supervision and control of several armies, each under an immediate commander, to whom was intrusted the duty of organizing, disciplining, and supplying his own troops. His department included the districts of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, with power to command in person wherever he should consider his services most needed and to transfer troops at discretion. He thus controlled the army under General Bragg in Tennessee, those of Generals Pemberton and Gardner at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and that of General Forney at Mobile and other points in Alabama. The new assignment was of higher grade and to a more enlarged sphere than the former, embracing within its limits my own home and those of my nearest relatives and friends. It is, therefore, apparent that I felt no disposition to depreciate the merits of General Johnston or to deprive him of an opportunity of rendering such conspicuous service as would secure military fame for himself. If private considerations were needed in addition to a sense of public duty in order to insure my earnest support of all his efforts for the good of the country, the motive of personal interest has not been absent. Few were exposed to a more total loss of property than myself in the event of his disastrous failure in this new command.

"When General Grant made his demonstration on Vicksburg, General Johnston failed to perceive its significance, and did not repair that vital point in his department until ordered from Richmond to do so. He arrived, as he reported, too late. He did not proceed to the headquarters of the forces in the field, but stopped at Jackson and undertook from there to direct the operations of the army, though, as shown by subsequent events, he was not well informed of the situation. After the investment of Vicksburg, General Johnston remained inactive at Canton and Jackson, stating his inability to attack Grant, notwithstanding very urgent requests to do so. He was thereupon pressed to attack the forces of Banks at Port

Hudson and rescue the army of General Gardner, but declined on the ground that he feared Grant would seize occasion to advance upon Jackson, which place he considered too important to be exposed. Grant was then investing Vicksburg. After both Vicksburg and Port Hudson had been captured without one blow on his part to relieve either, a detachment was sent by General Grant from Vicksburg to capture Jackson. The enemy, it appears, was surprised to find the place held in force, and sent back to Vicksburg for reinforcements. No attempt was made by General Johnston to improve the opportunity thus presented by attacking the isolated detachment of the enemy in his front. He remained within his lines and permitted Grant again to concentrate a large force against the third and last section of that army. Not once during the entire campaign did he act on the maxim of attacking the foe in detail, a rule peculiarly applicable when an army is contending against an enemy superior in numbers. The familiar historical example of the war conducted by Frederick the Great against three armies, the junction of any two of which would have caused the downfall of his State, illustrates the value of this maxim and serves to show how much, under the most adverse conditions, may be achieved by a general who to professional skill unites genius and energy.

"No sooner had the enemy commenced investing Jackson than General Johnston pronounced it untenable. He had been there for many weeks, and to insure the successful defense of the place left Gardner's army at Port Gibson to its fate. Yet when the moment of trial came he decided that the lines of defense had been badly located and that the works were so imperfect and insufficient as to render the position untenable. Weeks had been passed by the general commanding in the town with an army of between twenty and thirty thousand men under his orders, and he had neither remedied defective location of lines nor given the works requisite strength. Jackson was evacuated and General Johnston withdrew his army to Eastern Mississippi. The evacuation of Jackson, as of Centerville, was marked by one of the most serious and irreparable sacrifices of property that have occurred during the war, a loss for which, in my judgment, no sufficient explanation has been given. The railroad bridge across the Pearl River at Jackson had been broken. It was necessary to rebuild it sufficiently to remove the cars across, and there was a very large accumulation of rolling stock on the western side of the river which without the bridge could not have been saved if Jackson were evacuated. Under these circumstances General Johnston, with over twenty thousand men, suffered this gap to remain without an effort to fill it, although the work could with little difficulty have been completed in a manner to answer the requirements of the occasion. In consequence of this neglect a very large number of locomotives, said to be about ninety, and several hundred cars were lost. We have never recovered from the injury to the transportation service occasioned by this failure on his part.

"General Johnston's second campaign thus closed with the loss of every important position which the enemy attacked. Not only was Vicksburg forced to surrender with its garrison, but Port Hudson with its garrison had been captured when he was able to relieve it, but abstained from making the movement lest he should thereby hazard the safety of Jackson, which, in its turn, was lost with the sacrifice of most valuable property.

"My confidence in General Johnston's fitness for separate command was now destroyed. The proof was too complete

to admit of longer doubt that he was deficient in enterprise, tardy in movement, defective in preparation, and singularly neglectful of the duty of preserving our means of supply and transportation, although experience should have taught him their value and the difficulty of procuring them. It should be added that neither in this nor in his previous command had it been possible for me to obtain from General Johnston any communication of his plans or purposes beyond vague statements of an intention to counteract the enemy as their plans might be developed. No indication was ever presented to induce the belief that he considered it proper to form combinations for attack as well as defense, and nothing is more certain than the final success of an enemy who with superior forces can continue his operations without fear of being assailed, even when exposing weakness and affording opportunities of which a vigilant adversary would avail himself for attack. I came to the conclusion, therefore, that it would be imprudent to intrust General Johnston with another independent command for active operations in the field. Yet I yielded my convictions and gave him a third trial under the following circumstances:

"General Bragg, at his own request, was relieved from the command of the Army of Tennessee after the battle of Missionary Ridge and was succeeded by General Hardee, his senior lieutenant general. This officer, distrusting his own ability, earnestly requested the selection of another commander for the army, and a most urgent and general solicitation was made that General Johnston should be assigned to that duty. After relieving General Bragg, of our five generals, Lee and Beauregard were the only officers of that grade in the field except General Johnston. Neither of the first two could properly be withdrawn from the position occupied by him, and General Johnston thus remained the only officer of rank superior to that of lieutenant general who was available. The act of Congress authorizing the appointment of general officers with temporary rank had not then been passed. There seemed to be scarcely a choice left, but my reluctance to risk the disasters which I feared would result from General Johnston's assignment to this command could with difficulty be surmounted. The assignment of this commander was said to be demanded by the common voice of the army, the press, and the people; and finally some of my advisers in the Cabinet suggested that it might well be the case that this assignment, with the disasters apprehended from it, would be less calamitous than the injury arising from an apparent indifference to the wishes and opinions of the officers of the State governments, of many members of Congress, and of other prominent citizens. I committed the error of yielding to these suggestions against my own deliberate convictions, and General Johnston entered upon his third important command, that of the army designed to recover the State of Tennessee from the enemy.

"In February, 1864, he was informed of the policy of the government for his army. It was proposed to reinforce him largely, and that he should at once advance and assume the offensive for the recovery of at least a part of the State of Tennessee. For this purpose he was advised to accumulate as rapidly as possible sufficient supplies for an advance and assured that the reinforcing troops should be sent to him as soon as he was prepared for the movement. Until such time it was deemed imprudent to open the country to incursions of the enemy by withdrawing from other positions or to delay accumulation of supplies by increasing the number of consumers at the front. The winter was dry and mild. The

enemy, as was reported, not expecting any active movement on our part, had sent most of his horses back to Kentucky to be recruited for the spring campaign.

"General Hardee, just before relinquishing the command, reported the army as fully recovered from the effect of its retreat from Missionary Ridge. He represented that there was effectiveness and sufficient supply in the ordnance, quartermaster's, and commissary departments; that the artillery was in good condition, the spirits of the troops excellent, and the army ready to fight. General Bragg sent to General Johnston all the information deemed valuable which had been acquired during his continuance in command. The government spared nothing of men and material at its disposal. Batteries made for Lee's army were diverted and sent to General Johnston, and he was informed that troops would be sent to reinforce him as soon as he collected supplies in depot for a forward movement. Absentees were rapidly returning to the army when he assumed command. Several thousand men had joined their regiments within the twenty days immediately preceding his arrival at Dalton. Troops were withdrawn from Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile to aid him. The main army of Alabama and Mississippi, under General Polk, was placed at his disposal. Cavalry was returned from East Tennessee to assist him.

"General Johnston made no attempt to advance. As soon as he assumed command he suggested deficiencies and difficulties to be encountered in an offensive movement which he declared himself unable to overcome. The enemy commenced advancing in May, and General Johnston began retreating. His retreat was not marked by any general engagements, nor does he appear to have attempted to cut off any portion or detachment of the enemy while they were marching around his flanks. Little fighting was done by the army, except when attacked in intrenchments. His course in abandoning a large extent of country abounding in supplies and offering from its mountainous character admirable facilities for defense so disheartened and demoralized the army that he himself announced by telegram large losses from straggling and desertion. At Allatoona, his position being almost impregnable, the enemy were compelled to make extensive flank movements which exposed them to attack; but they were allowed by General Johnston, who had marched out of his intrenchments, to interpose themselves between him and the ridge without receiving any assault upon their lengthened and exposed flank. He was thus maneuvered out of a most favorable position with slight loss to the enemy. By a repetition of a similar course he was driven, without any apparent capacity to help himself, through an entire district of mountain passes and defiles and across rivers until he was finally brought to the suburbs of Atlanta.

"No information was sent to me which tended to dispel the apprehension then generally expressed that Atlanta also was to be abandoned when seriously threatened. Some of those who had most earnestly urged General Johnston's assignment to the command of the army when it was at Dalton now with equal earnestness pressed his prompt removal. The consequences of changing a commander in the midst of a campaign were regarded so embarrassing that, even when it was considered by others too plainly necessary for doubt or delay, I preferred, by direct inquiry of General Johnston, to obtain that which had been too long withheld—his plan for future operations. A telegram was sent to him, insisting on a statement of his purposes, so as to enable me to anticipate events. His reply showed that he intended leaving the intrenchments

of Atlanta under the guard of the Georgia militia and moving out with his army into the field. This was regarded as conclusive that Atlanta was also to be given up without battle, and I could perceive no ground for hoping that General Johnston, who had failed to check the enemy's march from Dalton to Atlanta through a country abounding in strong positions for defense, would be able to prevent the further advance through a level country to Macon and the consequent severance of the Confederacy by a line passing through the middle of Georgia. He was therefore relieved. If I had been slow to consent to his assignment to that command, I was at least equally slow to agree to his removal.

"I could not discover between the forces of General Johnston and General Sherman any such disparity as was alleged; nor do I believe that our army in any military department since the beginning of the war had been so nearly equal in numbers with the enemy as in this last campaign of General Johnston.

"His report, dated October 20, 1864, states that he has lost in killed and wounded in infantry and artillery during this campaign 10,000 men, and from all other causes, principally slight sickness, 4,700. Of his cavalry, the losses are not stated. His report, however, omits to state what his returns to the Adjutant General's office exhibit—a loss of over 7,000 captured by the enemy. His losses, therefore, in infantry and artillery were about 22,000, without including cavalry. Yet, notwithstanding these heavy losses, General Johnston's returns of July 10, a few days before his removal, show an aggregate present of 75,849 men, of whom 50,932 are reported to be effective. But his return of the previous month shows that among those not reported as effective were quite 11,000 men performing active service on extra duty and as noncommissioned staff officers and musicians. The available force present must, therefore, have been about 62,000 men. The aggregate present on the 10th of March previous (after the arrival of the part of Hardee's Corps that had been detached, although too late to aid General Polk in opposing Sherman's raid through Mississippi) was 54,806, and the effective present 42,408. It thus appears that so largely was General Johnston's army reinforced that after all the losses of his campaign his army had increased about 19,000 men present and about the same number of men available for active duty.

"As the loss in killed and wounded, sick and prisoners, in infantry and artillery alone was 22,000, by adding the loss in cavalry, and as the force on the 10th of July was about 62,000, it is deduced that General Johnston had been in command of an army of about 85,000 men fit for active duty to oppose Sherman, whose effective force was not believed to have been much in excess of that number. The entire force of the enemy was considerably greater than the numbers I have mentioned, and so was General Johnston's; but in considering the merits of the campaign it is not necessary to do more than compare the actual strength of the armies which might have joined the issue of battle. When it is considered that with forces thus matched General Johnston was endeavoring to hold mountainous districts of our country, with numerous fortified positions, while the enemy was in the midst of a hostile population and with a long line of communication to guard, it is evident that it was not the want of men or means which caused the disastrous failure of the campaign. My opinion of General Johnston's unfitness for command has ripened slowly and against my inclinations into a conviction so settled that it would be impossible for me again to feel confidence in him as the commander of an army in the field. The power

to assign generals to appropriate duties is a function of trust confided to me by my countrymen. That trust I have ever been ready to resign at my country's call; but while I hold it nothing shall induce me to shrink from its responsibilities or to violate the obligations it imposes. JEFFERSON DAVIS."

CRITICISMS BY FRIENDS OF GENERAL JOHNSTON.

At the time General Johnston wrote his "Narrative" (1874) he had not seen the foregoing; but Gov. Benjamin G. Humphries and Maj. Livingston Mims, who had seen it, wrote to General Johnston, and upon that report in the closing thirty-five pages of his book—save the appendix—he makes reply. The fact that he had only the recollections of others as to the contents of the "unsent message" makes it unjust to both him and the President to publish that reply. See Johnston's "Narrative," pages 430-465.

Ex-Gov. James D. Porter, of Tennessee, an important staff officer with General Cheatham, wrote the Nashville *American*:

"I read with great interest in to-day's number of the *American*, under the title 'Joe Johnston Defended,' the communication of my old comrade, Hay Taylor, of Columbia, Tenn.

"I have no time for a discussion of the historic question precipitated by the republication of the bill of indictment prepared by Mr. Davis, called the 'unsent message,' which he had in preparation for more than three years; but the complete answer to it is: That when Gen. R. E. Lee was made commander in chief of the Confederate armies, with a full knowledge of the opinion and wishes of Mr. Davis, his first act was to order General Johnston to assume command of the Army of Tennessee. The army, the people, the Confederate Congress, the entire country approved this action of General Lee; but it was too late. The Confederacy was on its death-bed. The battles in front of Atlanta, under Hood, his campaign in Tennessee, Franklin, and Nashville had decimated the ranks of the army; but its skeleton gathered around Joe Johnston at Bentonville, and the old-time spirit displayed by the brigades of Brown and Pettus on the 8th of May and by

the divisions of Cheatham and Cleburne at New Hope Church and at Kennesaw Mountain was conspicuous once more.

"The cause of the unnecessary disasters of the Army of Tennessee can be traced to the fact that a political chief in the person of Mr. Davis undertook to conduct military campaigns. After the melancholy Kentucky campaign, appeals were made to him to change the commander of the Army of Tennessee. The sound military reason was offered that the army and the country had lost confidence in General Bragg. Senator Harris [then Governor of Tennessee] was sent to Richmond, or rather was urged to go, to beg Mr. Davis to make the change. His appeal was obstinately refused. General Johnston was suggested in response to a request from Mr. Davis to propose a proper man for the place. The suggestion was dismissed with a sneer. Harris then named Stonewall Jackson. Mr. Davis replied: 'He has no ability to command an army.' Harris then named Longstreet, Hardee, Kirby-Smith, and others with the like result. Later on, after the disastrous victories of Murfreesboro and Chickamauga, Mr. Davis made a visit to the army, then occupying Missionary Ridge, and seemingly waited for the Federal general to conclude his preparation for the capture of the Confederate position. He called a conference of division commanders in the presence of General Bragg, and asked this question: 'Has the army lost confidence in the ability of General Bragg to command it?' There were present Buckner, Stewart, Cheatham, Cleburne, Anderson, Breckinridge, and others, and the response was unanimous that the officers and men of the army could not and would not trust General Bragg, and the necessity for another commander was imperative.

"This conference was initiated by Mr. Davis and held in the presence of General Bragg. It seemed that the purpose was to embarrass or maybe to intimidate the gentlemen present and force a declaration of confidence in General Bragg.

"Soon thereafter Grant moved on our lines, and won the most complete of his victories; and General Bragg, too late, asked to be relieved from command. General Johnston was assigned to it. General Buckner has promised me to write a history of the conference I have named.

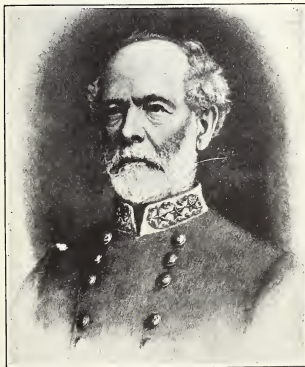
"I write this because Comrade Taylor, in his own communication, suggests that I should 'speak up' in defense of our old commander. I commend to him an editorial in the *American* of June 28, or rather that part of it commencing with the words 'The student should read,' etc., and I add that in a conversation with General Grant he said to me that Johnston's conduct of the campaign from Dalton to the Chattahoochee was one of the greatest achievements of modern times, and that it will remain forever as a study to the military student.

"When he left the army, it was in the very pink of condition and in the highest feather and bore itself like a conquering host."

FROM ENGINEER FOR ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

Capt. A. H. Buchanan, engineer for the Army of Tennessee, now for many years at the head of the Department of Mathematics in Cumberland University, was requested to write for the *VETERAN* on this subject, as he is the most capable man living to write of General Johnston's familiarity with the topography of the country over which the Army of Tennessee marched and fought, particularly in the Georgia campaign. He furnished a review of General Johnston's career, writing mainly of his personal knowledge:

"After recovering from his wound sufficiently for duty, his new assignment gave him control of the army under



GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

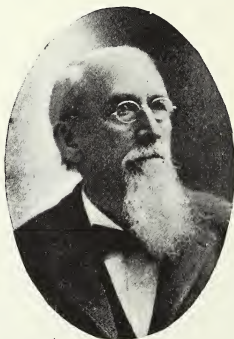
General Bragg in Tennessee, those of General Pemberton and General Gardner at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and that of General Forney at Mobile, with power to command in person wherever he should consider his services most needed; but, as the facts prove, was criticised because he did not so command in all these various armies at the same time, though interfered with by orders back and forth from one to the other by the President himself. It is impossible to get a correct idea of all the difficulties confronting him in this new command without consulting at great length the 'Narrative.' He was expected first to strike a blow upon at least two corps with two brigades in defense of Jackson. In the estimation of his associate officers, from thirty to forty thousand more troops were necessary to cut through General Grant's lines at Vicksburg than was demanded of him. This message holds him responsible for the investment and fall of Vicksburg, when the world knows this was the result of General Pemberton's positive disobedience of General Johnston's order. He suggested to combine in Mississippi against Grant and Sherman, and pleaded for permission to unite Holmes, of the Trans-Mississippi Department, with Pemberton for this end, but was refused. This disproves the charge 'no indication.' In short, he demonstrates that he was interfered with and opposed in his plans throughout the disastrous campaign. What finally could his little band do in defense of Jackson against 'three corps and a division' and the 'concentrated fire of two hundred pieces of ordnance?' An attack upon this force would have been his destruction, and without an attack by the enemy there could be no hope and still less in the result of a siege.

'President Davis professes to have lost all confidence in General Johnston's ability to manage a command, but for that indomitable 'universal demand' of the country. He says, 'I committed the error of yielding to these suggestions against my own deliberate convictions, and Johnston entered upon his third important command,' that of the Army of Tennessee. He demanded of him to regain at least a part of the State; but upon the promise that sufficient reinforcements should be furnished him and upon the realization or failure of this last contingency the criticism of any fair-minded man will be based. Instead of 62,000 at the beginning of the campaign, by President Davis's estimate he had 42,856 infantry, artillery, and cavalry all told, 'by returns sent to the war office,' and therefore accessible to the President. General Sherman states in his report that he commenced the campaign 'with above ninety-eight thousand men,' more than twice Johnston's command. The absurd charge is made: 'General Johnston made no attempt to advance.' He also says in the face of the history of a most terrible campaign: 'Little fighting was done by the army except when attacked in intrenchments.' Would not a generous critic have given credit for the dreadful fighting done in the trenches? Besides, that was the only kind of fighting fashionable at that stage of the war.

'To those familiar with General Johnston's mode of campaigning the charge that 'he did not know his topography' would always be considered untrue, as the two charges given have proved. The war did not develop his equal as a military engineer on either side, neither can the world produce his superior. He could mount the fast horse he always rode, and in a few hours gallop over an area of several square miles without chart or compass, and be able to point out any errors at a glance in an incorrect map of the same. One chief engineer was retired for errors detected in a map of an important district over which he had ridden twice, and the second

in rank was asked if he had any men who could do the work correctly, who replied 'he had.' 'Then order them in and set them at it.'

'When he began the campaign between Dalton and Atlanta, he had a continuous map of the intervening territory and twenty-five miles beyond Atlanta forty miles wide—twenty miles on each side of the Georgia railroad—showing every road, house, and the owner's name, creek, river, timbered land, cleared land, hills and valleys, and so perfect that he selected many lines of battle from it without ever having seen the ground himself and never made a mistake in a single instance. When he had placed his men on any line, he demanded and secured in a few hours the condition of the roads in every direction from it, and this done his invariable remark was: 'Now I am ready to fight.' During this entire campaign, contrary to the wish of his generals, he insisted upon having short lines of battle, saying: 'Let the enemy come around our flanks, I want one corps partially free to hurl upon him whenever he does.' On almost every line were weak points to the appearance of the enemy which he made stronger therefore than any other, knowing the enemy would try to break his line at these. The terrible carnage in the enemy's forces at those called 'dead angles' often exceeded the most extravagant fiction. When he had held a line long enough to know the enemy would take no further risks, he would select and move to another, often in daylight, in full view of the enemy, thereby inviting him to press upon him;



CAPT. ANDREW H. BUCHANAN.

but the wily Sherman knew his man perfectly—more dangerous moving than still.

'Thus the fight went on 'all summer,' greater battles almost daily than were seen in the great Spanish war, though ours were called 'skirmishes.' In this way he was wearing Sherman's army away and making him extend his line of communication to be guarded at the further expense to it, thus gradually reducing him to equality with himself. The charge made in the 'last message' that the men were 'becoming demoralized and disheartened' is absolutely untrue. No general ever had the confidence of his men more completely than he.

They knew they could whip when he said they must fight, and they actually said 'they would retreat with him to the Gulf of Mexico if he thought it necessary.'

"He had reached his position near Atlanta with a loss of 9,972 killed and wounded (not 22,000, as charged), while the loss of the enemy was estimated at six times as great as his. President Davis wished to know at this place whether he intended to hold Atlanta or not. His reply was: 'If I can do so without sacrificing my army, which is worth more to the Confederacy than Atlanta.' The President then determined to relieve him, offering the command to each of the corps commanders in succession and to General Hood, the last who accepted, contrary to the advice of the others. So the grand old patriot had to 'step down and out,' saying as he did: 'I will serve my country in any capacity, however humble, if it is thought best.' As he rode out through the army that day, on every side he heard the pathetic 'Good-by, Old Jo.' Till then that was the saddest day of the war. And this is the last act of one of the tragedies of the ages. Let the curtain fall till the future impartial historian shall write up the most wonderful military campaign the world has ever seen, his enemies being judges.

"What next? Two things if the criticisms are sincere. Atlanta must never be surrendered, and Sherman must be attacked and driven out of 'part of Tennessee,' since by 'estimation the two armies are now about equal.' But no! After the demonstration of what Johnston knew would likely be inevitable, the indispensable Atlanta has to be surrendered, and the President and General Hood alone decide to start General Hood out on a 'wild goose chase' to Nashville and the dissipation of the Army of Tennessee to death or the four winds. A few evenings before the march began the President addressed such a part of the army as he wished to hear to inspire them for the great move. The night was so gloomy and the whole performance so farcical that those who attended can doubtless in imagination see it now as it was then. But General Sherman starts on his glorious (?) march through Georgia with quite a sufficient force left him by General Johnston to make his way by fire and sword against the women and children even to the sea. Will history ever be able to record it 'sufficiently?' One may be pardoned for longing to know what would have been the end if the greatest general of the war had been continued in command. Instead of the inspired 'Marching through Georgia,' perhaps a dirge in the other direction.

"The history of these days and times furnishes a vast field of study now. Apparently little things contribute to produce stupendously great results. As we all know, the War between the States was for the abolition of slavery, which could have been done in no other way. We thought we were fighting for our homes. But 'The Lord of hosts mustereth the hosts of battle,' as in this instance, to bring about the greatest blessing to our Southland, so as ultimately to make it the greatest part of a great country. He must use means to accomplish his purposes. 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.' Among the endless number of lesser things made to contribute to the result, three of the greater may be mentioned: The petty prejudices of the greatest statesman continually handicapped the power of the greatest general, so that finally 'he must step down and out,' and this was the beginning of the end. The unpardonable blunders of an incompetent Congress drove thousands of disheartened soldiers out of our armies. A 'praying general' inspired himself and his army to answer his own prayers by such miraculous

achievements that a 'Stone Wall' must be cut down, but the consecrated victim must not be offered by the hand of the enemy.

"To the millions of Southern prayers and the rivers of un-mixed Southern blood offered for the old Southland an all-wise God, infinite in mercy, must answer no to provide the best for humanity; and, thanks to his name, we submit. But had his will not been thus, would the South have been beaten? A thousand times, never! The crowning act of his mercy is the greatest Christian soldier the world has seen since the days of Joshua was left to teach his battle-scarred soldiers how to submit to the decrees of the infinite Ruler of the universe; and so well did he and others under his influence fulfill his last grand mission that the New South, with the remnant of the Old, are now as loyal to the stars and stripes as they were to the stars and bars, so that the civilized world is astonished at the cordial union of the greatest nation on earth."

MR. DAVIS AS AN OFFICER IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

Will T. Hale, of Tennessee, whose writings are always interesting and charming to the student of accurate history, recently illustrated a shameful policy of Southerners who seek the favor of Northern readers:

"Recently a Mississippian won the prize offered by a Northern publication for the best article on the Mexican War. One of the greatest battles of that war was Buena Vista, and the man who came out of it with most honor was Jefferson Davis. But, strangely enough, his part in the struggle is not mentioned in the article of the young Mississippi author. Was it his or the editor's doing? . . .

"His Jacksonlike courage was manifested at Monterey when he led his command without bayonets in the charge on Fort Leneria. His skill was as decisively shown at Buena Vista. Through a mistaken idea of General Scott, General Taylor had been left with seven thousand men; liable to be attacked by Santa Anna's army of twenty thousand. A two days' contest resulted. The Mexicans fought desperately, and drove several regiments of volunteers from the field in headlong flight. In a last desperate effort to break the American lines an overwhelming body of Mexican lancers charged down. Colonel Davis formed his men in the shape of the letter V, open toward the Mexicans, and thus by exposing the enemy to a covering fire utterly routed them, though he was unsupported. In this fight his part was more than the parts of Bragg, May, or even Taylor. His regiment was the only trained one in Taylor's army. He had asked and obtained the new Whitney rifles for his men, and wrote a manual of arms for their use.

"On hearing of the movement forming the V, the Duke of Wellington said: 'That is a great soldier. I should like to see him.' The maneuver was copied by the great English commander, Colin Campbell, in the Crimean War. At that time the Mississippian was a 'patriot' and not 'the archtraitor.'

"For a large part of the next ten years he was in the United States Senate. In an interval he became Secretary of War in the Cabinet of a Northern-born President. He it was who, as Secretary, proposed the use of camels in the service on the Western plains, introduced an improved system of infantry tactics, iron gun carriages, rifled muskets and pistols and the use of the Minie ball, added four regiments to the army, strengthened the seacoast and frontier defenses, and adopted a larger grain of powder, besides having heavy guns cast hollow."



"He is not dead, but has simply passed
Beyond the mists which blind us here
Into that serener, sublimer sphere
Where winding sheets are never woven
And funeral knells are never rung;
Blessed land beyond the sky,
To reach it we must die."

COL. J. B. E. SLOAN.

Attended by sorrowing relatives and friends from many parts of the State, the mortal remains of Col. J. B. E. Sloan were laid to rest in the old burial ground of Pendleton, S. C., on the 25th of February, 1906. One of his comrades spoke of Colonel Sloan's union in death with his boyhood friend, Gen. Barnard E. Lee, their graves being separated by a few paces. He said further: "When at early morn on the day of Manassas six companies of the 4th South Carolina and four companies of Wheat's Battalion, under Colonel Sloan and Major Wheat, detached themselves about a mile from Beauregard's army in the desperate resolve to stay the flanking movement of the Federal army, many bright lives from old Pendleton breathed their last morning air. For more than two hours did this unintrenched regiment repel the onslaught of successive Federal troops. There was no faltering in the determination of this handful of patriots to hold the enemy at bay until Beauregard could change his front. Finally the gallant Bee dashed into our midst, calling: 'Hello, Sloan! Hurrah for Carolina!' The brave Bartow also came to our aid, and the fight waxed hotter and hotter. With a furious fusillade from the front, with artillery on the left flank raking our entire line, and with a ceaseless roar a little to the rear of our right flank, where Hampton had taken position with the four companies of the 4th who had been left to hold Stone Bridge, the order was at last given to fall back. Severely pressed, there was no time to consider how. We surged back in broken formation, carrying with us Generals Bartow and Wheat, who had been severely wounded. We passed back of the Stone Bridge road, between Hampton on the right and Jackson on the left. Hampton was taken from the field wounded at this time. As our men surged back of the line General Bee and Colonel Sloan rode forward with the colors; Jackson's men on our left were aligned along an old rail fence through which old Mississippi rifles were proclaiming patriotic conviction. Joining Colonel Sloan in exhorting the men to line up with the colors, General Bee thus exclaimed: 'See Jackson's men standing like a stone wall.' Badly shattered, the old Fourth stepped true to the line, and continued in the thickest of the fight till the end of that memorable day. One of the closing events was in Colonel Sloan's order to Captain Anderson (an Englishman), of the Fourth, to charge Rickett's Battery (which we were afterwards told had several times changed hands during the day). This experienced officer in charging ordered his men to 'shoot the horses and take care of the gunners afterwards.' Rickett's Battery was thus captured and

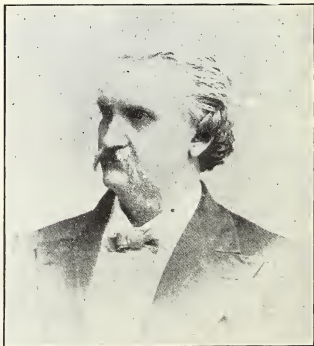
held, and with the aid of a few of Kershaw's men, skilled in gunnery and who had been detailed by Beauregard upon request of Colonel Sloan, these pieces were turned on the enemy with deadly effect. At this juncture, our reinforcements having charged the enemy's right flank, the rout was precipitated. The Southern star shone resplendent in glory, but old Pendleton's heart was sad in grief with the gallant Bee and other brave souls foremost in the bivouac of the dead."

COL. GEORGE C. CABELL.

Report comes of the death of Col. George C. Cabell at his home, in Danville, Va. Resolutions of the Sterling Price Camp, at Dallas, Tex., express the history of this comrade succinctly. The committee making the report are J. R. Cole (Chairman), A. W. Nowlin, John R. T aylor, John J. Conroy, Milton Park, V. Pace.

Col. George C. Cabell was born in Danville, Va., January 26, 1836; and died in Baltimore June 23, 1906. He graduated at the University of Virginia in 1852, and practiced his profession of the law until his death, except during the time he served his country in the army. His family ranked among the most intellectual, patriotic, and socially prominent in his State. For several generations, back through the Revolution, his ancestors held high official and responsible positions among the best in Virginia; and when the great conflict between the North and the South over principles dear to every Southern man rent the nation in twain and shook the continent with the thunders of war, he and five brothers, descendants of the warriors of 1812 and the Revolution, immediately offered their services and their lives in defense of their State and homes.

Colonel Cabell was appointed major of the 18th Volunteer Regiment in April, 1861, and was in the battles of Blackburn's Ford, July 18, 1861; Bull Run, July 21, 1861; all of the seven days' battles around Richmond in 1862; Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862; Second Bull Run, August 30, 1862; Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862, where he was badly wounded. He fought at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862, and Chan-



COL. GEORGE C. CABELL.

cellorville in May, 1863, and was at Petersburg with Lee against Grant. He was severely wounded, and his brother, Col. Joseph R. Cabell, was killed in the battle between General Beauregard and General Butler on June 10, 1864. He had been promoted to the command of his regiment and often commanded his brigade. He continued fighting under his great leader until the final surrender at Appomattox.

When the gloom of disaster had somewhat passed away before the gentle influences of peace, his people called him to represent them and their interests in the Congress of the United States during several terms, for he was beloved and honored and trusted by the people with whom he had lived for half a century. His was a noble countenance, an imperial figure, a splendid presence. Few men in Congressional halls, in social circles, or at the head of charging batteries ever won greater admiration.

JUDGE A. G. HAWKINS.

Hon. A. G. Hawkins, Judge of the Ninth Chancery Division of Tennessee, died at his residence, in Huntingdon, Tenn., May 17, 1906. His son, Clarence M. Hawkins, Private Secretary to Gov. John I. Cox, was with him at the end. His other sons, Prince A. Hawkins, of Boulder, Colo., and Leslie O. Hawkins, in school at Ann Arbor, Mich., had been wired of his illness, but did not arrive before his death.

Hon. Albert G. Hawkins was born near Huntingdon April 24, 1841. His father was John M. Hawkins. He was one of thirteen sons, all of whom have held prominent positions. One brother, Ex-Gov. Alvin Hawkins, died last year.

Chancellor Hawkins was reared to manhood on a farm and was educated in the country schools and at the Huntingdon Male Academy. In January, 1861, he went to Shreveport, La., and for five months engaged in teaching school. After his return to his native county, he enlisted in Captain Bryant's company, 55th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., and served until 1862, when he came home on account of illness. Recovering, he joined Forrest's Cavalry, and served in that capacity until the close of the war, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala., on May 11, 1865. He was wounded at Brice's Crossroads. He began to study law in 1861, and resumed it in 1865. He was admitted to the bar in 1866, and practiced for a number of years. He was elected Chancellor of the Ninth District in 1886, and held the office until his death. He was one of the ablest lawyers in Tennessee. In politics he was a Democrat. In 1876 he was elected to the Tennessee Senate. In 1880 he was the Democratic elector for the Eighth Congressional District. He was a Mason and a K. of H.

In 1869 Comrade Hawkins married Miss Ellen Prince. To them were born four children, three of whom are living—Prince A. Hawkins, a prominent attorney of Boulder, Colo., Clarence M. Hawkins, Private Secretary to Governor Cox, and Leslie O. Hawkins, who is in school at Ann Arbor, Mich. Judge Hawkins's wife died several years ago, and in 1900 he was married to Miss Kate Van Horn, of Paris, Tenn., who survives him.

REV. W. P. HEMPHILL.

Capt. W. P. Hemphill died at his home, in Griffin, Ga., May 17, 1906. He was a native of South Carolina, enlisted as a private in the Confederate army, and was later promoted to captain. In 1865 he and Miss Amanda Josephine Smarr, of Griffin, were united in marriage. She and the following children survive him: Mrs. D. P. Blake, Concord; Mrs. H. L. Bradenburgh, Senoia; Mr. H. E. Hemphill, Atlanta; Misses Gertrude and Agnes and Messrs. W. R., E. W., J. E., and E. W. Hemphill, of Griffin. All of them are in Georgia. Several

years ago, feeling called to preach the gospel, he was licensed as a minister by the Presbyterian Church, and did most effective work as an evangelist for the Atlanta Presbytery. Being of a most genial and sympathetic disposition, he had hosts of friends.

"With grief the purest hearts are breaking,

Tears are flowing o'er the brave;

Friend for friend is here seen mourning,

All are tending to the grave.

Angel spirits still are whispering:

'Come and join our heavenly band.

Here,' they say, 'there is no parting,

No tear-shedding in this land.'"

Deaths in 12th Virginia Cavalry since their last reunion are reported as follows: Charles Haines, George M. Ronemous, D. Grove Henkle, Harry Kilmer, and C. E. Johnson. Suitable resolutions were passed in their honor by survivors.

CAPT. WILLIAM WHITE.

Capt. William White was born in Florida, and moved when about six years of age to Georgia, near Chattanooga, Tenn. Later his family moved to Jacksonville, Ala. His father died when his son was fifteen years of age, and the support of the family fell upon his shoulders. He engaged in merchandising. At eighteen years of age he married Miss Hanna Frances Woodward, of Jacksonville, Ala. He was in business in Selma, Ala., when the country was disrupted by the War between the States. He entered the Confederate army in 1862, joining the 51st Alabama Regiment, under General Wheeler. He was a captain in that command, serving all through the war under General Wheeler, who was his intimate friend. He was severely wounded in the battle of Farmington. He surrendered with his command in North Carolina. Captain White went to Texas late in the seventies and settled in Dallas, where he entered into business and lived until his death.

Captain White's character as a soldier, as a citizen, as a business man, and as a Christian was as near perfect as it is given to mortal to be. In the garden of his heart bloomed perennially the flowers of love, charity, and good will for his fellow-man. Every tongue spoke his praise. In prosperity he was gentle and useful, and gave his means to Church, to education, and to the poor. In adversity his courage and smile and faith and love beamed from his smiling face and pictured a noble life.

Camp Sterling Price, at Dallas, said by resolution: "As soldiers and citizens we mourn for a good man, the noblest work of God."

JUDGE J. S. VAUGHAN.

Judge J. S. Vaughan died at his home, in Greenville, Miss., in June. He had lived a long and useful life, having attained his three score years and ten. His death came at the end of a long year's illness and pain. He had lived an honorable life, gaining the respect of all who knew him.

During the War between the States Judge Vaughan served gallantly as a sergeant in Darden's Light Artillery of Mississippi, and was in many of the fierce engagements of that noted command. After the war, he became a prominent planter of the county, and later as a citizen of Greenville was one of its influential and public-spirited men, serving for many years as a magistrate of the city. In his death he leaves a devoted wife and family, with many relatives and friends, to mourn their loss.

J. F. HARRISON.

Camp County, Tex., has lost a prominent citizen in the passing of J. F. Harrison, whose death occurred on May 18, 1906. He was born in Russell County, Ala., in 1844, and reared in Upson County, Ga. He joined the Army of Virginia in March, 1862, under Captain Hartsfield, Company D, 13th Georgia Regiment, Gordon's Brigade, Early's Division, Jackson's Corps, and served until the surrender at Appomattox. Comrade Harrison was married in December, 1866, to Miss Lou A. Simmons, and moved to Camp County, Tex., where he was a most active citizen and identified with the upbuilding of the section. He was serving his third term as County Commissioner, and was candidate for County Treasurer. His public life was marked by fidelity and honesty of the highest type of manhood.

W. A. BUCHANAN.

W. A. Buchanan, of Lewisburg, Tenn., a faithful Confederate soldier, answered to the last roll in May, 1906. He was born and reared in Lincoln County, Tenn., and enlisted early in the 41st Tennessee Regiment, Company D. He was captured at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Morton, and was exchanged in September, 1862, at Vicksburg. Rejoining his old command, he remained with the Mississippi army until his command was transferred to Bragg's army, where he remained and participated in a number of engagements of the Georgia campaign. He was captured the second time at New Hope Church and sent North to prison, remaining there till the close of the war. No Confederate soldier was ever more devoted to his comrades and the principles for which they suffered.

CAPT. ELISHA PORTER.

Died, universally loved and respected, at his plantation at Rocky Point, Pender County, N. C., on July 1, Capt. Elisha Porter, Company E, 3d North Carolina Infantry. He was commissioned second lieutenant on the 1st of May, 1861, and captain on the 23d of October, 1863. Disabled by wounds from active service, he was assigned to duty as deputy conscript officer at Wilmington, and served as such the remainder of the war. He was laid to rest at Oakdale Cemetery, in Wilmington, attended by the Masonic Lodge, the 3d North Carolina Infantry Association, Cape Fear Camp, U. C. V., and a large number of friends.

MRS. MARY A. LANE HEATHERTON.

Mrs. Mary A. Lane Heatherton died at her home, in New Orleans, January 27, 1906, aged sixty-four years. A native of Louisiana, she was educated in the Mount Carmel Convent. She was married at an early age to Mr. T. M. Heatherton, a prominent druggist of her native city. When the War between the States began, Mrs. Heatherton devoted herself to the laborious duty of cooking for and nursing the soldiers in the hospitals and prisons; and, though known as a most irreconcilable "Rebel," she was esteemed by the Federals as well as by the Confederates because of her great fund of sympathy for every form of suffering. "She followed to the grave the remains of every Confederate soldier who died in the New Orleans hospitals and prisons, walking to Greenwood behind the bier." After the war, when a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead was decided on, Mrs. Heatherton went to the old war burying ground to look to the reinterment. The work of transferring the remains had been entrusted to reliable men, and the orders were to place the bones and dust in little boxes till the monument was built.

All day Mrs. Heatherton sat under the trees while the men were at work. At night when they started off with the wagon laden with the bones of the soldiers Mrs. Heatherton followed. Noticing that some of the bones had fallen to the ground, she procured a clean tablecloth and, wrapping the relics in the cloth, buried them.

During the yellow fever epidemic in 1867 and the cholera visitation of that same year Mrs. Heatherton was an angel of mercy at the couch of pestilence and death. A touching story is told of three little girls (sisters) who were great friends of Mrs. Heatherton. They were playing in the street when the funeral of a little girl passed, and one of the children stopped playing and said: "O, I know that we three are all going to die and be such beautiful angels before the end of the week." That same evening one of the children fell ill, and Mrs. Heatherton went to nurse her. She died the next day, and the good lady shrouded and laid her on a bed of white flowers. The following day the second sister took sick and died, and again Mrs. Heatherton's hands were busy; and when on the fourth day the third little one was taken sick, she called Mrs. Heatherton and said: "I am going to heaven too, for sister said we would all three be beautiful angels before the end of the week; and won't you, please, Mrs. Heatherton, dress me in white and fill my hands with beautiful flowers when I am dead, so that I will be just like my sisters when they went to God?"

With aching heart Mrs. Heatherton fulfilled the child's wish. This was only one of innumerable instances of Mrs. Heatherton's devotion to children during the terrible epidemic.

In the year 1878, during another epidemic of yellow fever, Mrs. Heatherton was a member of a noble association of women doing splendid work in the line of mercy. She was one of the devoted coteries of women who were concerned in the erection of the statue to Margaret, and at a series of tableaux given for the benefit of that monument fund Mrs. Heatherton personated Margaret, first as the bread giver, and then in the attitude now so familiar to the world as seen in the statue in Margaret Place.

Mrs. Heatherton was of a most sympathetic disposition, and her charity knew no bounds. She never turned a beggar from her door. She was true to her friends and was a woman of fine principles and a cheerful, happy nature. Each year, on the occasion of her birthday anniversary, her parlor was crowded with representatives of all classes of society, rich and poor alike, all eager to show how much they appreciated the kind, gentle, charitable lady.

Mrs. Heatherton was one of the first and most constant friends of the Bethel, Dr. Witherspoon regarding her as a blessed lieutenant in the good he did. She was also a staunch friend of the old volunteer fire department, and No. 13 frequently came forth in parade in the lavish decorations she prepared. In fact, she was everybody's friend. Catholic in faith and a veritable Sister of Charity in all but vows and garb, her helpfulness was not confined to creed. Many a man and woman she shielded or helped upward; and though she leaves no children, there are many hearts that are as grateful to her for the touch of sympathy and love as they would be to a mother.

Captain Heatherton died in May, 1905. The shadow of illness was upon her then, and the severance of the ties of long comradeship hastened the reunion.

[The foregoing is copied from the New Orleans *Picayune*, and people generally of that city cherish her memory most fondly.]

VIRGINIANS FIRST DEFIED ENGLAND.

AN INTERESTING HISTORIC DOCUMENT SHOWS THAT NORFOLK (VA.) CITIZENS WERE AHEAD OF PHILADELPHIANS.

The coming Jamestown Exposition brings to light many historic facts long since forgotten. While loath to leave the British Empire, the patriots of Norfolk, Va., were the first to resent the aggression of the British Stamp Act, which led to the American Revolution. Under the name of "The Sons of Liberty" they assembled in Norfolk on March 13, and in bold and determined phrases announced their intention of resisting any further aggression on the part of the English Parliament. This was two months before the promulgation of the celebrated Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence and nearly five before the thirteen colonies assembled in Philadelphia to forever cast off the authority of the British crown and start the country on a career of prosperity and splendor which will be celebrated at the Jamestown Exposition, to be held at Hampton Roads, near Norfolk, in 1907. Extracts:

"Having taken into consideration the evident tendency of that oppressive and unconstitutional act of Parliament commonly called the Stamp Act, and being desirous that our sentiments should be known to posterity and recollecting that we are a part of the colony who first in General Assembly openly expressed their detestation to the said act, which is pregnant with ruin and productive of the most pernicious consequences, and unwilling to rivet shackles of slavery and oppression on ourselves and millions yet unborn, hereby resolve: "1. That we acknowledge our lord and sovereign, King George the Third, to be our rightful and lawful king; and that we will at all times, to the utmost of our power and ability, support and defend his most sacred person, crown, and dignity; and shall always be ready, when constitutionally called upon, to assist his Majesty with our lives and fortunes and to defend his just rights and prerogatives.

"2. That we will by all lawful ways and means which Divine Providence has put into our hands defend ourselves in the full enjoyment of, and preserve inviolate to posterity, those inestimable privileges of all freeborn British subjects, of being taxed only by representatives of their own choosing, and of being tried by none but a jury of their peers; and that if we quietly submit to the execution of the said Stamp Act our all claims to civil liberty will be lost, and we will be deprived of the invaluable privileges aforementioned.

"3. That a committee be appointed who shall in such manner as they think proper go upon necessary business and make public the above resolutions, and that they correspond as they shall see occasion with the Associated Sons of and Friends to Liberty in the other British Colonies of America."

As a result of the adoption of the resolutions Lord Dunmore, the British Colonial Governor, made a demonstration before Norfolk, and several shots were fired into the city from the frigate Liverpool. As a result of this and other outrages the Norfolk people were ready to throw off all authority and join with the other colonies when the Philadelphia Declaration of Independence was promulgated.

James Brooks is the author of an article in the Western Christian Advocate of May 24, 1906, on the Quantrell raid into Lawrence, Kans., during the war and the killing or murder of one hundred and sixty-five persons. The story is horrid beyond reason. A "monument to the victims of the massacre" stands in the cemetery. All the business houses along the main street of the town save two were burned.

The VETERAN would like to have an account as to the cause of such butchery. There must have been some cause for the awful deeds in the murder of so many boys. There was robbery of banks and individuals, the like of which occurred often during the war, but the horrible murders seem incredible.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT, TENNESSEE FAIR.

The revival of handicrafts in America and the great commotion over adulterated foods has given the Tennessee State Fair Association an idea which we trust will be of benefit to our women. They have set aside the beautiful Cumberland Club exclusively for the women. The club is a splendid setting for the exhibits. Naturally the exhibits must be best to be in keeping with the house. Every possible arrangement will be made for the comfort and convenience of women.

The State Fair is more than ready to affiliate with the county fairs. What helps one helps both. There is to be no unfriendly rivalry. The desire of the State Fair is to make an special exhibit along industrial lines—all sorts of food products, fruit, honey, wines, preserves, evaporated fruits, crystalized fruits, eggs, butter, cheese, sirup, flour, home-made soap, homemade vinegar, hand-woven coverlets, linens, rugs, carpets, blankets, sewing (plain and fancy), all sorts of woodwork, carving, bookbinding, designing, leather work, baskets, trays, and articles that really have a money value.

There are hundreds of products going to waste that might be utilized. The same products put up attractively and put on the market would find a ready sale and become a source of revenue to women. We learn by interchanging ideas. Every effort will be made to make the Woman's Department of great practical use. Mrs. Katherine P. Wright, Belmont Place, Nashville, has been placed at the head and given a fine corps of assistants. Mrs. Benton McMillin has been elected Chairman of the Davidson County Committee, and through Mrs. McMillin, who is President of the Federated Clubs, Mrs. Wright will be able to reach the remotest parts of the State. Mrs. Wright is determined that every woman shall have a fair show.

Since this Fair is planned on the order of the Centennial, it behooves every woman to take a personal interest in it and send her very best exhibit. The premium list comprises hundreds of articles. It will be sent on application to Mrs. Wright.

Mrs. Wright is eagerly watching every opportunity to make a success of her department. She will appoint a number of women Vice Presidents from the different counties to help her in the work of pushing the Woman's Department. Her idea is to have a genuinely helpful exhibit along industrial lines, something that will count for the women of Tennessee, especially those of the more isolated regions. The plan is to help people to make a living out of the products that are now going to waste. It is a great idea, and one that all women should applaud and stand by. Mrs. Wright is a woman of rare gifts and of an earnest appreciation of the realities of life. She is a most suitable woman for the place, and with her at the head of this department the women of Tennessee are destined to see art as art really is, the true "glory of hand and soul combined." Every woman who has any original work of her own hands or original ideas should correspond with Mrs. Wright, Belmont Circle, Nashville, Tenn.

There is no suitable building for an art exhibit, and the Fair Association was organized too late to arrange for one, so it will be deferred until next year.

COMMENTS ON CURRENT LITERATURE.

Among recent publications by the Neale Publishing Company, of Washington and New York, are three books which commend themselves especially as of interest to the Confederate element of our country. "Morgan's Cavalry" as written by Gen. Basil Duke has been republished and issued in attractive form. No commendation is needed for this well-known book which has been long out of print. It was the preferred history of Mrs. Morgan. No one else could be so capable of writing the story of Morgan's Command as General Duke, for he entered the command as soon as Morgan organized his Lexington company, and before the end of the first year he had married General Morgan's sister. Upon the death of Morgan, in 1864, Duke was made brigadier general. Bound in cloth, illustrated. Price, \$2.

The "Recollections of a Lifetime," by John Goode, of Virginia, takes in some momentous years of history-making in our country, stretching from 1829 to date. Lawyer, soldier, statesman, his life has been a long, varied, and useful one, and many incidents set forth will add materially to the history of the country.

"Almost a classic," is the verdict of Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, of Nashville, Tenn., concerning Col. John Goode's "Recollections of a Lifetime," of which he says further: "It is a book that has given me entertainment and profit. It is a rather curious mixture as a literary performance. Classic allusion and quotation, with plantation dialect running together; personal incident and racy anecdotes intermingled with lofty oratory and the sharpest and wisest political criticism and prophesy; transparent honesty and kindness, with unmistakable worship of old ideals and adhesion to prejudices that have had a long lease of life and still refuse to die—the times and the men thus seen and described by John Goode in his own way make a book that possesses a real historical value and comes very near being a classic. It is saturated with notions of the old school, and is full of Old Virginia as it was before and during the war. John Goode, of Virginia, is good company for anybody who relishes virility, veracity, and vivacity."

Cloth-bound. Price, \$2.

"Confederate Operations in Canada and New York," by Capt. John W. Headley, gives his varied career as a Confederate soldier and reveals some very sensational history connected with the attempt to invade the North, extending from Morgan's raid into Ohio, Beall's operations on the coast, the St. Albans raid, and many other things in connection with this phase of the war not so well known as the regular operations of the army, and necessarily will arouse greater interest.

Bound in gray cloth, gold lettering, illustrated. Price, \$2.

"Recollections of Thirteen Presidents," recently from the press of Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, is by John S. Wise, of Virginia, who gives in a most interesting style his recollections of twelve Presidents of the United States that he has known personally and of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy. Of these prominent characters of the last half century he says: "Every one of them possessed individuality, strength of character, commanding personality, and dominating force."

Though presenting especially the different characteristics of the men who have been at the head of our government,

giving incidents of his personal acquaintance with them, incidentally many other prominent characters are introduced and some personal history given which adds much interest to the narrative.

Bound in blue cloth and illustrated with pictures of the Presidents from Tyler to Roosevelt. Price, \$2.50.

"THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED."

By the publication of his history of the "Immortal Six Hundred," Maj. J. Ogden Murray had a twofold object in view—first, to preserve the record of this gallant band of Confederate soldiers; and, secondly, to give to the world a true history of wanton cruelty inflicted upon prisoners by the United States government. In addition to the attainment of his object, a valuable contribution to Southern history has been made. Major Murray was one of the six hundred heroic, faithful officers, and describes well their sufferings and privations.

Among the many testimonials to the value of this work, the two following are given as showing its estimation by leading Confederates.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Columbus, Miss.: "I have carefully read 'The Immortal Six Hundred,' and although it is not pleasant to recall what you have so faithfully recounted, yet it is history and should be truthfully recorded. The matter of the treatment of prisoners during the war is a sore subject on both sides. The victors usually write history and color it, and it is just that the vanquished should also present its side, so that future historians can get at the facts. I consider your contribution worthy to be placed among Confederate histories."

Hon. John W. Daniel, United States Senator from Virginia: "'The Immortal Six Hundred,' by J. Ogden Murray, is a worthy and true account of the six hundred Confederate officers who were held as hostages and exposed to the fire of their own friends in the siege of Charleston, S. C. The story is one of heroic suffering and strength of character, and they deserve the name Major Murray, their comrade and cosufferer, has given them in his entertaining book, a page of the war that shows the world the stuff our men were made of. Major Murray deserves the thanks of his comrades for preserving the record."

The book is neatly bound in gray cloth, gold stamp, 20 photo illustrations. Price, \$1.50, or with the VETERAN one year \$2.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

Capt. C. W. Booth, President of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States: "I have received a framed artist proof of your most excellent engraving of Gen. Robert E. Lee, to be presented with your compliments to the Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home at Pikesville, Md. On behalf of the management and of the old soldiers who are closing out their days under the shelter of this institution, I convey their sincere thanks for your thoughtful kindness. By all true lovers of their country, men who are proud of one of the greatest of its sons, the possession of this admirable likeness of Lee will be prized as a most valuable contribution to history; to the old Confederate it will carry him to the days when in rags he followed him in battle, through danger and privations, through glory and success, and even when the last sad day came shed but a tear when their great captain said the word to cease the struggle, with the unshaken conviction that if 'Marse Robert' said so 'it was all right.' Most heartily do I thank you."

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MEMPHIS CONFEDERATE PARK.

The "Bluff City" is doing itself, Tennessee, and the South credit in naming a new park. The *Scimitar* says: "Confederate Park, overlooking the Mississippi bluffs north of the Federal building, will be ready for the public this summer. The granolith walks will probably not be laid and the park will not have gained the beauty which it will take on later, but it will be open to the public and will afford a cool retreat for summer nights. The engineers of the Park Commission have completed their survey, and a number of teams will be put at work grading the park. Robert Galloway, of the Park Commission, was continued as a committee of one at the meeting last Saturday, and an appropriation of five thousand dollars made for this park. Mr. Galloway has begun his plans for the park, and expects to have it ready for the coming summer. He hopes to make as good a showing as was made at Forrest Park, which was converted from a rough field into an attractive resort in one season. The engineers have made a complete survey from the Federal building to Jefferson Street, following the plan of closing Court Street, which, it is believed, the legislative council will order. The park will be completely soddied as soon as possible, and from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand shrubs planted. This park will afford a new 'breathing place' for the people of the uptown district and will be a most popular resort in the central portion of the city."

James H. Camp, R. F. D. No. 7, Rome, Ga.: "On the night of the 14th of September, 1862, I was wounded at Cramp-ton Gap, South Mountain, Md., and nigh unto death. Being a Mason, I gave the word of distress, to which a Federal officer responded: 'Brother, what can I do for you?' I asked him for water; and he sent two of his men for water with all the canteens they could get, and during the time he talked with me freely and kindly. The canteens were left with me and some other wounded men. If any of these parties are living, I should like to hear from them."

George C. Pendleton, of Temple, Tex.: "Where is Adam Rogers, who enlisted in the artillery from Texas for the War between the States? His father, David Rogers, resides at Temple, and if Adam is alive wishes to communicate with him."

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MISS BESSIE SHOFFER MADISON.

An error occurred in the name of the little lady who presented Gen. Stephen D. Lee with flowers at the conclusion of his response to the address of welcome at the New Orleans Reunion. Her name, which was published "Dorothy," is Bessie Shoffer Madison. She is a daughter of Mr. Charles T. Madison, of New Orleans, and granddaughter of Mr. John J. Shoffer, of Minerva, La.

T. Z. Campbell, of Marietta, Ind. T. wishes to locate two brothers—J. R. and Frank Campbell—whose address forty years ago was Penn's Store, Patrick County, Va. J. R. Campbell served in the 42d Virginia Infantry. The brother making the inquiry left Virginia soon after the war, and is now very anxious to find the others.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

[Although this little anecdote has gone the rounds, it is too good to pass over now; hence its appearance in these columns.]

Just after the battle of Perryville, in October, 1862, Dr. Savage, a strong Union man, was at one of his appointments to baptize some children. There was a large crowd, and a Southern matron brought her four children to the altar.

"Name this child," said the Union preacher, laying his hand on the child's head.

"Simon Bolivar Buckner," was the reply, which caused a smile to come over the congregation; but the brave preacher went on with his duty.

"Name this child," taking the next in order.

"Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard," and the smile grew into a snicker, while Dr. Savage became red in the face. He baptized the young namesake of the engineer-soldier and went on with the ceremony.

"Name this child," he gasped, reaching for the third.

"Albert Sidney Johnston," came the answer.

The smile grew audible. Heaving a sigh of relief, he took the fourth, a little girl, whose gender he fondly supposed would preclude a continuation of heroic reproductions, and said: "Name this child."

"Mary Stonewall Jackson Lee," came the response that set the congregation into a roar, while the Union parson thought he had held in his arms the whole Southern Confederacy.

Comrade F. M. Crawford, now of Pulaski, Tenn., desires to get in touch with the men of his old company, A, of the 1st Arkansas Mounted Riflemen. Pearson was the captain, and Gen. T. J. Churchill commanded the regiment at that time. Comrade Crawford was severely wounded in the battle of Oak Hill.

Mrs. L. M. Pickett, 4012 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo., inquires for any members of the families of Capts. William and David Ragsdale, of Chattanooga. As a schoolgirl of fifteen, she presented a flag and bugle to Ragsdale's company of cavalry in 1862.

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Mrs. Serena L. Allen, of Snyder, Okla., is anxious to secure information of her husband's service during the war. All she knows is that he enlisted at the commencement of the war from Upson County, Ga., and that he served under Capt. A. I. White, who afterwards became a major; that he served four years and was wounded three times. She says he first joined at The Rock, Ga. W. I. Allen was his name. Some surviving comrade may be able to give some information of his service.

S. N. Meyer, Washington, D. C. manufacturer of society badges, pins, etc., whose advertisement has appeared in the VETERAN for some time, sends out an attractive sheet showing some of his Confederate charms named after the leaders of the Confederacy. These are both solid and plated, with flag enameled in colors, at reasonable prices. Write him for this sheet.

Maj. Edward Owen, Commander of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, No. 11 Broadway, New York City, is desirous of procuring signatures of prominent Confederate officers. He wishes particularly those of Stonewall Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, Bragg, and Hood. It is hoped that some of these can be procured through the VETERAN readers.

Commander Edward Owen, of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, seeks the signatures of different distinguished Confederate generals, and any who can furnish him will please write to him at No. 11 Broadway, Room 1530, New York City.

S. Preston, sergeant of Company G, 2d Louisiana Regiment Volunteers, now of Tyler, Tex., asks the whereabouts of Capt. W. C. Dickson, of that company.

L. T. Christian, 1012 E. Broad Street, Richmond, Va., writes of a grave on his lot in Oakwood Cemetery at Richmond in which a Confederate soldier was buried during the war. Over it is a headstone with the inscription: "Joel T. Rives, Company F, 11th Mississippi. Wounded July 1, 1862, in the battles around Richmond; and died July 16, 1862." Mr. Christian takes care of the grave, but sent this notice in the hope that it would locate for his family or friends the grave of this soldier boy.

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T. J. Salley, of the Confederate Home at Sweet Home, Ark., who was a member of Company I, 2d Alabama Cavalry, Gen. S. W. Ferguson's Brigade, would like to hear from each surviving member.

H. A. Moore, of Brownwood, Tex., desires the address of some one, or more, who served the early portion of the war in Col. C. A. L. Lamar's Georgia Regiment, especially some one who was at Brunswick, Ga.

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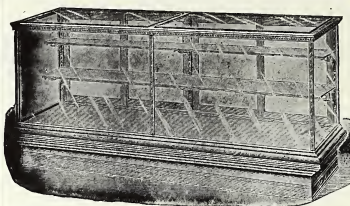
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The author, Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, is a Northern man, and was wounded during the war at Fredericksburg; but after arms were stacked, he espoused zealously the sentiment, "Let us have peace," and he has taken boldly the lead in the care of the graves of his former foes and given all possible information to their families; for he maintains that as this is one country under the same flag the people should live in thorough harmony, as they have the same general interests and the same patriotic instincts.

The book deals extensively with the prisons of Camp Chase, Johnson's Island, and other smaller prisons, giving the experiences of many prisoners and reminiscences of prison life, with many thrilling escapes and unsuccessful attempts. It contains a detailed account of the "Lake Erie Conspiracy," of Morgan's raid through Ohio, of his arrest and confinement, and of his marvelous escape. It contains also the experiences of a Confederate spy in the North and of the way he recruited men in the midst of Union officers; a story of how prisoners' letters were intercepted between the lines when a brave Southern woman was attempting to get them through, and of how those same letters were discovered in the Ohio State Library forty-two years later, many copies of which are also produced, some in facsimile. Stories of hardships and starvation in prison by prominent men are also told in graphic style. Stockades as they were in prison days, and now, are illustrated.

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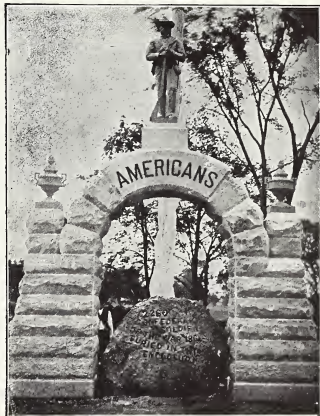
The author's visits to the South and the royal receptions tendered to him will be of interest. In it is the story of the return of a Confederate battle flag captured by an Ohio regiment to a regiment in Louisiana forty years afterwards.

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The data contained in this volume was gathered through much labor and expense in order that it should be as reliable and as complete as possible. The book contains 400 pages, printed by the Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

The price is \$2, which is as near the cost as it is possible to make it; postage, 20 cents additional. Camps of Veterans and Sons and Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy are requested to present these facts and solicit orders. Special discount price to clubs of five or more. Write for particulars.

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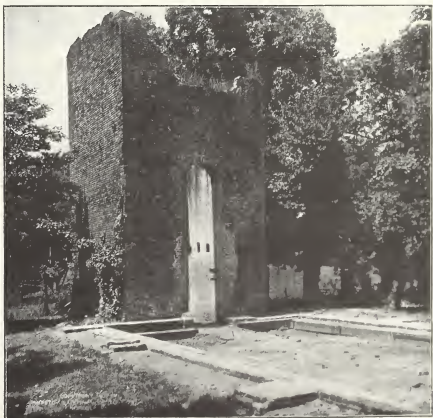


Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

No. 9.



THE OLD CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN, VA.

Important for Southern Books

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF 100 PAGES

MEMOIRS. By John H. Reagan.

SOME men," says the Hon. Roger Q. Mills, speaking to the Texas House of Representatives, "are born with the materials out of which greatness is made and they achieve greatness." Judge Reagan was "born with these materials, physical and moral, in his blood, and greatness came to him by the law of development." In the length of Senator Mills's long and appreciative eulogy there is no truer statement. John H. Reagan was a man of great powers, not great by force of circumstances or freak of fortune's wheel. Under any conditions he would have been great, for under any circumstances he would have been himself.

His long life was crowded with labor and honor; he served in the Texan War against the Indians; he was probate judge and judge of the Ninth Judicial District; he served in the Texas Legislature, and was a member of the Texas Secession Convention and of the Provisional Confederate Congress; he was Postmaster-General of the Confederate States; a member of Congress from 1875 to 1887, and of the Senate four years, which place he resigned for the chairmanship of the Texas State Railroad Commission. "He is literally the father of our present Inter-State Railroad Commerce Act, and his administration of the affairs of the Board was to his credit and to the profit of the people." "It was a life of large proportions, great ideas, and unsolicited labor. Greater than all praise and all comment his work itself stands—the man's enduring monument."

The Memoirs are written in a modest, straightforward way. There is no literary gloss here; the truth is what the writer cares most about, and that is evident on every page. He commences with the first broad-winning struggles of a poor boy. From this boy to the man in the Senate there is a steady and logical growth. It is all real. How he studied Blackstone, alone, slowly, patiently; how he left Congress and returned to his native State when war threatened; how he created a postal system for the Confederate States; how he knew Samuel Houston and Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens—it is a delight and an instruction to read.

Prof. McCaleb is entirely right when he says at the close of his preface to this book, "Texas, the South, the Union ought to be proud of the man in the Senate there is a steady and logical growth. The best of him was given to 'The Lost Cause,' and there lies the heart of his Memoirs."

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JEFFERSON, CABELL, AND THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA. By John S. Patton.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was more than seventy years of age when he resumed his active efforts for the achievement of a scheme of popular education for his State. He gathered about him a notable group of Virginians—Madison, Monroe, Cabell—and a score more of the men who held the fate of the commonwealth in their keeping. They spent pregnant days in planning for the advent of the public school and the University of Virginia as the capstone of the system in that commonwealth.

Next to Jefferson in the work of establishing the University stood Joseph Carrington Cabell. A thoughtful, kindly, yet determined face has this Virginia scholar who, by good politics, founded and sustained a great University. Through that one man's energy Jefferson succeeded in achieving the independence of higher education in Virginia, and in uniting men of all sects in the support of a State University.

The story of Mr. Cabell's legislative battles, covering years of service in the Senate, has never been adequately told, and his share in the achievement is not generally realized. It is an interesting history, fully narrated for the first time in this volume. Through the author's connection with the University—first in the department of administration, where for years he was daily in the presence of the original records of the institution and had free access to them, and later as librarian to the University—he has had unusual opportunities to put together an authentic and intimate narrative. The story covers all the incidents of university riots, in the Civil War (with a roster of the killed), in the literary and other societies and fraternities; on the college publications, the medals and other honors, with the names of the medalists, final presidents, editors, etc.

Never before has the great educational institution of the South been treated in a history covering all of its incidents of sufficient importance for preservation in permanent form. The author has breathed into his pages the very spirit which has animated its founders and students, and his book in being a full history of the University during the most important period of the nation's development is at the same time a valuable addition to this country, especially of Virginia, and the whole of the South.

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A HISTORY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE. By Carl Holliday, M.A.

Recently Professor of English, Alabama State Normal College, now of the Literary Department of the University of Virginia.

WE THINk the last decade there has arisen a world-wide interest in Southern literature, and the constant complaint has been that no history of the *South* could be found.

This want is at last supplied by Prof. Holliday. His book stands alone in its field. It is the first effort to give the connected story of the development of the literature of the South from its earliest days to the present.

The volume is divided into six sections corresponding to the six distinct periods in the growth of Southern literature. The first of these periods tells of the first literary efforts made in the American continent—efforts made in Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas by such men as John Smith, George Percy, William Strachey, Alexander Whitaker, John Pory, George Sandys, and John Hammond.

The second division tells of the birth of American patriotism, caused mainly by Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia in 1676. Among the many writers and words discussed and quoted are: The *Burwell Papers*, Robert Beverly, Lawson, James Blair, William Byrd, William Steth, and Alexander Gardiner.

The third division deals with the Revolutionary period. The trend of Southern genius toward statecraft is shown and the literature of the period—a literature of protest—fully explained and illustrated. In this period are such writers and orators as Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, James Madison, John Marshall, William Wirt, and many others of high worth and fame.

The fourth period is called the "period of expansion," because of the wonderful development of the South resulting from the invention of the cotton gin. The cotton gin, Baldwin, Bagby, and Haynes are viewed. Among the many others discussed are Tucker, Carruthers, Kennedy, Key, Wilde, Pinckney, Prentice, Pike, and Poe.

The fifth division deals with the Civil War. The effects of the conflict on Southern statesmanship, oratory, and literature are illustrated. Among the writings viewed and quoted are those of Davison, Thompson, Stephens, Caldwell, Bagby, Goulding, Johnston, Dorsey, Harland, Cooke, Augusta, Evans Wilson, and the poets Baran'ell, Meek, O'Hara, Margaret Preston, Ticknor, Thompson, Hope, Timrod, Hayne, Lanier, and many others.

The last division deals with the wonderful development of the South under new conditions, the wide influence of Southern writers, and the literary needs of the section. Of the many writers whose works are reviewed and quoted, a few are Watson, Grady, Boner, Peck, F. J. Hopkinson Smith, Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, James Lane Allen, etc., etc.

Prof. Holliday's book discusses each of these periods in detail. Every movement and author of worth is examined. The writers of the South have produced a literature worthy of first place in the best of the literature of the world. It should not be neglected.

This volume is a large octavo of nearly five hundred pages; handsome paper and letterpress; substantially bound in buckram cloth, with lettering and top in gold. Price, \$2.50; postage, 20 cents.

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Rev. J. L. Underwood.

Master of Arts, Mercer University; Captain and Chaplain in the Confederate Army.

R. J. B. HAWTHORNE, in his appreciative introduction to "The Women of the Confederacy," says: "I hesitate to pronounce it a valuable and enduring contribution to our country's history. There is not a page in it that is dull or commonplace or prophetic in the sense that this book will be immensely popular and extensively circulated." And speaking for himself in his own introduction, Mr. Underwood says: "The author deems his subject a consecrated theme. And he rejoices that he could labor at his task amid the consecrated memories of dear old Richmond, where he has had the assistance and the smiles of encouragement from the noble women who continue to keep guard over Hollywood and Oakwood." Dr. J. W. Jones, the Confederate historian and chaplain of the Confederate Veterans, says: "It is a book of very great interest and value, and is presented as no other book that has been published does, the true story of our Confederate women."

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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "N. & S." and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1906.

No. 9. J. S. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

ARMED CONFEDERATES AT JAMESTOWN.

BY A. S. KELTON, NORFOLK, VA.

The Jamestown Exposition, to be held on the shores of Hampton Roads in 1907, will be the scene of the greatest military and naval display ever witnessed in this or any other country. Thousands of national and foreign troops, together with the battalions from the representative nations of the world, will make a gorgeous martial celebration, never to be forgotten.

Among this vast congress of military organizations to be encamped at the Exposition will be a regiment of Confederate Veterans from Tennessee. These old soldiers, three hundred strong, will be uniformed in the famous Confederate gray and armed with the old muzzle-loading muskets that were in use during the War between the States.

Sometime ago the Department of Congresses and Special Events of the Jamestown Exposition issued an invitation to the United Confederate Veterans to hold their 1907 annual Reunion at the Ter-Centennial; but on account of the unveiling of the Lee Monument, to take place in Richmond on June 3 of that year, the Veterans have planned to hold their Reunion in that city. They have agreed, however, after the Convention is over to make a trip to Norfolk and bring with them the regiment of organized Confederates from Tennessee.

Mr. R. H. Sexton, Chief of the Department of Congresses and Special Events, has made arrangements to take care of the old soldiers, who will be encamped on the grounds during their stay. This is the only remaining regiment of armed Confederates in the country, as all of the other States have made it unlawful for the Veterans to organize in this manner. These old soldiers, uniformed in the Confederate gray and carrying their old muzzle-loaders, encamped in the midst of many thousand State, foreign, and Federal troops, equipped with all the devices of modern warfare, will make an intensely interesting parallel of the methods used in the War between the States as compared to the army of to-day. The return of these old veterans on a peaceful mission to the very heart of the Confederacy, where forty years before they probably were engaged in some of the most decisive battles of that terrible conflict, will indeed be an impressive event.

On the site of the Jamestown Exposition grounds, at Sewell's Point, the first encounter of the War between the States in the State of Virginia took place. This has since been called the Battle of Sewell's Point. On the 18th of May, 1861, the United States ship *Monticello* steamed over from

Old Point Comfort and opened fire on the Norfolk Light Infantry Blues and the Georgia Guards, then engaged in completing fortifications at Sewell's Point. The bombardment which took place late in the afternoon continued for about an hour and a half; but as the guns could not be trained properly, no damage was done. All the next day the Confederate troops busied themselves mounting several large field pieces, while the *Monticello* lay off the Point seemingly engaged in procuring accurate ranges for her batteries. About 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon she swung around broadside and opened up on the now completed intrenchments. This time her aim was more accurate, and bursting shells crashed through the Confederate embrasures, while solid shot threw up clouds of earth from the ramparts. However, the Confederate gunners trained their 32-pounders on the *Monticello* with such effect that within an hour of the firing of the first shot she was obliged to turn tail and find shelter under the protecting walls of Fortress Monroe. This affair, though small, was the forerunner of the great battles which plowed Virginia's fields from her eastern sands to the mountain tops of her western boundary. In the radius of a hundred miles from this first encounter were fought more than half of the most important battles of Virginia, thus making that section of great historic



CONFEDERATE BREASTWORKS AT JAMESTOWN.

Southerners behind these works participated in the battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor.

interest, especially to these old veterans who actively participated in the making of that history.

Special rates will be made on the railroads and steamboats for the ex-Confederates and their friends from Richmond to Norfolk during Dixie days at the Jamestown Exposition, and many thousands of the old warriors will enjoy the novel sight of a gathering of the great warships and picked soldiers of all nations in peaceful participation of the celebration to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in America and to do honor to the Old Dominion.

NOTES ABOUT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

The National Mothers' Congress Day at the Jamestown Exposition will begin June 25, 1907. It will be in session for nearly a week. A building has been provided for the convenience of mothers and children, and the first official act of the Mothers' Congress will be to open this edifice formally. The sessions of the Congress will be held in this building, which is to be in the form of a colonial cottage, though much larger. The cottage is sixty by one hundred feet, with wide, sloping roof and gabled windows.

LARGE PORTRAIT OF LEE AND HIS STAFF.

Mr. George B. Mathews, the noted painter of large decorative studies, is engaged on a mammoth canvas which is to be exhibited at the Jamestown Exposition in 1907. The picture, which will represent General Lee surrounded by the members of his staff, is to be eighteen feet in length and nine feet high. The stretcher for this enormous canvas has been specially constructed for Mr. Mathews, so that it can be taken apart and the picture shipped without danger of injury.

The portrait of General Lee and his staff will be exhibited in the Department of Fine Arts, which will embrace the exhibits of paintings, drawings, engravings, sculpture, architecture, landscape design, and photography. In order that only the very best works of art may be placed in this department, a jury will be appointed to pass upon the admission of each exhibit.

Mr. Mathews is connected with the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, D. C.

PORTSMOUTH LIGHT ARTILLERY HONORED.

A noble shaft was unveiled at Portsmouth, Va., on June 8, 1906, commemorating the valor of those who fought and fell with the old Portsmouth artillery company, now Grimes's Battery, in the battle of Craney Island, June 22, 1813, and in the War between the States. It is dedicated also to the men of that command now surviving and to succeeding generations of liberty-loving Virginians. It is one of the very few monuments in the United States which honor both the stars and stripes and stars and bars, and it will stand as a peace monument exemplifying the sentiment of our restored Union.

In the interesting programme there were many patriotic songs. The veil was drawn by Miss Annie Emmerson, a granddaughter of Capt. Arthur Emmerson, who commanded at Craney Island in 1813, and Miss Palmetto Grimes, daughter of Capt. Carey F. Grimes, who led the command on col. a hard-fought field of the War between the States. Col. W. H. Stewart made an address, "The Patriotism of Peace."

The shaft is eighteen feet high, of rough Virginia granite, with four polished sides. On one side are inscribed the names of Capt. Arthur Emmerson's men who fought with him at Craney Island, surmounted by two United States flags crossed,

and on the first base "Craney Island" in raised letters. The other three faces contain the roll of the Confederate soldiers who served under Captain Grimes. The names are surmounted by the Confederate battle flag, and on the base are "Malvern Hill," "Manassas," and "Sharpsburg."

SKETCH OF PORTSMOUTH LIGHT ARTILLERY.

Portsmouth has never had but one artillery military company. It was organized by Capt. Arthur Emmerson in August, 1809, when John Tyler, the father of President Tyler, was Governor of Virginia. The State furnished its pieces, and one of them is now exhibited in the park of the United States Navy Yard. The company was named the Portsmouth Light Artillery Company, and under its organizer, Captain Emmerson, fought valiantly at Craney Island, June 22, 1813.

The roll of the men who fought in that eventful battle, under the stars and stripes when the flag contained only eighteen stars, has been preserved by the descendants of Capt. Arthur Emmerson, and Arthur Emmerson, of the fourth generation, is now a resident of the city.

The company continued its organization; and when the War between the States began, it enrolled over one hundred men, who were mustered into the Confederate service on the 20th of April, 1861, under Capt. Carey F. Grimes. Its career was marked in this service. It was hotly engaged at Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, and Sharpsburg, where its gallant captain was shot from his horse while directing its guns. Capt. John H. Thompson succeeded to its command. After this engagement, its ranks were so depleted that it was disorganized and its men divided between two other artillery organizations. After the war it was reorganized for the Virginia volunteers under Capt. George W. R. McDonell, and after he retired Capt. Carey R. Warren was elected its commander.

The organization is now commanded by Capt. Charles A. Cuthriell, a son of one of its veterans. In July last Mr. Wilson B. Lynch, one of its Confederate veterans, conceived a plan for a monument to commemorate its organization, and he and several of his companions associated themselves for the purpose of carrying out the plan. Mr. Lynch was elected treasurer, and, appealing to the people, he soon raised sufficient funds not only to erect the monument but to place a suitable marker over the grave of the gallant Grimes.

MEN WHO FOUGHT AT CRANEY ISLAND, JULY 22, 1813.

Capt. Arthur Emmerson.

Lieuts. Parke G. Howie and Thomas Godwin.

Sergts. William P. Young, William Drury, James B. Butt, and Samuel Livingston.

Corporals William Moffatt, Daniel Cameron, and John M. Kidd.

Privates: Richard Atkinson, William Barber, Ed Carter, Benjamin Cox, James Deale, George Eames, T. L. Emmerson, James Foster, John Gourdie, James Hughes, Philip Hokaday, William Hoffer, Richard Keeling, Watson Kelly, John Lawton, Aaron Meadow, Abner Nash, John Newell, Samuel Owens, George Peel, John Pully, John Roper, Francis Souceodo, James H. Simmons, Nicholas Scott, George Sweeney, Nathaniel Walker, Joseph Whitecock.

MEN WHO SERVED IN COMPANY, 1861-65.

Capt. Carey F. Grimes, Capt. John H. Thompson, Lieut. Bernard Fauth, Lieut. Richard Webb, Lieut. W. T. Pentress, Lieut. Thomas J. Oakhum, Lieut. Francis Russ, W. W. Allen, J. W. Ashe, William Ashby, William T. Backus, Jr., William A. Batten, E. E. Beaton, W. H. Bell, Thomas Bland, C.

Bohannon, D. Boyce, R. M. Boutwell, George W. Brent, William J. Bright, A. M. Brownley, W. H. Buchanan, James Cherry, W. H. Cherry, Walter A. Creekmore, G. E. Crismond, J. W. Crismond, S. J. Cummins, G. D. Culver, William H. Cuthriell, J. A. Dillion, J. H. Dilsburg, B. Duverrier, John Ewell, T. Fitzsimmons, V. Forbes, J. H. Gaskins, Robert Gaskins, J. W. Griffin, H. P. Goodson, I. I. Guy, W. R. Hansford, H. Hopkins, J. H. L. Hopkins, W. H. Hughes, A. C. Ironmonger, C. E. Ironmonger, F. M. Ives, Jesse Ives, E. H. Johnson, William Jones, G. T. Jones, E. H. Jones, J. Jordan, G. W. King, Samuel Lanier, G. W. Lash, Robert Lewis, William A. Lewis, C. B. Linn, H. Liverman, Wilson B. Lynch, William B. Mahoney, E. G. March, A. Mathews, Ed Mathews, J. W. Mathews, Stephen McHorney, Henry Miles, T. E. Miller, John Miller, P. H. Miller, A. M. Minter, Rd. Montgomery, W. A. Moore, J. E. Moore, J. E. Morris, Ed Moreland, J. B. Moreland, A. Morgan, D. Murry, John Murphy, W. T. Myers, S. J. Newby, F. J. Nicholson, Q. Overman, A. K. Parker, E. H. Parker, Thomas Parker, Robert Peed, William B. Phillips, M. E. Reardon, Fred Rehm, W. W. Rew, J. S. Reynolds, Joseph Rieger, F. D. Rogers, Sam P. Russ, Robert Saunders, E. J. Sheppard, A. Sprague, H. C. Stokes, M. E. Stokes, J. M. Stokes, R. S. Stores, E. G. Straub, J. W. Snow, E. T. W. Summers, William Swain, John B. Tyler, Thomas H. Vinnelson, James T. Waller, C. R. Warren, James Webb, Jr., T. C. Webb, John Weymouth, Robert Whitehurst, S. Whitehead, V. Whitehead, William Whitehead, T. J. D. White, Charles C. Williams, Charles L. Williams, Ed B. Williams, John Wilson, Willis Wilson, Thomas P. Wing, John Wrench, W. E. Shepherd, James Stores, John J. Warren, G. W. R. McDonel.

The address of Colonel Stewart upon "The Patriotism of Peace" is as happy as is the subject name. Extracts follow:

"Yes, it is Portsmouth striking the cords of civic pride in the hearts of her young people. Looking backward, you see her sons in the long ago, bearing the goddess of virtue, pass through the gates of honor and place upon the brow of Ports-

mouth a crown of fame. Now her young people bow in prayer around the monument of her heroes as the altar of good will and peace between all the American States. Here the old and the young display the patriotism of peace.

'From pitying heaven a radiant angel came;

Smiling, she bade all sounds of conflict cease.

Her wide wings fanned away the smoke and flame;

Hushed the red battle's roar—God called her Peace.

She sheathed the dripping sword; her soft hands pressed

Grim foes apart, who scowled in anger deep.

She laid two grand old standards down to rest,

And on her breast rocked weary War to sleep.

From land and sea she swept mad passion's glow,

Yet left a laurel for the hero's fame;

She whispered hope to hearts in grief bowed low,

And taught our lips in love to shape her name.

Peace spreads her pinions wide from South to North;

Black Enmity within the grave is laid.

The church towers chime their holy anthems forth

To still the thunders of the cannonade.'

"Peace has grown upon us with imperceptible silence and sweetness, and has possessed us like a charm of mythical mystery. It germinated in the hearts of firing line soldiers and grew as the wind blows from all quarters.

"Twenty-five years ago a brave captain of the blue line, when many at the North were still denouncing the South, said: 'There was a time when I was mad too; but when our regiment, well to the close of the struggle, flanked a regiment of Johnnies out of their camp and I saw and heard the prisoners, I felt like lifting my hat to them; and as I now recall them and their condition, it pretty nearly brings tears. The ground was frozen and every last prisoner was barefooted, and they told us that not more than a quarter of the regiment had boots and shoes. For two weeks their rations consisted of one ear of hard corn on the cob for each man a day, and some of the poor fellows were so hungry they ate it raw—couldn't wait to parch it. And yet those men fought like tigers for what they thought was right.' Yes, what they knew was right. He wrote further to his comrades: 'The way I look at it, boys, it was an honor, a great credit, to us to fight and get the best of an army of such men and soldiers. I am as glad as any of you that we won, but I could no more say mean things of those brave fellows than some of our chaps are saying than I could say mean things about George Washington and my dear old grandmother.'

"That was the echo of the patriotism of peace from the Pacific shore, when from great New York a dying soldier called his son to his bedside to place a Confederate flag in his hands to be returned to the Virginia regiment from which it had been captured: 'With my heartiest good wishes and fraternal feelings.'

"The men of the nation on this stone stood like a wall of steel and iron for the safety of our town at Crancy Island in 1813 and 'like a stone wall' for State rights and our city's honor and glory in 1861-65. The spirit of chivalry and the patriotism of peace have erected this shaft for their remembrance, constituting it a vessel, not earthen, hanging in the air, but solid granite firmly planted in the highway under the azure dome of the sky for an altar, where the fire of patriotism will forever burn; and these old veterans have decreed not the virgins of Rome nor the widows of Greece but the Daughters of the Confederacy of Portsmouth Chapter, No. 30, vestals to keep its blaze without penalties and pains but



COMRADES AT THE PORTSMOUTH LIGHT ARTILLERY MONUMENT.

The names of the survivors on the picture of the Portsmouth Light Artillery Monument from left to right are: Capt. John H. Thompson, George W. Brent, Wilson B. Lynch; sitting posture, John W. Crismond and S. W. Newby; behind them, M. W. Allen, C. E. Ironmonger, J. W. Griffin, F. J. Nicholson, and C. R. Warren.

with more honor than thundering Jupiter could order or Grecian art could picture.

"Capt. Charles A. Cutherill, your Portsmouth artillerymen, and their successors must be the guards of this temple as long as the vestal lamp holds out. Let your young soldiers make duty and truth their aim, and the Master, who maketh the clouds his chariot and walketh upon the wings of the wind, will decorate them with the richest ornaments of virtue.

"My countrymen, the soldiers and sailors are the defenders of the State, and duty requires them to endure the severest hardships of war and peace. The citizens are the foundation of the State; duty makes them provide sustenance and equipment for the safeguards. All citizens, sailors, and soldiers should love the truth as the glory of the State."

G. E. C. WHARTON.

BY F. M. IMBODEN, BROTHER OF GENERAL IMBODEN.

The sketch of the gallant Gabe Wharton in the July *Veterian* contains some errors that had better be corrected to keep history straight.

The battle of New Market, in the Valley of Virginia, the 15th of May, 1864, was not with General Hunter, but was between General Breckinridge with between four and five thousand men, and General Sigel with about eleven thousand men (eight thousand infantry and twenty-seven hundred cavalry), seven small regiments under Stahl, and some batteries. Wharton's Brigade was there, and was most gallantly commanded by him, and it lost men heavily. Sigel posted his infantry on high ground, partly behind a stone fence, and the attack was across open fields in his front in the face of a heavy fire by his artillery and infantry at close range; but Sigel was driven pell-mell by as brave and persistent a charge as I ever saw. The defense, however, was stubborn, and only when our second line closed on the first and became blended into one did the Federals break. Our loss was very severe.

The 62d Virginia Mounted Infantry, Col. George Smith, about six hundred men, was sent to Wharton by Imboden, and lost nine commanders of companies out of twelve, and some two hundred and sixty men were killed and wounded. The Virginia Military Institute Cadets (two hundred and fifty boys), under Col. Scott Shipp, lost about one-fourth. The cadet battery and Capt. John McLanahan's horse artillery, six 12-pound rifles, greatly aided the result.

Sigel ordered Stahl to throw his seven regiments of cavalry on our badly shattered line, which would have whipped us probably but for the appearance on Stahl's flank and rear of one regiment of our cavalry, the 18th Virginia, which stopped the cavalry charge, except one squadron of the 1st New York, Captain Carter, not reached by the countermanding order. This lone squadron rode in by Sigel's left, passed his entire front, out past his right, receiving the fire of friend and foe, and only Carter and a few of his men lived through that miniaturelike charge of the "Six Hundred" at Balaklava, where "some one blundered." Captain Carter's regiment was called the 1st New York Lincoln Cavalry, and was the remnant of a brigade of five regiments of New York infantry of 1861.

It was a brilliant defeat of the German general and his several German brigadiers, commanding more than double the men of Breckinridge, Wharton, and others, in a fair, open field. Some fifteen hundred men fell quickly. Breckinridge on his splendid bay that day was indeed superb!

It was thereafter General Hunter superseded Sigel. Wharton was ordered to Richmond with Breckinridge; and twenty

days later, June 5, 1864, Hunter, ten thousand strong, whipped us at Piedmont, below Staunton, killing Gen. William E. Jones, commanding our little army of four thousand, after severe fighting from 6 A.M. to 4 P.M., when Gen. R. B. Hayes, later President of the United States, reached our right and rear with his Ohio brigade and broke us up. I very distinctly recollect that about eight hundred of us were given an escort to Camp Morton and Johnson's Island, Ohio, where we feasted a time in idleness.

Hunter moved through Staunton, burned the Military Institute at Lexington, Governor Letcher's home there, having burned the homes of his kinsmen and others in the lower valley and the flour mills and barns in his line of march. He reached Lynchburg, and it probably was then that General Lee spoke with Wharton, who was sent with Breckinridge to Charlottesville and on to Lynchburg. Early also was ordered to Lynchburg, and Hunter escaped through the mountains to the Kanawha Valley, W. Va.

The above is only to correct an error in war history and to detract nothing from brave old Wharton's splendid record as a hard fighter. He had the confidence of the men under him and over him wherever he served, and of all men since those forty years ago.

Gen. David Hunter left a record of brutal devastation, wanton cruelty, and abuse that fortunately did not characterize many commanders in that long struggle between the States.

REUNION OF CAPT. FRANK GURLEY'S MEN.

BY J. M. MASON, EUFULA, ALA.

At Wortham's Mill, Madison County, Ala., was held on July 23 and 24 a reunion of Company C, Russell's 4th Alabama Cavalry. This company was enlisted in the spring of 1862 under Capt. Frank B. Gurley, of Madison County, Ala. After about two months of separate and detached service it was incorporated in Bacot's Battalion of the old Forrest Regiment, and in the fall of 1862 was consolidated with other companies into the 4th Alabama Cavalry. Under that designation it was one of the regiments of the original Forrest Brigade, and served with him in the West Tennessee campaign of December, 1862, and the campaign on the Cumberland River in January and February, 1863. Both the company and the regiment were highly esteemed by General Forrest, and in Wyeth's life of Forrest both are mentioned with very high terms of commendation.

In the spring of 1863 the regiment was transferred to General Wheeler's command, under whom they served, taking part in all the campaigns of that noted cavalryman until the fall of 1864, when they were detached to take part in the ill-fated campaign of Hood into Tennessee. During that campaign they were upon detached service until the retreat from Nashville. Joining the defeated army in the retreat, they fell once more under the direct command of General Forrest, with whom they surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., May 9, 1865. Forty-one years have passed since that date. The comrades who at that time were in the vigor of young manhood have grown old, and many have passed away from earth. The hearts of all were longing for another handclasp upon the shores of time.

In February last Captain Gurley, who has always felt the liveliest interest in the men who so gallantly followed his leadership, began a correspondence with the survivors, now widely scattered. A reunion was provided for, and on July 23 and 24 at Wortham's Mill twenty-eight of the former members of the company assembled. The occasion was one long

to be remembered by all who participated in it. From North and South Alabama, from Virginia, Tennessee, and Mississippi they came to look once more into each other's face and to revive the friendships born in the midst of hardships and dangers and cemented with blood. From this reunion were absent the pageantry that usually attend the larger gatherings of Confederate Veterans. But there was present a spirit of delightful brotherhood and friendship that was better far. Each comrade knew his brother's record; and as memory swept back across the years, it brought again to view the incidents of mutual exposure to trials, hardships, and dangers.

To Captain Gurley, who planned this reunion, and to Mrs. Sallie Bailes Bragg, who ably seconded his efforts, much praise is due. Through their forethought the most ample arrangements were made for the sumptuous entertainment not only of the comrades of Company C but for the large number of people who attended the gathering. Many comrades of the 4th Alabama Cavalry met with us and some who served in other regiments.

Miss Tommie Bragg read a paper upon the character and services of the Confederate soldiers and officers. Her father, though very young, enlisted and served with Captain Gurley, while four of her mother's brothers were with him. One of them, W. H. Bailes, first lieutenant of the company, was killed at Fort Donelson when General Wheeler tried to capture the place with his cavalry. Miss Bragg's knowledge of Captain Gurley's command has been of lifetime growth, and in the paper referred to she paid enthusiastic tribute to him not

COMMISSIONER TO JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

The editor of the *VETERAN* is gratified with the following home indorsement from the *Nashville American*: "Governor Cox has appointed S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, the well-known editor of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, to represent Tennessee as one of the commissioners to the Jamestown Exposition, to be held on its tri-centennial, 1907. The Governor made a happy selection, as there is probably no man in the State who will take a more lively interest in the Exposition."

The Norfolk Landmark: "Governor Cox, of Tennessee, could not have chosen a better man for Tennessee Commissioner to the Jamestown Exposition than Editor S. A. Cunningham, of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. Mr. Cunningham is one of the most energetic men in the South. He is known everywhere and liked everywhere. He never takes up a cause unless he throws his whole heart into it. Through his personal efforts and the influence of his widely circulated monthly, Mr. Cunningham will be a most useful friend to the Exposition. But it is no disparagement to Mr. Cunningham to say that Tennessee ought to have some additional exhibit at the Tercentenary. She should have a display not only of her representative citizenry, but also of her material progress and resources."

The Richmond Times-Dispatch is kind enough to say in this connection: "There is no man in the entire South more widely known or more universally regarded. Of all the forces to preserve the integrity of the history of the Confederate soldier in honor, none is so potent as Mr. Cunningham and the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, the child of his brain and heart of his heart. Tennessee honors itself in honoring him."

Whether or not efficient service be rendered as expressed, the Commissioner will gladly do his best. And he sincerely trusts that the incoming Legislature of Tennessee will yet see to it that the Volunteer State is worthily represented.

Although Tennessee has not so far made an appropriation, Governor Cox has more recently appointed additional commissioners for Tennessee. They are as follows: Gilbert D. Raine, of Memphis; C. E. Pigford, of Jackson; Charles H. Smith, of Carrytown; A. E. Hill, of Nashville; N. F. Thompson, editor of the *Tradesman*, Chattanooga; Trotwood Moore, of Columbia; Hon. Edward T. Sanford, of Knoxville; Maj. A. D. Reynolds, of Bristol; Judge Claude Waller, of Nashville; and George W. Callahan, of Knoxville.

APPRECIATED COMMENT ON THE VETERAN.

The editor of the *Winchester (Tenn.) Herald* requested Confère and Comrade W. J. Slatter, of that town, to write something for the new paper. He states that it was in 1856 when he first published a newspaper in Winchester, and that he certainly is the oldest newspaper man now living in Tennessee. He concludes, after naming a long list of newspapers and periodicals of which he is recipient, as follows: "The *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* I have had from its first issue, and several volumes of it I have had bound. I do think that every Confederate or son or daughter of a Confederate soldier should, if able, subscribe for the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. Its editor is an old soldier, a clear and forcible writer. There is more history in a bound volume of Sumner Cunningham's splendid work than you will find in all the histories of the war. You get the pure metal. I say this voluntarily in behalf of a work that deserves, a man that —, and a cause that should not be allowed to lose that glory that belongs to it."



MISS TOMMIE BRAGG.

only as masterly, resolute, and self-reliant in perilous emergencies of battle, but in the grasp of every situation, holding the absolute confidence of his men. As a citizen, he has proved himself the most charitable of men. He has been kind to all, has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and buried the dead. No man ever did more for poor people, and the only reciprocity he wants in this life is the cordial grasp of the hand and the eye-to-eye sparkle of comrades and friends with whom he associates.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

A day spent at Minneapolis during the Grand Army Encampment will remain a treasured memory. All business sessions of the large organization are secret, so that no outsiders are admitted to their convention hall. They are very different from the Reunions of Confederate Veterans, where Grand Army men have often made addresses. In all social gatherings Confederates who happen to be present are treated with the kindest and most respectful consideration. Corporal Tanner, the Commander in Chief, who has been so much at home among Confederates, and his successor, Gen. R. B. Brown, of Zanesville, Ohio, are the kind of men and patriots who will honor the country and tend to create better relations between the sections. It is a mark of high advance that the G. A. R. have made such men their leaders. In the outset of Commander in Chief Brown's official career the VETERAN is bold to prophesy a broad patriotism. His action on the Wirz monument question even, whatever it may be, is considered in this connection.

The VETERAN is inclined to conservative views concerning action upon the Wirz issue by those who were prisoners at Andersonville. It is impossible to conceive the sensitiveness of hungry prisoners. The editor of the VETERAN illustrates: The commander of the prison at Camp Morton (Indianapolis) for some months was a Colonel Owen, of Ohio, a college professor and a brother of the eminent Robert Dale Owen. He was so kind-hearted that no survivor to this day fails to remember him in sincerest gratitude, while the prevalent sentiment is of utter abhorrence toward his successor, a Colonel Rose, of Kentucky, and the writer would protest still against honoring his memory. Ah! if he had been murdered under the bitterest partisan excitement ever known in this country and his martyrdom had been established as has Captain Wirz's, surely there would be no protest against a tribute by his friends. History will establish the truth anyhow.

This prison feature is like shaking the red flag. It seems that the astounding statistics so ably presented by the renowned Ben Hill cut so acutely that Northern partisans have never been able to consider prison questions conservatively.

It may have been impolitic for our noble women of Georgia to undertake to erect a tablet in the vicinity of Andersonville to the memory of Captain Wirz and the four Union prisoners who were permitted to go North on their honor in the interest of humanity, seeking a system of exchange or parole of prisoners, and who honored American manhood by returning as they promised. Another issue of the VETERAN will contain much of the Wirz history. Meanwhile let us all, South and North, remember that the other fellow is not as ugly as we sometimes paint him. Those who abhor a record in bronze to poor Wirz should sympathize with Southern people who are expected to read the multitude of tablets at Andersonville as wicked as could be conceived.

This event furnishes occasion to bring to the light of civilized times a picture of Reconstruction that will seem incredible to the younger people, and yet will be healthful to all. The VETERAN will endeavor to present the vivid truth in its next issue, so that fair-minded Northerners may look

with pity at least upon a man at the gallows praying that his family may be vindicated at the bar of justice, as in his last breath he declared his innocence. It is understood that the Georgia Daughters will make no response to the protests to be submitted to Gen. S. D. Lee by the G. A. R. Commander.

RESOLUTIONS BY EX-UNION PRISONERS AT ANDERSONVILLE.

When the proposed action was had in regard to a Wirz monument or tablet at Andersonville, the following resolutions were passed:

"Whereas it has been published in many papers in the South, and indeed throughout the country, that the Daughters of the Confederacy of Savannah, Ga., are soliciting funds to erect a monument to the memory of Capt. Henry Wirz, who in the years of 1864 and 1865 was commandant of the Andersonville prison in Georgia, and whose administration, management, and control of such prison, it has been by overwhelming testimony established, was so cruel, tyrannical, and severe that in less than one year more than thirteen thousand of the Union soldiers imprisoned died, and are buried in the cemetery there; and who, for his conduct and acts in the management of the prison, with his harsh, cruel, and barbarous treatment of unarmed and unoffending prisoners under his charge, was judicially tried, convicted, and executed for his great inhuman crimes; therefore

"Resolved, That the National Association of Ex-Union Prisoners of War, many of whose members were confined in Andersonville prison for periods varying from three to nine months and are living witnesses of the inhuman cruelties of Captain Wirz, which caused the death of so many of their comrades in prison there, and years having elapsed without any reversal in form, fact, or sentiment of the justice of the conviction, sentence, and execution of this great criminal for his inhuman barbarities, appeal to the good sense and intelligent patriotism of the soldiers who wore the gray in the brave fight they made for their convictions against the men who wore the blue to use their influence against the movement to erect a monument to perpetuate the memory, or what some of his zealous admirers called the heroic deeds, of Captain Wirz as the late commandant of Andersonville prison. The men of gray and the men of blue, forgetting the cruelties and severities of war, from time to time meet for social and friendly greeting both in the North and the South, and indeed often upon some of the great battlefields of that angry time. The patriotic utterances that come on such occasions from the men of the South and the men of the North are echoed and reechoed throughout the country, helping to allay the asperities of the past and renew devotion to the flag among all the people of a reunited country. The questions that brought the North and the South to war have been settled by the blood of thousands of brave men. Every State of our once disturbed Union is now in peaceful harmony in its proper place, represented in all departments of the government, and the erection of a monument to honor the memory of Captain Wirz, whose inhumanities in his career of brief authority shock our American civilization, because of unpleasant discussions and irritations, will delay the restoration of that love of country and devotion to the flag everywhere in our land which all men who wore the blue so much desire. This Association, then, many of whom are survivors of Captain Wirz's hated administration of Andersonville prison, deprecate the building of a monument to his memory and appeal to all late Confederate soldiers to discourage and prevent by their influence its erection."

PRESIDENT DAVIS AND GENERAL JOHNSTON.

BY J. P. HAZZARD, GEORGETOWN, S. C.

I have read with deep interest in the *VETERAN* your just and creditable editorial under the heading "President Davis and General Johnston." Like yourself, I too served in the latter's army, Wheeler's command, and shared with the rest their implicit confidence and love in and for their noble, loyal commander. I was present in Atlanta when Mr. Davis spoke to the army previous to removing General Johnston, and joined in the urgent protest that went from every man against his doing so. We all thought that he was actuated by prejudice and hatred against our beloved commander, and up to reading his unsent message, which you have so wisely published, I still was of that opinion; but since reading it I am convinced that such was not the case, and that he was justified from what he says in taking the fatal step which he did that proved so disastrous to our cause. What Mr. Davis says relative to General Johnston's lack of aggressiveness and overcaution I think is true. Still, he certainly possessed in an eminent degree the magnetic qualities of a great leader, and he enjoyed the love and confidence of his entire command. While his army blamed him for not fighting at Dalton, I know most positively that he was forced to retreat by being flanked. He offered battle several times; but Sherman very wisely adhered to his Fabian policy of declining, and preferred to use his superior numbers in flanking his weak but matchless adversary.

With all his faults, it is doubtful if this country ever produced a grander patriot, a more heroic spirit, or a truer man to what he believed to be right than Mr. Davis. The South would be recreant to its past history did it ever cease to reverence his memory as would the muse of history, did it not link his name among the greatest men upon the imperishable records of fame.

In a postscript Comrade Hazzard demurs to the statement by President Davis in his "unsent message" about General Johnston's "ignorance of the topography of the country," and states that "he was thoroughly acquainted with it, and he always inflicted disastrous blows to Sherman in his retreats. During his retreat from Dalton to Chattahoochee he killed more Yankees than was done in most battles."

FROM COMRADE R. E. BOOTH, VICKSBURG, MISS.

In the August number of the *VETERAN* I read your editorial touching the "unsent message" of President Davis to the Confederate Congress, in which he gave his reasons for not reinstating Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to an important command, as well as the appended comment by the Nashville American.

I do not write this to take part in the unfortunate controversy which has arisen on the subject, for I think it best that the veil of oblivion should be dropped over such matters, though I think it must be confessed that President Davis, as was his wont, enforced his position with very cogent and powerful reasoning. My purpose in sending this is to direct your attention to and ask if the writer in the American has not inadvertently fallen into a historical error. In his comment he uses this language: "Opposed to Davis's opinion of Johnston is that of General Lee, who restored him to the command of the Army of Tennessee and who declared in a conference at Richmond that if General Johnston is not a great soldier then we have no great soldiers." Now has he not mixed the two Johnstons, Albert Sidney and Joseph E.?

It will be remembered that in the early part of 1862, just after the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, there was great

dissatisfaction felt with and severe criticism indulged in toward Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston throughout the South on account of this disaster and his consequent retreat upon Corinth. So intense was this feeling that the Senators and Representatives from Tennessee in the Confederate Congress waited upon the President in a body and urged the removal of Gen. A. S. Johnston and the substitution of some other commander in his stead. President Davis listened with marked and courteous attention to their complaints, and in a manly and dignified reply simply said: "If Sidney Johnston is not a general, the Confederacy has none to send you." Now is not this the incident to which the American refers and is not the language attributed to General Lee as having been spoken of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in reality the language of President Davis above mentioned and used of the great Albert Sidney Johnston, whose sad and untimely death was one of the severest blows inflicted upon the Confederacy during its brief but brilliant career? For the writer has often said that if the Almighty had vouchsafed three hours longer of life to Albert Sidney Johnston General Grant's star would have gone down in eternal eclipse on the bloody field of Shiloh.

An account of the incident to which I have referred will be found in the second volume of the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," page 38, as well as in the "Life of Albert Sidney Johnston," by his distinguished son, Col. William Preston Johnston.

[In this comment Comrade Booth is correct.—Ed.]

An error occurred in the leading article of the August *VETERAN*. The "Unsent" message of President Davis was changed in the last corrections. The "s" was added to Mr. Davis's name to give it the possessive case, and the printer in resetting the line unwittingly set the word "unseen" for "unsent."

AN IMPOSITION ON THE SOUTH.

In a recent letter to the *VETERAN* by a Northern publication the surprising statement was made that Mrs. Jefferson Davis would contribute to that publication a series of articles on the "Last Days of the Confederacy," giving her personal reminiscences of that time, with "hitherto unpublished letters and reports dealing with the more prominent features of the historic struggle." Inquiry of Mrs. Davis brought the reply that she had neither written nor contemplated writing such articles, and she asks that denial be made promptly, so that no one may be taken in by this scheme to attract Southern subscribers. Such a bold statement deserves severest condemnation in its untruth.

This same publication has a young woman traveling over the country soliciting subscribers, her "intention" being to secure "fifty thousand subscribers" in a certain time in order to secure a "proposed scholarship." One of the inducements to subscribe presented to Southern people was this same series of articles by Mrs. Davis, but at the time it was not brought to the attention of the editor of the *VETERAN*; hence the non-publication of correction until now. The many schemes resorted to by some publications in order to swell their subscription lists should be checked by exposure whenever possible.

As insult to injury in the false assertion, indicated above, a card on the back of the letter sets forth exacting regard for the merit of all advertisements that appear in the periodical. Further attention may be given this matter, giving name of the publication, unless satisfactory correction is made

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY M. M. TEAGAR, FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

When Prejudice and Passion reach a pause
 And Reason shall again ascend her throne,
 Then Truth will vindicate thy country's cause
 And Justice rear thy monumental stone.
 Though bowed with age, immured in prison cell,
 Thy faith in God's eternal truth remains
 To plead thy cause; while faithful records tell
 How Vengeance forged thy manacles and chains,
 Ignored the tears of sympathy and love
 That wrung the heart with bitterness and woe.
 While freedom's flag waved o'er the heights above,
 The galling chains of Bondage clanked below,
 And Victory proclaimed thy country's thrall
 And gloats in triumph o'er a vanquished chieftain's fall.

HUNTER DAVIDSON, C. S. N., IN PARAGUAY.

A splendidly written letter comes from "Hunter Davidson, Pirayú, Paraguay, S. A., in which he writes, "Please send me one copy as a sample of your esteemed journal with price, and grant me this opportunity of saluting with all my heart any of my old comrades in arms of the Second American Revolution. I remain with highest esteem your friend and servant," adding after his name "Graduate U. S. N. Academy, 1847. First Division C. S. S. Merrimac (or Virginia), Chief of Confederate States Torpedo Department, 1863-64."

An investigation of the Naval Records shows that Commander Davidson figures prominently in seven of the twenty volumes so far published. In these reports is shown the great esteem in which he was held by Capt. James D. Bulloch (uncle of President Roosevelt), not only in his exalted regard for him as an officer in the navy but as a faithful patriot.

On June 20, 1862, Hon. S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, appointed Lieutenant Davidson to relieve Commander Maury in "devising, placing, and superintending submarine batteries in the James River." In a letter of October 25 following Lieutenant Davidson writes: "M. F. Maury has gone to Europe with about four million dollars for gunboats, etc."

When Alexander H. Stephens was arranging for the conference in Hampton Roads with President Lincoln, he wrote: "I desire to proceed directly to Washington in the City Torpedo, commanded by Lieut. Hunter Davidson, of the Confederate States navy."

In a report of the Secretary of the Navy, April 30, 1864, concerning an attack by the torpedo boat Squib, he states: "The cool daring, professional skill, and judgment exhibited by Lieutenant Davidson in this hazardous enterprise merit high commendation and confer honor upon a service of which he is a member."

This venerable Confederate may be assured that thousands will be gratified to learn that he still lives, even in far-away Paraguay, and the Southland honors him for his valuable services to the Confederacy.

APPROVED FROM ACROSS THE BORDER.—Mr. Austin A. Hay, one of the County Commissioners from McKinley's county (Starke), Ohio, writes from Canton while including renewal of subscription: "I served over four years in the War between the States in the 19th Ohio, and take great pleasure in reading the views of those engaged on both sides of that struggle. I am very much pleased with the tone and spirit of the VETERAN."

PATHETIC STORY OF GENERAL HOGG, OF TEXAS.

A pathetic story of the War between the States times is recalled to the older people of Chester County, Tenn., by the recent death of ex-Governor James S. Hogg, of Texas. Some days after the battle of Shiloh, fought on April 6 and 7, 1862, a lone and wounded Confederate soldier made his way to a log cabin located in the woods four miles west of Corinth, Miss., and begged for shelter and food. The man was weak from loss of blood and hunger, and had evidently been wandering through the woods of the sparsely settled section for several days after the battle. The occupants of the cottage had little to give, but divided this little with the soldier. They took the man in and administered to his wants as best they could with their limited resources. They were unable to secure medical attention; and the soldier, already emaciated from the lack of food and proper attention, gradually grew weaker and weaker until he died. Realizing his approaching end, the soldier requested that his body be buried in the wood near the house and marked with a simple slab bearing the name, "Gen. J. L. Hogg, Rusk, Tex."

The request was complied with, and in the years that passed the family which had so nobly cared for this stranger moved away, the grave became overgrown with wild weeds, and all that was left to mark the soldier's resting place was the rough slab. Time rotted by degrees, but was reverently replaced by some passer-by, and in this way the grave was kept marked; but it is doubtful if the few people who chanced to pass that way and see the slab ever gave a thought to the identity of the occupant of the grave until after the election of Hon. James S. Hogg to the governorship of Texas. Then some one of Chester County who had seen the grave wrote Governor Hogg concerning the dead soldier. In a short time a letter was received, stating that the soldier was Governor Hogg's father, and that he entered the Confederate army when the war first broke out, and had never been heard of by relatives or friends.

After more correspondence Governor Hogg caused the grave to be inclosed by a neat iron fence, and erected a handsome plain marble shaft over the grave. This monument bears the same simple inscription which marked the rough slab which had stood over the grave of one of the South's heroic dead.—*Youth's Companion*.

Comrade W. F. Sims, of Joshua, Tex., writes that he was in both battles, and he thinks it must have been in the battle of Corinth instead of Shiloh that General Hogg was killed.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

HOTEL RATES FOR THE GULFPORT CONVENTION.

The Great Southern Hotel, Gulfport, Miss., will give the following rates to delegates attending the General U. D. C. Convention to be held at Gulfport, Miss., Nov. 14-17, 1906: Room with bath attached for one person.....\$1.50 Room without bath for one person.....1.00 A reduction will be made if two or more persons occupy one room. Meals a la carte.

Rooms may also be obtained at the New Beach Hotel and in private houses, all within a short distance of the Great Southern Hotel and convenient to the car line to the pavilion on the pier, where the meetings will be held. Address Mrs. H. K. Denny, Gulfport, Miss., for information regarding these rooms.

Mrs. Lily McDowell, Holly Springs, Miss., Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements for the Gulfport Convention, reports the above.

WHY GENERAL SHERMAN'S NAME IS DETESTED.

BY COL. W. D. PICKETT, LEXINGTON, KY.

I desire to supplement the article in the July *VETERAN* with the above title by answers to criticisms made and doubts cast upon the charges therein.

As to the charge that at the burning of the large cotton mills at Roswell, Ga., General Sherman caused all the operatives of those mills (a few men, but mostly women and children over twelve years) to be collected, loaded onto freight trains, transported to Louisville, and dumped out at the freight yards without food or money and with few husbands or fathers to look after them: On making inquiry recently from old residents of Louisville and Lexington, Ky., these charges are corroborated in every detail, these operatives having been dumped out from freight cars, it is charged, to the number of nearly one thousand, the number probably being overestimated.

These facts were published in the papers at the time, and the charitable people of Louisville and all the contiguous region of Kentucky responded nobly to this sudden tax on their charity. It is said that H. D. Newcomb and Nicholas Coleman, of Louisville, owning cotton mills in Kentucky or Indiana, took quite a number of them, giving them employment. The noble Sisterhood of Nuns of Nazareth, near Bardstown, Ky., came over there and took many of the children. The remainder were distributed throughout the country wherever homes could be found. The fathers and husbands and brothers of these unfortunates were at the time in the Confederate army, and could not look up their children until peace came. As an instance, one of these fathers came to Lexington in search of his child, but up to that time had been unsuccessful. He had followed a clue up into Vermont and had found one of these children; but it was not his, but a child of his brother.

Supposing the destruction of the Roswell mills was within the usages of civilized warfare, can there be given one valid reason for the sudden deportation of these unfortunates from the comforts and protection of home? The act being that of one who was a father himself can only have had its origin in a bad heart. Was it too much to say, "These acts will be forever a stain upon the character of the Federal commander," Sherman?

Some doubt has been cast as to my authority for making other charges contained in that article, and it is simply necessary to state that during all the operations connected with these events I was a staff officer of Lieut. Gen. W. I. Hardee. I heard the first shell thrown by the Federal artillery into Atlanta, and am familiar with the correspondence between General Hood and General Sherman in regard thereto, as also in regard to the depopulation of Atlanta. It so happened that while this depopulation was going on I was at General Hood's headquarters as a member of a court of inquiry, and was familiar, through the staff officer having the matter in charge, with each day's progress with that movement.

Soon after the fall of Atlanta General Hardee was, at his request, relieved by the President of the command of his old corps in the Army of Tennessee and given the command of the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. I was transferred with him, and was present at all the operations around Savannah and, on its evacuation, at the transfer of its small army to the vicinity of Charleston. I had charge of the flag of truce on the steamer that met the transport steamer off the harbor of Charleston containing the officers' wives and refugees, sent around by sea by General Sherman (about five hundred souls). During their transfer and for

several days thereafter, until they scattered to their several destinations, I mingled freely with them. They all agreed as to the threats freely published by General Sherman as to what would be done when South Carolina soil was reached and as to the time of his leaving Savannah. That these threats came from Sherman's headquarters is proven by the fact that the threats were literally carried out.

On the advent of Sherman's army on its northerly march through South Carolina it became a matter of the utmost importance to prognosticate its destination. On the solution of this problem depended the policy of the evacuation of Charleston and its defenses or the contrary. From the latter part of January to the 12th of February I was kept almost continuously in Sherman's front, reporting any information obtained by myself or from Wheeler's Cavalry by telegraph each day. More than once my reconnaissance was so close to Sherman's front that his position could be closely located by those black pillars of smoke. In some cases families, in terror from the threats sent out from Savannah, would desert their plantations, in which case they were almost invariably fired. From the accounts of refugees there were few dwellings saved. The most of them were burned, and even in the presence of weeping women and children. On the approach of Sherman's army to the vicinity of Orangeburg, S. C., its destination was sufficiently developed to justify the evacuation of all the defenses around Charleston, for which preparations had been made, and the transfer of the small army under Hardee to North Carolina, his rear guard skirmishing with the advance of Sherman's army on the evacuation of Cheraw, S. C.

Your correspondent from Georgia thinks my commendation of General Grant as to his soldierly and gentlemanly bearing toward noncombatants was misplaced, as he gave Sheridan positive orders by telegraph to devastate the Shenandoah Valley in the manner it was done. Your correspondent is certainly mistaken. Sheridan acted from his own heart and brain. If his saving of that matter is correctly outlined in that famous "crow-fly" dispatch of exultation to Grant, his name should be coupled with that of Sherman, and both names should go down in history coupled with that of Hannan, that Austrian general who made reputation along the same lines in the war between Austria and Hungary, and who on his first appearance in London was mobbed by the bakers.

A friend "would suggest Attila instead of Hannan." But I say no. Attila was a savage. The horde of Asiatics and Slavs he precipitated upon Central Europe were savages, and it was to be expected that they were to carry on war as savages. Not so with these two officers. Born and reared under Christian influences, they were graduates from West Point, an institution not excelled by any institution of its age in the world in the number of distinguished soldiers it has turned out from its portals—distinguished alike for their valor and ability in command of armies, as well as for all the qualities that adorn the Christian gentleman.

It is impossible for an army commander to march a large army through a hostile country without more or less hardships to the noncombatant population. My information as to Grant's campaigns in the Southwest is that he was kind to noncombatants and protected them in their noncombatant rights. So it was with Gen. Don Carlos Buell, General Rosecrans, and General Macpherson. General Buell marched a large army nearly a thousand miles through North Alabama and Tennessee, and, if it were possible, partially demoralized, by his kindness and protection to noncombatants, those people

The death of General Macpherson, on July 22, 1864, was heard of with genuine regret by those Confederate soldiers familiar with his record around Vicksburg. All of these army commanders are remembered with the kindest feelings by the Southern people. On the contrary, the name of Sherman is recalled with a feeling akin to horror; that of Sheridan only in a lesser degree.

For the sake of the many brave officers and soldiers of Sherman's army who condemned and deplored those acts of vandalism that famous song, "Marching through Georgia," so often heard in the past, should be consigned to eternal oblivion. To me and most Southern people conversant with that famous "march" it brings to mind visions of those columns of black smoke hanging against the sky, the gaunt outlines of lonely chimney stacks against the moonlight, reminders of the destruction of happy homes and the weeping of women and children. I shall never forget the last time that famous piece was heard by me and the rebuke that was administered against its performance from the throats of over twenty thousand of the patriotic citizens of New York and surrounding States.

This occurred during the celebration of the centennial of the inauguration of the first President in the vicinity of New York City in the year 1889. The first day was given up to the naval display in the harbor. The second day was given up to the parade and review of the National Guard of most of the States, together with all of the regular army that it was convenient to have present, including the West Point Cadet Battalion. At least forty thousand troops passed in review before the President, as fine a body of soldiery as could be organized in any country, most of whom were thrown into the city within eighteen hours from leaving their barracks. The reviewing stand was on Madison Square, facing Fifth Avenue (I believe). Having been one of the commissioners appointed by Governor Moonlight to represent the then Territory of Wyoming, I was given a good position on this stand near the President, and had an excellent opportunity of seeing the parade as well as everything else that transpired. The sidewalks below as well as the street, as far as the police would allow, were a dense mass of humanity. The opposite block of buildings, five or six stories high, with their awnings, every window, and the roofs of the houses, were simply black with people. Moreover, that mass of people were fully enthused with the amenities of the occasion. There had not been one allusion to the past. All the pictures in the shops and all the flags displayed were of the Revolution and the Continental army. Patriotism and fraternity were in the air. There had been no allusion to that conflict between the sections. There appeared again a reunited country.

The troops from each State passed as per a regular programme, headed by its Governor, with a full military band preceding him. As it turned out, there had been stationed on the sidewalks a band, cocked and primed by some contemptible character for its rôle. In proper rotation the Georgia Battalion appeared, headed by its Governor, John B. Gordon. As soon as he had advanced far enough to be recognized that band struck up that then well-known air, "Marching through Georgia." As soon as the situation was realized that vast crowd appeared to be stunned into impenetrable silence. The silence was painful, the intended insult was so marked. Suddenly a band just in the rear of the Georgia troops struck up that soul-inspiring air, "Dixie" (that music that Mr. Lincoln claimed "we have captured"). The tension was broken, and from the twenty-five to thirty thousands of throats there came a roar that shook the earth, accompanied

with the waving of flags and handkerchiefs and every demonstration of good fellowship, all indicating a determination to administer a stunning rebuke to the thought that sought to humiliate and insult the guests of a great State and maybe a guest of the nation. These cheers and demonstrations of good fellowship followed Gordon and his men until they disappeared from the reviewing stand. Gordon and his troops thoroughly appreciated this ovation. Gordon, always handsome and graceful, appeared at his best as he gracefully acknowledged the plaudits of that immense and congenial multitude. The President, Mr. Benjamin Harrison, appeared to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and it seemed to me was unusually gracious as he acknowledged Gordon's salute. I shall always recollect that splendid, patriotic, and enthusiastic multitude. I shall always recall Gordon's gallant bearing as he acknowledged his thanks.

Then let that song be relegated to oblivion; but let the name of the man who gave cause for its origin be held up in the "lime light" of a Christian civilization until history shall have forced him "to lie in the bed he has made for himself." Let the children and their children be taught of this name. But, on the other hand, let them be taught to treat with respect and esteem the names of those other army commanders of the West who, soldiers and gentlemen themselves, carried on the war in accordance with the usages and rules of Christian civilization. I speak of Ulysses S. Grant, Don Carlos Buell, William S. Rosecrans, and J. B. Macpherson. But, above all, let them be taught to revere the flag of the now reunited nation.

ABOUT POEM ON PAGE 354 OF THE AUGUST VETERAN.—Dr. Weir Mitchell writes from Bar Harbor, Maine: "Some one has sent me the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in which you have done me the honor to print my verses on the Confederate battle flags. I permit myself to suggest that there should have been an acknowledgment to Collier's Weekly, from which they were taken. I gave them to that journal because of its large circulation in the South, finding pleasure in saying a word on a matter which pleased every Northern soldier. You should, however, give the proper heading to my verse, which was, if I remember, 'The Return of the Flags.' My three brothers and I served during the entire war in the Northern army. and it cost the life of one, the youngest. How any one can imagine me the author of the 'Biography of Lieutenant General Forrest' I cannot by any use of my imagination see." Apology is made for this last to Dr. Mitchell and the public. This correction gives opportunity now to thank Dr. Mitchell for his kind expressions on the Confederate flag.

COLONEL AND NOT GENERAL, MCCOOK KILLED BY GURLEY'S SCOUTS.—Gen. G. P. Thruston writes from his summer home, Beersheba Springs: "There are some errors in Mrs. Robertson's account of the death of Colonel McCook in your August number. It was Col. Robert McCook (I think of the 9th Ohio Infantry) who was killed by Captain Gurley, not Gen. Daniel McCook, his brother. The latter lost his life in the Atlanta campaign while leading a charge against the Confederate works on Kennesaw Mountain. Col. Robert McCook was one of the ablest lawyers of Cincinnati and a citizen of very high character. He was quite ill and lying in an ambulance when Gurley's scouts attacked him. He was much beloved by the citizens of Cincinnati, and a monument erected in his honor stands in one of the public parks there."

Comments by other Union officers are to have attention.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT. United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1866, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom all contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, } Montgomery, Ala.
ALBERT C. SEXTON, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF, }
GEORGE R. WYMAN, COMMANDER A. G. N. VA. DEPT., } Louisville, Ky.
A. T. BURGESS, ADJUTANT, }
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., } Jackson, Tenn.
C. E. PIGFORD, ADJUTANT, }
J. M. TISDALE, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., } Greenville, Tex.
—, ADJUTANT, }

(No. 12.)

CONFEDERATION NEWS.

Past Department Commander E. Leslie Spence, Jr., of Richmond, Va., has been appointed Chairman of the General Executive Committee of the Sons of Confederate Veterans in charge of details of the Reunion in Richmond in 1907.

Owing to bad health, John Clifton Elder, Commander of the Third Brigade, Alabama Division, has been compelled to resign his command. In the fall he expects to remove to New York, where he will enter upon the practice of law.

Comrade John A. Collinsworth, Judge Advocate General on the staff of the Commander in Chief, has removed from Humboldt, Tenn., and has located in Denver, Colo.

William J. Conniff has been tendered the appointment of Adjutant and Chief of Staff of the Alabama Division. He accepted and entered on his duties May 16, 1906. Comrade Conniff is full of enthusiasm, and succeeds Comrade Sexton, who was appointed Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to the Commander in Chief.

Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Commander of the Fifth Brigade, Alabama Division, has removed to Abbeville from Anniston. He has been elected President of the Southeast Alabama Agricultural and Experiment Station at the former place.

NEW CAMPS.

New Camps since No. 11, August, 1906, have been chartered as follows:

No. 548, Camp Manassas, Manassas, Va., May 15, 1906, twenty-four members; J. B. T. Thornton, Commandant; R. E. Herrell, Adjutant.

No. 549, Camp Screven County, Sylvania, Ga., July 30, 1906, eighty-four members; E. K. Overstreet, Commandant; W. B. Dent, Adjutant.

No. 550, Camp John Shearer, McCrory, Ark., August 4, 1906, sixteen members; W. N. Jones, Commandant; R. B. Keating, Adjutant.

DIVISION REUNIONS.

The Reunion of the Alabama Division will be held in Mobile Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, November 20, 21, and 22, 1906. The Reunion of the Alabama Division of the Veterans will be held at the same time and place. The Chairman of the General Committee is Col. Saffold Berney, while the chairman of the committee on the part of the Sons is Mr. John L. Moulton, of Camp George E. Dixon.

The annual Reunion of the Louisiana Division was held at Baton Rouge August 10, 1906. Ralston F. Green, the incumbent Division Adjutant, was elected Commander to succeed John D. Nix, who did not stand for reelection. Proceedings will appear later.

DEPARTMENT ORGANIZATION.

The following is the organization of the several Departments, excepting the Trans-Mississippi Department:

Army of Northern Virginia Department.—Commander, George R. Wyman, Louisville, Ky. (elected at New Orleans Reunion, 1906); Department Adjutant, A. T. Burgerin, Louisville, Ky.; Inspector, James A. Hoyt, Jr., Columbia, S. C.; Quartermaster, Samuel E. Blackburn, Louisville, Ky.; Commissary, John Landstreet, Richmond, Va.; Judge Advocate, Yewell Haskins, Owensboro, Ky.; Surgeon, Dr. H. H. Duke, Louisville, Ky.; Chaplain, M. B. Porter, Louisville, Ky.; Courier, Ainslee Wyman, Louisville, Ky.; Assistant Department Surgeon, T. P. C. Barnard, North Tonawanda, Ky. All appointed May 22, 1906.

Army of Tennessee Department.—Commander, R. E. L. Bynum, Jackson, Tenn. (elected at New Orleans Reunion, 1906); Department Adjutant, C. E. Pigford, Jackson, Tenn.; Inspector, C. J. Owens, Abbeville, Ala.; Quartermaster, F. B. Fisher, Jackson, Tenn.; Commissary, C. R. Sykes, Aberdeen, Miss.; Judge Advocate, Charles G. Edwards, Savannah, Ga.; Surgeon, Dr. E. K. Sims, Donaldson, La.; Chaplain, Dr. A. M. Hughlett, Jackson, Tenn. All appointed May 24, 1906, in General Orders, No. 11.

DOUBLE APPOINTMENTS.

The attention of all members is called to the following provision of General Orders, No. 10, June 1, on the subject of double appointments:

"III. Under Section 21 of the constitution 'no staff officer shall be at the same time a staff officer of a Brigade or Division or hold two staff positions.' The attention of all officers authorized to make staff appointments is particularly directed to this provision, with request that an effort be made to avoid conflicting assignments. If any appointee named above or hereafter appointed to a place on the staff of the Commander in Chief is already holding a Department, Division, or Brigade staff position, he should at once elect which is to be retained.

"It is expressly understood and ordered, however, that no staff position whatever shall in any way interfere with or prevent the holding of committee assignments or office or position by such appointees in their respective Camps."

HISTORICAL WORK.

In order to develop the history of the administrative machinery of the Confederacy, the members of the staff of the Commander in Chief are directed by the constitution to prepare historical papers on the branch of the service represented by their respective positions. The following extract from General Orders, No. 10, June 1, governs the preparation of these papers:

"IV. The attention of staff officers is called to the requirements of Sections 31-37 inclusive of the constitution of the Confederation, prescribing their respective duties, and particularly requiring the preparation of reports or historical papers on the branch of service in the Confederate States army represented by their respective staff positions. The Commander in Chief expects every member of his staff to enter enthusiastically and earnestly into the spirit of the latter requirement. He will be glad to cooperate in the preparation of these reports if desired. A place on the programme of the next Reunion will be specially provided for the presentation of these reports, and they are to be included in the published minutes."

PERMANENT ARCHIVES.

The members of the Confederation are urged to cooperate with Edwin P. Cox, Chairman, Richmond, Va., in building

up a historical collection. The subject is fully covered in General Orders, No. 11, June 2:

"IV. The far-seeing founders of the Confederation planned for a central collection of historical and museum materials, and to that end provided in Section 93 of the constitution that the archives collected should be permanently located at Richmond, Va., and should be 'governed by a committee composed of one comrade from each Division, elected by the delegates at each annual Reunion of the Confederation.' The direct management of the proposed collection is placed in an executive committee of three members of Camp R. E. Lee, No. 1, of Richmond, the chairman to be appointed by the Commander in Chief, one to be elected by the Camp, and one to be appointed by the Virginia Division Commander.

"So far as can be ascertained, the general committee has never been elected, although the chairman of the Executive Committee has several times been appointed. The collection of materials is deemed of so much importance that the Commander in Chief is exceedingly desirous that a beginning be made in the execution of the foregoing section. Every class of materials bearing in any way on Confederate history, such as books, pamphlets, maps, prints, charts, manuscripts, diaries, rolls, order books, commissions, paroles, sketches of regiments and companies, Confederate addresses, etc., is desired. All officers of the Confederation should cause to be forwarded copies of orders, reports, and official papers issued by them or by Camps in their jurisdiction. They should be sent by mail or express direct to Edwin P. Cox, Chairman, Richmond, Va., by whom they will be carefully guarded and permanently preserved."

FINE WORK OF CAMP R. E. LEE, NO. 1, RICHMOND.

R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, had a splendid meeting August 13. A large and enthusiastic crowd attended, and much routine business was disposed of. Messrs. Arthur C. Harman and Walter Leake Wingfield were elected members.

Mr. Lane Lacy spoke interestingly and eloquently of "Appomattox." He led up to his subject in a somewhat humorous manner; but when he reached the sentences which referred to the sufferings and heroism of the Southern people, his style became serious and earnest. He spoke more especially of the heroism of the army of General Lee in defeat. He spoke of the last battle of the War between the States as the "end of an era" of war as well as of the glorious hospitality, gallantry, and culture of the "Old South."

He next spoke of the fight at Appomattox as the beginning of an era not only of political turmoil and strife but of the upbuilding of the great "New South." This was the burden of his discourse, and he spoke in eloquent terms of the fortitude and industry of the Southern people and of their great achievements in the arts of peace.

In conclusion, he drew a beautiful moral from the bravery of the defeated soldiers of the Confederacy and pointed to their example in glowing terms as one for his hearers to remember and study in their own lives.

He spoke for about thirty minutes, and was applauded to the echo. A vote of thanks was tendered, and the address will be entered in the records of the Camp.

A large audience was present, and it was generally regretted that every member of the Camp could not be present to hear the fervent and patriotic utterances of the speaker of the evening.

At the September meeting a similar exercise will be had.

The value of a careful study of the events of the war cannot be overestimated, and the example of this Camp is earnestly commended.

WORTHY TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERATES.

For several years there has been a tendency to "shelve" Confederate veterans from politics. "Confederate Brigadiers" was a term used opprobriously in Congress through the years of Reconstruction. It is a fact that Confederates were of the leaders of Democracy in both branches of Congress for many years; but they are dropping out rapidly, and aspiring younger men are contributing to the retirement of Confederates with a zeal that does not do them credit. Confederate brigadiers are becoming scarce in Congress, and Confederates are not numerous in asking for any office. When they do, the motion should spring from others; and if they have had a liberal share in public patrimony, their friends should bear the fact in mind consistently. In this connection congratulations are extended to Gen. G. W. Gordon, of Memphis, in his nomination to Congress.

A beautiful exception came to light recently by the action of Mr. John B. Earthman, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., who had announced himself a candidate for the State Legislature from the County of Rutherford. Mr. Earthman is quite a young man, but has the worthy ambition to become useful in early life, and it became his fancy to enter politics. In making his announcement he expressed his unconditional loyalty to the party of his choice—Democratic—and that he would yield only to a Confederate veteran who was capable and worthy. Very soon he learned that Dr. M. E. Neely, a Confederate with a splendid record, was a candidate.

In announcing his candidacy young Earthman had stated that, while he had no apologies to make for his age, he "would not make the race against a Confederate veteran with a good, clean record and acknowledged ability. Mr. Earthman came out in an open letter withdrawing from the race and explaining why he had not done so when Dr. Neely first announced. He went to work in earnest for Dr. Neely; canvassed, wrote, and managed for him. The returns of the election showed that Neely won over his opponent by three or four to one, completely distancing him in nearly every district. It is stated that, while Dr. Neely is a good man, his great victory is largely due to Earthman's letter and efforts in his behalf. This is admitted by Neely himself, who used the letter throughout the campaign as his highest indorsement, and Mr. Earthman had his full share of congratulations.

Herein is an illustration of proper training. The young man evidently imbibed paternal spirit. For several years some one has sent a few dollars at a time with the request to send the VETERAN to some old soldiers who can't pay for it. When the Sam Davis overcoat was received from the Federal Chaplain James Young, of Missouri, this same person, Mr. W. B. Earthman, had a cedar case with glass front made for it, delivering it by express free of charge. In all of this Mr. Earthman has kept the deeds of the right hand from the left, and he will pardon this publication in illustrating the true merit of his son's action.

W. S. Ray, of De Queen, Ark., makes inquiry for Capt. John Patterson, who was captain in an Arkansas regiment, was wounded and held prisoner at New Orleans for a time, and cared for by a lady of that city until he was sent North. If Captain Patterson is dead, Mr. Ray would like to know where he was reared and if there be relatives.

DECORATION DAY AMONG NORTHERNERS.

In an address on Decoration Day at Jacksonville, Ill., Rev. R. F. Thrapp, pastor of the Christian Church, with twelve hundred members, said:

"Enlisting at Springfield, my own father went to the front a strong man weighing one hundred and eighty pounds and just ready for the study of law. After some three years of active duty came the battle at Guntown, when, sorely wounded, he fell pierced by a Minie ball, and by rude hands was hurried off to prison. Thirteen months in Libby, Castle Morgan, Cahawba, and Andersonville availed to make of that strong and sturdy youth a wreck of but ninety pounds. The war ended, he journeyed back to his native town, and, hobbling in on crutches, his playmates of boyhood days peered into his emaciated face and queried who he was.

"This is but the story of thousands. Gone forever the opportunities of a professional education! Moreover, they had been so long out of the fields of industry as to be scarcely missed. And so many went to the loom, the plow, or the ship, who would have gone to the forum, the platform, or the lecture room.

"But some, forgetting the nation's debt, have spoken harsh words of these old soldiers. When a peasant who had saved the French king's life upon the battlefield appeared at the royal palace to remind his sovereign of his service, the king received him coldly and said: 'A monarch does not like to receive even his life at the hands of a peasant. You will therefore forget the event.' And so he sent the man away empty-handed. That scene belongs to the fifteenth century, but it still stirs indignation within us. Far be it from us ever to forget that great gifts demand great gratitude. Withered be the hand that, receiving bread, gives a stone; or, receiving fish, gives a serpent.

'God of our fathers, known of old,

Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold

Dominion over palm and pine—

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget, lest we forget.'

Our beloved country, united and free for all, is the heritage bestowed upon us by the men of the past who have sacrificed for its good.

"What a vast territory is ours! When a schoolboy my heart often wondered at the greatness of the Roman Empire and the mighty powers of her Cæsars. When tracing her boundaries from the Orkney Islands on the north to her southern limits, two thousand miles away at Thebes on the Nile, and from the Caucasian mountains on the east, three thousand miles to the pillars of Hercules, on the Atlantic Ocean, I felt that the like had never been before and would never be again. But, like a boyish fancy, it was a mistake; for the Roman eagles in their longest flight never flew as far as Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate. And what schoolboy was not astonished at the proud boast of the brave Briton that the sun never set upon the queen's dominions? To-day we rejoice to admit this, but at the same time we modestly set up a similar claim for the dominion of Uncle Sam. The island of Attou, in Alaska, is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of that city, and when it is five o'clock in the afternoon on this island it is 9:36 A.M. of the day following at Eastport, Me.; and if we locate the center of our country according to its longitude, it will be found about three hundred miles west of San Francisco in

the Pacific Ocean. Our area without Alaska is 3,025,600 square miles, and with it it is 3,602,900 square miles, which is larger than all Europe, with Italy and Turkey excepted. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Gladstone said that 'We have a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man.'

"Texas alone is two hundred and twelve times as large as Rhode Island, and could easily furnish homes for our entire population. In fact, every man, woman, and child in the world could settle in her territory, and each would have a lot fifty by one hundred feet, which is four times the space allowed each inhabitant of New York City. We gladly sing:

'There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved of heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serenely light,
And milder moons imparadise the night—
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tortured age and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm more beautiful nor fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man, a patriot? Look around;
Ah, thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.'

"And we possess this fair land because of the courage, grit, and sacrifice of the fathers of the past and present. The spirit of Thomas Jefferson, the framer of the Declaration of Independence, has entered our souls. 'And for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.'

"The courage of the boys of 1861-65 was illustrated by Rear Admiral Dewey at Manila. In the blackness of the night, Captain Gridley, of the Olympia, which was leading the American squadron, reported to the Rear Admiral: 'We are now approaching the entrance to Manila Bay.' 'Steam ahead,' came the Admiral's response. Again the Olympia reported: 'We are now coming to the portion of the entrance supposed to have been mined.' 'Steam ahead,' was the Admiral's order. There was a flash from the land and the boom of a great gun. Again the signal came: 'The batteries of Cavite have opened fire.' 'Steam ahead. Follow me,' flashed back the Admiral to the fleet in the rear. On the squadron went, under batteries, over mines, and into the heart of the bay, where, when the dawn came, stood the American squadron, flying the American flag, facing frowning forts and war ships, and the band playing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' Then came the conflict and the victory.

"While the Spanish-American War was but a skirmish, as compared with the rebellion, this incident illustrates the character of the American soldiery.

"We rejoice to-day in the unity of our country. The North and the South are rapidly in spirit becoming one. To-day the arms of those who were strongest in defense of the palmetto flag would be as quick as any in all this fair Northland of ours to arise in defense of the honor of that flag which now floats so triumphantly above us. The test came in the Spanish-American War, when those who wore the blue and the gray marched under the flag to set another nation free.

"It was side by side—Massachusetts and Alabama, New York and Georgia, Illinois and Louisiana, Vermont and South Carolina—Northern and Southern men together unlimbered

the guns, rushed upon the fortification, charged upon the enemy, and shouted the triumph. The voices of military officers who were under Sidney Johnston and John A. Logan gave the command on the same side. The name of Grant on the Northern side and of Lee on the Southern side were exchanged for the names of Grant and Lee upon the same side.

"Just before the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, when every Confederate soldier knew that the end of the war was at hand, a general order from Lee was issued to prepare muster rolls of troops, stack arms, park artillery, etc. One old soldier from North Carolina refused to surrender, but declared that he had gone into the war to fight the Yankees and he was not licked yet, and would not surrender. No amount of reasoning would satisfy him that the war was over. The next day, when his regiment was formed preparatory to surrender, it was discovered that this old soldier, one mule, one musket, and a Confederate flag were absent. They had disappeared in the night like a shadow. A short time after the final surrender there appeared on a mountain side overlooking a valley in North Carolina a little hut with breast-works in front, and from a staff defiantly floated a Rebel flag. For years this sight met the view of neighbors and travelers. The old soldier was industrious and harmless, and his strange actions were attributed to an unbalanced mind, and no attention was paid to him. As fast as one flag was whipped out by wind and weather a new one would take its place.

"The Supreme Court of the United States said the war closed in August, 1866. February 16, 1898, that Confederate flag was not seen floating on the mountain side. Its absence attracted attention. In the evening his neighbors in a body called to see him. They found him on his bed, sick unto death. They asked him why the flag was not flying. The old soldier spoke of the sinking of the Maine. Now, in this conflict there was but one flag. In a feeble whisper he exclaimed as he passed away: 'I surrender.'

"I do not need to tell you that more of the soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic sleep beneath Southern sod than beneath their native shades. The battles of the war were fought in the South; and where the soldier fell, there do his ashes sleep. Few were ever brought home. But a handful—a small handful—lie slumbering in the cemetery here; while in every Southern hamlet and in many a Southern churchyard the Union dead, as well as the Confederate, are numbered by the scores and hundreds. Do you know that Decoration Day will come to all the land alike? And do you ask with bitter cadence: 'Who will scatter flowers upon those distant stranger graves this day?' Then, with thanks to God for making me an American, I answer you that the same tender hands which will pile lilies of the valley above the slumbering breasts of gray heap, without stint, the roses above above the enshrouding cloak of blue.

'By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the roses, the blue;
Under the lilies, the gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat—
Each with the battle blood gray
On the bank of eternity meet.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the oak, the blue;
Under the willow, the gray.

From the silence of sorrowing hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe,
Who, under the sod and the dew,
Await the judgment day—
With love and regrets for the blue,
Regrets and love for the gray.'

"And could these serried ranks break forth into life to-day, and those silent lips be opened, as one voice from all that mighty host, we'd hear this message given: 'From our dead foe man comes no chiding forth; we lie at peace. Heaven has no North, no South. With root of tree and flower and fern and heather God reaches down and clasps our hands together.'"

Sincere praise to this true patriot. If he could fully realize how pathetic was the plea of the Confederate authorities by every honorable method to spare Union prisoners from their suffering, he would have paid tribute to them even at the expense of the Federal authorities. Let the South be diligent to have the whole world know the truth, as it will ever increase respect for the Southern part of the Union.

On this same Decoration Day the writer visited the National Cemetery near Nashville—the largest number of soldier dead in America, if not in the world. He was greeted cordially by the G. A. R. men who were in attendance with their families. One of them, among other courtesies shown, said: "I want to introduce you to my wife." Calling a venerable lady from a group, he said: "Wife, I want to introduce Mr. C., editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN." The lady responded, her fine face blending candor with kindness: "I have great respect for you."

CAPT. G. W. SUMMERS AND LIEUT. KOONTZ.

[An account of the execution of Captain Summers and Lieutenant Koontz was written by George Summers from Grove Hill, Page County, Va., July 24, 1865, of which the leading facts are given herewith.]

Nearly three months ago my son, with three other boys, left their homes and, as I understood, were going somewhere to get their paroles. Their journey was across the Massanutten Mountain, in the valley leading from Winchester to Staunton. While in the valley, near Woodstock, they met a company of Union troops conveying ex-Governor Letcher somewhere. After passing that company a mile or so, they met some half dozen straggling soldiers, and demanded that they surrender their horses, which they did, except that a lieutenant of the party and one other resented the demand. In this difficulty each one presented a pistol at the other, and, strange to say, each cap burst without a discharge of the pistol. The boys returned to their homes with these horses. My son stated to me that he was sorry for what they had done.

When I learned the facts, I told my son that some evil would grow out of the affair. Effort was made to adjust the matter, and several good citizens were induced to go to the camp near Rude's Hill, where Colonel Butterfield was in command of the post. The Colonel received them very courteously; and when their mission was explained, he remarked that return of the property would be adjustment of the whole matter, and that the horses and other things taken could be

sent or the boys might bring them over and they should not be molested. Nearly all was returned, even a dollar and a half in money that had been taken from the soldier, and the Colonel gave a receipt for all.

It was thought that this would be an end of the unfortunate affair, and I still think the matter would have rested there but for a circumstance that occurred in the neighborhood. On the Sunday previous to their arrest, while at church, a difficulty arose between William Tharp and some other person over something that had occurred during the war. Tharp became very much enraged, and one of the boys alluded to above made a remark to Tharp, when he exclaimed: "You had better return those horses stolen from the Yankees." During this controversy my son and two other boys said nothing. Tharp said he would go to the Yankee camp and get revenge, and he went from the meetinghouse to the camp at Rude's Hill. Early on the morning of the 27th of June, 1865, a party of Federal soldiers surrounded my house and arrested my son. I spoke to the two captains in command of the party kindly, and inquired what their business was, and they said they had come to arrest my son. I then explained the transaction with Colonel Butterfield, and that as the property had been returned the matter was considered settled. They said they knew nothing about it, and talked roughly to me. However, I had breakfast prepared for them all, and they ate at the same table with my son George, who still seemed to be hopeful. At one time during the morning he told me he thought he could escape, but I advised against the attempt. I trusted in what Colonel Butterfield had said as to the return of the property. When ready to go, my son said: "Farewell, father; farewell, mother; farewell to my home forever." In response to my plea, the officers informed me that I could get some of the best citizens and go over the next day; that "it might aid in securing his release." Some friends had arranged to go with poor George over the mountain, but by telling me to go the next day they cheated me out of opportunity to influence the authorities.

When the Federals had gone over the mountain, they halted and informed the poor boys that their fate was sealed. They wept, they begged, they prayed for pardon and forgiveness. They said they knew they had done wrong, but they had done all they could to repair the wrong. Nothing availed. They were placed in position for execution, when they requested that some minister of the gospel be sent for to render them some spiritual aid. A man was sent to Newmarket, but no minister could be secured. During this interval they were permitted to write home. My son begged that they be taken to camp, and partially succeeded. The captains in command, I was informed, left and gave the matter of the execution into the hands of a lieutenant, and it was with him that my son prevailed to be taken to camp. They proceeded as far as the foot of Rude's Hill, within a few hundred yards of camp, when they were met by a body of infantry and informed that they were to be executed on the spot. My son pleaded that they be spared until the next day until his father could come with other citizens in their behalf, but nothing could save the poor boys. They yielded at last to their fate, and knelt to be shot to death the very day of their arrest. I arrived at Rude's Hill about eleven o'clock. I found my dear, dear George and his comrade on the cold earth with stones for their pillows. He was my only son.

I was a Union man, and this was known generally during the war. I believe if Colonel Butterfield had been at camp when my son was arrested he would have been spared. Gen-

eral Tolbert, of Winchester, released the other two boys. I pity the party that not one could be found to show mercy. To those that spoke evil and treated me unkindly I returned many kind acts. My views were known to the authorities at the time my son was arrested. My son entered the Confederate service at the beginning of the war as a sergeant. He was soon after promoted to lieutenant, then to captain, and near the close of the war he commanded a regiment, which post he held until the surrender of General Lee. He was twenty-two years, six months, and five days old. Many prisoners were taken by him and his command during the war, and he was always kind and merciful to them. Just before he was executed he wrote:

"NEAR NEWMARKET, VA., June 27, 1865.

"My Dear Father, Mother, Sisters, and Brothers: Very much to my surprise, we must soon leave this world to try the realities of an unknown one, but I pray God that he may receive my poor, sinful soul. Would to God that I had died upon the battlefield in defense of my dear native South! But it has been otherwise ordered. I submit to my fate. Pray for me, and try to meet me in heaven. I feel as though my God will forgive my sins. Don't grieve after me.

"Farewell, my father, mother, sisters, brothers, and friends.

GEORGE W. SUMMERS."

Captain Summers, my son, and Sergeant Koontz were executed on June 27, 1865, by the command of Colonel Huzzey, a Federal officer from Ohio. In October, 1875, I crossed the rugged Massanutten Mountain, and made my way down the valley to that fatal spot, where I found a locust post placed at the very spot where the cruel deed was done.



MONUMENT TO CAPT. SUMMERS AND LIEUT. KOONTZ

MONUMENT AT PLACE OF EXECUTION.—In 1892, through the efforts of Capt. Jack Adams, there was erected on the spot of the execution, in place of the locust post, a marble monument which bears the following inscription: "Capt. George W. Summers and Sergt. Newton Koonitz, both of Company D, 7th Virginia Cavalry, were here executed on June 27, 1865, by order of Lieutenant Colonel Huzzey, 129d O. V. M. I."

THE OLD SOUTH AND SECTIONALISM.

BY T. K. OGLESBY, IN SAVANNAH (GA.) MORNING NEWS.

In his interview with the *Morning News* representative, published in your issue of Sunday, the 18th inst., Editor Freund, of New York, said that if the South, as suggested by Judge Parker, again takes the lead in the government of the country "it must not be the Old South of sectionalism, of jealousy, or opposition to other parts of the country. It must be a New South, which represents the better thought, the higher aspirations of the whole country."

Editor Freund's interview contained some valuable and timely reflections and remarks; but its interest and value would have been enhanced and he would have made a real contribution to history if he had named the periods and instances when and where the Old South pursued a course or maintained an attitude of sectionalism and opposition to other parts of the country.

Was it in 1776, when, for grievances inflicted upon the Northern colonies, those of the South—though not themselves suffering from those grievances—responded to the cry that "the cause of Boston was the cause of all" and under the leadership of Washington took up arms in defense of that cause, and continued the struggle for it unfalteringly till independence was won for them all?

Was it in 1784, when Virginia, the leading State of the Old South, so greatly enlarged the domain of the North by generously giving to the United States all the territory comprised in the present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, and a part of Minnesota?

Was it in 1803, and in 1811, when Northern statesmen urged a dissolution of the Union because the acquisition of Louisiana and its admission as a State would "diminish the influence of the Northern part of the Union?"

Was it in 1812-13-14, when Southern statesmen were sustaining the government in a war with a foreign country for the honor of the American flag and the rights of American sailors, and Northern statesmen were discussing in secret convention the question whether the Northern States would secede from the Union at that time or not, indirectly if not directly giving aid and comfort to the public enemy, and plotting against the war measures of the government because they were interfering with Northern trade?

Was it in 1844-45, when Massachusetts again threatened dissolution of the Union because it was about to be enlarged on the Southern side by the annexation of Texas?

Was it in the Old South that "sectionalism" was rampant in the periods named? and did the historian, Bancroft, get his names and localities mixed when he wrote that "an ineradicable dread of the coming power of the Southwest lurked in New England, especially in Massachusetts?"

When did the Old South ever have a party exclusively formed upon geographical lines? When did she ever cast an exclusively and solidly sectional electoral vote? When did she ever vote for a presidential ticket without a Northern man on it? Take times well within the memory of the living: Did she not, as late as 1852, vote for a New Hampshire man?

Later still—in 1856—did she not vote for a Pennsylvania man? And yet later—yes, even in 1860—did she not in her electoral and popular vote couple North, South, East, and West together? Did she not in that year give a larger popular vote for the tickets bearing the names of a Massachusetts man and an Illinois man than she gave for any other ticket? When did the South ever depart from the time-honored American and national usage of having both sections of the country represented on the presidential ticket?

In 1856 Rufus Choate, that great lawyer, orator, patriot, and statesman of Massachusetts, spoke to his old party associates in that State the following words: "Our first duty as Whigs and because we are Whigs is to unite with some organization of our countrymen to defeat and dissolve the new geographical party calling itself Republican. . . . The question for each and every one of us is just this: By what vote can I do most to prevent the madness of the times from working its maddest act—the permanent formation and the actual present triumph of a party which knows one-half of America only to hate and dread it—from whose unconsecrated and revolutionary banner fifteen stars are erased or have fallen? . . . To this duty, to this question, all others seem to me to stand for the present postponed and secondary. . . . The immediate duty of Whigs is to do what we can to defeat and disband the geographical party—a party formed within one geographical section and confined exclusively to it, whose end and aim is to rally that section against the other—practically to take power and honor and a full share of the government from our whole family of States and bestow them substantially all upon the antagonist family."

In that same year of 1856 Robert C. Winthrop, another great patriot and statesman of Massachusetts, said to his fellow-citizens of that State: "I cannot withhold expression of my astonishment at hearing gentlemen assert that the self-styled Republican party is not a geographical party. Why, what meaning do any of us attach to the name of a geographical party except that of a party which is separated from all other parties by certain geographical lines?"

Of the same party four years later—in 1860—Mr. Winthrop said that it was "a party so many of whose accredited organs and orators are engaged in arraying one-half of the Union against the other half, and in pouring out a torrent of abuse, invective, and vituperation against a whole section of their fellow-citizens—a party which has wholly refused to recognize the Southern States in the selection of their candidates, and which does not pretend to rely upon or to anticipate a single electoral vote from any of those States—a party so many of whose organs and orators are daily denouncing the South as a land of barbarism."

Where was this geographical—this sectional—party described by Rufus Choate and Robert C. Winthrop? Where was it formed? Where did it live and move and have its being and flourish? Was in the Old South? No. History tells that its breeding place and habitat was in the North; that it was in the North, and the North only, that a sectional President was nominated by a sectional convention and elected by a sectional vote; and that when the candidates of that convention were nominated and elected the fundamental principles as well as the formal decencies of American self-government were cast aside, and a faction based on exclusion and proscription claimed to rule the Union while representing only a section.

The reader, knowing who Rufus Choate and Robert C. Winthrop were, will understand the value of their testimony

upon the question of "sectionalism" in the United States or upon any other question touching American history. Let us now supplement that testimony with some words from some eminent Southern statesmen. I quote first from John C. Calhoun, of whom Daniel Webster said that "there was nothing groveling or low or meanly selfish that came near his head or his heart."

"When," said Mr. Calhoun, "did the South ever place her hand on the North? When did she ever interfere with her peculiar institutions? When did she ever aim a blow at her peace and security? When did she ever demand more than naked, sheer justice of the Union? Never! never! And can we reverse these questions and have we the same response from the North?"

I quote next from Jefferson Davis, of whom it was said by Judge Jeremiah S. Black, as Dr. Johnson said of Thurlow: "He fairly puts his mind to yours when he talks."

"We are arraigned day after day," said Mr. Davis, "as the aggressive power. What Southern Senator has attacked any portion or any interest of the North? In what have we now or ever, back to the earliest period of our history, sought to deprive the North of any advantage it possessed? . . . From sire to son has descended our federative creed opposed to the idea of sectional conflict for private advantage and favoring the wider expanse of our Union. . . . We may dispute about measures; but as long as parties have nationality, as long as it is a difference of opinion between individuals passing into every section of the country, it threatens no danger to the Union. If the conflicts of party were the only cause of apprehension, this government might last forever. . . . It is, sir, these sectional divisions which weaken the bonds of union and threaten their final rupture. It is not differences of opinion; it is geographical lines which divide State from State and make different nations of mankind. . . . If envy and jealousy and sectional strife are eating like rust into the bands our fathers expected to bind us, they come from causes which our Southern atmosphere has never furnished. . . . If the seeds of disunion have been sown broadcast over this land, I ask, by whose hand have they been scattered? If we are now reduced to a condition when the powers of this government are held subservient to faction, I ask, sir, who is responsible for it? And I can with proud reliance say it is not the South, it is not the South!"

So spoke John C. Calhoun and Jefferson Davis, illustrating the Old South—the national, non-sectional Old South in the council chambers of the republic of their fathers—pleading with the sectional, non-national, fanatical North for the burial of sectionalism, the banishing of fanaticism, and the preservation of that republic. As well might they have addressed a remonstrance to the whirlwind crashing on in its pathway of ruin. No words of reason can lay the spirit of a wild fanaticism, and that Old South went down in a mighty struggle to preserve and perpetuate the principles upon which that republic was founded. It is gone (alas!) forever; another sort of South has taken its place and another sort of Union has taken the place of the one it sought to save; but the words of Calhoun and Davis still live, and to this day and date no man has answered them—no man has shown that they were not the words of utter truth and soberness.

"Do not forget," said Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, when a Senator of the sectional North boasted that it was about to take control of the government, "it can never be forgotten—it is written on the brightest page of human his-

tory—that we, the slaveholders of the South, took our country in her infancy; and after ruling her for sixty out of seventy years of her existence, we shall surrender her to you without a stain upon her honor, boundless in prosperity, incalculable in her strength, the wonder and the admiration of the world. Time will show what you will make of her; but no time can ever diminish our glory or your responsibility."

There is an epitome of the record of the Old South as the controlling power in the government of this country. There it is on history's ineffaceable page:

"Nothing is there for tears, nothing to wail

Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt.

Dispraise, or blame—nothing but well and fair."

Malice, prejudice, and ignorance have done much to obscure it; but it shines with a splendor all the brighter from comparison with the ghastly record of the carnival of blood and rapine and corruption that followed and still follows it, and those who know it and hold it dear should not let it be buried under misrepresentation till "mountainous error be too highly heaped for truth to overpeer."

Will T. Hale in the Nashville American:

"The war's over, my friend," said old Absalom Manley, when, in a contest about the village post office, he was whacked over the head by a Democratic applicant. So it is—it has been over more than forty years—but others besides Absalom's assailant do not seem to know it.

"It has been a marvelous thing to me that Jefferson Davis's memory must suffer for the war, as he had to suffer personally as the representative of the South at its close. He was not only one of the greatest men of the South but of the nation, yet he seems to be made an exception to McKinley's doctrine that our great men are a common heritage of Americans.

"Davis was born in Kentucky, in the metropolis of which State there was much gush recently over the fact that Abraham Lincoln was a Kentuckian by birth. With due respect for all the latter achieved, the impartial critic must admit that of the two Davis was the greater Kentuckian.

"Political elevation does not signify superiority, neither does martyrdom. Many a man has been made President who for real ability could not be compared with those who were defeated. The rule works both ways too. Before his nomination for President, Lincoln was comparatively unknown; still there were men well known who were not as worthy of honor as he. There were also Americans who by their conspicuous ability were fully entitled to their fame. Jefferson Davis was one. Long before the debate between Douglas and Lincoln, which gave the latter such reputation as he had, Davis had proved himself a military chieftain whose worth was recognized in Europe—a statesman whose name was a household word throughout the nation."

W. L. Saunders, Gatesville, Tex.: "I have watched the VETERAN for a report from some one of the capture of the Federal gunboat Diana on the Bayou Teche, La., in the spring of 1863. It is my understanding that the capture was effected by infantry from General Mouton's brigade of Louisiana troops. I was a member of Company F, 28th Louisiana Infantry, Mouton's Brigade, but was not with my command at the time mentioned. I would be glad for some one familiar with the facts to write an account of it."

If J. B. Myers, orderly sergeant of Capt. J. C. Thrall's battery, Major Morton's battalion, is alive, John Shearer, of McCrory, Ark., and others wish very much to hear from him. If not, information concerning him would be appreciated.

FROM MISSIONARY RIDGE TO DALTON.

BY ROBERT L. THOMPSON, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Forty-three years ago on the 24th of next November the armies of Generals Bragg and Grant were maneuvering to begin the battle of Missionary Ridge. On the same day the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, under Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, was at Harrison's Landing, on the Tennessee River, ten miles above Chattanooga. Our duty there was to observe and report the movements of the enemy in that section. Throughout that day a duel with artillery was maintained between the two hostile armies about Chattanooga. We could hear distinctly, the river conducting the sound. There was a marked difference in the tone of the guns. That of the Federal Artillery was a sullen low bass, while that of the Confederate was pitched in a higher key; some of the guns were musical, having a tremulous bell metal ring, and the tremor of the piece was clearly perceptible after each discharge. The difference may have been caused by the elevated position of the Confederate batteries.

It is justly claimed, however, that the Confederates used superior powder. On a recent visit to Chickamauga Park I saw standing in the McDonald field six pieces of artillery, four Napoleons and two Jameses of Slocumb's Confederate Battery.

During the night of November 24 the 9th Kentucky Cavalry left Harrison's Landing and went to Chickamauga Station, on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, directly in rear of the right wing of General Bragg's army. While we were *en route* we narrowly escaped capture at Tyner's Station by a large body of Federals who were raiding in that section. On our arrival at camp we found that our wagon train had not arrived. What few supplies we possessed were in the wagons. It may be true that "all things come to those who wait," except possibly an army wagon train. My messmates were desperately hungry; but we were fortunate in having a messmate who was an expert forager, a tireless searcher for rations, and he seldom returned empty-handed. That night he brought into camp a supply of bacon. The only frying pan in the camp belonged to Company C. When we applied for the loan of the pan, we found that it had already been "spoken for" by Company D. Of course we didn't wait until next day.

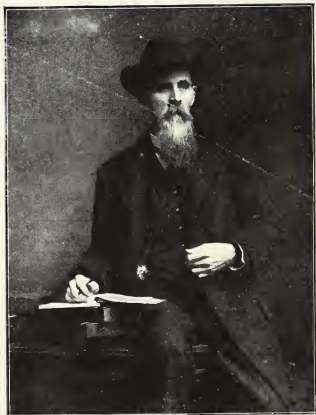
Early on the morning of November 25 the battle of Missionary Ridge opened. Our regiment formed line and remained inactive all day. We never knew why we took no part in the battle. The boys were ready and willing, as they always were. Our Captain McCormick ("Old Tige") was ever eager for the fray. He answered the "last roll" several years ago. I should like very much to know how many more of that regiment have departed as well as the number who survive. The regiment was composed of ten companies of an average of fifty men to a company, approximately five hundred men in the regiment. I know of seven men of my company yet living; there may be ten. I suggest that the average of survivors is about twenty per cent to apply to the whole of our armies.

Late in the afternoon on the day of battle our regiment was ordered forward to a bridge that spanned Chickamauga Creek. On arrival there we met one brigade of our infantry falling back in disorder. We were instructed to stop them, but when the men exhibited their empty cartridge boxes they were permitted to pass. Soon thereafter, about sundown, that portion of our army began moving back; and when dark came, the whole army was in full retreat. A portion of our regiment was detached and placed under command of Capt. John

Fletcher Smith, I think, with orders to assist cannoneers in rolling gun carriages out of the mire. The guns stuck in the mud were those of Cobb's and Bledsoe's Batteries. After performing that duty, we rejoined our regiment, which by that time had become active, in helping protect the rear of the retreating army.

The enemy did not follow in force that night, and, barring a skirmish or two the next morning with pursuing squads of cavalry, there was no battle of note fought on the retreat except the grand stand of Cleburne's Division at Ringgold two days later. Our regiment camped one night near Ringgold in the regular way for the first time since leaving the "Sick Wheat Valley," in East Tennessee, a week before. (We named the valley "Sick Wheat" because the flour we obtained from a mill up there sickened all of us who ate of it with violent nausea.) William Plumber, Andrew Kirkendoll, and I were a part of the guard that night. I was appointed corporal, and while on duty I fell asleep and failed to relieve the two guards mentioned, for which fact I received the guard-house sentence, which earned for me the distinction of being called "The Corporal" ever afterwards. Leaving Ringgold, our next regular camp was at Tunnel Hill, Ga., on the railroad five miles north of Dalton. There we remained throughout the dreary winter months of 1863-64. The main body of the army of infantry and artillery were at Dalton in winter quarters, comparatively inactive. We, the mounted troops, were on the outpost, strenuously engaged as pickets and scouts.

We lived the simple life at Tunnel Hill that winter on a strictly vegetarian diet, consisting of musty cornmeal and green goobers; yet there was never a complaint, so far as I remember. Through it all the boys came up smiling for duty. Once during the winter our regiment raided East Tennessee for corn. It was "the enemy's country" at that time. We



ROBERT L. THOMPSON.

found the enemy in force at Charleston, and we boldly attacked him as usual, but I think we got the worst of it. We were surprised by a regiment of Federal cavalry dashing into our ranks with sabers, and wounding and capturing some of our men. For the moment we were somewhat dismayed, and we did not retire in the best of order. After Charleston we returned immediately to our camp at Tunnel Hill.

I never straggled when going forward where duty called, but I plead guilty to having straggled when coming away. On our return from East Tennessee I took "French leave" and dropped out of ranks late one day for the purpose of foraging. I slept in a feather bed that night at the home of a kind mother of the Confederacy who lived in Northern Georgia. All of the men and boys of the household were absent in the army, with only the women folks and darkies at home. When I departed from the good lady's house next morning, she gave me a homemade hat and a suit of clothes, and she put into my haversack a piece of uncooked kid that had been slaughtered the evening before. I never saw her again; but when the war closed I wrote to the good woman, but received no answer. Later I learned that she was dead; that about the close of the war she left home to visit relatives in a Western State, and while *en route* was taken sick and died in a Federal hospital in Clarksville, Tenn. She deserved a monument.

When I arrived at Redclay, a station on the railroad a few miles north of Dalton, I was surprised when I realized that I was within a few yards of seven Yankees, who were eating goobers in a patch. On the impulse I said "Surrender!" Why I did not throw up my hands or run, I cannot say. Imagine my relief when they said: "Don't shoot; we are unarmed." I asked for their guns, and they said they were in the house, pointing to a cabin that stood close by. We did not parley. I ordered them to march ahead of me on the road toward Dalton. My aim was to deliver them to my command at Tunnel Hill, but we had not proceeded far down the road before we encountered our infantry picket line. The officer of the guard came forward and commanded me to turn my prisoners over to him. I protested, and asked permission to escort them to my own camp, but he refused. The prisoners told the officer in my presence that they were deserters, but we believed it was a ruse to avoid going to prison. They were members of the 33d New Jersey Infantry.

I told my captain that night what I had done. I did not believe it was my capture of seven Yankees that kept me out of the guardhouse for straggling, but that it was the piece of kid that I divided with the captain's mess which "saved my bacon."

Three other prisoners who surrendered to me in Elizabethtown, Ky., gave ten to my credit.

Near the end of winter, 1864, the 9th Kentucky Cavalry was relieved of duty at Tunnel Hill, and went into Central Alabama to recuperate. After remaining there six weeks, we returned, and were in at the reception of General Sherman's advance on Tunnel Hill on the 4th of May, 1864.

I saw the late Gen. Joseph Wheeler there that morning for the first time. As we were going forward through the village dismounted to engage the enemy, who were firing on us at the time, we passed by General Wheeler and staff. Standing on the ground near the General, there was a man of the signal corps waving a flag to whom the General was dictating a message, which the man was communicating to another flagman on the summit of a mountain evidently for General Johnston's headquarters in Dalton.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp fire bright!
No growling if the canteen fails;
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along.
Here burly Blue Ridge echoes strong.
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the queer slouch hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Bluelight Elder" knows 'em well.
Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of shell.
Lord, save his soul! We'll give him"—well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old Massa's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff.
Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God,
"Lay bare thine arm! Stretch forth thy rod.
Amen." That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in.
Steady the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! We're with him before morn—
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning; and, by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen! whipped before.
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar.
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score
In Stonewall Jackson's way.

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band.
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
That get's in Stonewall's way.

The author of this poem, Dr. John Williamson Palmer, died some months since at his home, in Baltimore, Md., nearing his eightieth birthday. He was born in April, 1825, graduated as Doctor of Medicine from the University of Maryland in 1847, and in 1855 was married to Henrietta Lee, who became a noted writer. She survives him, as also a son, Courtland E. Palmer, a worthy member of the intellectual society of Manhattan.

Dr. Palmer was one of the "Forty-Niners," and became the first city physician of San Francisco. He traveled extensively

over the Asiatic world, and contributed largely to different magazines for many years. When the war began, in 1861, he was on the editorial force of the *New York Times*, to which he offered to serve as correspondent from the side of the South. However, the editor thought the letters he wrote would not be tolerated by the constituents of that paper; so he contributed them to the *Tribune* under Mr. Greeley, who thought them what the *Tribune's* public should read. He was a graphic narrator, a versatile essayist, and a true lyricist, as evidenced by his most famous poem, given above, which was written at Oakland, Md., September 17, 1862, while the cannon of Antietam were echoing over the hills. Many other of his poems rank with this, perhaps surpass it in literary merit; but through this he has gotten a place in the Southern heart that yields not to others. His literary productions were many and varied. In 1907 he published a collection of his poems under the title of "For Charlie's Sake" and other lyrics and ballads. Dr. Palmer was a member of the editorial force of the Century Dictionary, and also contributed to the Standard Dictionary.

SOUTHERN MEN AND WOMEN.

In his address Col. E. L. Russell at the Tupelo monument dedication said:

"If the issue of State sovereignty was the cause of the war, the Confederate soldier has won a great victory. There has been since the war a gradual growth of the views and sentiments of the South on this question throughout the North. The class of statesmen at the North contending for increased centralized Federal power is growing smaller and weaker year by year. To-day the sovereignty of the State, with all of its powers and rights, is absolutely recognized by the Supreme Court of the United States.

"God bless the women of Tupelo and of Lee County and of the South! They never allowed defeat and disappointment and deprivations to weaken their interest in the cause and their sympathy for the Confederate soldier. They went to their looms and wove homespun dresses and wore them, and they went to the oat fields and with their deft fingers made their oat straw bonnets. I can remember when I saw them in homespun and oat straw bonnets, and they looked as beautiful and lovely as any queen who ever sat upon a throne.

"Now, comrades, I say to you—you gray-headed and weather-beaten citizens who were once the bravest and most intrepid and the most fearless soldiers who ever trod the terrible ridge of battle—I have seen you when the sun and heavens were concealed by the smoke and flame of battle, and I looked into your faces and saw the determination to win, regardless of your own lives; I heard your Rebel yell ring out above the din and roar of small arms and artillery on clear, crisp mornings when some almost impregnable position was to be assaulted and taken; I have seen you scale the breastworks over bayonets and in the face of flaming artillery. You have a record as soldiers that has never been surpassed in the history of the world."

In a few chosen words Hon. John M. Allen introduced Col. E. L. Russell. In closing Mr. Allen said that if every friend of Mr. Russell's present had brought a flower he would have a monument of roses as high as a mountain.

STONEWALL JACKSON HONORED BY NEGROES.

News from Roanoke, Va., July 29 is reported as follows: "A handsome memorial window of Gen. Stonewall Jackson was unveiled in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church

(negro) to-day. The window was erected by the pastor, Rev. L. L. Downing, the money for its purchase coming wholly from the negroes. The exercises were largely attended by both races, the Confederate Camps of Roanoke and Salem and the Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy of the same place being well represented. The chief addresses were by leading white citizens of Roanoke. Downing's father and mother were members of a Sunday school class of negro slaves taught by Jackson at Lexington before the war, and to-day's exercises marked the realization of an ambition Downing had since boyhood to pay fitting tribute to the Confederate commander. The picture presented on the window is that of an army camping on the banks of a stream, the inscription underneath being Jackson's last words: 'Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees.'"

The effect of kindness between whites and blacks of the South is illustrated in the foregoing. The greatest enemies to their race are those who clamor for social equality. The sooner educated negroes realize the benefit of deference and kindness to the white people with whom they come in contact, the better for all. Negroes who believe in morality and virtue should be diligent against social equality by their race.

MASONIC BURIAL BY AN ENEMY.—At a Confederate gathering in Saint Francisville, La., by request of the Felician Lodge, F. & A. M., Judge W. W. Leake gave an account of the burial of a Federal officer: "In the spring of 1863 the United States gunboat Albatross, Lieut. Commander J. E. Hart in command, was anchored in the Mississippi River opposite Bayou Sara. Capt. Samuel White, whom I knew to be a Mason, informed me that Captain Hart had suicided, and three of the officers of the Albatross, who were Masons, had sent him to ascertain if I would bury the Captain with Masonic honors, and I consented to do so. We collected a few members of our lodge and met the procession, preceded by a flag of truce, at the top of the hill. In the procession were Brothers Benjamin F. and Samuel F. White, of Bayou Sara, the surgeon and two officers of the gunboat (Masons), and a squad of marines at 'trail arms.' We marched in front of the corpse to Grace Church Cemetery, and buried Brother Hart in the Masonic lot. The United States surgeon and officers expressed their gratitude to the lodge and members present, and cordially invited us to accompany them on board and partake of their hospitality, but we declined to accept. The surgeon then offered to supply me with necessary family medicines if I would give him a list of what was needed. This I also declined with thanks, but he sent by Brother Samuel White a few medicines. I read the Masonic service at the grave."

A REMINISCENCE OF THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

BY J. W. COOK, COMPANY A, 43D MISS. VOLS., HELENA, ARK.

Most of us have seen or heard of the humorous poem, "Banty Tim," written by John Hay shortly after the war between the States, but few know who "Banty Tim" was and the origin of the poem.

Tim was a diminutive negro boy who was employed by a soldier in one of the Illinois regiments as messboy or cook. In the terrible fight on May 22 the soldier fell badly wounded just in front of the Confederate line and left there when his command was driven away. Only those who were there know how hot that battlefield was for weeks, it being strongly contested territory. Under cover of darkness Tim sought his employer on the field and gallantly carried him to a place of safety, thereby saving his life. This great kindness was fully

appreciated by the soldier, who kept him during the war and carried him home to Illinois at its close. For a while "Banty Tim" (so called in consequence of his small stature) was quite a hero; but the color line soon began to assert itself, and Banty Tim was admonished that he must return South. The ex-soldier remonstrated with his friends and neighbors, told them how inoffensive Tim was, what a debt of gratitude he owed the boy, but all to no avail, when, becoming exasperated, he used the words ascribed to him:

"The man who harms that boy
May take his checks for a hotter clime
Than he will find in Illinois."

I never heard the soldier's name and don't know what became of Tim, but both deserve a place on the roll of fame.

[A copy of this poem will be appreciated by the VETERAN.]

FORTS GILMER AND HARRISON FORCES.

BY CAPT. J. H. MARTIN, HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

From official records, which I am indebted to, I am now enabled to give a definite statement of the Federal losses on September 29 and 30, 1864, in and around Fort Harrison and Fort Gilmer. The small detachment of Confederate troops were opposed by two army corps: the 10th Army Corps, under Maj. Gen. David B. Birney, and the 18th Army Corps, Maj. Gen. Edward O. C. Ord. [Here are given in detail the various commands.] Hence our little force on the north side of the James River was confronted by sixteen brigades of infantry, two companies of cavalry, besides two battalions of cavalry and one regiment of dismounted cavalry, and twenty-three batteries of artillery. The 10th Army Corps lost in killed, wounded, captured, and missing 963; the 18th Army Corps, 2,328; Kauty's Cavalry Division, 36—making a grand total of 3,327.

General Ord in his report of this engagement says: "The movement was to be a surprise, therefore I issued no written orders, and my verbal orders were not communicated until after dark, when all communications should have ceased with our own picket line. . . . My move began about nine o'clock on the night of the 28th of September, when the men were drawn out of the trenches and marched to the river opposite Aiken's, where between nine and twelve a bridge was thrown over the James. By twelve my troops were at the bridge, and before daylight were across the river and formed." He further says that he began the attack at the dawn of day. He further states that there was an attempt to take Fort Gilmer by an attack in front, but failed with heavy loss, and that General Grant himself arrived at Fort Harrison soon after it was captured from us.

Gen. John Gregg, of the Texas Brigade, who was commanding our forces, in his report of October 4, 1864, speaking of the fight on the 29th of September, says: "After strict inquiries among the officers of the forces composing my command on the 29th ult., I can state that Benning's Brigade captured 433 prisoners, the Texas Brigade captured 43, and Johnson's Brigade captured 9, making in all 485 (and there were many dead). Colonel DuBose's command buried 119 in front of Fort Gilmer which were near the lines."

In Series I, Volume XLII, page 873, under caption "Diary of the First Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, of operations August 1 to October 18," appears the following:

"September 29. Move to north side early and find the enemy holding Fort Harrison, which he had taken by a *coup de main*. One battalion of reserves (150 men) were in the fort. Gregg had previously repulsed an attack near Four-

Mile Run. In the afternoon Field arrives with Law's Brigade just in time to aid Gregg's and Benning's Brigades in repulsing a most violent assault on Fort Gilmer. Many negroes were killed in the ditch. General Lee arrives, and Bratton's and Anderson's Brigades come over, making Field's full division.

"September 30. During last night Hoke came over with Kirkland's, Clingman's, and Colquitt's Brigades, and Seales'. After reconnaissance Fort Harrison is attacked by Law, Anderson, Bratton, Clingman, and Colquitt. The attack is repulsed."

Brig. Gen. John Bratton in his report says that his brigade reached Fort Gilmer a little before daybreak on the 30th, and that the assault for the recapture of Fort Harrison was ordered at 2 P.M. on the 30th.

In the itinerary of Hardaway's Light Artillery Battalion I find the following: "On the morning of the 29th of September the enemy advanced, and were repeatedly repulsed (Graham's Battery and one section of the Third Howitzers being in position); but, owing to the capture of Fort Harrison, the guns on the outer lines had to be withdrawn to the intermediate line of fortifications, as also the infantry. Meanwhile Dance and Griffin went into position on the intermediate line, Dance (next Fort Harrison) at Battery Field and Griffin on his left at a redoubt on the Mill road, and repulsed several assaults in heavy force upon our lines by the 18th Army Corps, Dance losing four killed and eighteen wounded and Griffin one killed and one wounded. About the same time the Third Howitzers were retiring up the New Market road, supported by Gary's Cavalry Brigade. The cavalry and artillery made a stand at Laurel Hill Church, and fought the enemy until they were flanked on the left and compelled to retire toward Richmond. Graham's and Smith's guns, although engaged, lost no men. During the evening the enemy's 10th Corps made an assault on Fort Gilmer (just to the left of Griffin's Battery), and were repulsed, Griffin aiding materially in their repulse by firing canister into them at close range."

I find the following from Lieut. Gen. Richard S. Ewell:

"CHAFFIN'S BLUFF, September 29, 1864, 3 P.M.

"General: The attack on Fort Gilmer was repulsed by Generals Field and Gregg handsomely. We will take the offensive as soon as troops come up."

The above is about all the information that I have been able to glean in the hurried examination of the reports, and it will be seen that my contentions heretofore are sustained, to wit: That the fight was opened by the Texas Brigade before the capture of Fort Harrison, that the Federal forces consisted of two infantry corps besides their cavalry and artillery, and that the Confederate forces consisted of Benning's and Gregg's brigades of infantry, a battalion of reserves which we called the City Battalion, and Gary's Cavalry; that the reinforcements did not arrive until just about the last charge upon Fort Gilmer, and that Fort Gilmer was not defended by the small number of men claimed.

I do not know which Johnson General Gregg refers to in his report as "Johnson's Brigade," as Bushrod R. Johnson was a major general and not a brigadier; and I do not know of, nor have I been able to find, any reference to any brigade of Johnson's being there other than in this report of General Gregg. It may be that he had reference to the commander of the battalion of reserves.

"Human fortitude ought to be equal to human calamity"

CAPTURE OF GENERALS KELLY AND CROOK.

BY CAPT. JESSE C. McNEILL, SEYMOUR, ILL.

For a number of years past I have been solicited by many friends to write for publication an account of some of the achievements of the command which I had the honor, in part, of leading. I have heretofore declined to do so from a feeling of diffidence as to my ability to write entertainingly and a fixed impression that it was better some one other than myself should chronicle the deeds of heroism and daring of this command. The lengthening shadows that fall athwart my path remind me that the twilight is coming on, and that whatever I am to do toward preserving for history any of the incidents connected with McNeill and his men must be done quickly, and this has prompted me to forego my aversion to appearing in the public prints and to tell in my homely way the story of the capture of Major Generals Kelly and Crook in Cumberland, Md., on the morning of February 21, 1865.

My father, Capt. John H. McNeill, organized and led this band of self-sacrificing, heroic men till the time of his death, which occurred on November 10, 1864, at Harrisonburg, Va., from wounds received in a night attack on a Federal force encamped in Mimms Bottom, near Mount Jackson, on the morning of October 3 in the same year. I was then first lieutenant, and by common consent, as well as by virtue of my rank, the command devolved on me. He had long cherished a desire to capture General Kelly, who was then at Cumberland, Md., and I determined to carry out this desire and if possible add to the reputation the command had gained under his leadership.

In December I had the misfortune to have my leg severely injured, which forced me to turn the command over to Lieut. I. S. Welton and seek rest and recovery, which I did at the hospitable home of Mr. Felix B. Welton, on the river about four miles above the town of Moorefield. I was confined there for two or three weeks, during which I suffered much. I was subsequently removed to the home of Mr. R. B. Sherrard, on the opposite side of the river, and while still on crutches I turned my thoughts to the capture of General Kelly.

In the early part of February, 1865, John Lynn, a member of the command from Cumberland, Md., wanted to return home; and, having secured a furlough for him, I instructed him to find out all he could bearing upon the enterprise under contemplation and report to me on his return. It was as unfortunate as it was discouraging that he was captured and never returned.

I next sent for Sergt. John B. Fay, a Cumberland boy, a gallant, cunning, and trusted scout of my father's, and consulted with him about obtaining the information desired. He volunteered his services and accepted the hazard of the undertaking and asked that C. R. Haller, a sixteen-year-old lad from Missouri, be permitted to accompany him, which request was readily granted. My instructions were that they proceed to Cumberland, secure all the information they could, and report to me at the Hampshire County Poorhouse on the night of February 19. Lieutenants Welton and Boggs, to whom I had made known my purpose, with the enthusiastic spirit of the true soldiers they were, busied themselves in making the needed preparations for the trip by having the horses shod, getting together rations, etc.

On the night of February 18 I left the house of Mr. R. B. Sherrard in company with Joseph Kuykendall, of Rosser's Brigade of Cavalry, and John H. Cunningham and Joseph H. Vandiver, of my own company, and went to the house of

Jacob Smith, about four miles northeast of Moorefield, near where the command was encamped, and remained there that night. The next morning was bitter cold. My injured leg was still in splints; but I discarded my crutches and, substituting a cane, rode to the camp, where I picked out sixty-three men who had strong horses, and with them rode leisurely to the Hampshire County Poorhouse, where we went into camp for the night.

To Lieutenant Boggs, with the remainder of the command, I assigned the duty of guarding the roads and protecting our rear, with instructions to report anything that might threaten the success of our undertaking.

While in camp that night Haller came in bearing a note from Fay. It read: "Dear Jesse, I have been across the Potomac and find all O. K. Meet me here on Monday evening. Haller will give you all the particulars, and the plan, if carried out, will certainly prove successful." "Meet me here" meant at Vanse Herriott's, about six miles below Romney.

The next morning about ten or eleven o'clock we broke camp and moved slowly down the South Branch, halting to feed and kill time, for I knew that prudence demanded that the trip be made in great haste after reaching Romney. At this point we crossed the Northwestern Turnpike, leading from New Creek to Winchester, at both of which places there were garrisons of Federal troops, and our destination was twenty-six miles beyond this point. This was a menace to our safety, and imperiled our escape if our whereabouts were discovered at either of the places named.

It was after dark when we reached Herriott's, and here we found Fay waiting for us. Some time was consumed in feeding the horses and resting them for the sixty-mile ride they must take before they could be fed or rested again. With the exception of a few to whom I had given my confidence, none of the men had any idea of the nature of the trip. Before leaving Herriott's I gathered the men (numbering sixty-five) around me and told them our destination and purpose and that I wanted them to act voluntarily, and if any one wished to go back he could do so without censure. It was gratifying to find all willing to go, and each man conducted himself as if success depended on his actions alone.

I felt the weight of responsibility resting on me as I recalled a lecture which my father gave me on his deathbed



CAPT. JOHN H. McNEILL.

about my rashness or foolhardiness, as he termed it, and telling me to look well for a getting-out place before going in. I knew that should we fail and be captured the blame would fall on me and I would be censured, and with this responsibility I was cautious beyond my usual habit.

After leaving Herriott's we marched along on the Virginia side of the Potomac until we reached the house of Ren Seymour, a near relative of Lieutenant Welton. Welton and two or three of the men dismounted and, going to the house, awoke the old gentleman from his peaceful slumber and told him where we were going and requested that he go to the cellar and fill a few canteens with the good old Bourbon he was known to keep on hand. The night was intensely cold, and, appreciating the situation, he complied with the request, at the same time enjoining us to touch it lightly. The admonition was unnecessary, for every man realized that if there ever was a time when they needed clear heads and steady, firm nerves it was then.

While at Seymour's I found Edwin Harness, an old friend from Ohio, who was on his way to Moorefield. His brother, George Harness, and his nephew, John Cunningham, were both members of the command and with us. After learning where we were going, he bade us good-by, adding that he never expected to see us again, as we would all be killed or captured. We replied, telling him to be of good cheer, that we would meet him in Moorefield. We then crossed the Potomac into Maryland and, going to the home of Sam Brady, halted the command. With Fay and several others I went into the house and saw John Brady, who had left Cumberland about eleven o'clock that night, and he reported that everything was quiet when he left. Noting the lateness of the hour, I was satisfied we could not reach Cumberland before daylight by the route mapped out by Fay and others, and upon consultation we decided to take the New Creek road as the most direct and shortest way. We knew it was heavily picketed, but we trusted to fate and our previous good luck to carry us through in safety.

While here we settled the details and part to be played by the men selected for the purpose. To Joe Vandiver was assigned the duty of entering Crook's room and making him a prisoner, and to Joe Kuykendall the same duty as to Kelly; while George Arnold and George Cunningham, of Company F, 7th Virginia Regiment, Rosser's Brigade, were to raid the stable and secure Kelly's horses. To John Fay and John Cunningham was given the task of destroying the telegraph office, thereby cutting off communication with the garrisons in our rear and preventing the possibility of capture.

The order of march was Kuykendall and myself in advance, with ten picked men a few rods behind, and the remainder, under Lieutenant Welton, a short distance in the rear. In this order we moved on cautiously, feeling our way, not knowing where the pickets were stationed. When about three miles from the city, we were halted by a sentinel, whose challenge rang out on the frosty morning air, "Who comes there?" and we answered back, "Friends and scouts from New Creek." He demanded that one of us should dismount and advance and give the countersign. I whispered to Kuykendall to dismount and at the same time called: "Boys, come up and hold my horse." Obeying my order, the ten picked men rode up, when I whispered to Kuykendall, felling him to remount, when we twelve rode rapidly forward on the sentinel, who rushed into the road a few feet in my front, and with pistol pointed directly in my face cried: "Halt, halt, halt!" Acting on the theory that he would kill me if I did not kill him, I

fired my pistol at him, at which instant my horse lunged to one side, almost dismounting me, and passed him, causing me to miss him. He did not fire, and we captured him and the two others, who proved to be German cavalymen. By a persuasive sort of argument, reinforced by the pistols of twelve determined men, we induced the disclosure of the countersign, which was given in broken English as "Boo! the Kap" (Bull's Gap).

We all felt that the firing of the shot was an unfortunate affair, as it seemed to echo and reecho through the hills; but on consultation we agreed that the reserve picket if they heard it would give no alarm to headquarters until they heard further from the outside picket. The command was now closed up, with Kuykendall and myself in advance, so that the noise of our own command would not interfere with any in our front. We had gone probably a mile when, looking ahead, we saw a camp fire and heard the challenge, "Halt! who comes there?" and we answered back, "Friends from New Creek." The sentinel then demanded that one of us should dismount and advance and give the countersign, to which I answered, "We haven't time," and then gave the countersign, "Boo! the Kap," in imitation, as near as possible, of the German sentinel's pronunciation. "All right; come on," was the reply. We moved on and formed a circle around their rough shelter formed of logs at the side of the road, when they rushed for their arms, and for a moment it seemed as if they would not surrender without firing; but we presented our pistols with the threat, "Surrender, or we will kill the last one of you," and they capitulated. We took possession of their muskets, uncapped them, broke them over the logs, and told them to remain there until morning, as we had the city surrounded, and they would be paroled with the rest of the prisoners in the morning.

We now marched unmolested into Cumberland. Entering the city on the west side, we passed a reserve picket on the right side of the North Branch, but were not halted. We crossed Will's Creek, which flows through the city, at Iron Bridge, and rode coolly and deliberately up Baltimore Street, whistling and chatting as though we were Yankees among friends. Guards could be seen walking about on the streets, and some of them shouted, "Hello, boys, whose command is that?" to which we replied, "Scouts from New Creek;" and thus we continued our march until the head of the column reached the Revere House, where we halted, the rear being at the Barnum (now the Windsor), a block away.

The men who had been selected to dismount did so in a quiet and orderly way. So thoroughly had everything been arranged, even to the men who were to hold the horses, that not a single command was given after entering the city. Joseph Kuykendall with five men entered the St. Nicholas Hotel, went to the room of General Kelly, and, entering, addressed him thus, "General, do you remember me?" to which he replied, "Yes; it is Kuykendall, I believe." "General," he said, "you had me once. It is my pleasure now to have you." "To whom am I surrendering?" demanded Kelly. "To me, sir. This is no time or place for ceremony, so you will dress quickly," responded Kuykendall.

In the meantime Joe Vandiver with five men, reaching the entrance to the Revere House, was challenged with "Halt, advance one, and give the countersign." Springing forward, he seized the sentinel's gun and placed him under guard. Under the guidance of a small darky they were shown to General Crook's room. A rap on the door by Vandiver brought an invitation to come in from the General. Entering with a

light in one hand and a pistol in the other, he said: "General Crook, I presume." "I am, sir," responded the General. "I am General Rosser. You are in my power, and you have two minutes in which to dress. There are your clothes; either put them on or go without," responded Vandiver. The General, like all good soldiers, obeyed orders and dressed quickly.

Sitting on my horse in the heart of a city of ten thousand inhabitants, surrounded by from seven to ten thousand hostile troops, when seconds seemed hours, do you wonder I felt my hat rise on my head when I heard Kuykendall, a man of the coolest courage and calmest demeanor, cry out from the rear: "Where is Lieutenant McNeill?" Thinking something had gone wrong, I answered him. "Come on," said he, "I have General Kelly." Seeing the mistake we had made, I directed Sam Tucker to dismount and run upstairs and tell Vandiver to come on with or without Crook, that we must be getting out.

It was a relief when he opened the door to see Vandiver with General Crook, who was hastened to the rear and mounted behind Kuykendall. General Kelly was mounted on John Cunningham's horse with Cunningham behind him, and Major Melvin, his adjutant, who was also captured, was placed behind some one, but whom I do not now recall. I then gave the command, "By fours right about. Forward march," which order placed Welton in front and myself in the rear. Marching down Baltimore Street, the same route we came, we reached the bridge over Wills Creek and, turning to the left, went down to the towpath of the canal, which was covered with snow and ice. At this point Arnold and Cunningham joined us, having secured two fine horses belonging to General Kelly—one of them Philippi, a gift of the citizens of Wheeling, W. Va., and named in honor of the General's first battle at the town of Philippi, W. Va., in which battle he was wounded.

From the information I had I was led to believe that all we would have to encounter on the road chosen for our exit was three lone infantry pickets, and I directed Corporal Judy to take five or six men and go in advance and clear the road. I neglected to give him the countersign, and a few miles below Cumberland he was halted by a large picket force stationed on the approach to the bridge which spanned the canal and under which bridge we had to go and the countersign demanded, to which he replied that the captain had failed to give it to him. By this time the column had approached so near that Vandiver, hearing the confusion, rode forward rapidly, and in commanding tones demanded, "Why do you stop my men when the Johnnies are about?" and, giving the countersign, we passed under the bridge in the full glare of their camp fire and, turning to the right, crossed the Potomac at Wylie's Ford into Virginia.

Here we turned loose the three cavalry pickets captured west of Cumberland and mounted our other prisoners on their horses, and, taking the old Furnace Road, we recrossed Patterson's Creek and made our way on to Romney. After passing this place a few miles, we were overtaken by a small force of cavalry which had followed us from Cumberland, and in a skirmish that followed John Poling, of Rosser's Brigade, was wounded and captured, as was also his friend, Joseph Sherrard, of the same command, who made an effort to rescue him.

Thinking this force was sent to harass and detain us until a larger force could reach Moorefield and intercept us and rescue the prisoners, I ordered Lieutenant Welton to take command of the rear guard and prevent the enemy from rush-

ing on us, while I pressed forward with the prisoners. To this Welton replied, "I will do it, or they will ride over my dead body;" and, knowing him as I did, I felt confident he would make good his pledge. After this they followed us at a respectful and safe distance in the rear.

When we reached the home of David VanMeter, in the lower end of the Old Fields, we were joined by John T. Pierce and Captain Woodson with his Missouri company, which had been operating with us for some time. They were drawn up on the top of Zedrick's Hill to receive us, and, looking from this point across the intervening bottoms to the opposite side of the South Branch, about a mile or more to the Moorefield and New Creek Pike, we saw about two hundred Yankee cavalry riding their horses at full speed, with the evident intention of reaching Moorefield in advance and cutting off our retreat. I at once sent a dispatch to Lieutenant Boggs at Moorefield, who had been apprised of our coming, to form his men below town and bluff them as long as possible, and if compelled to retreat to fall back through the town and then up the South Branch; while we would take to the ridges, flank the town to the left, and come out about two miles above on the South Fork. Boggs met them as directed, and after a hot skirmish fell back, and thus succeeded in leading them off on the wrong road, baffling their purpose and enabling us to make our circuit in safety.

About four o'clock we reached the Howard Lick road at a point where it leaves the South Fork to cross the mountain. It was a blessed spot, a haven of rest and safety, where we had rested so many times before when we had been hotly pursued by the enemy. Here we rested for the first time since leaving Vanse Herriott's the night before, having ridden our horses seventy-five miles without food or rest. Lieutenant Boggs came up and reported that the enemy had fallen back below the town.

After a rest of an hour or more, Lieutenant Welton proceeded with the jaded prisoners and men to Sees, about five



CAPT. JESSE C. McNEILL.

or six miles farther up the South Fork, where they went into camp without commissary or quartermaster's supplies, the men making their meal from the stale bread and fat bacon they had carried in their saddle pockets for two days and the horses being fed from the hay and grain gathered by these tired and worn-out men from adjoining fields and cribs. To the Federal generals it was a revelation of the devotion and heroism of the men enlisted in the cause, and they were loud in their praise of the self-sacrificing spirit and love for the cause of such men.

In company with Vandiver, Kuykendall, R. C. Davis, and George Harness, I went to the home of the latter, which was close by. I was so fatigued and worn out with the pain from my injured limb that I had to be assisted from my horse and into the house, where we remained all night. My suffering was intense, and but little sleep visited my eyes that night.

Lieutenant Boggs, with his men, who were fresh, picketed the road between the camp and town, and about twelve o'clock reported to me that the enemy of the evening before had returned to Moorefield, and that a larger force had come in on the Winchester Pike. I sent word to Welton of this fact, and suggested that he have his horses saddled up, as it looked very much as if they were after us. In an hour or so Boggs reported that the enemy had evacuated the town, each returning in the direction from which they came, and we were disturbed no more that night.

Early the next morning, in company with my companions of the night, we rode to the camp, where we found them sitting around good, warm camp fires. Lieutenant Welton expressed a desire to take the prisoners to Richmond, and I directed him to take a detachment of men to guard the prisoners and proceed by way of Dry River Gap and report to General Early

at his headquarters in Staunton. I was afraid to send him by way of Lost River, lest the Federal troops who had left Moorefield on the Winchester Pike should go up Lost River and intercept him at Brock's Gap. I requested General Early, as a special favor, to permit Lieutenant Welton and his men to accompany the prisoners to Richmond, which request he readily granted.

At this time some of my men were in prison at Fort McHenry, and were treated as guerrillas and not as prisoners of war, being confined in a dungeon, and Lieutenant Welton requested the War Department to hold Kelly and Crook as hostages for them. This they said they could not do, but that they would see that my men received such treatment as was accorded to prisoners of war, which was done, and they were removed to better quarters and treated as were the other prisoners confined there.

In this connection I would do injustice to Lieutenant Augustus T. Boggs and the men under him not to mention their invaluable services in picketing and guarding the roads in our rear in the absence of the rest of the command, and I make special mention of Corporal David M. Parsons, who rendered Lieutenant Boggs conspicuous service in scouting the country and keeping him posted as to the approach of the enemy and his active participation in the skirmish with the enemy below Moorefield.

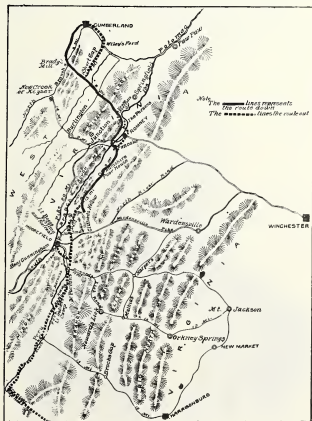
In conclusion, I will say that to Lieutenant Welton and the brave men who accompanied me I ascribe all honor, and I cherish it as a pleasant memory that I was called to the command of such a brave, heroic band of men, and I shall carry with me to my grave the kindest and warmest feelings for all whom I had the honor to command.

SONS OF VETERANS IN ARKANSAS.

A Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans of Woodruff County, Ark., was organized at McCrory. The Camp was named for Mr. John Shearer, and the following officers were elected: Commandant, Capt. W. N. Jones; Lieutenant Commandants, Paul Martin and W. B. Kyle; Adjutant Treasurer, Capt. R. B. Keating; Quartermaster, J. C. McCrory; Chaplain, H. T. Rainey; Color Sergeant, Charles James; Historian, W. E. Fergusson.

DENNIS KANE, OF NINETEENTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.—The Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer has an account of Dennis Kane, who in his ninety-first year seeks work for wages, stating that he fought on the Confederate side in the sixties. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia. Kane has been a railroader since the war closed, and now he wants to get back to Vicksburg, where he was reared, and get work on the section. He said further: "I went to war and took things just as they came, including two bullets. I had more relatives in the North than I had in the South. I was then forty-six years old. For the last several years I have attended Reunion after Reunion, but I never can find a single member of Company C, of the 19th Mississippi. I am the only one left, I guess."

E. P. Haslam, Perote, Ala.: "I saw the notice of Joel Bledsoe's death in the VETERAN for June. I served with him, and we were messmates in Company D, 3d Georgia Reserves. Thomas P. Lloyd, of Oglethorpe, was captain. Our mess were all young boys, but the Yanks had no respect for age. They sent Joel Bledsoe home with one leg and Hardie Sutton with one foot; they shot out both eyes of Jay Walters, killed Mollen Horne, and shot Frank Sanders through the thigh. I hope some surviving comrades will write to me."



ROUTE TO AND FROM CUMBERLAND.



OLD CONFEDERATE GRAYS.

Far down in the valley they are marching
 In the lowlands that lead to the sea;
 Behind lie their warfare privations,
 Beyond lies the golden-tinted lea.
 They are crossing in squads with the boatman;
 They are pressing, feebly pressing, on the bays;
 Steer them safely, O Pilot, o'er the waters,
 This remnant of old Confederate grays.
 Long since have their bivouac camp fires
 On fields wreathed in glory grown cold;
 But their story, with its whiteness and grandeur,
 In its pathos can never be told.
 How they fell in the flames of the battle!
 How swiftly they are falling to-day!
 But the valley in which they are marching
 Breathes a halo on the old Confederate gray.

—F. M. Longley.

SAMUEL S. SHIPP.

A prominent member of Yazoo Camp, Yazoo City, Miss., was lost in the death of Samuel S. Shipp in January last. He died suddenly of heart failure in his sixty-third year.

Comrade Shipp was born in Madison County on the 16th of February, 1843. His father was one of the pioneer settlers of that county, and sometime before the Confederate war moved to Yazoo, and owned a plantation near Dover. When the boom of Fort Sumter's cannons sounded the alarm of war and Mississippi called her sons to rally to the defense of her cause, among the first to respond was Comrade S. S. Shipp. A resident then of Canton, Miss., and only about eighteen years of age, he enlisted in Semmes's Rifles, which became Company A, 9th Mississippi Regiment, of which James Chalmers became colonel and afterwards advanced to brigadier general. (On account of the spirit and bravery of this brigade, of which Company A, 9th Mississippi Regiment, was a component, it received from General Bragg the cognomen of "High-Pressure Brigade.") Comrade Shipp proved himself in camp and on battlefield a trusty, faithful, and gallant soldier.

He actively participated at Shiloh, Corinth, Mumfordsville, and many other battles of the Army of Tennessee. At Murfreesboro he was wounded, but sufficiently recovered to be in the battle of Missionary Ridge, where he was captured on November 23, 1863, and retained as prisoner by the Federals on Rock Island, in the Mississippi River, until after the final surrender, in May, 1865.

As in the case of many others, the war left Comrade Shipp impoverished, but by toil and industry he recuperated his fortune. He was engaged in business for some years at Benton, and for the last twenty-six years he was connected with the Gilruth business in Yazoo City. He was married in 1871 to Miss Minnie Dinkins, of Canton, and for the remainder of his life he was made happy in his married life. His wife, a son, and four daughters survive him. His life was characterized by kindly deeds in his home and public life.

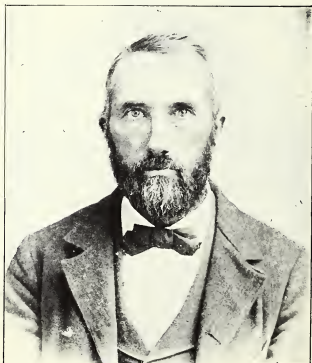
ROBERT SPRADLING.

Robert Spradling, Adjutant of Camp John M. Lillard, No. 934, U. C. V., from the date of its organization, died at Decatur, Tenn., May 10, 1906. He was the son of Richard and Charlotte Spradling, and was born near Ficketon, McMinn County, Tenn., July 25, 1839. His education was finished at Fountain Hill Academy, Niota, Tenn.

Comrade Spradling enlisted in 1861 as a private in Company D, 43d Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., and served until the close of the war. He was in the Vicksburg campaign and in Early's attack on Washington City. His regiment was at Christiansburg, Va., when General Lee surrendered and all who wished to do so were allowed to return home. A part of the command marched through North and South Carolina into Georgia. The regiment had been mounted during the latter part of the war; but at this time Mr. Spradling had no horse, and he followed the command on foot and kept near enough to it to surrender with a large part of the regiment at Kingston, Ga., and was paroled on May 12, 1865. After the war he returned to McMinn County, Tenn., and had lived in McMinn and Meigs Counties ever since. He was County Court Clerk of Meigs County from 1890 until his death.

Comrade Spradling was married December 29, 1859, to Sarah E. Jones, who died March 4, 1898. On October 11, 1899, he was married to Nancy E. Dillard, who survives him. He leaves five children: Dr. L. W. Spradling, of Athens, Tenn.; R. L. Spradling, of Soddy, Tenn.; J. Thomas Spradling, of Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. M. A. Stewart and Mrs. Maggie Harrell, of Heaven, Ind. T.

Comrade Spradling was appointed by Governor Frazier in 1898 as one of the Commissioners from Tennessee to locate the positions of Tennessee troops during the siege of Vicksburg. He was an ardent attendant at all Reunions of the U. C. V. and a very active worker in the Camp at Decatur, and did much work for the VETERAN. He was a member of Meigs Lodge, F. and A. M., and of the Baptist Church.



ROBERT SPRADLING.

COL. JAMES HENRY FLETCHER.

Col. James Henry Fletcher, of Little Rock, Ark., died suddenly on the 6th of June, 1906. He was a member of a family that has long been prominent in Arkansas. He was a first cousin of Jeff Fletcher, the late Col. John G. Fletcher, H. L. Fletcher, and Thomas Fletcher. He was a member of Omer R. Weaver Camp, U. C. V., a Mason, and belonged to the First Christian Church. Colonel Fletcher owned valuable properties in Little Rock, and his time for several years was devoted to looking after those interests. He is survived by his wife and two brothers, Thomas J. Fletcher, of Alexander, Ky., N. J. Fletcher, of Seymour, Tex., and a sister, Mrs. Adeline Chapman, of Hickman, Ky.

Colonel Fletcher was born March 25, 1839, in Stewart County, Tenn. Two or three years before the War between the States he moved to Little Rock; and when hostilities began, he was serving as deputy sheriff of Pulaski County. He entered heartily into the work of raising troops for the Southern armies, and organized a company in this county in the spring of 1861, which became Company F, 1st Arkansas Regiment. With the regiment he went to Virginia, participated in the battle of First Manassas, July 21, 1861, and served in that State one year. Subsequently resigning his commission, he was on duty two months, under appointment of Gen. Leonidas Polk, as drillmaster. On his return to Little Rock he took part in the organization of the 20th Regiment, of which he was elected major. Crossing the Mississippi, the command was present at Fort Pillow during its bombardment by the Federal fleet, and after the abandonment of that post it was united with the army at Corinth and participated in the battle of Farmington. Later, when the regiment was reorganized, he was elected lieutenant colonel, the rank in which he served during the retreat to Tupelo, the fight at Booneville, Miss., and the fall campaign of 1862, under General Price. His regiment was of Gen. W. L. Cabell's Brigade, of Maury's Division, in the battle of Iuka, and he led gallantly in the desperate fighting of his regiment in the assault upon the Federal works at Corinth. The attacking force was compelled to fall back; and as the army retreated from Corinth it was compelled to fight its way at the Hatchie Bridge, and there Colonel Fletcher commanded his regiment. His horse was shot under him during that fight. Being promoted to colonel, he continued in that rank, though during much of the time disabled by illness, until December, 1863, when, his regiment having been reduced to seventy or seventy-five men and his health not promising improvement, he resigned his commission and returned to Little Rock. Soon afterwards he went to Texas, and was engaged in buying supplies for the army and doing whatever else he could for the success of the cause.

At the end of the war Colonel Fletcher returned to West Tennessee, and two years later moved to Sykeston, Mo., where he lived for eighteen years, engaged in agriculture, milling, and mercantile business. In 1885 he moved back to Little Rock, where he resided until his death.

LIEUT. W. E. WALLACE.

W. E. Wallace departed this life on January 12 at Antelope, Tex., having just passed his seventy-first birthday. He was a Confederate soldier before Texas was admitted to the Confederacy. He enlisted with one hundred and fifteen others at Weatherford, Tex., in the 2d Texas Regiment, commanded by Col. J. S. Ford. They were transferred to the C. S. A. at San Antonio on May 22, 1861, and sent to Fort Clark, then to Fort Davis. On the 1st of January, 1863, the regiment was

in the battle of Galveston, when the Harriet Lane was captured. They supported the land batteries; and when the Harriet Lane was disabled, Lieutenant Wallace, with thirty men, was ordered to board her. They set out in a boat under heavy fire from the enemy; but before they reached her she ran up the white flag, and Lieutenant Wallace was the first Confederate to put his foot on the deck of the captured Lane. The regiment was reorganized in 1863, and Charles Pryor was elected colonel. Comrade Wallace was one of the charter members of the G. R. Christian Camp, at Antelope, Tex., and served as Adjutant and Commander of the Camp for a long time. He was a strong man intellectually, and his death is deeply felt.

CAPT. W. J. GALBRAITH.

After a brief illness, Capt. W. J. Galbraith died at his home, in Pine Bluff, Ark. He had been residing in El Paso, Tex., about a year, having gone there with his wife and daughter, Mrs. John L. Mills, on account of the latter's health. In returning to Pine Bluff to look after some business he was detained at the Texas State line by the quarantine regulations, and fell ill, passing away some time after reaching his home.

Captain Galbraith was about seventy years of age, and a native of LaGrange, Mo. At the outbreak of the war he joined Price's army, and fought to the end, advancing to the rank of captain. After the war he went to Mexico, and later to Arkansas, where he settled and after a time became prosperous in several business enterprises. He was a genial and entertaining man, and made warm friends wherever he went.

[Attention of the authorities in Texarkana is called to the above. A passenger from the U. D. C. meeting in San Francisco, returning by that city, with credentials showing attendance there and at Portland, Oregon (for weeks in territory so remote that no reports of yellow fever were published), with a health certificate in possession that happened to be out of date, was compelled by a young soldier who was authorized to exercise discretion in such matters to leave the train, thereby losing a day, when simply by asking for a certificate at the ticket office in Texarkana he would have been supplied, and this when all excitement about the fever had abated.]

CAPT. P. C. HOY.

Capt. Patrick Clifford Hoy died at his home, in Petersburg, Va., in April, 1906, in his sixty-eighth year. He was born in South Carolina, and when a boy moved with his parents to Mississippi. When the war broke out, he enlisted from the Charleston (S. C.) Military School, General Jenkins Commandant, and was present at the fall of Fort Sumter. He then returned to Mississippi and enlisted in a battery of artillery raised by his father and known later as Bradford's Mississippi Battery. Young Hoy soon rose to the rank of first lieutenant, and saw service with the battery in North Carolina under Generals Pickett and Hoke. He was also in the siege of Petersburg, where his battery, stationed on the Chesterfield side of the river, was known by the Federals as "Goose-neck Battery." He was with Longstreet in the investment of Suffolk, and when Petersburg was evacuated went with the A. N. V. to Appomattox C. H.

Always interested in Confederate matters, Captain Hoy was active in the organization of A. P. Hill Camp, of Petersburg, and afterwards served as one of its Commanders. Captain Hoy was a member also of Petersburg Lodge of Masons, and a zealous vestryman of his Church. He married during the

war, and surviving him are four daughters and five sons, his wife having preceded him to the grave several years ago. He was stricken with paralysis in November, 1903, during the Crater Reunion there.

M. N. LaMANCE.

Marcus N. LaMance was born in McDonald County, Mo., but was of Georgia parentage. He was the son of Capt. J. P. LaMance, whose wife was Cynthia Caldwell. The LaMance family was of Huguenot descent, a line remarkable for their industry, cordiality, and staunch uprightness of moral character. Marcus LaMance himself stood without a peer in the esteem of his community. He died at Pineville, Mo., on June 4, 1906.

Born in October, 1844. Comrade LaMance was but a boy when his father marched away in the Confederate army. He remained to guard his mother and the little brothers and sisters. In a raid of Jayhawkers, he was seized and inhumanly led out to be hanged to a post in front of his father's store. The rope was about his neck, when his mother rushed to his side and made an impassioned plea for his life. "Your house has been set on fire," was the response. "Go and save it. You can do nothing here." Indignantly she answered: "My house may burn, but my boy shall live, and you shall let him live!" Touched by the courage of this speech, the captain released her son from the rope and ordered the fire put out. Marcus was taken prisoner, but two days later escaped, going at once into the Confederate army, where he served two years in the Missouri Infantry. He was married in 1880 to Lora S. Nichols, who, with one daughter, wife of J. C. Watkins, survives him. His lifelong home was in Pineville, Mo.

DR. ALEXANDER HAMILTON WALL.

After his long and useful life of ninety-five years, Dr. Alexander H. Wall, Commander of Joseph E. Johnston Camp of Maysville, Ky., passed to his reward. Resolutions adopted by the Camp state:

"1. That in his death Joseph E. Johnston Camp has sustained an irreparable loss, the city, county, and State one of their most eminent and upright citizens, the Church one of its pillars, and his family a beloved adviser and counselor. As a husband, he was devoted and true; as a father, loving and kind; as a neighbor, ever ready to help in need and distress. His mind was the seat of elevated thought, his heart a throne room of love, and his will to do good always.

"2. That in his death each member of his Camp feels a personal loss; and as a comrade, words fail to express that personal appreciation. Those of us who served with him while he was surgeon of the 3d Kentucky Cavalry will ever remember his paternal and faithful care over us, and in camp his tender solicitude for each member made him revered by all. May each like him so live that when his summons comes, sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust, he may approach his grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Committee: T. J. Chenoweth, W. H. Robb, John W. Boulenden.

LIEUT. JOE MAYSE.

Of the gaps recently made by the grim reaper in the "thin gray line," none will bring more of sadness to his surviving comrades than that caused by the removal of Lieut. Joe Mayse, of Company G, 11th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A. When in April, 1861, the old Bath Cavalry was ordered to the frontier of our State to repel the invaders of her sacred

soil, no soldier responded with more alacrity than the warm-hearted, blithe, and debonaire Mayse. At the reorganization of the army in 1862 his comrades recognized his merit as a soldier by electing him first lieutenant of Company G, subsequently attached to the 11th Virginia Cavalry. Showing conspicuous gallantry on many hotly contested fields, notably at Upperville, where his horse was killed under him, and at Jack's Shop, where he lost an eye, his courage and patriotism were seen and felt by all with whom he came in contact in field and bivouac. His warm heart, genial and convivial nature, and undaunted courage made him a universal favorite in army circles, as in civil life.

At the close of the war Joe Mayse returned to his home at the Warm Springs and commenced the practice of law, soon after being elected commonwealth's attorney for his (Bath) county. For some years prior to his death he divided his time between relatives in Bath and the Home in Richmond, Va. Wherever he chanced to be his warm heart, genial smile, and present wit made him a welcome guest and a cheery companion. No truer-hearted or more loyal friend than Joe Mayse ever lived.

[The above is from his old captain of Company G.]

GOV. SIMON P. HUGHES.

Col. Simon P. Hughes, former Governor of Arkansas, died at his home, in that State, after some two years of illness and feebleness. He was the fifteenth Governor of Arkansas, serving from 1885 to 1889. He was born at Carthage, Smith County, Tenn., August 14, 1830. He served in the Confederate army, and was lieutenant colonel of the 23d Regiment, Arkansas Infantry.

After the war, upon the adoption of the constitution, he was elected attorney-general of Arkansas, and served until 1877, and the year following was an unsuccessful candidate before the Democratic State Convention for Governor; but in 1884 he was elected Governor, and was reelected in 1886. In 1889 he was elected associate justice of the Supreme Court, and was reelected in 1896, serving until 1904. Governor Hughes is survived by his wife and five children.

MAJ. G. A. MALLORY.

Maj. Gilbert Alexander Mallory, a native of Virginia, but of late years a citizen of New Orleans, died on the 11th of May at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank Warren, at Pascagoula, Miss., aged sixty-nine years. Major Mallory served through the entire war in the 1st Virginia Cavalry. He was buried at Greenwood Cemetery, New Orleans.

LANIER.—Daniel Lanier was born in Davidson County, N. C., January 8, 1842. He enlisted in the 22d North Carolina Infantry, General Hoke's Division, and participated in all the engagements of this celebrated command. He was wounded at Cold Harbor. Soon after the surrender he moved to Illinois, where he married. Comrade Lanier died at Rich Hill, Mo., in January, 1906, and was buried at Nevada, Mo., under the auspices of Marmaduke Camp, of Butler, Mo., and the Nevada Camp, U. C. V. His wife, two sons, and a daughter are left.

MURPHY.—A good neighbor and citizen was James Murphy, who died recently in Graves County, Ky., in his eighty-eighth year. He served the Confederate cause as a member of Company D, 12th Kentucky Regiment, under Capt. Gid Benford. He was laid to rest by his old comrades in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, there to await the trumpet call of God.

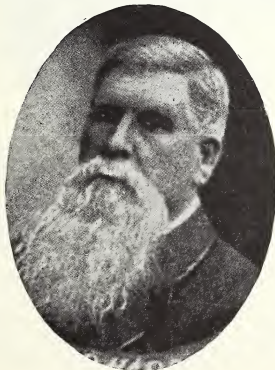
ELIAS BROCK HARDIE.

The Texas Baptist Herald pays tribute from which extracts are made.

"Elder Elias Brock Hardie is no more. Of him already the voice is heard from heaven saying: 'Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.' He was so long and so extensively known in Texas and indeed in nearly all the Southern States that a circumstantial account of his taking off will be interesting to all his acquaintances.

"On Wednesday night, July 11, about eight o'clock, he left the writer's residence at Third Street Station, Oak Cliff, to attend the prayer meeting of the First Baptist Church. He had just come to Dallas. When he reached Fifth Street Station, he was struck by an Oak Cliff car, and received a fracture of the skull at the base of the brain from which he died at 10 A.M. on Thursday. He was walking toward the church when the fender of the car from behind him struck him, from which he received his death wound. He was taken into the office of the company within thirty feet of where he received his injuries. Two physicians were soon on the spot and administered to his condition the best they could. As soon as he was over the stun of the blow he became perfectly rational and talked freely. His wounds were carefully and skillfully dressed. He gave strict instructions that his family should not be notified by wire, but by letter, since he had a sick daughter in the infirmary at Greenville. . . .

"His remains were embalmed and shipped to Greenville, where the funeral took place in the First Baptist Church, of which he was a member, in the presence of a large gathering.



ELIAS BROCK HARDIE.

His remains were accompanied by the writer and others. A floral cross and crown were carried to Greenville by the Katy Flyer. The remains were carried to the residence, where they were viewed by a stream of sympathizing friends, continuing through several hours. The face was exactly as seen in the best of health, very much as the picture here given.

Peace covered his face like the Shekinah of old. The funeral took place in the church in the presence of a large concourse of people, including the Masonic fraternity, of which he was a member, and his remains were buried with Masonic honors.

"With the exception of the first hour of pain, Brother Hardie's passage was swift and painless to the realms of light. While lying in the office before he was removed to the hospital he broke forth into a fervent prayer, deep as death, high as life, bringing us face to face with the eternal. Scores of men stood by him in silence while on his back he prayed. It is not irreverent to repeat as nearly as may be at least some of the words of that prayer: 'O God, help me, I am suffering greatly. Come to my help. O Jesus, pity me in my oppressed condition. Be my physician. Come, blessed Christ, minister to my suffering and help me, a poor sinner. O God, bless me now; bless my enemies; bless my friends; bless all thy suffering creatures!' . . . It is something sublime to see so many hearts of all classes brought together by one great throbbing of human sympathy.

"Few men have lived and died with such a record as Elder Elias B. Hardie. He was born in South Carolina in 1836. At the age of seventeen he moved to Georgia, and four years later entered Howard College, Marion, Ala., where he remained four years. He entered the Confederate army in the 10th Alabama Infantry, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia to the close of the war. He was wounded seven times, one Minie ball passing literally through his body. Being of a strictly robust constitution, he enjoyed the best of health, and returned home at the close a strong and healthy man. In 1867 he was married to Miss Emily C. Mosely, now bereaved and lonely. Following his marriage, he took a course in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville, S. C. He leaves, besides his widow, one son, Prof. John Hardie, and two daughters, Mrs. Held, wife of Rev. John Held, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Natchez, Miss., and Miss Willie, now in the infirmary at Greenville, but recovering.

"Brother Hardie was licensed to preach by the Wahoo Church, Georgia, in December, 1860, just before the war, and was ordained by Cane Creek Church, Alabama, in May, 1866, just after the war. He came to Texas in 1874, and became pastor that year at Denton. In 1880 he became pastor at Gainesville, and after that for a period of twenty-six years his ministerial life was spent as a missionary.

"The writer said repeatedly in conversation and in print during his lifetime that E. B. Hardie was the most dutiful and courageous servant of Christ he had ever known. Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University, during the war chief of artillery in the army of General Grant, said publicly in a lecture in Dallas a few years ago that Robert E. Lee was the only man of war on either side who exhibited the true sublimity of that great word 'duty.' There were other illustrious characters, he said, brave and true, who had shown superlative virtue; but none ever exemplified at all expense of personal reputation and self-interest the high office of duty in the economy of human life like Robert E. Lee. In his humble sphere this was equally true of Elias Brock Hardie. Duty to him was a golden chain that bound him to his convictions. In this no man we have ever known has shone more humbly or more sublimely than he. With duty is always coupled courage—courage physical, courage moral. Brother Hardie was of a highly religious temperament, continually in prayer and always fervent in spirit. There was in the observation of the writer none like him.

"As a citizen, he was public-spirited, patriotic, law-abiding, self-sacrificing, whether in war or in peace. Patriotism with him was a prime virtue. He exemplified the sentiment of Abbott: 'He who loathes war and will do everything in his power to avert it will, in the last extremity, encounter its perils from love of country and of home, willing to sacrifice himself and all that is dear to him in life to promote the well-being of his fellow-man.'

"In his nature he was courteous even to conventionalities. He wore no veil on his friendship, but wore it like the Urim and Thummim on Aaron's ephod. Like the sunflower, his stalwart fidelity attracted and followed others, while his face kept constantly toward the sun. Such a man is seldom seen. He was not demonstrative nor loud in his profession of friendship, but tender, trustful, and true. He did not understand men of selfish natures. He was always puzzled by inconsistency in others, he had so little of it in himself."

GEORGE W. LACY.

A pioneer resident of Texas, George W. Lacy, died at his home, near Marble Falls, on June 3. He was born in Christian County, Ky., in 1837; and went with his parents to Missouri when yet a child. The family removed thence to Texas in 1859, and had hardly time to get settled before the breaking out of war. The son George enlisted in Company B, 21st Cavalry, Parsons's Brigade, and he was regularly in the great battles of this famous command. He was wounded in the battle of Crowley's Ridge, in Arkansas; and in an engagement near Helena, in November, 1862, while charging a battery, he was struck in nine different parts of his body, and was not able for duty until March, 1864, when he took part in the Red River campaign and served till the end of the war. He returned home after the war, and in 1866 he married and removed to Burnet County, where he engaged in farming and stock-raising with remarkable success, and where the remainder of his life was spent with the exception of three years in Utah. He owned a third interest in the famous granite mountain from which the beautiful stone was quarried used in building the capitol at Austin. He was a man of practical common sense, a disposition kind and charitable, and his circle of friends was large. His last hours were soothed by the tender devotion of sons and daughters and the sorrowing wife.

DR. EDWARD McDOWELL COFFEY.

From Platte City, Mo., comes notice of the death of Dr. E. McD. Coffey, a native of Lincoln County, Ky., born at Hustonville in 1829. His father was a native Virginian, and served under Colonel Shelby in the War of 1812. Dr. McDowell graduated from Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., in 1862, and went to Platte City in 1854, locating in Camden street, from which place he enlisted for the war as a private in Captain Wallace's company of cavalry. He was afterwards appointed surgeon in Colonel Cernal's regiment of State troops until January, 1862, when he was appointed surgeon of Colonel Gates's Regiment, First Brigade, Confederate army. He was later appointed chief surgeon of General Bowen's Division, which he held till the command was almost annihilated at Vicksburg. He was appointed President of the Medical Examining Board at Gadsden, Ala., in April, 1864, and was paroled May 16, 1865, just four years from the time he was born in. He returned home and resumed the practice of medicine. Elected Sheriff of Platte County in 1872, he removed to Platte City, and had lived there continuously afterwards, holding at different times the offices

of Sheriff and County Treasurer, besides practicing his profession.

Dr. Coffey was married twice, and leaves a wife and four sons. His long life of usefulness has come to an end, but the thought of his kindly deeds will endure through the memory of those who knew and loved him.

MRS. IDELLA CATHERINE HOLMES.

The wife of Capt. Julius C. Holmes died at her home, in Staunton, Va., recently. Mrs. Holmes was prominent in all public enterprises where woman's help was needed, and especially energetic in Church work. For many years she had been a member of the Baptist Church. She was sixty-four years of age, and was a daughter of the late Ferdinand Rohr, of Staunton. Besides her husband, Mrs. Holmes is survived by her mother (Mrs. Sarah Rohr, who is eighty-seven years old), two sisters (Mrs. Seal and Miss Laura Rohr, of Winchester), and three brothers (Messrs. Ferdinand, of Philadelphia, David, of Baltimore, and Philip Rohr, of Front Royal, Va.). Funeral services were conducted by Rev. James Long, of the Baptist Church, assisted by Rev. Dr. A. C. Hopkins, of the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. J. S. Alfriend, of Zion Church. The Lawson Botts Chapter, U. D. C., attended in a body.

HOWARD STEADMAN.

The members of the old 1st Louisiana Cavalry will receive with unfeigned grief and sorrow the news of the death of their old comrade, Howard Steadman. He was one of the gallant Kentucky boys who joined Scott's Cavalry, and played his part well until the curtain went down on the last act of the great drama. He then returned to his Kentucky home, and at the "Forks of Elkhorn" lived among his people, respected and beloved, and died about a month or six weeks ago. "Peace to his ashes" is the sentiment that fills the hearts of his old comrades who admired his many manly qualities. May his loved ones whose hearts are now sorely tried hereafter receive Heaven's choicest blessings! It is the wish of his comrades—Howell Carter, Baton Rouge, and O. D. Brooks, St. Francisville, La.

JAMES CLELAND.

James Cleland passed to the "great beyond" about the middle of July at the residence of his son, George Cleland, at Black Bayou, Tex., after an illness of nine weeks. During May he suddenly became ill; but after a valiant attempt to recover, the disease took a serious turn, which terminated in the passing away of the old warrior in his seventy-fourth year.

A native of St. Augustine, Fla., he went to Texas fifty-five years ago. On the outbreak of the war he enlisted in Company D, of Griffith's Battalion, which did such valiant service in assisting the ships to run the blockade around Sabine Pass. Shortly after peace was declared he went to Orange, where he spent most of the intervening time as a house painter. Many a story did he tell of the stirring times which left the land desolate. He was a great favorite with the young people. He is survived by two sons, George Cleland, of Black Bayou, and John Cleland, of Apalachicola, Fla.

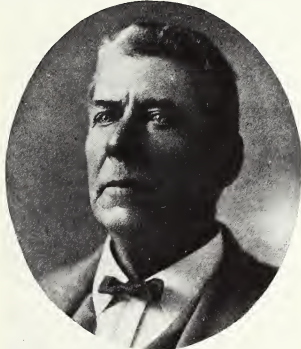
W. T. OSBURN.

A report comes from E. D. Edwards, Esq., of Fresno, Cal., of the death of Comrade W. T. Osburn, of that city, on July 26, 1906. He writes that, "having suffered a slight stroke of paralysis about two years ago, Mr. Osburn was unable to withstand the heat of July, and succumbed after a brief illness. Comrade Osburn was born at Georgetown, Ky., on

May 4, 1834. He afterwards moved to Clay County, Mo., where he enlisted in the Confederate army. He became a lieutenant in Company E (Conby Smith), 3d Missouri Infantry (Col. B. A. Rives). He was a member of Sterling Price Camp, No. 1030, at this place. He leaves two daughters, Cordelia Osburn and Mrs. W. D. Weaver, by his first wife, and Mrs. Nevada Bohun and William Osburn, by his second wife. He was highly respected by all who knew him."

BENNETT CHAPMAN.

Comrade Bennett Chapman died in Marshall County, Tenn., June 18, 1906, aged seventy-six years. He served faithfully as a Confederate soldier, going in at the beginning of the war and coming out at Charlotte, N. C., where his regiment, the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, was paroled May 3, 1865. As a soldier he was ever ready for duty, and as a citizen he took a leading interest in what tended to the good of the community. Better than all, he was an active Christian worker. In the



BENNETT CHAPMAN.

orchard of his old ancestral home he was laid to rest among many sleeping kindred, and of those attending the last sad services were many old comrades, some of whom came from adjoining counties to pay him this tribute.

Soon after the war Comrade Chapman conceived the idea of erecting a monument to the thirteen men who fell in battle near Farmington, Tenn., in 1863. At that period this was a herculean task, filled as the community was with Union sympathizers; but he was persistent in that as in every duty. With some outside help the work progressed until the monument was built and dedicated in 1874. Largely through Comrade Chapman's influence these graves have been decorated every year, and "he did more to keep alive an interest in the cause of the South during the war period than any other man in his community."

ISAAC ROSENAU.

Died suddenly at his residence, in Athens, Ala., July 9, 1906, Isaac Rosenau, who was born in Germany, of Hebrew parentage, December 13, 1832. Comrade Rosenau came to

America at the age of sixteen, and settled at Americus, Ga. His loyal devotion to the South was a marked characteristic. At the beginning of the War between the States he cast his fortunes with the South, and entered the Confederate service, enlisting in Capt. William Johnson's company, 4th Georgia Regiment, Blanchard's Brigade. He took part in the battles of Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, served with Jackson's Corps in the Shenandoah Valley campaign, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, and served gallantly to the close of the war. He was a man of dauntless courage.

While Mr. Rosenau was of foreign birth, there was never a native-born son of the South more thoroughly identified with her people or more jealous of her honor; he was a true and patriotic citizen. He had for many years carried on a large and successful trade, and was known as a man of unimpeachable integrity, strictly upright in all his business relations. His name was a synonym for fair dealing, promptness, energy, and business capacity. He was courteous and affable in manner, wholly free from ostentation and egotism. United with his rare good judgment, his cordial, kindly manner and genial fellowship constituted him an exceptional man; and by his sudden death the community loses a model citizen and we as members of Camp Hobbs lose an esteemed comrade and friend. He is survived by three sons: - three daughters, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy in their great sorrow. He was a constant subscriber to the VETERAN, and our Camp requests the above inserted in same.

Camp Hobbs, by the Committee on Memorial.

DEATHS REPORTED FROM NEWBURN, VA.

[Report of several deaths among comrades is sent by F. M. Farmer, of Newburn, Va., who was adjutant of Company C, 4th Virginia Infantry.]

Col. R. D. Gardner, of the 4th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, died July 18, 1906. He was wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862. His jawbone was broken, and he carried a piece of shell in his lungs for eleven years. It finally worked down below the shoulder blade and was taken out. It was in size one by three-fourths inches. Colonel Gardner was a Mexican veteran.

J. B. Caddall, first lieutenant of Company C, 4th Virginia Regiment, died in 1906.

R. M. Crockett, of Company C, 4th Virginia Regiment, died in July, 1906.

William I. Casper, of Company C, 4th Virginia Regiment, died January 18, 1905. He had been sheriff of the county for thirty-two years.

W. G. Farris, of Company C, 4th Virginia Regiment, died October 31, 1905, age eighty years.

G. A. W. Lyon, of Company C, 4th Virginia Regiment, died in 1905.

Capt. Birdine Gunn, of the 24th Virginia Regiment, died November 18, 1905. He was inside the Federal works in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

Capt. I. H. Larew died September 29, 1904. He came to this country after the war. I have forgotten his command. He had been badly wounded, having both arms broken and one shoulder with the collar bone taken off by a shell.

W. JOEL GREEN.

"W. J., son of Theophilus and Martha Easterling Green, born October 11, 1836; died at Utica, Miss., July 18, 1906."

In a tribute F. L. Fulgham states: "Such a brief record may be engraved upon the stone which will mark the last resting

place of W. Joel Green. As a friend and comrade-in-arms, it is a pleasure to add my testimony to his model career as a Confederate soldier. Mustered into service in Clinton, Hinds County, Miss., he followed the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia from the first shock of battle at Bull Run to the close of the great war. As a member of Company E (Mississippi College Rifles), 18th Mississippi Regiment, he participated in many battles, notably Manassas, Leesburg, Frayser's Farm, Malvern Hill, and Fredericksburg (where on May 3, 1863, behind the stone wall at the foot of Marye's Heights, Barksdale's Brigade held in check for nearly an entire day an army corps under the Federal General Sedgewick). He was captured here and carried to Fort Delaware, yet was exchanged in time to be with Lee at Gettysburg; and on July 2, 1863, he followed Barksdale in the magnificent charge in which that gallant Mississippian lost his life. Joe Green was with Longstreet in Tennessee, and participated in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and again in battles around Richmond and Petersburg until the close at Appomattox. Like a true soldier, he implicitly obeyed the orders of his commander. As a youth, as a man, as a soldier in camp and in battle, and as a citizen he led a stainless life. Following the advice of our great commander, R. E. Lee, when the war ended, he applied himself diligently to the arts of peace. How well he succeeded is told in that splendid estate which he has left to his children. Diligent he was in business and honest in all his dealings with his fellow-men. Besides material wealth, he leaves to his family an inheritance more precious than silver and gold—a bright example of faithfulness in the discharge of duty, loyalty to his country, an honest, industrious, and upright life. He was in truth a type of that sturdy Southern manhood which, even in defeat, lost no time in useless repining, but set at once to work to repair the losses sustained by a long and bloody war. Peace to his ashes."

DR. H. LEE HOWISON.

H. L. Howison was born in Fredericksburg, Va., October 13, 1847; and at the age of sixteen became a member of Mosby's command, Company E, under Captain Chapman. He returned home from Elmira prison just before the close of the war in very poor health, and after the war took a position in Richmond, going thence to California on account of his health. After four years there, he returned from the Far West to St. Louis, and then went to Red River County, Tex., where he had since lived, devoting himself to the practice of medicine, which he had studied from a boy. Dr. Howison died very suddenly on February 18, 1906, at his home, in Bogota, Tex.

DR. J. C. J. KING.

A committee of Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 222, U. C. V., composed of W. C. Dodson, J. D. Shaw, Thomas C. Smith, B. F. Frymier, and John G. Winter, appointed to prepare a suitable tribute to the memory of Comrade Dr. J. C. J. King, submitted the following:

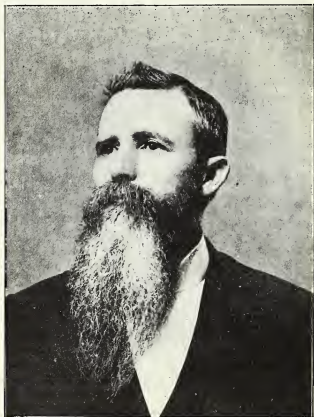
"Dr. James C. J. King was born in Wilson County, Tenn., March 4, 1842; and died in Waco, Tex., March 21, 1906.

"Comrade King was a Past Commander and one of the original members of this Camp, ever zealous and earnest in the discharge of his duties and faithful to every trust reposed in him, and to his untiring energy and devotion may be attributed much of the success of the organization.

"In April, 1861, Dr. King enlisted in Company A, 2d Texas

Cavalry, at Crockett, Houston County. This command was one of the first commands mustered into service. He served to the end of the war, a true, brave, and faithful soldier of the cause we all loved so well. As a physician, he was an honor to the profession, and was noted for his benevolence and many kindnesses. As a Christian, he was devout and faithful to his God and the Church, and was for a number of years a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church.

In our estimate of our departed comrade and friend let us remember his many virtues, let us emulate his fidelity to every trust, and, while we mourn his absence and miss his cordial greeting, let us strive in a manly way to meet the duties and emergencies as they occur. The radiance and beauty and the sweetness from a life like this are not covered in the grave.



DR. J. C. J. KING.

His influence will still be felt, his manhood in its Christian graces still be emulated, his charity and thoughtfulness remembered, for good deeds cannot die.

"In sympathy for those who sit in tears for the husband and father, who will never return, we would say: 'We join you in your sorrow, and may you be comforted by the thought that he has lived and that he was yours.'"

Dr. King was one of the most zealous friends to the Veterans in all of our Southland.

TOM E. MILLER—W. B. Femons Camp, of Amarillo, Tex., passed resolutions deploring the death of a worthy comrade, Tom E. Miller, who passed away January 27, 1906, while on a visit to his son-in-law, Hon. Dave Almon, at New Decatur, Ala., in his seventy-third year. He was a valiant soldier, and as a member of Company C, 26th Mississippi, did his whole duty during the war, part of which was spent in prison.

WILLIS T. HARGROVE.—Willis T. Hargrove died in Portsmouth, Va., on February 14, 1906, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He entered the Confederate army on April 20, 1861, as a private in Company G, 9th Virginia Regiment, and was later transferred to the 34th North Carolina Troops as quartermaster sergeant of that regiment. He participated in the many memorable battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, and surrendered at Appomattox. He was a member of the Stonewall Camp, Portsmouth, Va.

PANKEY.—John B. Pankey, corporal of Company D, 24th Texas Cavalry (dismounted), died in Burnet County, Tex., February 17, 1906. He enlisted in January, 1862, at Brinham, Tex., and was with the brigade commanded by Garland, Deshler, Smith, and Granbury, Cleburne's Division. His first engagement was at Arkansas Post, January 11, 1863, when the entire garrison was captured. They were exchanged in May and sent to Richmond, and soon after went to Bragg's army in Tennessee, and took part in the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge and in the Dalton-Atlanta campaign. He was wounded and lost a leg at Atlanta July 22, 1864. Returning to his home in Texas, he made a good citizen. He was born in March, 1833.

TRIBUTE TO WIFE OF CORPORAL TANNER.

"Beyond where the waters are crystal,

Where fountains are ever at play,

She liveth forever and ever

In the light of an endless day."

Brief mention was made in the August **VETERAN** of the shocking death of the wife of Corporal Tanner by an automobile accident in Helena, Mont., on their round of visits to

that the most impressive and the most pathetic incident that ever took place in a national encampment of the Grand Army occurred at Minneapolis when Commander in Chief Tanner closed his annual report with a few glowing words of tribute to the loving wife who stood by him for so many years in all his public and private life and who was killed in an automobile accident at Helena, Mont., on the afternoon of June 29, 1906.

At the first mention of the loyal woman, who was known to every veteran in the hall on account of her untiring devotion to the causes of the Grand Army, the delegates on the main floor and the veterans in the galleries rose en masse. They stood with bowed heads, and the deep hush was broken only by the faltering words of the grand old soldier on the platform as he finished reading his report.

"My impaired physical condition," he said, "making it absolutely necessary that I should have some arm in touch, my wife had elected to be that one, and had accompanied me on all my journeyings. You know what occurred. We toured the city and its vicinity in most congenial company. A bright sky overhead, magnificent scenery greeting the eye at every point, accompanied by her who forty years before had joined her life to mine, and who in all those forty years had been such a guide and counselor as few men have been blessed with—she, in the calm serenity of the Indian summer of her life, radiant in health and spirits—every bit as fair to my old eyes in her crown of whitened hair as she had looked on our wedding morn in her raven tresses—what wonder the world looked fair and radiant to me? Then the fatal crash—as out of the sky leaped the Angel of Death, and in a few moments I realized that my individual world lay in a wreck and ruin worse than that which crushed me at Bull Run. It was a great soul that passed to God that afternoon. True to her own heroic self, mortally wounded though she was, the first thought in her heart, the first cry from her lips was not of herself, but found expression in the words: 'Are you hurt?' God was merciful in the end, and without so very much physical pain her soul was released. Then there came to me a knowledge impossible for one to obtain under less agonizing circumstances of the full measure of comradeship. God grant that none of you may ever come to the realization of it except from speculative imagination! No lips were ever molded capable of expressing the debt of obligation I feel toward the great and sympathetic hearts that gathered around me in those awful hours when the world seemed rocking under me. For the countless kindnesses which to some degree brightened the gloom of the journey of that terrible home-coming, my pulsing heart is unable to throb a sufficiency of thanks. Many of you, my comrades, have trod the 'wine press of sorrow' and realize the crushing effect of such a blow. But I rally to the thought that if the lips now silent forever could speak once more they would voice to me the injunction not to wrap myself in a mantle of fruitless sorrow, but rather to spend myself in even more strenuous efforts in the future for the helping of our needy comrades than it has been my privilege to indulge in the past. To that I pledge myself."

As the last words of this pathetic tribute to the noble companion of the beloved Commander ceased, the soft strains of the organ swelled out over the hushed throng. "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was the tune of the organ, and every man in the big hall joined softly in singing the first stanza of that well-known song. Rev. Jesse Cole, Chaplain in Chief, then offered a short, sweet prayer. Every eye in the hall was moist, many men weeping, and the Commander himself was deeply moved.



MERO L. WHITE, WIFE OF JAMES TANNER.

G. A. R. Posts after their visit to Atlanta and his active participation in the Wheeler memorial services there. It is said

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS MOORE.

Even as a little child sinks placidly to sleep in loving mother arms, so was the transition into eternal slumber of the beloved Mrs. Thomas Moore, at Waco, Tex., on April 20, 1906. For more than fifty years she had lived in Texas, going there from Kentucky with her husband and children in 1853. Her maiden name was Eliza Jane Dodd, and she was born in Barren County December 23, 1818. She was married to Dr. Thomas Moore in 1837, and on going to Texas they settled in Burnett, Burnett County, then far out on the frontier; but in 1867 they removed to Waco, and had lived there continuously since. Over sixty years they journeyed together.

It was in 1897 that Dr. Moore and his wife celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary—a "jubilee wedding"—when friends and relatives came to pay their tribute of love and honor to this aged couple whose devotion had been such a beautiful example. It was their practice to have anniversary dinners, to which were gathered all the children and descendants as nearly as practicable. The family circle had grown to about fifty direct descendants, in which were numbered great-great-grandchildren, and it was in pride and happiness that this devoted couple gazed upon their stalwart sons, honorable and upright men, and their daughters, gracious, Christian women, with their children and children's children gathered about them.

Some years ago Mrs. Moore wrote for the Pat Cleburne Camp of Waco a story of frontier life as she had known it, and its publication here will be a revelation to many of the trials and tribulations attendant upon the life of those who went into that new and untried country.

LIFE OF A TEXAS WOMAN DURING THE WAR.

"I am poorly qualified to write an essay for the public. Born on a farm in Kentucky, A.D. 1818, educated in a country school with very limited facilities, I, of course, can do but little in the character of an essayist. I married young, came to Texas in 1853, settled in Burnett, then a frontier county, fifty miles west of Austin. My husband bought land. We had to live in a tent during the winter; but we soon erected a log cabin, and there husband and I, five children, and two servants commenced our career in Texas.

"By industry, hard work, and great economy and self-denial we, in a few brief though weary years, had a comfortable home with plenty around us to make us happy and contented. In 1861 the dreadful War between the States commenced. My husband went into the civil service of the Confederate States, where he served until its close.

"My oldest son volunteered and went into the army, in

which he remained until the close of the war. My younger sons were engaged in taking care of our stock and in aiding the few men who were left at home in guarding our homes from the depredations of savage Indians and cruel Jayhawkers.

"In addition to these troubles, our frontier country was afflicted with terrible droughts and myriads of grasshoppers. Thus our region of country was cursed with domestic war, merciless Indians, thieving Jayhawkers, protracted droughts.

"The few supplies of food and clothing we had at the commencement of the war were soon exhausted. Our family was now increased to five sons and two daughters, and the question of food and raiment now presented itself to us in all its reality and ghastly vividness. 'What shall we do?' was the absorbing question with every one. Fortunately we had plenty of cows in the country; and from this source we could get plenty of beef, milk, and butter. We also had sheep, from whose fleeces we could make clothes. But to do this required machinery, and this we did not have. But the few men we had with us soon began to make looms, wheels, cards, etc., to make cloth to keep us from the cruel blasts of cold norther and the scorching rays of the dry summer's sun. I was fortunate enough to get a few dressed buckskins to make clothes for my husband and our boys and negroes. I was fortunate in having been reared on a farm, where my good mother manufactured her own jeans, blankets, comforts, socks, etc., for her own family of sons and servants, and she had fortunately taught me these same valuable lessons.

"So as soon as I could have a loom, wheel, and cards made I procured some wool and cotton and went to work in good earnest. It was not long before I had my wool carded and spun into thread for my warp and filling, and my web of jeans cloth ready for dyeing, cutting, and making into garments for my men folks.

"My next work was to card, spin, weave, dye, cut, and make my linsey clothes for the women folks. Then came time for me to make my thick, warm flannel cloth for my blankets and underclothing for all of the family. Then came the time for making quilts, comforts, sheets, bolsters and pillowcases, towels, socks, stockings, etc.

"Then we needed shoes, hats, and bonnets. For shoes we had to substitute buckskin moccasins; for hats we had to use dressed rabbit, fox, and wild cat skins and straw; for bonnets we used our old dresses and straw. Our knitting of socks and stockings was done principally at night, when we used tallow candles made by our own hands for lights.

"Many of our frontier people suffered for want of bread. Corn and wheat crops failed on account of droughts and grasshoppers, and bread could not be had for love nor money. Our diet was poor indeed—no coffee, no tea, no sugar, no pepper, no spice, no salt—but we made sorghum molasses and used many miserable substitutes for the others. When my husband donned his jeans suit, made out and out by my hands, and wore it to Austin to attend to his business in the Confederate States district court, he says his suit 'was greatly admired for its beauty and its tailoring.' Of course this was very flattering to me, and I felt glad that I had been able to be of some little use to my family. I also made a good, warm suit for my oldest son, who was far from me fighting the battles for our beloved Southland, and O how glad I was to see my dear children at home warmly clad by my poor efforts to make them comfortable and happy, and I was glad to be able to aid in furnishing some little to feed and clothe some of the boys who were in the army with my son."



THOMAS MOORE AND WIFE.

COVINGTON (GA.) CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

BY J. W. ANDERSON, COMMANDER JEFFERSON LAMAR CAMP.

The Memorial Day exercises at Covington, Ga., were made doubly interesting and impressive on April 26, 1906, by the unveiling of the beautiful Confederate monument in Central Park, erected by Jefferson Lamar Camp, No. 305, U. C. V., in honor of the Confederate dead of Newton County, Ga. The veterans of this county had long hoped to see a suitable memorial shaft erected in honor of their heroic comrades who gave their lives in defense of the Confederate cause. For several years the members of Jefferson Lamar Camp had made strenuous efforts to raise the means necessary to erect a suitable monument, but were unable to do so until last year, when the city and county officials, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Ladies' Memorial Association all contributed liberally to the monument fund; and these, together with the generous subscriptions made by the people generally, enabled the Monument Committee to contract for the monument. The Butler Marble and Granite Company, of Marietta, Ga., constructed the handsome monument. It was dedicated in the presence of several thousand enthusiastic people.

The unveiling and dedicatory exercises were replete with eloquence and patriotic sentiment throughout. The "veil" was gracefully removed from the statue by Miss Mattie Heard, daughter of Capt. G. D. Heard, assisted by Mrs. Nellie Anderson Wells, daughter of the Camp Commander, who placed a large wreath of evergreens at the base of the monument. Capt. J. M. Pace, Chairman of the Monument Committee, was master of ceremonies, and the address was delivered by Rev. W. W. Landrum, of Atlanta, who paid most eloquent tribute to the bravery and patriotism of the Confederate soldier as well as to the noble women of the South.

The Camp committee of Veterans, to whose efforts and un-

ceasing labor is due the greatest credit for success in securing so handsome a monument, consisted of Capt. J. M. Pace, who was of Gen. John B. Gordon's staff, Capt. G. D. Heard, of the 53d Georgia Regiment, Judge Capers Dickson, of Cobb's Legion Cavalry, J. W. Anderson, of the 10th Georgia Infantry and special courier for Gen. James Longstreet, and Hon. L. L. Middlebrook, of the Georgia State Troops.

Newton County is one of the most prosperous and progressive counties in Georgia. Her people are noted for a high order of intelligence and truly Southern sentiment and patriotism. Oxford, two miles from Covington, is where Emory College is located, and it is one of the most popular and successful institutions of learning in the South. Newton County furnished to the Confederate army about two thousand brave and gallant soldiers in defense of principle and the sacred right of self-government. The county also furnished four brigadier generals to the Confederate service, who were noted for their conspicuous gallantry—namely, Gen. G. T. (Old Tide) Anderson, Gen. E. L. Thomas, Gen. R. J. Henderson, and Gen. James P. Simms. Besides these, there were several colonels, majors, and numerous minor officers, all of whom did their duty faithfully and well in every battle in which they were engaged.

But to the noble women of the county the greatest meed of praise is due for their devotion to the cause for which their husbands, brothers, and sweethearts fought. No sacrifice seemed too great for them to make for the Confederate service or the welfare of the soldiers in the field. Two hospitals were established in the county—one in Covington and one in Oxford—where many sick and wounded soldiers were given that tender nursing and care which only such women could administer. A Confederate cemetery was established at each place, and the graves of the hero-dead buried therein have had devoted and faithful attention through all the intervening years from organized Memorial Associations.

Jefferson Lamar Camp of Confederate Veterans was organized in 1889 as the "Veterans' Association of Newton County;" and when the "United Confederate Veterans' Association" was formed, it promptly united with it. The Camp is named in honor of Maj. Jefferson Lamar, a younger brother of Justice L. Q. C. Lamar, who was killed in the battle of South Mountain, Md., in September, 1862. The Camp's membership is composed of veterans who served in almost every branch of the Confederate service, most of them serving in the Army of Northern Virginia. The regular meetings of the Camp are held on the first Tuesday in each month. Its sick and relief committees attend all sick veterans and extend such relief as may be needed.

L. Q. C. and Jefferson Lamar practiced law in Covington before the war, and their law office building is still a noted landmark in this city.

Charles F. Foster, Corning, Tehama County, Cal.: "I wish to make inquiries about an old messmate of mine, Hildreth E. Wells (more generally known as Hill Wells), of Company H, 12th Texas Confederate Cavalry, Parson's Brigade. His home was in Fayetteville, Tenn.; but he was in Waxahachie, Tex., when the war broke out, and joined the first company that went from that county. I moved from Waxahachie, Tex., to California in 1868."

In the July issue (page 304) inquiry was made for comrades of Richard Blythe Lavender, who served in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry. The name Lee was used for Lavender.



THE MONUMENT AT COVINGTON.

BISHOP QUINTARD'S MEMOIRS.

In 1894 Bishop Quintard began the gathering of material for a volume of his recollections of service in the Army of Tennessee. "O that mine enemy would write a book!" he quoted in a note asking aid of the VETERAN to put him in correspondence with surviving comrades. His recollection of army service was then undertaken; but death interposed before it was finished, and to a younger man was left the completion and publication of these memoirs. To Rev. Arthur H. Noll, of Sewanee, the public is indebted for the finished volume.

This volume adds materially to the history of the War between the States. Through it is given the great missionary work of an army chaplain. Many letters have been received in commendation of the work from those who knew him in the trying days of war or since in the close association of spiritual work.

The book in paper cover is 50 cents. In connection with the VETERAN, \$1.25.

Friends who send two new subscriptions to the VETERAN can have this book free.

The person who buys this book (50 cents) or "Two Wars," by Gen. S. G. French (\$2), and does not feel richly repaid in the reading can have the money returned for the asking.

OTHER NEW SOUTHERN BOOKS.

The Neale Publishing Company has in press the "Memoirs" of Hon. John H. Reagan, a publication long looked forward to with interest. As the last surviving member of President Davis's Cabinet, his presence at any Confederate gathering had brought out many evidences of the affection which was felt for him in the South, and for years he had been urged to give to the world his recollections of the struggle of the sixties. In his long and full life the four years given to the service of the Confederacy remained to him a golden memory. "and there lies the heart of his memoirs," says the writer of the book's preface. The book will reveal much of history not only in connection with the War between the States but in other periods of the country's life and growth.

Large octavo volume, substantially bound in cloth, \$3.20.

In his "Women of the Confederacy," Rev. J. L. Underwood, who was a captain and chaplain in the Confederate army, has presented the heroism and sacrifices of the women who stood behind the soldiers of the South as has not before been recorded, and makes a most valuable addition to the history of woman's heroism. It is a book that has long been needed. "The author deems his subject a consecrated theme," he says, "and rejoices that he could labor at this task amid the consecrated memories of dear old Richmond." In that city he has been for many months under medical treatment, and in the search among records and the writing of this book many weary hours have been brightened. The financial returns from his book will be of assistance in the payment of heavy expenses. The Neale Publishing Company has the book in press, and will soon have it ready for distribution.

Price, \$2; bound in durable buckram cloth.

"Some Neglected History of North Carolina," by William Edwards Fitch, M.D., of Savannah, Ga., gives some heretofore overlooked or unknown items of history in regard to the first declaration of Independence. Every child has been regaled with the story of the "Boston Tea Party;" but it was eight years before that, in 1765, that a bolder and more daring resistance was made to the powers over them by the people of the Old North State when they "forcibly expressed their right-

eous indignation by making Governor Tryon, the king's commander in chief, a prisoner in his own palace, capturing the appointed stamp agent of the colony and forcing his resignation, taking prisoners the commanders of King George's armed vessels, forbidding them to land a single piece of the King's 'stamped paper' within the borders of the province." It was on the shores of North Carolina that the first settlement of English colonists was established in America; within her borders the first resistance to British authority was organized; and this author affirms that it was the battle of Alamance, fought in May, 1771, by her people, which began the struggle for American liberty; that she was the first to draw up an actual declaration of independence. In addition, many of the most brilliant and important transactions of the Revolutionary period took place upon this soil, thus giving to the State increased importance in the history of the country. Dr. Fitch has given much time to study and inquiry on this subject, conducting his researches on the ground made historic by events related.

Bound in cloth, illustrated by portraits, maps, etc.; postpaid, \$2. Neale Publishing Company, Washington and New York.

"THE OLD SOUTH."—Robert W. Grizzard, Adams Grove, Va., a member of A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., of Petersburg, writes: "It has afforded me the highest delight and entertainment to read Dr. Hamill's monograph, 'The Old South.' With a master touch he has rehabilitated the past and given his hearers a true reflex of the world's palmy civilization. The book should be read and reread by all who honor the traditions and revere the glorious memories of our beloved Southland." "The Old South" is supplied by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for 25 cents, or free to subscribers who will send a new subscription.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE ON TRAVELER.

On seeing in the VETERAN the photogravure of Mrs. Kirby-Parrish's life-size painting of this world-famous subject, Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, son of the great commander, wrote the artist this cordial and graceful acknowledgment:

"BURKE, VA., February 28, 1905.

"My Dear Madam: I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that you have been kind enough to send me, and should have expressed my gratitude more promptly but for the ill state of my health.

"When the photographer, Mr. Miley, had made the appointment to take a picture of Traveler, Gen. Lee was detained by visitors until late in the afternoon, when the shadows had begun to lengthen. Sometime afterwards an attempt was made to get another photograph of Traveler, but without success; and the one from which your painting is made is the only one taken from life so far as I know.

"I should judge from the picture in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that you have made a success of your painting, and I thank you very much for bringing it to my attention.

"With sincere good wishes for your success and happiness, I am very truly yours,
G. W. C. LEE."

In a subsequent letter Gen. Lee expressed the wish that this admirable portrait might take its place in the chapel of Washington and Lee University, where repose the ashes of his princely father.

The foregoing correspondence was put in type months ago, but the crowded condition of space caused delay of printing.

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FUN IN PRISON LIFE.

STORY OF "HISTRIONICS" ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

[This clever sketch was sent by Capt. W. A. Fleming, of McIntosh, Ga., some years ago to his son, O. W. F.]

Below will be found a rather unique programme of an amateur dramatic entertainment given on Johnson's Island at a time when quite a number of Southern gentlemen were sojourning there for their health. This old programme (which has been preserved until now by Capt. George S. Jones, of Macon, Ga.) will arouse varied pleasing and unpleasing recollections in the minds of those who were the guests of the "best government the world ever saw" at the time the performance came off.

The Macon Telegraph and Messenger says the name of one of the principal actors will arouse a host of tender feelings in the hearts of the many who knew him. We refer to Maj. George McKnight, who, as the witty and genial "Asa Hartz," was among the best-known of Southern writers. Many charming bits of his humor enlivened the dreary camp and prison life of the Southern soldier; and even when he was walled around by the waves of Lake Erie, his words were brought southward to—plaintive and sweet and sparkling with his peculiar humor.

This programme was evidently prepared by him. There are some dull points in it which few minds but his could have created under such circumstances. But he was cheerful in the most trying times, and even amid the coldest "spells" on Johnson Island he was able to create some inner warmth by some lively rally of humor.

The programme is thus given in full by the paper above mentioned:

REBEL THESPIANS!

Stage Manager...Maj. Geo. McKnight
Treasurer...Lt. Col. J. C. Humphreys
Prompter.....Capt. J. R. Fellows
Scenic artist.....Maj. Smith

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Farmer Fenton.....Maj. Cook
Charles Fenton.....Maj. Bate
Lawyer Glib.....Lieut. Dismukes
1st Farmer.....Capt. Washington
2d Farmer.....Lieut. Lauchlin
3d Farmer.....Lieut. Long
Landlord.....Taylor
Mary Acorn.....Miss (Maj.) Stewart
T-bitha Toodles. Miss (Col.) Jack Brown

SONG.....CAPT. E. F. LAMAR.

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Crasher.....Capt. J. R. Fellows
Blowhard.....Capt. J. W. Youngblood
Capt. Brown.....Lieut. A. J. Peeler
Rosa.....Miss (Maj.) Stewart
Dinah Blowhard.....Lieut. Dismukes

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B. F. Sutherland, Camp, Ark., wants to know if any one can tell him of Orderly Sergeant J. B. Myers and D. F. Tuff, of Captain Thrall's Arkansas Battery.

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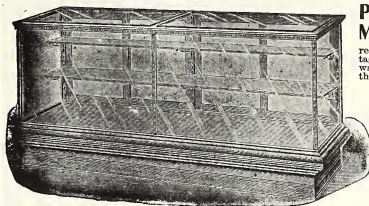
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THE TIMES-DISPATCH, to keep alive the interest in Confederate history, and to honor, if possible, the old heroes, has secured a piece of the iron side of the Virginia (Merrimac), and has had made two crosses to be presented respectively to the oldest and youngest Confederate soldier who enlisted in any branch of the service from Virginia. Correspondence is invited from every Confederate who reads this. ¶The only daily paper in the South giving a department to Confederate affairs.

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The Story of Camp Chase

By W. H. Knauss, Columbus, Ohio.

A History of the Prisons in Ohio During the Civil War, Etc.

It contains an account of the cemeteries where Confederate dead are buried and the care of their graves by both Northern and Southern people, with a full description of all notable occurrences in Ohio while the great War between the States was in progress. Written by an ex-Union soldier, loyal to his cause, yet who appreciates the same high motives that actuated those who fought on the other side.

The author, Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, is a Northern man, and was wounded during the war at Fredericksburg; but after arms were stacked, he espoused zealously the sentiment, "Let us have peace," and he has taken boldly the lead in the care of the graves of his former foes and given all possible information to their families; for he maintains that as this is one country under the same flag the people should live in thorough harmony, as they have the same general interests and the same patriotic instincts.

The book deals extensively with the prisons of Camp Chase, Johnson's Island, and other smaller prisons, giving the experiences of many prisoners and reminiscences of prison life, with many thrilling escapes and unsuccessful attempts. It contains a detailed account of the "Lake Erie Conspiracy," of Morgan's raid through Ohio, of his arrest and confinement, and of his marvelous escape. It contains also the experiences of a Confederate spy in the North and of the way he recruited men in the midst of Union officers; a story of how prisoners' letters were intercepted between the lines when a brave Southern woman was attempting to get them through, and of how those same letters were discovered in the Ohio State Library forty-two years later, many copies of which are also produced, some in facsimile. Stories of hardships and starvation in prison by prominent men are also told in graphic style. Stockades as they were in prison days, and now, are illustrated.

Then in detail is given the history of the cemeteries in Ohio where brave Southern soldiers are buried, accounts of how

they were cared for by Northerners, and how these graves are now tended by the Daughters of the Confederacy. Accounts are also given of how the cemeteries are inclosed, headstones placed. Tells of the monument and memorial arch dedicated at Camp Chase Cemetery, including the speeches of many prominent men from both North and South made at the Confederate decoration services and at its dedication.

The STORY OF CAMP CHASE contains a list of Confederate dead buried in Frederick County, Md., on the battlefield of Antietam or Sharpsburg, South Mountain and Monocacy, together with lists of the unknown as well. It records the original burial places of many who were later removed to these cemeteries.

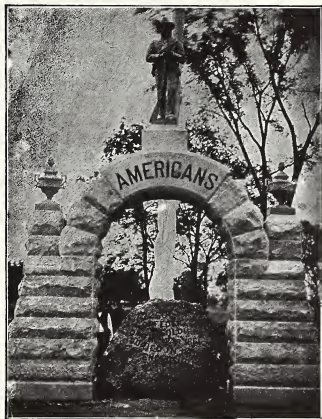
The author's visits to the South and the royal receptions tendered to him will be of interest. In it is the story of the return of a Confederate battle flag captured by an Ohio regiment to a regiment in Louisiana forty years afterwards.

In addition are accounts of many interesting and thrilling events pertaining to these matters and kindred topics.

The data contained in this volume was gathered through much labor and expense in order that it should be as reliable and as complete as possible. The book contains 400 pages, printed by the Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

The price is \$2, which is as near the cost as it is possible to make it; postage, 20 cents additional. Camps of Veterans and Sons and Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy are requested to present these facts and solicit orders. Special discount price to clubs of five or more. Write for particulars.

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OCTOBER, 1906.

No. 10.



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"There was a man from London Town,
And he was a thousand times wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.

And when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into the bramble bush
And scratched them in again."

"By his side stood a rather undersized, full-bearded, black-haired man. . . . Cynicism was written all over his face from the crow's-feet in the corners of his eyes to the droop of the large mouth. Strong white teeth gleamed when he smiled. . . . Sometimes the smile was pleasant; sometimes it was not. This was Mr. William Ralston, chief of the corps of engineers."

William Ralston was not a bitter man as men go, and not a cruel cynic as cynics go. He was indifferent; things were to be endured, not hated nor loved and made better. Having scratched out both his eyes, he went blind for a while. Then a woman came into his life, a woman to whom life was both beautiful and interesting, and he scratched his eyes in again—though his new power of sight was valueless.

The Ralston type of man is not the sort to fall in love with, as many tender women have learned—to their heart-sorrow. But he is a fascinating type, for women dearly love to reform people; and of all legions of subjects for reform, a handsome cynic is the most entrancing. Helen Duane was intelligent and beautiful; what pride-inflated male egoist ever refused to be "improved" by such "a guided philosopher, and friend"? Cynics are human and vulnerable; no men more so. The story of how Mrs. Duane's reforming succeeded—or failed—is a delightful one, well conceived, well told, and convincing.

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Dr. Wharton is a splendid story-teller, and his book is from first to last a novel.

A group of men are standing around a pump—the owner of the pump an old Virginian, and Henry Davenport and Anthony Miller, two Confederate soldiers on their way home from the surrender at Appomattox. "This whole war," says Miller, "this whole war has been about the nigger. . . . And you will live to see that the worst day of your life ever done for him was when they set him free. They may overpower us, and they may give him a vote and an office and forty acres and a nule, and they may fence him in with wire anyone; but I'll be damned if white blood don't stay at the top, forever and ever! Amen!" "Now you're hollerin'!" yells the old farmer. "By gum, thar shan't no nigger boss it on me and mine!" And Anthony Miller, speaking in his own person, "God decided it [the negro problem] when he made the white man's blood and the black man's blood. . . . The white blood is always and everywhere superior."

Capt. Henry Davenport and his friends, Anthony Miller and Andrew Murray, put up a square fight against the carpetbagger, the scalawag, the negro sheriff, and the female missionary (from Massachusetts), and brought decent social order out of chaos. First and last it is a love story. We will draw the veil over that part of the novel. It should be read.

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Surely a more charming chronicle was never written. If style is not the man, at its best it is a characteristic expression of the man; and in this romance one finds John Thompson Gray's wonderful personality an integral thing, revealed yet illusive. Mr. Gray had an exquisite and unquenchable sense of humor; he was a wide reader of literature, and an appreciative one; his power of observation was keen and well-developed; he had sympathy with many forms and types of life; he had an aptitude for literary expression, and the moral wholesomeness inseparable from all virile art. The combined force of these gifts made possible such a genial and delightful "chronicle."

In his material, too, Mr. Gray was fortunate. Or rather it would be better to say that in his life experience he was fortunate; he was a pioneer in Kentucky. He was born in Louisville in 1815, and for eighty-seven years was identified with the life of that city and its environs. He knew that life thoroughly, and his account of it is tender and earnest.

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And these people, of all types and conditions and characters, are real and lovable; you care what they do, and anticipate what they are going to do because you care about them, not because it is "a story." And when, at the close, the chronicle finds at Lastlands, "a broken shaft of white marble which marks the grave of the last scion of the Thornton house, brought home from a distant battle-field," you turn away with sincere regret.

It is an invaluable and true cross section of early Kentucky life. The State will treasure this record.

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BY MARY PETTUS THOMAS

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In this volume Miss Thomas has given us many delightful "fancies" about the things which surround us during the four days, the bright days, and the dark days—books, lovers, flowers, pets, nature, ideals, children, men, and women—fancies sometimes serious, sometimes gay, now witty, now somber. Her feeling is spontaneous; there is no straining after effects, no pretense to emotion not felt. In its form her verse is natural and easy, melodious and true, appealing directly to one's sympathies and experience.

The volume is divided into three parts: "The Four-Leaf Clover," "In Childhood's Realm," and "To Dreamland Sent." Miss Thomas's sympathy for little folks is very tender, and her verses about children and to them are beautiful in their simplicity, as these lines, opening "What Is a Gentleman?" testify:

"A tall man helping somebody"—

"'Twas thus the answer ran

When asked by mother jestingly,

"What is a gentleman?"

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BY WILLIAM E. FOWLER, EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, MO.

You boys are getting kind o' gray,

You old Confeds;

You surely ain't got long to stay,

You old Confeds;

Old Father Time is after you;

He's worse than were the boys in blue;

He'll get you all 'fore he gets through—

You old Confeds.

With old "Pap" Price and brave Stonewall,

You old Confeds;

With Robert Lee (you fought with all),

You old ex-Rebs—

Half starved, you faced the boys in blue,

When clothed in rags and tatters, too,

And braver soldiers no one knew

Than you Confeds.

No North, no South, to you they say,

To you ex-Rebs;

No more you see the boys in gray,

No old Confeds.

Sweet peace is here, you gladly tell;

You're satisfied that all is well;

But when you think of those who fell,

And hear once more the musket's hell,

You'd like to give one Rebel yell—

You old Confeds.

And don't forget the boys in gray,

The brave Confeds,

Who can't be here with you to-day—

The dead Confeds.

Amidst the screaming shot and shell,

Amidst the thunderbolts of hell,

They bravely fought and, fighting, fell—

The soldiers dead.

A silent toast to them now drink,

To each Confed;

To comrades dead let glasses clink,

To your brave dead.

You drink to soldiers that you knew,

To your dear comrades brave and true,

Who sleep beneath the Southern dew

Their restful sleep.

You love your country and its flag,

You old Confeds;

In its defense you'd never lag,

You old Confeds;

But long as heart beats in each breast

You'll think of those who sweetly rest

'Neath flowers by south wind soft caressed

In Southern lands.

And when old Gabriel blows his horn,

You old Confeds

Will fall in line on that great morn—

You old Confeds.

The Master then will say to you:

"Just take your seats in that front pew;

There's nothing here too good for you—

You old Confeds."

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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

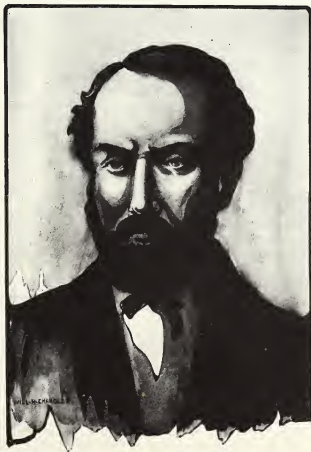
Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1906.

No. 10 { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

The elaborate space given to prison rules and experiences during the Confederate War exceeds what was originally intended, so that the order of the articles is somewhat irregular. In a sense, there is repetition of expression in a few brief instances, but the needed emphasis will excuse that. Other important features are necessarily held over for another issue. When the hope of securing a picture of Captain Wirz was well-nigh abandoned, the following telegram was received from H. R. Schade, Washington, D. C.: "No picture of Wirz in family. Only one in existence, property of government. Can have copy made by artist for half-tone use for ten dollars. Wire if you want it." The reproduction is here given.

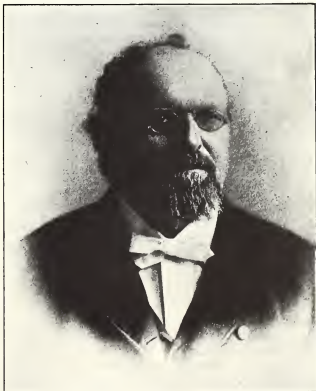


MAJ. HENRY WIRZ.

The VETERAN was fortunate also at press time in procuring a photograph of Mr. Louis Schade, whose loyalty to his client and his countryman will add to the interest of this issue.

Let no one imagine that this Wirz monument movement is an issue between the Union and Confederate Veterans. In the convention at Minneapolis the majority of the Committee on Resolutions opposed taking any action on the subject, so the action taken was upon the minority report. Grand Army Veterans have cooperated cordially with the VETERAN in procuring correct data on the subject in behalf of Captain Wirz.

In every investigation there is proof conclusive that Captain Wirz was not cruel to prisoners. A report in illustration is as follows: "On June 6, 1864, Captain Wirz wrote calling attention to the inferior quality of bread issued to the prisoners, saying that one-sixth was husks and that it was bad for the prisoners. He then begged that the commissary be required



LOUIS SCHADE.

to have it bolted or sifted before issuing. He wanted it bolted before issuing to save the loss it would entail of the allowance, all of which the prisoners needed so badly."

In a letter from Beauvoir, Miss., October 15, 1888, Jefferson Davis wrote Louis Schade, Esq.: "My dear sir, I have often felt with poignant regret that the Southern public has never done justice to the martyr, Major Wirz."

No one will construe the position of the VETERAN as opposing a monument to Captain Wirz. The referer nec to it elsewhere regards the location at Andersonville, and that is merely suggestive. It would seem fitting to have a duplicate tablet in every patriotic community in the South.

In this connection another such tablet is suggested, and the two might well enough be put on a pedestal of the woman's monument. On the recent visit to Nashville of Al G. Field with his renowned minstrels they gave their usual annual concert in compliment to the VETERAN, while Mr. Field discussed with the editor the propriety of general action in behalf of a monument to Uncle Dan Emmet. He was the most liberal patron of the author of "Dixie's Land," and will do more than his share in the erection of a monument.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF LOUISIANA DIVISION.

BY MRS. D. A. S. VAUGHT, PRESIDENT.

The annual convention of the Louisiana Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was held at Monroe, La., May 8-12. Although the majority of the members reside in Southwest Louisiana, the attendance was larger than usual. Monroe is a beautiful little city on the banks of the Ouachita River, up which stream boats of considerable draft pass. Several important conventions have recently been held there. The hospitable citizens did everything to entertain the convention. The fertile cotton fields, the beautiful river gliding among the fine trees which form lovely avenues, and the well-built town were interesting sights to the visitors.

The work done by the convention was principally historical and benevolent, as it must be by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Much stress was laid upon the absolute necessity of inspecting the text-books used in the schools and the reading recommended to young people. The Southern people are neither ashamed of nor afraid of the truth, but truth let it be. Many Chapters reported educating descendants of veterans. The appeal of Mrs. Martha Gielow to have the United Daughters of the Confederacy as Divisions and Chapters become auxiliaries to the Southern Industrial and Educational Association was set aside, while heartily approving the idea of educating the illiterate whites and encouraging individual membership and subscriptions. Many Chapters reported starting libraries in their towns, in all of which Confederate stories, histories, and poems hold an important place. The State President always offers a subscription to the VETERAN as her contribution. Much attention was given to the affectionate relation of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Veterans, and the Division unanimously adopted a resolution for full appropriation from the Legislature of the pension money to the use of the Veterans. An active committee from the United Daughters of the Confederacy was largely instrumental in obtaining a favorable result.

Many Chapters, besides their routine work well accomplished, are raising funds for monuments to the Confederate dead from their parishes. A number on the Memorial Day programme, suggested by the State President, is reading of the "roll of honor," names of dead soldiers wherever interred.

The memorial hour at the convention occurred May 9 at

twelve. The psalm, "De Profundis," was read, a hymn sung, a eulogy on Gen. Joseph Wheeler and a set of resolutions offered, the year's list of the deceased members of the Division read, and the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," sung standing.

The sentiment of the Division was strongly against paying salaries to officers of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Louisiana Division carries two officers of its own invention: a "Custodian of Relief for Soldiers' Home," to whom are sent the donations of goods and money from all the Chapters, and who with due regard to the wishes of the donors and the advice of the Board of Managers of the Home applies the gifts to the best advantage; a "Keeper of Records of Crosses of Honor" bestowed in Louisiana, who has a valuable book in which are inscribed the names, dates, etc., of recipient and Chapter bestowing and service of the soldier. Chapters fill out blanks prepared for the purpose, sending one to the above officer, one to Mrs. Gabbe t, and keeping one.

The entire meeting was characterized by the greatest harmony and good feeling. Each prepared to give away her cherished views for the advantage of the whole. The officers were elected for the ensuing year, and the convention adjourned to meet the first Tuesday in May at Baton Rouge. Mansfield, La., invited the convention, but withdrew in favor of Baton Rouge. Mansfield is deeply interested in the securing and suitable establishment of a park on the battlefield which marks the greatest Confederate victory west of the Mississippi. It was in the battle of Mansfield, April 8, 1864, that the famous charge of the Crescent Regiment was made in which General Mouton and every field officer and fifty-five privates of the Crescent Regiment fell. I cannot leave this subject without telling of the beautiful memorial erected by the people to the heroes of this battle. It is a church, and on each April 8 at the hottest hour of the battle its bell is tolled while the Veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy utter memorial words and decorate the graves.

The committee formed to assist the Veterans during the Reunion reported good work. They secured a house near the auditorium, decorated and fitted it up; subcommittees took charge of information, registration, refreshments, etc. Six thousand visits were received.

The Division gave a reception at the Soldiers' Home and opened the library newly furnished by the Division. They also served the surgeons' lunches. Committees on hospitality and on sponsors were very useful. The President General, Recording Secretary, and Mrs. Gabbe t, of the General Order, were entertained. One hundred dollars was sent to the Louisiana Room in Richmond.

The officers of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C., are: Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, Honorary President; Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, President, 1527 Seventh Street, New Orleans; Mrs. L. M. Tully, First Vice President, Plaquemine; Mrs. L. J. Hakenyos, Second Vice President, Alexandria; Mrs. E. K. Gibbs, Third Vice President, Mansfield; Miss Julia Hines, Fourth Vice President, Clinton; Mrs. C. S. Childress, Recording Secretary, 3822 Chestnut Street, New Orleans; Mrs. W. N. White, Corresponding Secretary, Lake Providence; Mrs. A. A. Gunby, Treasurer, Monroe; Miss Belle Van Horn, Financial Secretary, 1754 Prytania Street, New Orleans; Mrs. Lillian St. Martin, Historian, Donaldsonville; Mrs. A. H. Johnson, Registrar, Alexandria; Mrs. Paul Israel, Custodian of Relief for Soldiers' Home, New Orleans; Mrs. A. J. Hardy, Recorder of Crosses of Honor, Shreveport; Mrs. Margaret Davis Hayes, Honorary Member.

ARKANSAS DIVISION—IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS.

MRS. C. H. WILLIAMS, NEWPORT, ARK.

The Chapters of Arkansas Division, U. D. C., are requested to read the recent letter in the *VETERAN* from Mrs. A. B. White, of Tennessee. Most of this letter is heartily indorsed by me. I especially desire to call attention to the part relative to the Southern Industrial Educational Association, asking our Division to take no steps in the matter until after the convention at Marianna in October, at which time we hope to discuss the possibilities of a school—or some sort of educational aid—for the girls who are descendants of Confederate soldiers of our own State.

I hope the Chapters now understand about the flags of which I have been writing them. Once more I will try to explain that the making or purchasing of Chapter flags is purely optional with each Chapter. We will be glad if every Chapter owns its individual flag, and that those that do will all take them to the convention. They will be presented at the first roll call of Chapters, and at the same time the delegates will be expected to answer with the Chapter motto. This has been carried out in other divisions, and I am told that it adds much to the enthusiasm and interest. What is concerning me more, however, is that the Chapters will send delegates—we want every one to be represented. There is every reason to believe that this will be an unusually large meeting, as we have seven new Chapters. All seem to be much in earnest.

The old Chapters, as well as the new ones, are requested to send names of all members, who are not already registered, to Mrs. Clementine Boles, State Registrar, Fayetteville. The Secretary, before sending out credential blanks, will compare the Registrar's list with the Treasurer's books, these together deciding the number of delegates to be elected by each Chapter.

Kindly observe, also, that at the last meeting of the executive committee a resolution was passed limiting the Chapter reports to three minutes. This will be hard for some of the very industrious Chapters who have a great deal to tell, but we hope with care it may be managed. I am looking forward with much pleasure to the time when I can meet face to face many of the dear Daughters who have been so good to me this year. Their many letters have been so appreciated.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION, U. D. C.

The North Carolina Division has now seventy-five Chapters and fourteen children's Chapters, which are auxiliaries of the adult Chapters. Reports from these Chapters show a steady increase of membership and interest, and we feel justly pleased and proud of the work they have accomplished.

Our Soldiers' Home is a model of comfort, neatness, and convenience, and there are flowers and vines to refresh the eye and gladden the heart of these poor, worn-out old veterans. An upper story has been recently completed to the building erected four years ago, making this central building now contain about forty steam-heated rooms, supplied with hot and cold water. Besides this building we have six other small houses, where the more able-bodied men live. These have open fireplaces, around which the men group in the gloaming and exchange experiences and see pictures of the long ago in the glowing coals. Then there is the hospital, with its sunny rooms and wide piazzas, where the invalids with their rolling chairs and are made as comfortable as sick men can be. Besides this is the chapel, where every Sunday afternoon

a sermon is preached by a minister of one of the denominations in turn.

These houses were all erected by the State of North Carolina, which also supports the inmates. But the Chapters of the Division have undertaken to furnish the rooms in the new building and keep them supplied. We regard it a privilege to make the last years of these wearers of the gray comfortable.

Our Jefferson Davis Monument work is very near our hearts. The North Carolina Division has given from first to last about \$3,000 to that fund, and many of the Chapters are raising funds to erect Confederate monuments.

The Cross of Honor question is an important one. In my last presentation of crosses several came apart on being opened. North Carolina wishes to go on record as protesting against such poorly made Crosses of Honor. Their fastenings are not secure. If they cost more, let us give it; and we beg that some loophole be left in the iron-clad rules whereby a Chapter president may refund to the old men those crosses "that just dropped from the bars" and were not lost.

We truly hope that the Cross of Honor Committee will give us more latitude in their rules at the U. D. C. Convention at Gulfport, Miss., in November.

OFFICERS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Honorary Presidents: Mrs. W. M. Parsley, Wilmington; Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Charlotte; Mrs. James M. Tiernan, Salisbury. Honorary Vice Presidents: Mrs. Thos. J. Jarvis, Greenville; Mrs. Rufus Barringer, Charlotte. State Officers: President, Mrs. Henry A. London, Pittsboro; Vice Presidents,



MRS. HENRY A. LONDON, PRESIDENT.

Miss Laura M. Avery, Morganton; Mrs. Martin S. Willard, Wilmington; Mrs. Hunter G. Smith, Fayetteville; Recording Secretary, Mrs. F. M. Williams, Newton; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Gideon P. Alston, Pittsboro; Treasurer, Miss Mary T. Oliver, Newbern; Registrar, Mrs. A. L. Smith, Charlotte; Historian, Miss Rebecca Cameron, Hillsboro; Assistant Historian, Mrs. W. O. Shannon, Henderson.

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PRESIDENT.

On account of incompleteness of detail and meager historical data, the State Registrar has sent a large number of applications for membership for me to pass upon the eligibility of applicants; therefore I wish to impress upon the Chapters the importance of correct registration and request that more care be given to the filling out of applications, and thus save themselves and the Registrar unnecessary work. But more important than all, we must make it worth while to be Daughters of the Confederacy, and Presidents and Credential Committees of Chapters are requested to adhere strictly to the requirements of our constitution on this subject and receive members only on their records and eligibility and not because they are "personally desirable." Please note that, while granddaughters and grandnieces are eligible, cousins and relatives-in-law are not included; and when a woman joins on account of material aid or hospital service rendered by herself or her family, the time and place of such service must be given, the mere statement of such service being insufficient; also the time and place of discharge or parole of a veteran upon whose record a woman wishes to join must be given. All possible historical data must be given. It is the intention of this administration to make these applications valuable as historical documents for future historians, besides keeping them on record for matter of transfer or copy and for reference for our descendants who may wish years hence to become members of the organization. It is not the individual we must consider, but our organization, that stands for truth in history; and if we do not furnish the material, who will do it for us?

Presidents of Chapters will please note that Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, Custodian, requests that all orders for crosses of honor shall be in her office at least two weeks before the day appointed for bestowal, and urges veterans to give in their certificates in time, as the Custodian will refuse to fill orders for two or three after full order has been sent. An alphabetical list containing all data the same as certificates must also be sent with order signed by the President General and Secretary of the U. D. C. Please remember that the days for conferring crosses in Tennessee are January 19, June 3 and October 6, and they can be conferred only on these days. Mrs. Gabbett requests a strict observance of all rules.

I must call the attention of Chapters to the importance of paying their U. D. C. dues of ten cents per capita by the 1st of October. A Chapter failing to do this is not in good standing, and will not be allowed representation in the General Convention, which meets at Gulfport, Miss., in November. It is also important that you send in promptly your credentials to the General Convention. Send a Chapter representative if possible. If you cannot do this, do not fail to sign and send in your credentials, so the chairman of the delegation may represent you. A full representation adds to the strength and good standing of the Division, as a full vote adds to its strength in the convention. A by-law adopted at San Francisco requires that the proxy must be given in writing, and that it cannot be transferred except by the written consent of the Chapter. Proxies cannot be held by any one out of the Division if a representative be present.

DAUGHTERS' SOCIAL CIRCLE AT MONTEAGLE.

Mrs. Alexander B. White, President, reports in addition:

"The U. D. C. Day at Monteeale was a very enthusiastic reunion of the Daughters. There was a fine programme,

participated in by many prominent Daughters of Tennessee and of other States. The chief event of the morning was the fine address, 'The Land of My Desires,' by Mrs. Elizabeth Lumpkin Glenn, the gifted woman orator of South Carolina. This was enthusiastically received by the large audience. At night Hon. Tully Brown gave his great lecture, 'General Forrest,' in the auditorium to an attentive and appreciative assembly. In the afternoon your State President organized a U. D. C. Circle, composed of the many Daughters of the Confederacy on the Assembly Grounds from various States. Four States besides Tennessee were represented, and the exercises created enthusiasm. This Circle will be on the order of a social club and a general meeting place for all Daughters spending any time, no matter how short, at Monteeale, a good place for the Daughters to become acquainted with each other, and it is desired that every bona fide Daughter going to Monteeale will at once join the Circle. Those eligible to be Daughters, but who are not members of any Chapter, will be received as associate members of the Circle. The Circle will also have charge hereafter of arrangements for U. D. C. Day.

"It is the intention to make U. D. C. Day hereafter more of an interstate affair, and to try to have all the Southern States and representatives to participate in the exercises.

"A local Chapter at Monteeale is planned.

"A bazaar for the benefit of the Sam Davis Monument will be held on December 15, and every Daughter and every Chapter is requested to send a piece of fancywork or a contribution of some kind, and help make the bazaar a success. All contributions of whatever nature must be sent to Mrs. E. H. Hatcher, Columbia, Tenn., Chairman of Sam Davis Monument Committee. The Tennessee Division has on hand for this monument to the boy hero of Tennessee over \$4,000, and desires to raise this amount to \$5,000. We have been at work for this monument for several years, and should complete it in a short time, and therefore are anxious to realize a nice sum from the bazaar. Let everybody help.

"The State Historian, with the assistance of the History Committee, will soon issue a 'Yearbook' for the use of all the Chapters of the Division, thus lessening the work of programme committees of the Chapters and securing uniform history work throughout the Division.

"Chapters having helpful or interesting items should send them to the State President for this department."

FROM REGISTRAR TO THE TENNESSEE U. D. C.

BY MISS SUSIE GENTRY, FRANKLIN, TENN.

"Build it well, whate'er you do;
Build it straight and strong and true;
Build it clear and high and broad;
Build it for the eye of God."

Being the first Registrar of the Tennessee U. D. C., a word from me on the importance of correct and proper registration cannot be taken as censure of another. Since entering on my duties, I have been impressed with the incompleteness of the applications sent me, which has necessitated the return of a great many that they may be correctly filled and then returned to me to be filled. On one day forty-four were received, of which number thirty-eight were incomplete.

Applications are frequently sent without the signatures of either the "indorsers" or "Credential Committee," or with one signature to the Credential Committee or the indorsers and no Credential Committee, when the constitution and by-laws say: "All application blanks must be signed by two members

of the Chapter in good standing or two veterans, or accompanied by vouchers satisfactory to the Credential Committee." The blanks are printed for five to form the Credential Committee, and this committee should never be composed of less than three. Again, many applicants do not conform to the "membership" clause of the constitution, which says: "The applications for membership must contain a brief record of the military career and history of the person to whom she claims relationship."

Frequently applicants do not tell when, where, and by whom the ancestor was "paroled" or "discharged" or whether paroled or discharged. Historical data is omitted as to when enlisted, in what battles he fought, if imprisoned, where and how long. All this is most important if we wish to preserve the history of our grand hero, "Johnny Reb," of whom we are so proud.

Some apply on the record of a cousin or even a father-in-law, when the constitution and the blank on which they have written says: "Any woman shall be entitled to membership who is the widow, wife, mother, sister, niece, or *lineal* descendant of any man who served honorably in the army, navy, or civil service of the Confederate States or loyally gave material aid to the cause." It will be seen that the "niece" is the only collateral who is eligible.

Many do not seem to realize for what the order was organized. The objects of the U. D. C. "are historical, educational, memorial, charitable, and social." The prime object is that the living descendants may get from the lips of their ancestors the record of their lives as Southern soldiers. I shall file for correct applications by names in a book for the future historian.

Ours is a sacred trust and labor of love, and we should so regard it. We are the custodians of the grandest military history this world ever knew! Soon the men who made and bequeathed it to us—their daughters and other relatives—will be "resting under the shade of the trees" with their brave and great commanders, Jackson, Forrest, and Lee—a great company of "the immortals." If we carelessly neglect this trust, great will be the loss, as the loved soldier will not have the data he is justly entitled to. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for another." The Confederate soldier was willing to do this, and did, not only for parents and relatives, but for us who are his descendants and for that highest and grandest of sentiments, Liberty! He also fought for the principle of right. God bless them every one now, here and everywhere!

It should be understood that each Division of the U. D. C. is requested to furnish concise data for the VETERAN.

FORREST'S MEN TO MEET AT MEMPHIS.

Lieut. Gen. H. A. Tyler, commanding Forrest's Cavalry Corps, has issued by Maj. Charles W. Anderson, his Adjutant General, the following:

"HICKMAN, KY., September 24, 1906.

"There will be held in Memphis, Tenn., October 17, a reunion of all veterans who at any time served under Gen. N. B. Forrest. The citizens of Memphis are enthusiastic, and have promised to throw wide their doors and entertain every old veteran in royal style. Committees will meet the veterans at the train on the evening of the 16th and the morning of the 17th, assign them to their homes, and furnish them with orders for horses free to ride in the parade. There will be a parade on horseback for all who can ride, and automo-

biles and carriages for all who are unable to ride horseback. It is proposed that we pass in review before the statue of our beloved old commander, to be followed by appropriate exercises around his tomb. We will then repair to a beautiful park, where all will be served with an old-time Tennessee barbecue, all veterans to form at the table in companies and regiments just as they disbanded. All regiments will join in the parade just as they disbanded under the command of their senior surviving officer present. All regiments from each State to constitute a brigade, except Tennesseans, who will be divided into two brigades, West Tennessee and Middle and East Tennessee.

"By an article of our association, every soldier of any and all arms of service who at any time during the war served under Gen. N. B. Forrest, and remained true and faithful to the cause unto the end, is entitled to recognition and membership in the corps, and will be admitted to all reunions and exercises without any further enrollment.

"Badges similar to those given out at New Orleans will be given all who attend that have not heretofore received them.

"Let every veteran attend. We will never have such another opportunity to meet and pay loving tribute to him who led us through many a victorious battle."

ESCORT AND STAFF OF GENERAL FORREST.

Forrest's staff and escort held their annual reunion at Fayetteville, Tenn., September 6, 1906. Doubtless no company in the Army of Tennessee was more widely and favorably known or did more perilous service than Forrest's escort. It was organized in October, 1862, ninety strong, by Capt. Montgomery Little, of Bedford County, Tenn., who was killed at Thompson Station, Tenn., in March, 1863, and who was a warm personal friend of General Forrest before the war, and had been with him after the fall of Fort Donelson. Though often depleted, this company received many recruits, so that it numbered over one hundred men at the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865. About thirty are still living. Those present at Fayetteville were Dr. J. B. Cowan, Staff Chief Surgeon; Escort T. C. Little, President; W. L. Shofner, G. W. Foster, Joel Reese, O. W. McKissick, J. B. Pearson, Geo. Davidson, G. W. Enoch, H. T. Childs, E. M. McClure, E. G. Montgomery, and Col. D. C. Kelley, who commanded Forrest's old regiment.

The officers elected for next year are: O. W. McKissick, President; J. N. Taylor, Corresponding Secretary; G. L. Cowan, Recording Secretary; Tom Chairs, Treasurer; T. C. Little, Chaplain.

ROSTER HOOD'S BRIGADE.

At the reunion of Hood's Brigade at Somerville, June 27, 28, 1906, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That a committee of one or more be appointed by the incoming president from each company that composed the formation of the several regiments of Hood's Texas Brigade, whose duty it shall be to get up complete rosters of their original companies, together with the fate of each man during the war and up to the present time and report with said rosters to the next reunion of this association."

In order to carry out the above, I earnestly request every member of the brigade who reads this to write me, giving his present address, company, and regiment, and also the name and address of every living member of the brigade that he may know.

In an appeal, President E. K. Gorec states: "Comrades, will you help me? Don't delay. Write at once."

GEORGIA'S PATRIOTISM AND GRATITUDE.

The highest sense of gratitude for patriotic services rendered by her gallant and heroic sons has been proven and illustrated by the Empire State of the South in her promotion, since 1865 to the present date, of her Confederate sons to high positions of trust and honor. Macaulay once said, in substance: "Those who fail to honor the deeds and characters of their ancestry may be sure that posterity will have no occasion or desire to honor them."

Soon after Appomattox Georgia began to show her appreciation of the valuable and valued services of her sons by electing them to represent her in her legislative halls and in the halls of Congress.

In the United States Senate she has called, from time to time, Lieut. Gen. John B. Gordon, Gen. A. H. Colquitt, Private T. M. Norwood, War Gov. J. E. Brown, Surgeon H. V. M. Miller, Capt. Patrick Walsh, Capt. Pope Barrow, ex-Confederate Senator B. H. Hill, and Maj. A. O. Bacon.

In the governor's chair she has placed Col. James M. Smith, of the Thirteenth Georgia; Gen. A. H. Colquitt; A. H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederate States; Col. J. S. Boynton, Maj. H. D. McDaniel, Gen. J. B. Gordon, Private W. J. Northen, and Col. A. D. Candler.

For years every member she has sent to Congress was a Confederate soldier.

Her Statehouse offices have been filled by her Confederate soldiers. One of them, who has been in the office of Comptroller General for twenty-seven years, a gallant one-legged Confederate officer, Capt. W. A. Wright, is still filling his position.

Gen. C. A. Evans has just been elected for the third time Prison Commissioner of Georgia.

In the office of Secretary of State the only son of Brig. Gen. Philip Cook, and his namesake, is now to be found occupying the position in which his father died.

The position of Adjutant General has been filled by the Hon. E. A. Flewellen, M.D., who was with Governor Smith, and is now the most distinguished surviving Confederate medical officer, having held the rank, with distinction, of medical director of the Western Army under General Bragg. He was succeeded as Adjutant General by John A. Stephens, of the First Georgia and nephew of Vice President Stephens. His successor was Capt. J. McIntosh Kell, of the Confederate navy, and he in turn by Col. J. W. Robertson, of the Thirty-Fourth Alabama Regiment, and he by the present popular officer, Col. Sampson W. Harris, of the Sixth Georgia Regiment.

There are now fourteen ex-Confederate soldiers performing honorable duty and service to the State in the Georgia Capitol.

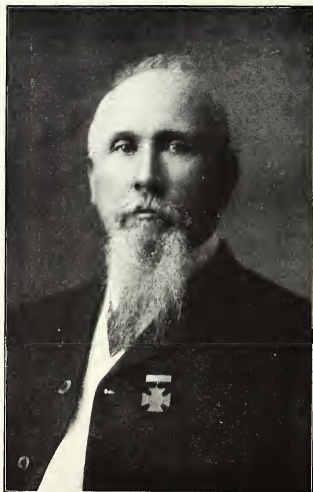
Among these may be mentioned Hon. J. W. Lindsey, Pension Commissioner; Capt. C. T. Furlow, formerly of the staff of Brigadier General Doles, who has been in the Comptroller General's and Treasurer's offices for the past twenty-two years; Capt. W. H. (Tip) Harrison, of the Thirty-First Georgia Regiment; Ex-Governor Candler, who is now director of the Department of History.

Georgia's citizens, by their own private and personal generosity, have built a splendid home for indigent and disabled Confederate soldiers, and the State annually appropriates sufficient money to maintain it in a most creditable manner, having at present over one hundred noble old soldiers within its walls.

Georgia leads all Southern States in the amount contributed annually in pensions to her Confederate soldiers. Commencing in 1866, an appropriation was made of \$30,000 to supply artificial limbs to those who had lost limbs in the war. They continued to appropriate this sum for a number of years, and then added the otherwise disabled, and in 1866 they began to pension widows of those who lost their lives during the war and by reason of the war, and later on, in 1892, added the indigent Confederate soldier, and then the indigent widow of the Confederate soldier, and up to 1902 had paid pensions to these to the amount of \$7,200,622; in 1903 the annual appropriation for pensions was \$857,875; in 1904 the annual appropriation for pensions was \$864,690; in 1905 the annual appropriation for pensions was \$891,558; in 1906 the annual appropriation for pensions was \$920,600. Total amount paid as pensions by Georgia, \$10,794,745.

In connection with the above, and as further proof of Georgia's loyalty to Confederate soldiers, she has during the past four State elections chosen, without opposition, Capt. Robert E. Park as her State Treasurer. Recently this gentleman has been greatly afflicted by the necessity of having three surgical operations on his left leg in order to remove some decayed bones and small pieces of bullets received in a desperate wound at the battle of Winchester September 19, 1864.

In speaking of this illness the Macon News stated: "Atlanta, Ga., May 14.—Capt. R. E. Park, State Treasurer, has been confined to his home in this city for the past two



CAPT. R. E. PARK.

weeks, suffering from a wound in the leg received forty-two years ago while fighting in the Confederacy. Captain Park commanded an Alabama company during the War between the States, and in one engagement was severely wounded in the limb. It healed nicely, and did not trouble him until 1867, when it became sore, a piece of cloth finally working out of the wound. It healed again, and for thirty-nine years it never troubled him in the slightest. Two weeks ago the wound reopened, and the Treasurer has been suffering considerably."

The Atlanta Journal said in connection with the event:

"The many friends of Capt. R. E. Park, State Treasurer and a well-known Confederate veteran, are happy to know that he has almost entirely recovered from the operation to remove fragments of bullet from a wound received during the Civil War. He will soon be able to lay by his crutches, which he has had to use since the operation. The high esteem in which the former Confederate officer is held is evidenced by the following communication from Maj. Sidney Hebert, U. S. A., of Jacksonville, Fla.: 'I am sure that every true Georgian will sympathize with Col. Robert E. Park, the State Treasurer, who has recently been under the surgeon's knife on account of the old army wounds at the battle of Winchester, Va. Captain Park was critically wounded there in September, 1864, and has suffered more or less from his wounds ever since. Recently the old wounds in his leg became so serious that he had to submit to three surgical operations before the bullet and decayed bone were cut out and the abscesses removed. But he bore his later sufferings in the same heroic spirit and with the same patient fortitude that made him a hero on many a battlefield and in the battlefield hospitals. Georgia has no more worthy son who wore the gray, and the old Confederate soldiers have no more devoted friend and beloved comrade. Earnest prayers have gone up from a thousand homes in his behalf, and it will gratify many readers to know that Colonel Park is now recovering.'"

DR. EDWARD A. FLEWELLEN.

Reference in the foregoing article suggests more extended notice of this "medical director of the Army of Tennessee."

This able physician and popular Confederate surgeon held the highest position of his department in the Army of the West. He is still living, honored and beloved by all who know him, at The Rock, in Upson County, Ga. He was born in Warren County, Ga., September 17, 1819. He was educated at Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, and graduated at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, March 18, 1851. For several years he practiced medicine and surgery successfully at Thomaston, Ga.

Dr. Flewellen enlisted in a company from that town early in 1861, and on May 16 was commissioned as surgeon of the Fifth Georgia Regiment, C. S. A., with the rank of major. His first service was rendered at Fort Barrancas and Fort Pickens, Fla. In the summer of 1862 he was assigned to duty as assistant medical director; and when General Bragg left Chattanooga with his army for the Kentucky campaign, he was ordered to remain there in charge of the medical department in the rear. On December 23, 1862, he was announced by General Bragg, in General Orders, as medical director of the Department and Army of Tennessee, and ordered to report to headquarters, then near Murfreesboro, Tenn., to relieve Medical Director Foard, who was transferred to the staff of Gen. J. E. Johnston.

When he reported for duty, skirmishing, which preceded the battle of Murfreesboro, having been commenced, he co-

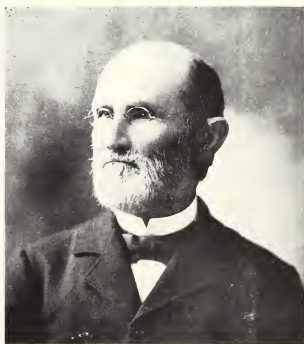
operated with Medical Director Foard during the battle, and did not relieve him until January 8, 1863, after the army had fallen back to Tullahoma.

Dr. Flewellen was very earnest and zealous as well as incessant in his labors for the Confederate cause and in the performance of his arduous duties as medical director of the grand Army of Tennessee before his health became seriously impaired and his resignation was tendered, in November, 1863; but he was not relieved from duty until February 12, 1864, at which time General Johnston relieved General Bragg and took command of the army at Dalton, Ga.

On July 2 of that year Chief Surgeon Flewellen, by order of General Johnston, was made Inspector of Hospitals, which position he filled until the close of the war. He was paroled in Macon, Ga., May 18, 1865.

Dr. Flewellen had served his county and State in the Legislature of Georgia with great acceptability to his constituents before the war. In 1877 he was elected a member of the Georgia State Constitutional Convention, and served with many of the most distinguished men that the State could furnish, among them such illustrious men as Robert Toombs, Charles J. Jenkins, N. J. Hammond, and others.

On January 30, 1872, Dr. Flewellen was commissioned by Gov. James M. Smith as Superintendent of Public Works of Georgia, and in 1874 was put by Governor Smith in charge of the North and South Railroad and of the Macon and Brunswick Railroad. While in charge of the latter a report was made to the Governor which caused a repeal of the joint resolution passed by the Legislature, August 14, 1872, and thus saved the State \$600,000, with several years' interest.



DR. FLEWELLEN.

That report set forth facts that should be preserved for future contingencies, and it is to be hoped it can be found in the office of the Secretary of State or in the State Library of Georgia. For this valuable report the State is greatly and permanently indebted to the ability and patriotism of Dr. Flewellen.

Soon after the Macon and Brunswick Railroad was sold by the State, Dr. Flewellen was put in charge of the Columbus

and Western Railroad, which was extended from Goodwater to Birmingham, Ala. After some months he was relieved from the management of the Columbus and Western Railroad and returned to Upson County, where he has led a quiet but useful life in the country, undisturbed by any official duties except six years' service as County Commissioner of Upson County, and two years' service as State Senator in 1896 and 1897, and several years' service as president of the Upson County Railroad.

Dr. Flewellen is a gentleman of rare intelligence, of great reading, and varied experience. He has always taken a deep interest in public affairs, and has wielded a wonderful influence with his fellow-citizens.

He is in his eighty-eighth year since September 17. His highly intelligent and beloved mother died several years ago, aged eighty-seven years.

Dr. Flewellen is a bachelor, yet he has always been noted for his rare courtesy and polite deportment in the presence of and fondness for the company of ladies, and the ladies have always been pleased by his charming affability. He is the fortunate possessor of ample pecuniary means, made by his own unaided exertions in the practice of his profession, and by planting and otherwise, and it is expected from a knowledge of his generosity that some Georgia educational and eleemosynary institutions will receive deserved recognition at his hands when this world becomes the poorer by his loss.

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

Dr. G. R. Dean, Spartanburg, S. C., seeks information of a gallant young soldier boy with whom he fell in during the latter part of the war. He was on his way to join his command, then stationed on James Island, and on the train to Columbia he met this young soldier from North Carolina, who was on the way to join his command in Virginia. Floods had washed the track away, and the train stopped at a small station about thirty-five miles from Columbia. As it could go no farther south, the two proceeded on foot to Columbia, from which they were to catch an early train, one for Charleston and the other for Virginia. Before going far it began to snow, and by night they could hardly walk. They stopped at the house of a Mr. William Sommers, who treated them hospitably, and the next morning his young son took them eleven miles on the way, after which they bought a ride on a wood wagon to within a few miles of Columbia. They stayed together that night, and the next morning set out on their different ways after exchanging addresses and vows of eternal friendship. Dr. Dean says Sherman burned all his letters and others things he had sent to Columbia, and in this way the address of his friend, — Palmer, was lost. He hopes that the boy is still living and that he may hear from him or some of his family. The Doctor says: "His memory comes into my life as a beautiful ray of sunshine."

Hon. John W. Daniel, United States Senator, Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I am trying to get the names of the Confederates who fell in the last days of the Army of Northern Virginia, from April 2 to April 9. I would thank any comrade to send me the statement of any officer or soldier killed within that period, and I am especially desirous, as chairman of the History Committee of the Grand Camp, Confederate Veterans of Virginia, to get a statement of all Virginia soldiers who were killed and wounded within those dates—April 2 to April 9, 1865. I have had collected a number of names which might have been forgotten or lost sight of, and hereby ask any

one who has knowledge or information to send it to me at Lynchburg, Va.

Rev. F. R. Noe, Conway, Ark., writes of Comrade W. A. Buckner, of that place, now seventy-one years old, who wishes to correspond with some of his comrades with a view to securing a pension, as he is in need of it. Mr. Buckner first served in Company A, Captain Garland, of Col. Elijah Gates's First Missouri Cavalry. After the battle of Corinth, finding it impossible to get back to his regiment, he joined Company G, Twenty-Third Texas Volunteer Cavalry, and in the spring of 1864 was transferred to Company C, of the Thirtieth Texas Infantry. This company disbanded at Quintana, Tex., at the mouth of the Brazos River, in 1865, perhaps the last command to quit fighting.

John McGrotha, Dawson, Ga., wants to locate Lieutenant Long, of Company G, Tenth Tennessee (Irish) Regiment, from whom he wishes to get some information relative to his service. He enlisted at Nashville under Capt. Boyd Cheatham, was captured at Fort Donelson, and in prison seven months at Camp Douglas; was exchanged at Vicksburg, and then reenlisted for the war; was in the battle of Raymond, Miss. Any survivors of his command or regiment will kindly respond to this.

W. F. Ross, of Company I, Eleventh Mississippi Cavalry, writes from Pecan Gap, Tex., inquiry for J. A. Wilson, who first served with the Ninth Mississippi Battalion of Sharpshooters, Army of Tennessee, and afterwards with Company I, of the Eleventh Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade; also of Isaac Wiggins, who enlisted from Water Valley, Miss., in the Thirty-First Mississippi, and transferred to the Eleventh Mississippi; and J. A. Wilson, from near Tupelo, Miss.

J. N. J. Logan, Buel, Johnson County, Tex., who served in Company H, Tenth Texas (Mill's) Regiment, wants to hear from any surviving members of that company or regiment. He says that a Federal veteran up North claims to have General Cleburne's sleeve buttons, but he doesn't think any Yank, dead or alive, could have gone to General Cleburne and lived after it, much less to have taken time to steal buttons.

J. H. Wood, Confederate Home, Pewee Valley, Ky., writes: "I served during the war in Company D, Forty-Second Georgia Regiment. I have been away from that State for a number of years, and should like to communicate with some survivors of that company or regiment."

W. B. Stockdale, Talladega, Ala., has a set of the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies" which he wishes to dispose of. It is a full set, and in good condition. Write him if interested.

J. M. Justice, Mansfield, Tex., R. F. D. No. 2, inquires for Arch Harris and Will Parker, who married two of his aunts. They were in Georgia or Alabama when last heard of.

B. E. McGehee, Hillman, Ala., says if his messmate, Joe Blackwell, of Company H, Ballentine's Mississippi Cavalry, is still living he would like to hear from him.

PRINCETON, KY., WANTS A MONUMENT.—The Jim Pierce Camp, U. C. V., at Princeton, Ky., has undertaken to build a Confederate monument at that place. The following members were appointed as a committee to raise funds: T. J. Johnson, W. R. McChesney, Van B. Hawley, and George McElroy.

INITIAL MOVEMENT FOR WIRZ MONUMENT.

Mrs. A. B. Hull, of Savannah, Ga., on December 5, 1905, sent a greeting to the Chapters of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., and published the following proceedings:

The resolutions of Mrs. L. G. Young, of Savannah, read at the convention of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., held in Macon, October 25, 1905, were as follows:

"Whereas Capt. Henry Wirz, commandant of the Stockade Prison at Andersonville, Ga., was judicially murdered under false charges of cruelty to prisoners; and whereas, after an interval of forty years, these false charges are reiterated on signboards in public places, from the pulpit, and on monuments; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Georgia use their influence to obtain the necessary funds to place a suitable memorial to Captain Wirz in Andersonville, Ga., upon which a statement of facts shall be engraved in enduring brass or marble, showing that the Federal government was solely responsible for the condition of affairs at Andersonville.

"2. That, as four Federal prisoners were permitted to go from Andersonville to Washington to plead for an exchange of prisoners, and when refused a hearing returned to prison, thus keeping their parole, a tribute to their honor be inscribed on said monument."

Miss A. C. Benning, of Columbus, moved that "this convention adopt the resolution of Mrs. Young, of Savannah, and that the Georgia Division, U. D. C., at once take the initiative and secure funds to erect at Andersonville, Ga., a monument which shall stand as the protest of the South against the slanders and falsehoods already displayed in bronze and marble at that place." Seconded by Mrs. M. L. Johnson, of Cass Station, and carried.

SUGGESTED INSCRIPTION FOR THE TABLET.

The following figures and quotations from Stanton, United States Secretary of War, and General Grant, Commander in Chief of Federal armies, furnish all the facts necessary:

Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, in his report July 19, 1866, made this statement: "Confederates in Northern prisons, 220,000; Union soldiers in Southern prisons, 270,000; excess of Union prisoners, 50,000; deaths in Northern prisons, 26,536; deaths in Southern prisons, 22,756."

"This report of Secretary Stanton was corroborated the next June by the report of Surgeon General Barnes, and shows that twelve per cent of all Confederate prisoners died in prison, while less than nine per cent of Union soldiers died in Southern prisons."

Why were not all prisoners immediately exchanged? See General Grant's dispatch to General Butler, August 18, 1864: "It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. *At this particular time to release all Rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat, and would compromise our safety here.*"

What a tribute to Southern valor! The poor, weak, ill-fed Confederates just from Federal prisons would insure the defeat of Sherman's well-fed veterans! and compromise the safety of Grant's army!

Mrs. A. B. Hull, President of the Georgia Division, has appointed the following committees:

On Selection of Site: Mrs. J. E. Mathis, Chairman, Americus; Mrs. J. W. Wilcox, Macon; Mrs. James Taylor, Americus.

On Inscriptions: Mrs. L. G. Young, Chairman, Savannah; Miss Alice Baxter, Atlanta; Mrs. George W. Lamar, Savannah; Miss A. C. Benning, Columbus.

On Designs: Mrs. John E. Donalson, Chairman, Bainbridge; Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, Macon; Mrs. T. D. Caswell, Augusta.

Advisory Board: Mr. L. M. Park, Chairman, Atlanta; Col. T. M. Swift, Elberton; Col. J. H. Fannin, LaGrange; Mr. Hugh V. Washington, Macon; Capt. D. G. Purse, Savannah; Capt. W. H. Harnett, Neale, Pike County; Capt. John A. Cobb, Americus; Mrs. H. W. Daniel, Savannah; Capt. R. E. Park, Atlanta; Mr. William Riley Boyd, Atlanta; Gen. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky.; Maj. John W. Trench, Gainesville, Fla.

These committees to be increased at the discretion of the Executive Committee.

The treasurer of the Wirz Monument Fund is Mrs. C. C. Sanders, Gainesville, Ga., who will acknowledge promptly all contributions.

LEMUEL M. PARK WRITES OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

[Personal impressions of Captain Wirz are published herein by Lemuel M. Park, of Atlanta, Ga., a member of his staff and on duty for a long while at the Andersonville Prison.]

I gladly comply with your request to write for the VETERAN my personal impressions of the greatly abhorred and maligned Capt. Henry Wirz. Abhorred and maligned I may truthfully say, because so little is known of him. Almost, if not quite, as mythical is his history as is that of his celebrated countryman, William Tell; but I boldly assert that time, the unerring adjuster of historical wrongs, will some day accord this Confederate martyr so unjustly murdered as high a niche in the Temple of Fame as Lafayette, Pulaski, and many other foreign heroes who came to our shores and, for pure love of liberty and desire to help the oppressed, fought on the side of right.

When I first arrived at Andersonville, I was a mere boy; had never been out of my little obscure country village of Greenville, save to the neighboring railroad towns of LaGrange and Griffin, distant twenty and thirty-five miles respectively. All was new, and everything was eagerly absorbed by me. I was a private in a company made up, as was the regiment, of young boys and old men—under and over military age—mustered into service solely to guard Federal prisoners.

Greatly to my surprise, shortly after our regiment arrived at Andersonville, one evening at dress parade, my name was read out as having been detailed for special staff service by Captain Wirz, Commandant of the prison. I was on hand promptly the next morning, and was assigned to my duties of looking after one thousand prisoners. This number was termed a division, and it was divided into ten companies of one hundred men each. Over each company I appointed one of their own men as orderly sergeant, whose duty it was every morning to line up the others and call the roll, after which I counted them. I then took the names of any who were sick, ordering such to report at the prison gate to the surgeons for medical examination and attention. If any were dead, their names were taken and the bodies sent to the "dead house," from whence placed in wagons, the wagons driven to the cemetery, where they were interred in graves dug—all by fellow-prisoners. They were laid away also with funeral rites performed by fellow-prisoners, all detailed and paroled for this express purpose.

We never had a guard of over two thousand eight hundred

boys under military age of sixteen, and old men fit for duty, and at one time there were thirty odd thousand prisoners to look after. We were therefore absolutely dependent for help and assistance on these paroled prisoners.

As I had to go in and out of the stockade frequently, and daily go through the routine described, I had abundant opportunity for seeing Captain Wirz, and when not on duty was required to be near his headquarters for emergency service. I reported daily, however, the list of sick, dying, or dead to a Yankee head bookkeeper, who had a number of other Yankees paroled, as was himself, for the special purpose of keeping accurate records of these matters. While my opportunities for conversations with Captain Wirz were limited, for observing and hearing him talk they were excellent.

Capt. Wirz never impressed me by any military bearing. He did, however, have the manner of one born to rule and command. He was a native of Switzerland, where all male citizens of that oldest of republics have certain years of military duty to serve. But his chosen field and profession, after this enforced service to his country, was that of *Æsculapius*, and he left his native land for America, first settling in Kentucky, where he married, and shortly after removed to Milliken's Bend, La. Here he lived quietly the life of the country doctor so graphically and beautifully described in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," as devotedly loved as that old doctor was, alike by his blue-blooded, aristocratic patients and their faithful slaves, who regarded his entrance to their humble log cabins as a healing angel stirring the Pool of Siloam.

At Andersonville he was almost always on his old silver-white mare going from place to place, galloping and rarely trotting. . . .

I can never believe the slanderous lies uttered against him, which are more monumental than any told by Ananias, Munchausen, or Mulhatten.

The prisoners frequently burrowed or tunneled out. One morning it was reported that some forty or fifty had so escaped the previous night. It was very important that the tunnel should be found as quickly as possible, so as to put dogs on the trail and find the escapes. These dogs were not "bloodhounds," but the common "flopp-eared nigger dog" kind used by planters to track an occasional runaway negro. These dogs were not fierce or bloodthirsty. Negroes were far too valuable (worth from \$1,000 to \$2,000 each) to be fed to dogs, as believers in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and haters of the South believe. Captain Wirz and all his staff (over thirty in number), save myself, were ready at the prison gate to go in and search for the tunnel. They were waiting by his orders for me—he very impatiently sitting astride his old white mare. Recognizing me forty or fifty paces distant, he blazed out: "Why the h— haven't you been here before this time?" Walking rapidly as I could up to him, I replied: "Captain, I had the hardest chill and hottest fever I ever had in my life last night, and ought now to be in bed." Giving me a keen and scrutinizing look, his trained medical eyes convinced him of the truth of my words, and he instantly changed his tone to one of kindness, and I said: "Very well, let us all go in now, have all divisions in line at one time, and keep them so until all can be counted and the names of the missing ones ascertained."

The foregoing is the only incident and only occasion of his profanity or harshness ever observed by me while a member of his staff.

CONCERNING THE WIRZ MONUMENT.

The VETERAN undertakes to show, in truth and honesty, without prejudice or malice, the status of sentiment and reasons for the proposed monument to Capt. Henry Wirz. It was conceived, as will be shown, by Mrs. Young, of Savannah, Ga., an aged, feeble woman, who, from the privacy of her home, meditating on life's duties and eternal justice to mankind as near as can be accomplished in this life, suggested to the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy the propriety and the justice of the few survivors of the tragic deeds of the sixties erecting a monument or tablet setting forth the facts of history in honorable memory of the one man whose life was made a sacrifice by the United States government in the most passionate period of Reconstruction.

In conformity with duty in the premises, the editor has sought to present the facts connected with the causes of Captain Wirz's conviction and death. He went to Andersonville to learn from people who resided in the vicinity during the prison period what he could of Captain Wirz's manner of life, and whether he was humane in his dealings with prisoners and the people. This was a second visit to Andersonville, the former being made only a few years after the war to ascertain if the Confederate authorities had in the selection of the prison site chosen, as was charged, an unhealthy place. He was then impressed, and is now confirmed in the faith, that a healthier locality does not exist in America. It is the same character of air and general condition of that at Thomasville, where the late Mark Hanna selected a winter home, and where William McKinley went to rest and recuperate during his exciting services as President of the United States. Andersonville is favored over Thomasville, as the stream that supplied the place consisted of water from many near-by springs, very much like San Antonio River in Texas—just above the city, close to the fountain head. The place was a mere village, as it is now.

On this latter visit, arriving late at night, he went to a neat residence a few hundred yards from the railway station designated as a hotel. After a restful sleep and breakfast, a walk to the prison park was made, about a half mile distant. The grass tingled with the morning dew, and the smooth, sandy road revived memories of boyhood days in the country. The first obstruction to ordinary country life was an arch over the road designating

Andersonville Prison Park,

and that it was erected by the Woman's Relief Corps. This park contains the stockade area where there were so many prisoners. The chief attraction, though not generally pleasing, was the board tablets with inscriptions. The first one copied read: "Aug. 8, 1864. The number of prisoners in the stockade is said to be the highest for any time during the occupancy—33,144." At the end of August, 1864, there were 31,693 prisoners in the pen, and 3,076 had died during that terrible month. "From June 1 to October 31, or one hundred and fifty-three days, there were 10,187 deaths, being an average of one death every twenty-two and a half minutes, night and day." "By August 1, 1864, eighty-three tunnels had been discovered and broken up—some twenty feet deep and from ten to forty feet long. Fifteen prisoners escaped." "Sergeant Boston Corbett, who killed Booth, held daily religious services on this spot."

"August 12. Providence Spring.

A thunderbolt fell with omnipotent ring.

And opened the fountain of Providence Spring."

"First prisoners, 500 in number, were incarcerated February 25, 1864. Last one left April 17, 1865."

"Deaths known were 12,912; total prisoners, 52,345."

"James Selman, Jr., C. S. A., was sutler for stockade."

"In the court between these gateposts the Raiders were tried by court-martial, and six were executed for robbery and murder."

This was a noted event. Captain Wirz consented that the prisoners formally try six of their fellows, which was done in a legal way, and they were executed.

"There were packs of dogs kept, forty in each pack, for trailing eloping prisoners. Ben Harris, Jim Dunn, West Turner."

There are a few fine monuments in this prison park. One is, "Ohio to her 1,055 loyal sons who died here in Camp Sumter from March, 1864, to April, 1865."

Another erected by the State of Michigan to the "soldiers and sailors who were imprisoned in these grounds." Conspicuous in the design is the figure of a beautiful woman placing a bronze wreath.

"Massachusetts. Erected by the Commonwealth in memory of her sons who died in Andersonville, 1864-65. Death before dishonor."

Rhode Island has a fine shaft with "Our honored dead."

Iowa's monument in the Prison Park makes conspicuous: "God smote the side hill and gave them drink. Aug. 16, 1864."

Wisconsin is building a large and magnificent monument. Conspicuous on the part completed are the words on General Grant's tomb in New York: "Let us have peace."

The National Prison Park is composed of eighty acres, with Page wire fence six feet high. This area includes the stockade of twenty-seven acres and the eight forts built by the Confederates, with guns to defend from within the stockade or from outside attacks.

The superintendent of this prison park is Capt. A. Turner, a courteous gentleman who was thoroughly cordial in his welcome to the editor of the VETERAN. The park is separated from the Andersonville National Cemetery by a small farm—say, one-fourth of a mile. The Andersonville Cemetery is well kept by Superintendent J. M. Bryant, whose intercourse with people of that section is agreeable. There are 13,719 graves. Of these, 925 are marked unknown. The usual marble head and foot stones are properly engraved.

In this cemetery Pennsylvania, Maine, New Jersey, and Iowa have erected handsome monuments. In the dome to a broad arch of the Pennsylvania monument is inscribed:

"Enshrined in Pennsylvania's heart,
To flag and freedom ever dear,
Are they who bore the patriot's part
And nobly served their country here.
And while the stars their vigils keep
Across the silence of the sky,
The Nation's love for those who sleep
At Andersonville shall not die.
Denied a soldier's splendid death
Where glory rolls her martial drum,
They tasted death at every breath,
And bravely met their martyrdom."

On the opposite slope of the arch is illustrated in bronze the tents of the prison, the flowing water with prisoners dipping the buckets tied to long sticks, the guards above them on the stockade wall. The scene is quite peaceful.

Other reports of tablets to appear next issue.

FACTS EXTRACTED FROM "REBELLION RECORDS."

Private Henry Wirz, of the Madison Infantry, Louisiana, was ordered by the Secretary of War to report to Gen. John H. Winder August 26, 1861. He was assigned to the command of the Andersonville prison March 27, 1864. There were on April 17, 1864 and on May 8 12,954 prisoners. There died in that period 728 and 13 escaped.

Gen. John H. Winder assumed command of the post at Andersonville June 17, 1864. The Confederate government sought to divide the large number of prisoners at Andersonville, and the War Department directed General Winder on July 6, 1864, to send as many of the prisoners from Andersonville as was expedient, stating that Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, of Meridian, Miss., at that time, would furnish sufficient guard for the transfer.

On June 21 General Winder urged through the War Department at Richmond the establishment of another prison, as there were too many for one point, and the supply of more provisions. On June 22 there were 24,193 prisoners.

On June 28 General Winder wrote Gov. Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, that three hundred Federal prisoners were on parole. They went about the country buying vegetables, etc., "as free as our own soldiers." They had a camp of their own without guard—only one Confederate officer in it, who called the roll at stated times.

On August 25, 1864, General Winder reported to Richmond: "There are 29,400 prisoners, 2,650 troops, 500 negroes and other laborers, and not a ration at the post."

D. T. Chandler, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General, was sent from Richmond to inspect conditions at Andersonville, and he wrote the Department August 5, 1864: "Capt. Henry Wirz, in immediate command of the prison, is entitled to commendation for his untiring energy and devotion to the multifarious duties of his position, for which he is pre-eminently qualified. I respectfully concur in the recommendation which has been forwarded by General Winder for his promotion."

General Winder reported to Richmond a heavy rain on August 9 which washed away one hundred feet of the stockade in one place and thirty feet in another. There was no attempt to escape on the part of the prisoners; their own self-constituted police kept order in the stockade. "We have now (August 13) 33,000 prisoners, and more arriving almost daily. . . . Captain Wirz is very sick, produced by overwork for want of assistance."

Maj. Thomas P. Turner wrote from Richmond May 24, 1864, after an official visit there to inspect the prison with all of its conditions: "Much yet remains to be done to render it habitable; but, judging from the energy which has marked Captain Wirz's conduct in respect to the management of the prisoners at Andersonville, there is every reason to believe there will be continued improvement. . . ." Again he states: "Captain Wirz, in my opinion, deserves great credit for the good sense and energy he has displayed in the management. . . . Without his presence at Camp Sumter at this time everything would be chaos and confusion. He does the work of commandant, adjutant, clerk, and warden."

The paroled prisoners, averaging about three hundred in number, were very helpful, as they did much of the very needful work about the prison and in caring for the sick and burying the dead prisoners.

To show emergencies, General Winder wrote Richmond: "We have not one cent and no material or tools. Please send \$250,000 at once."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

ANDERSONVILLE AND HENRY WIRZ.

Seldom has so much space in one issue of the *VETERAN* been given to one subject as in this to the career of Capt. Henry Wirz, in whose honor the Georgia Division, U. D. C., have undertaken to erect a monument and against which the Grand Army of the Republic has taken action through a petition to Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. The purpose of this article is not to antagonize "our friends, the enemy." Indeed, it is not to condemn them, as from their view point many of them honestly think such a monument should not be erected; but the opportunity by these issues is improved to make fresh record of the deeds of that ill-fated Confederate officer.

Upon walking from the village to the National Prison Park, a trip elsewhere referred to, and thinking of the men who suffered there and died and the survivors, a mere remnant of whom are now living and then recalling other prisons at the North where men suffered and thousands died, the solemn resolution was made to be as accurate as possible in every statement published in the *VETERAN*, in the hope that in the years to come other generations may read and know the exact truth.

The memory of that visit is pathetic. A former visit some thirty years ago, when about three-fourths of the stockade was standing, was distinctly recalled in contrast. Trees have grown upon the open places, and all but the lay of the land is changed. Of course every leg of the stockade had returned to its native dust. It seemed a pity that ill-tempered people had erected all about the stockade grounds tablets to insult those who were living in the South. There were not many of this class, however, as may be seen by those copied herewith.

A vigilant investigation of the prison question causes pride and gratitude for the record the South made.

Poor Wirz, taken from the ranks as a private because of his knowledge as a physician and in being disabled through a battle wound, had performed the extraordinary duties of his position so efficiently as to receive unstinted praise from his superior officers and frequent commendations for promotion. He, therefore, confidently relied upon the terms of surrender. It seems absolutely clear that there was not a single charge against him for personal violence upon a prisoner that was true; while, on the other hand, he did all he possibly could for the multitude of men under his charge.

This plea is not in the interest of a monument to Captain Wirz at Andersonville. If he could speak to those yet living, he might prefer it elsewhere. He would like it, no doubt, as his last plea was that his name be vindicated for his family. But there is so little to attract at Andersonville that it would seem better elsewhere. Indeed, as Americans honor the French officer, Lafayette, the Southern people should ever honor specifically the name of Capt. Henry Wirz. The South had so few foreigners in her service and the North so many—who served for pay—the fact doubtless caused less of concern for him. But he certainly deserved it. Our Grand Army friends are not so bad as many believe them to be.

Men have actively opposed this Wirz monument movement through a misconception of the facts, and we must not fail to show fraternity in behalf of all that is sacred and good for the country. The "rank and file" of the Union army are not at all to blame, but the authorities at Washington are. Let every other act of the Confederate government be eradicated from historic pages, and let the conduct of the South on this prison question alone be the issue, and the "story of the glory" will redound to the honor of her people even in the judgment day.

The prime consideration in visiting Andersonville was to learn of the people living there at the time of the manner of Captain Wirz's life while in command of the prison. Strange to relate, only two persons were found who knew him. One, Mr. J. S. Johnson, a prominent citizen, the present Mayor of Andersonville, was a lad; and as his father was connected with the prison management, he saw Captain Wirz often, and he does not recall an instance of the bravo or cruelty toward anybody. The other was a venerable widow, Mrs. P. C. Dorman, who lived near Andersonville. She lost her husband early in the war. One of the daughters is the wife of Capt. J. M. Bryant, Superintendent of the Andersonville Cemetery.



VIEW OF THE ANDERSONVILLE CEMETERY.

She saw Captain Wirz frequently, but never heard of his being cruel to prisoners. In reply to questions, she stated that one day her children were out at play and the prison dogs came yelping toward her home. The children ran in, and soon an escaped prisoner ran to her, closely followed by the dogs, and pleaded with her to protect him from the dogs, which she did. Quickly Mr. Turner galloped up to the home; and when she pleaded with him not to harm the prisoner, he replied that he only wanted to prevent the man from getting away. The prisoner then said to her that he was very hungry, and in reply to the captor as to whether she might get the prisoner food he said he would be very glad if she would, and she supplied him bountifully.

The most memorable part of the interview occurred when Mrs. Dorman related how some friend had supplied her daughter with "The Southern Side; or, Andersonville Prison," by Dr. R. Randolph Stevenson. This book was so sacredly kept by the now deceased daughter that she would not permit it to be taken away, though she gladly showed it to friends who called there to see it. From that book much of the information herein was procured. Mrs. Dorman knew nothing to the discredit of Captain Wirz. She is now in her eightieth year, an honor to Southern womanhood and a blessing to all who come in contact with her.

PATHETIC CAREER OF CAPT. H. WIRZ.

FROM THE WASHINGTON POST.

A great deal of interest has been expressed among some of the old inhabitants of Washington regarding the protest entered at Minneapolis by the G. A. R. Convention against the erection of a monument in memory of Capt. Henry Wirz, commander of Andersonville prison during the War between the States. The trial and execution of Wirz took place in Washington in 1865, and the intense feeling which characterized this trial is still remembered.

A reporter of the Post called on H. R. Schade, son of the late Louis Schade, defender of Wirz at this trial. Mr. Schade said that he was in a measure surprised at the position taken by the old veterans regarding this matter; he called attention to the fact that a monument was about to be erected at Harper's Ferry in memory of John Brown, and no protest had been heard from the South in regard to such action.

Mr. Schade stated that he had for some months been in correspondence with a number of prominent Georgians, and that he was now preparing a magazine article pertaining to the trial of Wirz, and that the proceeds of this article would be contributed to the Wirz monument fund. He added, however, that he did not care to express an opinion regarding the trial and execution of Wirz; but preferred to let the statement issued by his father, made in 1867, and a letter written by Jefferson Davis in 1888 speak for themselves. He thought that the letters addressed to President Johnson and to his father by Wirz were in themselves sufficient defense; he therefore furnished the reporter copies of these letters.

MR. SCHADE'S LETTER TO THE PUBLIC.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 4, 1867.

To the American Public: Intending to leave the United States for some time, I feel it my duty before I start to fulfill in part a promise which, a few hours before his death, I gave to my unfortunate client, Captain Wirz, who was executed at Washington on the 10th of November, 1865. Protesting up to the last moment his innocence of those monstrous crimes with which he was charged, he received my word that, having failed to save him from a felon's doom, I would as long as I lived do everything in my power to clear his memory. I did that the more readily as I was then already perfectly convinced that he suffered wrongfully. Since that time his unfortunate children, both here and in Europe, have constantly implored me to wipe out the terrible stains which now cover the name of their father.

Though the times do not seem propitious for obtaining full justice, yet, considering that man is mortal, I will before entering upon a perilous voyage perform my duty to those innocent orphans and also to myself. I will now give a brief statement of the causes which led to the arrest and execution of Captain Wirz.

In April, 1865, President Johnson issued a proclamation stating that from evidence in the possession of the Bureau of Military Justice it appeared that Jefferson Davis was implicated in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and for that reason the President offered a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the capture of the then fugitive ex-President of the Southern Confederacy. That testimony has since been found to be entirely false and a mere fabrication, and the suborner, Conover, is now under sentence in the jail in this city, the two perjurers whom he suborned having turned State's evidence against him; whilst the individual by whom Conover was suborned has not yet been brought to justice.

Certain high and influential enemies of Jefferson Davis, either then already aware of the character of the testimony of those witnesses or not thinking their testimony quite sufficient to hang Mr. Davis, expected to find the wanting material in the terrible mortality of Union prisoners at Andersonville. Orders were issued accordingly to arrest a subaltern officer, Captain Wirz, a poor, friendless, and wounded prisoner of war (he being included in the surrender of General Johnston), and besides a foreigner by birth. On the 9th of May he was placed in the Old Capitol Prison at Washington, and from that time the greater part of the Northern press was busily engaged in forming the unfortunate man in the eyes of the Northern people into such a monster that it became almost impossible for him to obtain counsel. Even his countryman, the Swiss Consul General, publicly refused to accept money for or defray the expenses of the trial. He was doomed before he was heard, and even the permission to be heard according to law was denied him. To increase the excitement and give eclat to the proceeding and to influence still more the public mind, the trial took place under the very dome of the Capitol of the nation.

A military commission, presided over by one of the most arbitrary and despotic generals in the country, was formed, and the paroled prisoner of war, his wounds still open, was so feeble that he had to recline during the trial on a sofa. How that trial was conducted, the whole world knows. The enemies of generosity and humanity believed it to be a sure thing to get at Jefferson Davis. Therefore the first charge was that of conspiracy between Wirz, Jefferson Davis, Seddon, Howell Cobb, R. B. Winder, R. R. Stevenson, and a number of others to kill the Union prisoners.

The trial lasted for three months; but, fortunately for the bloodthirsty instigators, not a particle of evidence was produced showing the existence of such conspiracy. Yet Captain Wirz was found guilty of that charge. Having thus failed, another effort was made. On the night before the execution of the prisoner a telegram was sent to the Northern press from this city stating that Wirz had made important disclosures to Gen. L. C. Baker, the well-known detective, implicating Jefferson Davis, and that the confession would probably be given to the public. On the same evening some parties came to the confessor of Wirz, Rev. Father Boyle, and also to me, one of them informing me that a high cabinet officer wished to assure Wirz that if he would implicate Jefferson Davis with the atrocities committed at Andersonville his sentence would be commuted. The messenger, or whoever he was, requested me to inform Wirz of this. In the presence of Father Boyle I told Wirz next morning what had happened.

Wirz Refuses Bribe for His Life.

The Captain simply and quietly replied: "Mr. Schade, you know that I have always told you that I do not know anything about Jefferson Davis. He had no connection with me as to what was done at Andersonville. If I knew anything about him, I would not become a traitor against him or anybody else even to save my life." He likewise denied that he had ever made any statement whatever to General Baker. Thus ended the attempt to suborn Captain Wirz against Jefferson Davis. That alone shows what a man he was. How many of his defamers would have done the same? With his wounded arm in a sling, the poor paroled prisoner mounted two hours later the scaffold. His last words were that he died innocent, and so he did.

The 10th of November, 1865, will indeed be a black stain

upon the pages of American history. To weaken the effect of his declaration of innocence and of the noble manner in which Wirz died, a telegram was manufactured here and sent North stating that on the 27th of October Mrs. Wirz (who actually was nine hundred miles on that day away from Washington) had been prevented by that Stantonian Deus ex machina, Gen. L. C. Baker, from poisoning her husband. Thus on the same day when the unfortunate family lost their husband and father a cowardly and atrocious attempt was made to blacken their character also. On the next day I branded the whole as an infamous lie, and since then I have never heard of it again, though it emanated from a brigadier general of the United States army.

All those who were charged with having conspired with Captain Wirz have since been released, except Jefferson Davis, the prisoner of the American "Castle Chillon." Captain Winder was let off without trial; and if any of the others have been tried, which I do not know, certainly not one of them has been hanged. As Captain Wirz could not conspire alone, nobody will now, in view of that important fact, consider him guilty of that charge. So much, then, for Charge No. 1.

The Andersonville Charges.

As to charge No. 2—to wit, murder in violation of the laws and customs of war—I do not hesitate to assert that about one hundred and forty-five out of one hundred and sixty witnesses on both sides declared during the trial that Captain Wirz never murdered or killed any Union prisoners with his own hands or otherwise. All those witnesses (about twelve or fifteen) who testified that they saw Captain Wirz kill a prisoner have sworn falsely, abundant proofs of that assertion being in existence. The hands of Captain Wirz are clear of the blood of prisoners of war. He would certainly have at least intimated to me a knowledge of the alleged murders with which he was charged. In almost all cases no names of the alleged murdered men could be given, and where it was done no such persons could be identified. The terrible scene in court when he was confronted with one of the witnesses, and the latter insisting that Wirz was the man who killed a certain Union prisoner, which irritated the prisoner so much that he almost fainted, will still be remembered. That man (Grey) swore falsely, and God alone knows what the poor, innocent prisoner must have suffered at that moment. That scene was depicted and illustrated in the Northern newspapers as if Wirz had broken down on account of his guilt. Seldom has a mortal suffered more than that friendless and forsaken man.

Fearing lest this communication should be too long, I will merely speak of the principal and most intelligent of those false witnesses who testified to individual murder on the part of Captain Wirz.

Upon his testimony the judge advocate, in his final argument, laid particular stress, on account of the intelligence of the witness whose perjury was proved. This witness prepared also pictures of the alleged cruelties of Wirz, which were handed to the commission, and are now on record, copies of which appeared at the time in Northern illustrated papers. He swore that his name was Felix de la Baume, and represented himself as a Frenchman and grandnephew of Marquis Lafayette. After having so well testified and shown so much zeal, he received a recommendation signed by the members of the commission. On the 11th of October, before the taking of the testimony was concluded, he was appointed to a clerkship in the Department of the Interior. This occurred

while one of the witnesses for the defense (Duncan) was arrested in open court and placed in prison before he had testified. After the execution of Captain Wirz, some of the Germans of Washington recognized in de la Baume a deserter from the 7th New York (Steuben's) Regiment, whose name was not de la Baume, but Felix Oeser, a native of Saxony. They went to Secretary Harlan, and he dismissed the impostor, the important witness in the Wirz trial, on the 21st of November, eleven days after the execution. Nobody who is acquainted with the Conover testimony, in consequence of which the President of the United States was falsely induced to place a reward of one hundred thousand dollars upon the head of an innocent man, will be astonished at the above disclosures of the character of testimony before military commissions. So much for Charge 2.

Lack of Medicine Blamed to Federals.

If from twelve to fifteen witnesses could be found who were willing to testify to so many acts of murder on the part of Wirz, there must certainly have been no lack of such who were willing to swear to minor offenses. Such was the unnatural state of the public mind against the prisoner at that time that such men regarded themselves [?—Ed.] and were regarded as heroes after having testified in the manner above described; while, on the other hand, the witnesses for the defense were intimidated, particularly after one of them had been arrested.

But who is responsible for the many lives that were lost at Andersonville and in the Southern prisons? That question has not fully been settled, but history will tell on whose heads the guilt for those sacrificed hecatombs of human beings is to be placed. It was certainly not the fault of poor Wirz, when, in consequence of medicines having been declared contraband of war by the North, the Union prisoners died for the want of the same. How often have we read during the war that ladies going South had been arrested and placed in the old Capitol Prison by the Union authorities because some quinine or other medicine had been found concealed in their clothing! Our navy prevented the ingress of medical stores from the seaside, and our troops repeatedly destroyed drug stores and even the supplies of private physicians in the South. Thus the scarcity of medicines became general all over the South.

Scarcity of Provisions.

That provisions in the South were scarce will astonish nobody when it is remembered how the war was carried on. General Sherman boasted in his report that in the Shenandoah Valley alone he burned over two thousand barns filled with wheat and corn and all the mills in the whole tract of country; that he destroyed all factories of cloth and killed or drove off every animal, even the poultry, that could contribute to human sustenance. And these desolations were repeated in different parts of the South, and so thoroughly that last month, two years after the end of the war, Congress had to appropriate one million dollars to save the people of those regions from actual starvation. The destruction of railroads and other means of transportation by which food could be supplied by abundant districts to those without it increased the difficulties in giving sufficient food to our prisoners. The Confederate authorities, aware of their inability to maintain their prisoners, informed the Northern agents of the great mortality, and urgently requested that the prisoners should be exchanged, even without regard to the surplus which the Confederates had on the exchange roll from former exchanges—that is, man for man. But our War Department did not con-

sent to an exchange. They did not want to "exchange skeletons for healthy men."

Finally, when all hopes of exchange were gone, Colonel Ould, the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, offered early in August, 1864, to deliver up all Federal sick and wounded without requiring an equivalent in return, and pledged that the number would amount to ten or fifteen thousand; and if it did not, he would make up that number from well men. Although this offer was made in August, the transportation was not sent for them (to Savannah) until December, although he urged and implored (to use his own words) that haste should be made. During that very period most of the deaths at Andersonville occurred. Congressman Covode, who lost two sons in Southern prisons, will do well if he inquires who those "skeletons" were which the honorable Secretary of War (Stanton) did not want to exchange for healthy men. If he does, he will hereafter perhaps be less bitter against the people of the South.

We used justly to proclaim in former times that ours was the "land of the free and the home of the brave." But when one-half of the country is shrouded in a despotism which now finds a parallel only in Russian Poland, and when our generals and soldiers quietly permit that their former adversaries shall be treated worse than the Helots of old, brave soldiers though they may be, who, when the forces and resources of both sections were more equal, have not seldom seen the backs of our best generals, not to speak of such men as Butler and consorts, then we may well question whether the star-spangled banner still waves "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

A noble and brave soldier never permits his antagonist to be calumniated and trampled upon after an honorable surrender. Besides, notwithstanding the decision of the highest legal tribunal in the land that military commissions are unconstitutional and earnest and able protestations of President Johnson and the sad results of military commissions, yet such military commissions are again established by recent legislation of Congress all over the suffering and starving South. History is just, and, as Mr. Lincoln used to say, "We cannot escape history." Puritanical hypocrisy, self-adulation, and self-glorification will not save those enemies of liberty from their just punishment. Not even a Christian burial of the remains of Captain Wirz has been allowed by Secretary Stanton. They still lie side by side with those of another and acknowledged victim of military commissions, the unfortunate Mrs. Surratt, in the yard of the former jail of this city. If anybody should desire to reply to this, I politely beg that it may be done before the 1st of May next, as I shall leave the country—but to return in the fall. After that day letters will reach me in care of the American Legation or Mr. Benedetto Bolzani, Leipsig Street, No. 38, Berlin, Prussia.

LOUIS SCHADE, *Attorney at Law.*

LETTER FROM JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BEAUVOIR, MISS., October 15, 1868.

My Dear Mr. Schade: I have often felt with poignant regret that the Southern public has never done justice to the martyr, Major Wirz. With a wish to do something to awaken due consideration for his memory, I write to ask you to give the circumstances, as fully, as may be agreeable to you, of the visit made to him the night before his execution, when he was tempted by the offer of a pardon if he would criminate me, and thus exonerate himself of charges of which he was innocent and with which I had no connection.

Respectfully and truly yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

MAJOR WIRZ THANKS MR. SCHADE.

OLD CAPITOL PRISON, WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 10, 1865.

Dear Mr. Louis Schade: It is no doubt the last time that I address myself to you. What I have said to you often and often I repeat. Accept my thanks, my sincere, heartfelt thanks, for all you have done for me. May God reward you! I cannot. I still have something more to ask of you, and I am confident you will not refuse to receive my dying request. Please help my poor family, my dear wife and children. War, cruellest, has swept everything from me, and to-day my wife and children are beggars. My life is demanded as an atonement. I am willing to give it, and hope that after a while I will be judged differently from what I am now. If any one ought to come to the relief of my family, it is the people of the South, for whose sake I have sacrificed all. I know you will excuse me for my troubling you again. Farewell, dear sir. May God bless you!

Yours thankful,

H. WIRZ.

MAJOR WIRZ APPEALS TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

OLD CAPITOL PRISON, November 6, 1865.

Mr. President: With a trembling hand, with a heart filled with the most conflicting emotions, and with a spirit hopeful one moment and despairing the next, I have taken the liberty of addressing you. When I consider your exalted position, when I think for a moment that in your hands rests the weal or woe of millions—yea, the peace of the world—well may I pause to call to my aid courage enough to lay before you my humble petition. I have heard you spoken of as a man willing and ready at all times and under all circumstances to do justice, and that no man, however humble he may be, need fear to approach you; and, therefore, I have come to the conclusion that you will allow me the same privilege as extended to hundreds and thousands of others. It is not my desire nor intention to enter into an argument as to the merits of my case. In your hands, if I am rightfully informed, are all the records and evidences bearing upon this point, and it would be presumption on my part to say one word about it. There is only one thing that I ask, and it is expressed in few words: "Pass your sentence."

For six weary months I have been a prisoner; for six months my name has been in the mouth of every one; by thousands I am considered a monster of cruelty, a wretch that ought not to pollute the earth any longer. Truly, when I pass in my mind over the testimony given, I sometimes almost doubt my own existence. I doubt that I am the Captain Wirz spoken of. I doubt that such a man as he is said to be ever lived, and I am inclined to call on the mountains to fall upon and bury me and my shame. But O, sir, while I wring my hands in mute and hopeless despair, there speaks a small but unmistakable voice within me that says: "Console thyself; thou knowest thy innocence. Fear not; if men hold thee guilty, God does not, and a new life will pervade your being." Such has been the state of my mind for weeks and months, and no punishment that human ingenuity can inflict could increase my distress.

Wirz Pleads for Death or Liberty.

The pangs of death are short, and therefore I humbly pray that you will pass your sentence without delay. Give me death or liberty. The one I do not fear; the other I crave. If you believe me guilty of the terrible charges that have been heaped upon me, deliver me to the executioner. If not guilty in your estimation, restore me to liberty and life. A life such as I

am now living is no life. I breathe, sleep, eat; but it is only the mechanical functions I perform, and nothing more. Whatever you decide, I shall accept. If condemned to death, I shall suffer without a murmur. If restored to liberty, I will thank and bless you for it.

I would not convey the idea to your mind, Mr. President, that I court death. Life is sweet; however lowly or humble man's station may be, he clings to life. His soul is filled with awe when he contemplates the future, the unknown land where the judgment is before which he will have to give an account of his words, thoughts, and deeds. Well may I remember, too, that I have erred like all other human beings. But of those things for which I may perhaps suffer a violent death I am not guilty, and God judge me. I have said all that I wished to say. Excuse my boldness in addressing you, but I could not help it. I cannot bear this suspense much longer. May God bless you and be with you! Your task is a great and fearful one. In life or death I shall pray for you and for the prosperity of the country in which I have passed some of my happiest as well as darkest days.

Respectfully.

H. WIRZ.

[From Thomas D. Osborne, of Louisville, widely known in Confederate work, who was a private in Company A, 6th Kentucky Infantry.]

Captain Wirz was a physician by profession, and was born at Zurich, Switzerland, in 1822. He emigrated to America in 1849. He first settled in Louisville, Ky., and subsequently removed to Louisiana, where he practiced his profession. When the war broke out, he was among the first to enlist in the Southern cause. He served as a private in the memorable battles of Manassas and Bull Run, where he received a wound in the arm, injuring the bone, from which he never recovered to the day of his execution. He was detailed from the hospital department at Richmond and placed as a clerk in the Libby Prison. Afterwards he was commissioned as a captain in the Confederate army, and was appointed deputy provost marshal, and visited all of the prisons of the South in 1862-63 as an inspecting officer.

In the latter part of 1863 he was sent by President Davis to carry secret dispatches to the Confederate Commissioners, Mr. Mason in England and Mr. Slidell in France, and to all the financial agents of the Confederate government in Europe. On his return, in January, 1864, he was assigned to duty under Brig. Gen. John H. Winder, who placed him as superintendent of the Confederate States military prison at Andersonville, where he was still on duty at the close of the war.

In direct violation of the terms of the surrender made between Generals Johnston and Sherman, he was arrested by Captain Noyes, under orders from General Wilson, and sent to Macon, Ga. From here he was shortly afterwards sent to Washington City, and there confined in the Old Capitol Prison.

The military commission and charges were as follows:

"SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 453.—War Department, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C., August 23, 1865.

"A special Military Commission is hereby appointed to meet in this city at 11 A.M. on the 23d of August, 1865, or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of Henry Wirz and such other prisoners as may be brought before it.

"Detail for the Commission: Maj. Gen. L. Wallace, United States Volunteers; Brevet Maj. Gen. G. Mott, United States Volunteers; Brevet Maj. Gen. J. W. Geary, United States Volunteers; Brevet Maj. Gen. L. Thomas, adjutant general

United States army; Brig. Gen. Francis Fessenden, United States Volunteers; Brevet Brig. Gen. John T. Ballier, colonel 98th Pennsylvania Volunteers; Brevet Col. T. Alcock, lieutenant colonel 4th New York Artillery; Lieut. Col. J. H. Stibbs, 12th Iowa Volunteers; Col. N. P. Chipman, additional aid-de-camp, Judge Advocate of the Commission, with such assistants as he may select with the approval of the Judge Advocate General.

"The Commission will sit without regard to hours.

"By order of the President of the United States.

E. D. TOWNSEND, *Assistant Adjutant General*.

The charges and specifications read as follows: "Maliciously, willfully, and traitorously, and in aid of the then existing armed rebellion against the United States of America, on or before the first day of March, 1864, and on divers other days between that day and the 10th of April, 1865, combining, confederating, and conspiring together with John H. Winder, Richard B. Winder, Isaiah H. White, W. S. Winder, R. R. Stevenson, and others unknown to injure the health and destroy the lives of soldiers in the military service of the United States, then held and being prisoners of war within the lines of the so-called Confederate States and in the military prisons thereof, to the end that the armies of the United States might be weakened and impaired in violation of the laws and customs of war."

Captain Wirz pleaded that he had been paroled by Gen. J. H. Wilson and that he should not be held a prisoner. He denied the jurisdiction of the court to try him, and claimed that, the war being ended and civil law restored, there was no military law under which he could be tried. He moved to quash the charges for vagueness as to time, place, and manner of the offenses. He pleaded that he had been put upon trial for these charges on the 21st of August, and that the court had been broken up without his agency or consent. Having been once put in jeopardy, he could not be arraigned as before, but was entitled to an acquittal. He claimed a discharge, because as an officer in the Confederate army he was entitled to the terms agreed on between Generals Sherman and Johnston upon the surrender of the latter.

All these were overruled except as to the jurisdiction of the court, and the prisoner then put in a plea of not guilty.

The trial dragged on for nearly three months, the Northern press heralding forth to the civilized world the horrible scenes alleged to have been enacted by Captain Wirz and his co-conspirators. Harper's Weekly was filled each week with some new cut or scene of the "Monster Wirz" or the "Brute Winder." The reporters of the New York Herald and Tribune were busy in picturing the Southern people as barbarians. So great was the excitement that a portion of the Canadian and English press were led to believe that the Southerners were not fit for the freedom to which they had aspired, and so expressed themselves.

After the trial had continued for some days, Messrs. Hughes, Denver, and Peck, counsel for Captain Wirz, withdrew from the case, satisfied that they could do their client no good, as his doom was fixed on the day that he was arrested. Louis Schade, Esq., at the earnest request of the prisoner, remained until the close of the trial. The trial was concluded on the 4th of November, 1865, after the examination of something over one hundred witnesses. He was found guilty, and was executed November 10, 1865.

So far as I can learn, no reply was ever made to the statement. On the contrary, an officer who was on General Sheri-

dan's staff and who had been a prisoner at Andersonville confirmed the main feature of the statement.

As to Andersonville: It was before the war a small station about sixty miles from Macon, selected as a site for a military prison on account of its healthy location after an official inspection and report by Surgeon Joseph Jones, who declared it "as healthy as any region of the whole world situated in the same latitude." The thirteen thousand men buried there died not from fevers, but from scurvy and its result; also bowel affections, amounting to almost a pestilence. The prisoners received the same rations and medical care that were given the soldiers that guarded them. The Federal army had fewer prisoners and more deaths than the Confederacy, while the Southern army had more prisoners and fewer deaths. These results were mainly on account of General Grant refusing to exchange.

Of course in defending this former citizen of Louisville, Capt. Henry Wirz, I am attempting the delicate and difficult task of rescuing a wronged man's memory; but it is a delight to perform a duty to the speechless dead. They never fail who die in a great cause. The block may soak their gore; their heads may sicken in the sun; their limbs be strung on city gates and castle walls; but still their spirits walk abroad, though years elapse and others share a dark a doom. They but augment the deep and swelling thoughts which overpower all others and conduct the world at last to freedom. Let the monument be built.

HIGH AUTHORITY ON PRISONERS OF WAR.

Within a month much consideration has been given the subject of prisoners of war, their treatment and exchange, referred to editorially, and in this connection it seems appropriate to give the highest authority of the Confederate government as evidence in behalf of poor Wirz and others who have been censured. Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice President, took an active interest in behalf of suffering prisoners on both sides, and we have his unquestioned testimony to the honor of President Davis and all of his subordinates on this subject. Concerning his personal differences with Mr. Davis, Mr. Stephens wrote: "None of them, moreover, related to the general treatment of prisoners. On that point there was no disagreement between us. This whole subject of the treatment of prisoners, which has become so prominent a feature in considering the conduct of the war on both sides from the turn which has been given to it, I will dispose of here at once and finally. This I do by stating broadly that the charge of cruelty and inhumanity toward prisoners, which has been so extensively made at the North against Mr. Davis and the Confederate authorities is utterly without foundation."



VICE PRES. STEPHENS.

in fact. From the commencement and throughout the war the whole course of Mr. Davis toward prisoners shows conclusively the perfect recklessness of the charge. His position on this subject in the beginning clearly appears from what we have seen and fully sustains this statement. The efforts which have been so industriously made to fix the odium of cruelty and barbarity upon him and other high officials under the Confederate government in the matter of prisoners in the face of all the facts constitute one of the bloodiest and boldest attempted outrages upon the truth of history which has been essayed; not less so than the infamous attempt to fix upon him

and other high officials on the Confederate side the guilt of Mr. Lincoln's assassination. Whatever unnecessary privations and sufferings prisoners on both sides were subjected to, the responsibility of the whole rested not upon Mr. Davis or the Confederate authorities. . . . A few leading facts will settle the matter. Let it be borne in mind, then, that the Confederates were ever anxious for a speedy exchange; and after the interruption of the exchange under the cartel first agreed upon, as before stated, another arrangement was entered into by the Federals, under pressure of public sentiment at the North, when the excess was against them. This was afterwards likewise broken. It was broken not by the Confederates but by the Federals upon some pretext or other. Throughout the struggle Mr. Davis's conduct and bearing upon this point not only challenge the severest scrutiny of the fair-minded of this day, but will command the admiration of the just and generous for all time to come. In addition to what has been shown heretofore, what higher evidence on this point could be desired than that furnished by his congratulatory address to the army of General Lee for the successes achieved in the battles around Richmond, when Mr. McClellan, with his newly organized host of at least one hundred and twenty thousand men, made the second unsuccessful attempt to take the Confederate capital in 1862, and when over ten thousand Federal prisoners had fallen into our hands? In this hour of triumph mark the significant as well as magnanimous and even chivalrous language which came spontaneously from his heart on that occasion: "You are fighting for all that is dearest to man; and, though opposed to a foe who disregards many of the usages of civilized war, your humanity to the wounded and to the prisoners was the fit and crowning glory to your valor."

Professor Norton: "Yes, but how did he act toward these same prisoners afterwards? What did he do to relieve the horrors they suffered in Libby and on Belle Isle, almost in the range of his sight, to say nothing of the sufferings of those at Salisbury and Andersonville, of which he must have been apprised? Why was his humanity and magnanimity so deaf to the appeals and dying wails of these men which went up from those places so near his own doors and almost within his hearing?"

Mr. Stephens: "The horrors of Libby and Belle Isle, as well as Salisbury and Andersonville, so pathetically set forth by many, and great as they really were, were not his fault or in any way justly chargeable upon him."

Professor Norton: "Whose fault was it? Was he not the head of the government? Did he not know of these sufferings? and who but himself could be justly responsible for them?"

Mr. Stephens: "It was the fault of the Federal authorities in not agreeing to and carrying out an immediate exchange, which Mr. Davis was at all times anxious to do. The men at the head of affairs at Washington were solely responsible for all these sufferings. Upon these officials, and upon them only, can these sufferings be justly charged. Neither Libby nor Belle Isle nor Salisbury nor Andersonville would have had a groaning prisoner of war but for the refusal of the Federal authorities to comply with the earnest desire of the Richmond government for an immediate exchange upon the most liberal and humane principles. Had Mr. Davis's repeated offers been accepted, no prisoner on either side would have been retained in confinement a day. All the sufferings and loss of life, therefore, during the entire war growing out of these imprisonments on both sides (it is not my wish to understate or

underrate them on either) are justly chargeable to but one side, and that is the Federal side."

Professor Norton: "But if the Federal authorities did refuse to carry out an exchange of prisoners for any cause whatever, this certainty did not justify the Confederates in adopting a regular, systematic policy of starving the unfortunate men taken by them in arms and of withholding proper medical remedies and attentions from the wounded and sick nor mitigate, in the least, the savage cruelties which were perpetrated upon them by such men as Wirz."

Mr. Stephens: "It certainly did not or would not have justified such policy or acts. But it is not true that there was any such thing as the systematic policy you speak of either in starving the well or withholding medical remedies and attentions from the sick and wounded. The policy of the Confederates in these particulars was established by law. By an act of Congress, passed soon after the war was inaugurated, as I have shown, it was provided that prisoners of war should have the same rations in quantity and quality as the Confederate soldiers in the field. By an act afterwards passed all hospitals for sick and wounded prisoners were put upon the same footing for sick and wounded Confederates. This policy was never changed. Whatever food or fare the Confederate soldiers had, whether good or bad, full or short, the Federal prisoners shared equally with them. Whatever medical attention the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers had, the Federal prisoners also received. When the supply of the usual standard medicines was exhausted and could not be replenished, in consequence of the action of the Federal government in holding them to be contraband of war and in preventing their introduction by blockade and severe penalties, and when resort was had to the virtue of the healing herbs of the country as substitutes for more efficient remedial agents, the suffering Federals shared these equally with like suffering Confederates. Did the requirements of perfect justice and right go beyond this? Could humanity ask more? As for particular instances of cruelty on the part of subordinates who may have been untrue to their trusts, that is a very different matter. There were unquestionably very great wrongs of this sort on both sides. Wirz, to whom you have alluded, may have committed some of these. How this was, I really don't know. He, by the way, was not one of our people. He was a European by birth, who obtained position in our service by letters of recommendation which warranted confidence in his intelligence and good character. I know nothing to his discredit in either of these respects except the allegations you refer to. Whether they were true or false, as I have said, I do not know. It is due to his memory, however, to recollect that his own dying declarations were against the truth of these accusations. This, moreover, I can and do venture to say: that acts of much greater cruelty and barbarity than any which were proved against him could have been easily established, and would have been established on his trial, against numerous subordinates on the Federal side, if the tendered proof had not been rejected. I have been informed by returned Confederate prisoners of unquestionable truth and veracity from Camp Douglas, Rock Island, Elmira, and Point Lookout of numerous instances which came under their immediate observation of much greater atrocity than anything alleged against Wirz. These acts, many of which were of the most inhuman and barbarous character, were perpetrated by Federal subordinates having control of Confederate prisoners at these points. There may have been, therefore (and I do not question but that there were), great wrongs of this sort on the part of

the Confederate subordinates, as there certainly were on the part of the Federals. But what I maintain is, that such conduct never met the approval of the Confederate authorities. They never in a single instance sanctioned, much less ordered, well-demeaning and unoffending prisoners of war to be confined in unwholesome dungeons and to be manacled with cuffs and irons, as was repeatedly done by orders from the authorities at Washington in utter violation of the well-established usages of modern civilized warfare. But apart from this marked difference between the two governments in their highest official character in sanctioning and ordering acts of wanton cruelty, I insist upon the irrefutable fact that but for the refusal of the Federals to carry out an exchange none of the wrongs or outrages you speak of, none of the sufferings incident to prison life on either side, could have occurred."

Professor Norton: "If there was no such systematic purpose to torture and literally to kill Federal prisoners, why were thirty thousand of them huddled together at Andersonville, in the sickly region of Southwestern Georgia, where, from the malarious influences prevailing under a burning sun, so many of them died, as must have been necessarily expected?"

Mr. Stephens: "Large numbers of them were taken to Southwestern Georgia in 1864 because it was a section most remote and secure from the invading Federals, and because, too, it was a country of all others then within the Confederate limits not thus threatened with an invasion, most abundant with food, and all resources at command for health and comfort of prisoners. They were put in one stockade for the want of men to guard more than one. The section of country, moreover, was not regarded as more unhealthy or more subject to malarious influences than any in the central part of the State. The official order for the erection of the stockade enjoined that it should be in a healthy locality, plenty of pure water, a running stream, and, if possible, shade trees, and in the immediate neighborhood of grist and saw mills. The very selection of the locality, so far from being, as you suppose, made with cruel designs against the prisoners, was governed by the most humane considerations. Your question might, with much more point, be retorted by asking: 'Why were Southern prisoners taken in the dead of winter with their thin clothing to Camp Douglas, Rock Island, and Johnson's Island (icy regions of the North), where it is a notorious fact that many of them actually froze to death?' As far as mortality returns afford evidence of the general treatment of prisoners on both sides, the figures show nothing to the disadvantage of Confederates, notwithstanding all that has been said of the horrible sacrifice of life at Andersonville. It now appears that a larger number of Confederates died in Northern than Federals in Southern prisons or stockades. The report of Mr. Stanton as Secretary of War on the 10th of July, 1866, exhibits the fact that of Federal prisoners in Confederate hands during the war only 22,576 died, while of the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands 26,436 died. This report does not set forth the exact number of prisoners held by each side respectively. These facts were given more in detail in a subsequent report by Surgeon General Barnes, of the United States army. His report I have not seen; but, according to a statement editorially in the National Intelligencer (very high authority), it appears from the Surgeon General's report that the whole number of Federal prisoners captured by the Confederates and held in Southern prisons from first to last during the war was, in round numbers, 270,000; while the whole number of Confederates captured and held in prisons by the Federals was, in like round numbers, only 220,000. From these two

reports it appears that with fifty thousand more prisoners in Southern stockades or mode of confinement the deaths were nearly 4,000 less! According to these figures, the per cent of Federal deaths in Southern prisons was under nine, while the per cent of Confederate deaths in Northern prisons was over twelve. These mortality statistics are of no small weight in determining on which side there was the most neglect, cruelty, and inhumanity. But the great question in this matter is, Upon whom rests the tremendous responsibility of all this sacrifice of human life with all of its indescribable miseries and sufferings? The facts beyond question no doubt show that it rests entirely upon the authorities at Washington. It is now well understood to have been a part of their settled policy in conducting the war not to exchange prisoners. The grounds upon which this extraordinary policy was adopted were: That it was, humanity to the men in the field on their side to let their captured comrades perish in prison rather than to let an equal number of Confederate soldiers be released on exchange to meet them in battle. Upon the Federal authorities, and upon them only, with this policy as their excuse, rests the whole of this responsibility. To avert the indignation which the open avowal of this policy by them at the time would have excited throughout the North and throughout the civilized world, the false cry of cruelty toward prisoners was raised against the Confederates. This was but a pretext to cover up their own violation of the usages of war in this respect among civilized nations."

Mr. Stephens, still further pursuing his vindication of the Confederate authorities on the subject of humanity to prisoners of war, says:

"There was also a difference between myself and some of the Confederate authorities as to the best course to be pursued toward the Andersonville prisoners, to whom you [Professor Norton] have especially referred, in the year 1864, as well as prisoners of war generally, then held by the Confederates after the Federals had refused all proffered terms for their relief by exchange. This difference, however, did not relate to their treatment, but to the most politic manner of disposing of them. On this point I thought policy and humanity were united. I did not confer directly with Mr. Davis upon it, but I did with several officers high in rank. To Gen. Howell Cobb, who then as major general of the reserves in the military district of Georgia had the general control of the custody and safe-keeping of the prisoners at Andersonville, I especially presented my views on the whole subject.

"The condition of those at Andersonville at the time was indeed most pitiable and deplorable. . . . Now to General Cobb I suggested the propriety and expediency from a political point of view, as well as from the promptings of humanity, of sending these prisoners, as well as those confined at other points, home without any equivalent in return. My views presented to him and to be presented by him, if he concurred, to Mr. Davis were that Mr. Davis himself should visit and address the prisoners in person in a way and manner I knew he was well fitted to do if he approved the object; and after recapitulating all the facts in relation to exchange, after setting forth the nature of the war and the objects for which we were struggling, after stating distinctly that we were not fighting against the Union, but for the principles upon which the Union was based, for the rights of our common ancestors, which were as dear to them as to us—in short, after a full review of all the questions in issue by him thus to be presented—for him to extend to the prisoners an unconditional discharge. Such an unexampled act of generosity on his part,

with copies of his address given to them by thousands not only to be read and pondered by them but to be distributed through the Northern States in the presidential election pending that fall, I thought would effect a vast deal in determining the doubtful issue between the then opposing parties there and upon which the most momentous results, in my judgment, depended—results of no less importance to us than to the friends of constitutional liberty there. My sympathies throughout the contest were, of course, thoroughly with those who were attempting at the ballot box to put out of power the centralists, whose executive and congressional usurpations had already awakened an extensive alarm in most, if not all, the Northern States. The object of the centralists throughout the war had been, as the object of most of the writers since has been, to impress upon the minds of the people in the Northern States that the Confederates were but a set of conspirators, whose chief design was to subvert the Constitution and overthrow the government. It was my object in this way and in quarters which could not so well otherwise be reached to disabuse the public mind there of this very erroneous sentiment, and that too by evidences almost as strong as those which the doubting Thomas required. These very unfortunate, suffering prisoners—suffering from the inhumanity of their own high officials, who had beguiled them by false pretenses into this crusade against unoffending neighbors—so relieved and sent home to the bosom of their families and friends by such an act of mercy on our part I thought would be the most effective instruments at our command for accomplishing this great end. The humblest one of them might, in my view, be a diplomat, with more power for good in the cause for which we were contending than either of our able and accomplished commissioners abroad seeking sympathy or favor at foreign courts.

"The reply of General Cobb, as well as that of others to whom I presented these views for the purpose of bringing them to the consideration of the administration at Richmond, was in substance: that if the Federal prisoners should be thus discharged there would be no security for the safety of the gallant and equally suffering Confederates in Northern prisons. They might, he said, be tried and executed for treason, as the privateersmen had been tried and condemned to death for piracy. These had been saved only by the retaliatory course to which the Confederates had been compelled to resort, and that the only security the Confederates had against so monstrous an outrage upon their soldiers was the Federal prisoners of war in hand to be kept until regularly exchanged as hostages against such threatened barbarity. General Cobb, as well as all others with whom I conferred on the subject, fully concurred with me in general sympathy for the condition of prisoners on both sides, and expressed an earnest desire to do all in their power for their relief consistent with public security and with what was considered by them to be due to Confederates then in the hands and power of the Federals, who openly proclaimed their purpose to treat them and deal with them as traitors.

"It is proper also to state that I did not concur to the full extent in the apprehensions entertained by General Cobb and others as to the fate of Confederate prisoners which might result from the course advised. The retention of a few thousand of the officers of the highest grade among the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands would be ample security, I thought, against the judicial execution of any Confederate prisoner under the charge of piracy or treason; while the im-

conditional release of so many prisoners of war on our part, under all the circumstances of the case, would, in my judgment then and now, have produced a profound sensation with the masses of the people throughout the entire North, overwhelming in its effect upon the men in authority at Washington. It might have produced a general release of prisoners as well as the removal of these officials from place and power."

Under a cabinet consultation Mr. Davis accepted the generous offer of Mr. Stephens, who wished to proceed to Washington for the purpose of treating with the Federal government on the subject of the release of the prisoners by seeking to reestablish the cartel of exchange on a fair basis, as well as endeavoring to stay the barbarous and cruel acts of such Federal officers as Maj. Gen. D. Hunter and others in their useless and uncalled-for treatment of women, children, and noncombatants. Mr. Davis's commission to Mr. Stephens reads as follows:

"RICHMOND, July 2, 1863.

"Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Richmond, Va.

"Sir: Having accepted your patriotic offer to proceed as a military commissioner under flag of truce to Washington, you will herewith receive your letter of authority to the commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States. This letter is signed by me as commander in chief of the Confederate land and naval forces. You will perceive from the terms of the letter that it is so worded as to avoid any political difficulties in its reception. Intended exclusively as one of those communications between belligerents which public law recognizes as necessary and proper between hostile forces, care has been taken to give no pretext for refusing to receive it on the ground that it would involve a tacit recognition of the independence of the Confederacy.

"Your mission is simply one of humanity, and has no political aspect. If objection is made to receive your letter on the ground that it is not addressed to Abraham Lincoln as President, instead of commander in chief, etc., then you will present the duplicate letter, which is addressed to him as President and signed by me as President. To this letter objection may be made on the ground that I am not recognized to be President of the Confederacy. In this event, you will decline any further attempt to confer on the subject of your mission, as such conference is admissible only on a footing of perfect equality.

"My recent interviews with you have put you so fully in possession of my views that it is scarcely necessary to give you any detailed instructions, even were I at this moment well enough to attempt it. My whole purpose is, in one word, to place this war on the footing of such as are waged by civilized people in modern times and to divest it of the savage character which has been impressed on it by our enemies, in spite of all our efforts and protests. War is full enough of unavoidable horrors under all its aspects to justify and even to demand of any Christian ruler who may be unhappily engaged in carrying it on to seek to restrict its calamities and to divest it of all unnecessary severities.

"You will endeavor to establish the cartel for the exchange of prisoners on such a basis as to avoid the constant difficulties and complaints which arise, and to prevent for the future what we deem the unfair conduct of our enemies in evading the delivery of prisoners who fall into their hands, in retarding it by sending them on circuitous routes, and by detaining them sometimes for months in camps and prisons and in persisting in taking captive noncombatants.

"Your attention is also called to the unheard-of conduct of Federal officers in driving from their homes entire communities of women and children, as well as of men, whom they find in districts occupied by their troops, for no other reason than because these unfortunates are faithful to the allegiance due to their States and refuse to take an oath of fidelity to their enemies.

"The putting to death of unarmed prisoners has been a ground of just complaint in more than one instance, and the recent execution of officers of our army in Kentucky for the sole cause that they were engaged in recruiting service in a State which is still claimed as one of the United States, but is also claimed by us as one of the Confederate States, must be repressed by retaliation, if not unconditionally abandoned, because it would justify the like execution in every other State of the Confederacy. The practice is barbarous, uselessly cruel, and can only lead to the slaughter of prisoners on both sides, a result too horrible to contemplate without making every effort to avoid it.

"On this and all kindred subjects you will consider your authority full and ample to make such arrangements as will temper the present cruel character of the contest; and full confidence is placed in your judgment, patriotism, and discretion that, while carrying out the objects of your mission, you will take care that the equal rights of the Confederacy be always preserved.

Very respectfully.

JEFFERSON DAVIS."

THE "CONNECTIONAL" IDEA.

Bishop Fitzgerald, who was years ago editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate, continues his anxious interest in its success, as indicated in a voluntary letter to the membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. It so fittingly suggests plans for Confederates in their "connectional" organ that it is herewith produced in part—the parenthetic words being added:

"The connectional possibilities can hardly be overstated if we will only make this in good faith a connectional matter. The word "connectional" has a rich meaning for Methodists [Confederates] of the best sort. This they may do by the exercise of a connectional sense of justice that is ready to give much where so much is required. And there is also such a thing as a connectional hospitality involved in this matter. The connectional organ is at home in every part of the Church [South], everywhere a helper, a happy illustration of the potency of the connectional principle practically applied. Make the Christian Advocate [CONFEDERATE VETERAN] what it ought to be, and give it the circulation it deserves.

"The connectional movement for the Christian Advocate [CONFEDERATE VETERAN] means an appeal to our whole Church [South]. The proper response means coöperation immediate and hearty by the whole Church [South]. Wishing to have some part in this good work, I have written this article on my own motion. The interests to be subserved are of incalculable importance, the benefits to be reaped rich beyond computation."

Capt. W. S. Ray, of DeQueen, Ark., asks for information concerning the whereabouts, if living, of John Patterson, a captain in the Confederate army from Arkansas, who was wounded, captured, and nursed back to life by a lady of New Orleans, and was sent North from there a prisoner. If he is dead, where was his home?

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

BY DR. JAMES B. HODGKIN, MANASSAS, VA.

One reads with absorbing interest of the marches, battles, sieges, of the strife and contest, of death in life and life in the midst of death. The heart aches as we read of losses, losses never to be recouped in this world, and of the broken hearts gone down to lonely graves from sheer despair. Few, however, have written of the homely side of camp life, of the mess and the frying pan, of the tent and the bivouac, of the society of the picket line. So it has occurred to me that possibly it might be a restful change to tell of some of the homely but cheerful things that passed between comrade and comrade on the march, in the tent, on the picket line.

I believe many of the stories of the war have been told over and over again. We all remember the man who was running away from the battle and was stopped by an officer, who asked him why he was running, and got for answer that he was running because he couldn't fly; and of the other soldier who ran and was stopped by a lieutenant, and when held fast began to cry. "You act like a baby," said the officer. "O, I wish I was a baby," said the terrified one. "Yes, I wish I was a gal baby." Gal babies were exempt at that time, but it looked later on as if they might not be.

On the north bank of the James in the winter of 1864-65 we were camped. In the early summer our troops had been driven out of Fort Harrison and our line forced back half a mile or so. The fort, now in control of the enemy, was high above our heads, and to this day I have never understood why the Yanks allowed us to stay there, as our line was completely commanded by the guns of the enemy. But, strange to say, we were scarcely molested during the summer and fall, and had a sort of tacit understanding that picket-firing was not to be practiced. Certainly we were not anxious to begin that sort of thing, and on the other side they seemed quite willing to let us rest in peace. Between our line and that of the enemy was a swamp, through which paths had been cut when the ground in front was within our lines, and it was a very frequent thing for some of our comrades to step to the opening of one of these paths, wave a newspaper, and attract the attention of the picket of the enemy. Then an advance would be made, the Confederate meeting the Yank in the middle of the swamp, which by common consent was considered a sort of neutral ground, and we would exchange tobacco for coffee, sugar, and such luxuries, and exchange also newspapers. Once in a while a man would take advantage of the opportunity and desert; but this was rare, and we had the boast that of all our regiment (it wasn't a large one, though) only one man left us for the Union. Poor fellow! He was in a state of chronic hunger. It was my province to divide the rations to my company, and this was done every afternoon. The regular ration was bacon or fat pork and corn meal. Of the meat I gave each soldier a quarter of a pound, and of the corn meal one pint. About once a week, sometimes once in two weeks, we got a pint of beans or rice. Once I remember that coffee was issued to us, and the amount was so little that I divided the grains by actual count. We had at that time only seventeen men in the company, and my recollection is that there were about twelve grains to a man.

At rare intervals we had a portion of beef, and sometimes a little hard-tack. This last was sometimes rather animated, and I have occasionally postponed the eating of it until after dark. I suppose the trichina spiralis had not been invented at that time, and of course we were innocent of any knowledge of bacteria; so it was a very common thing when the

frying pan was not convenient to take our bit of bacon and eat it uncooked. Oddly enough, I got to like the taste of it that way. The authorities at Richmond at one time took a notion to bake our bread for us, ignoring the settled fact that cornbread to be at all palatable should be eaten hot, and that which came to us from the government bake shops was some inches thick, heavy and solid, innocent of any sort of "rising," and about as difficult of mastication as wood. We vastly preferred to make our own bread. Strange to say, though I had been considered a dyspeptic in former days, I was in fine plight, and seemed able to digest anything I could get to eat. Water we obtained from the swamp; and if it was full of microbes, I cannot say, but it possessed one of the qualities of water—it was wet.

Some of the boys, not understanding the hygroscopic qualities of the soil of Hanover County, dug pits in the earth, not for shelter from the enemy, but from the weather, and these were fine so long as the weather was; but the first heavy rain filled up the pits, over which they had pitched small tents, and the boys came crawling out in the middle of the night, drenched and exasperated. For our house we had built quite an elaborate tent, making the walls of logs carried half a mile on our shoulders, and we made a fireplace of sods. An "A" tent was stretched over the top with a bit of old canvas we had picked up made the gables, and we were quite snug. I found an old door somewhere, and this, with the addition of a plank, made us a bunk. This was propped up on stakes. Three of us slept on the bed thus improvised, and very comfortable we were—considering. There was a straw rick about three hundred yards from our line, but it was rather within the enemy's line, and we longed for some straw. Finally we braved the danger and boldly ventured into the lines of the enemy (at this point it was not picketed; I don't know why), and came away triumphant with arms full of straw, to the envy of some of our comrades. Really we were pretty well protected, as we had a deep trench in our front, with a line of abatis outside of that, and still farther a lot of fence rails stuck in the ground at an angle, these rails sharpened so that they would stop a man very well. Between the abatis and the trench was a line of buried torpedoes; but whether these would have exploded or not if trodden on I could not state. It was a long line, and I remember that sometimes we were deployed five paces apart to repel an anticipated attack which, fortunately for us, never came.

Down in the swamp was the picket line, as I have said. It was not specially cheerful at night, as we could hear the enemy moving and hear the conversation of their pickets. In very cold weather (and the winter of 1864-65 was severe) we would go out to the vidette post, breaking through the ice at every step, and sit on a stump for two hours, trying to keep our feet from freezing by cracking our heels against the stump, and come back to the fire (for we were allowed at times a little fire at the picket post) shivering. We had laid a fence rail across two low stumps and three fence rails from this downward toward the fire, and many a night have I lain down on that improvised bed cold, wet, hungry, and slept like a baby. Such hardihood does exposure fit us for.

There was a curious incident on this swamp line. A "Yank" was looking for a place to fill his canteen, and, getting bewildered in the swamp, he found himself confronting one of our pickets. He was halted, and I am ashamed to confess, even for an enemy, that when he found his mistake he burst into tears. It was natural enough, I dare say, but not very soldierly conduct. Another incident which was tragic enough,

or at least it should have been had it had its full denouement, I recall. One of our men on the line had made up his mind to desert to the enemy. The night was very dark, the swamp a dismal tangle, and the lines not perhaps more than a hundred yards apart. This poor fellow started out to desert, and in some way became lost in the swamp and found himself approaching a picket post. He was halted, announced himself a Confederate deserter, and actually surrendered to the company next above his own. What became of him I never knew, though of course the penalty should be death. Another incident I recall—that of a German who had been conscripted in Richmond, where he kept a little store. Within a day or so he started across the field right in front of the picket, running for life toward the enemy's line. The picket halted him, but he did not heed, and a shot killed him. His body was brought into the line, and word sent to his wife in Richmond. She sent for his body, and the next day sent again, asking for the cap he wore. Curiosity impelled the officer who went for the cap to examine it, and it was lined with gold coins. These he evidently intended to carry over into Yankee land. More than one boy wished that he could have known about that cap.

The solace that came to a soldier in camp would not lift the spirits of the emui now, I dare say. What was fun then would not create much of a laugh now, and yet we had many a joke and round of jollity. A favorite and never-failing source of enjoyment was to tell of some dinner some one of us had gotten somewhere or somehow. Over and over the story of the dinner would be told, possibly growing, as such stories will grow in the repetition, but enjoyed greatly. I recall that one day word was passed along the line that the wife of our lieutenant had come to make him a visit. A woman in camp! Well, every man's neck was craned, every last private found business down the line and tried to catch a glimpse of the lady. She was shy enough, though, and I don't wonder at it. Few of us caught more than a fleeting glimpse of the wearing apparel, and I doubt if any of the boys caught sight of her face. But a thousand stories of her, of her beauty, her plainness, her manners, were told in camp, and for many a day we talked of the lady who came to make her husband a visit. Poor thing! The camp accommodations were meager enough, and I dare say she was glad to get home, even though she may have loved her "man" ever so dearly, as no doubt she did.

Practical jokes were not infrequent, and some coarseness enough. But some were innocent enough to bear telling here. Once my camp comrade, whom I will call Billy, had need of some mending; and as I was more expert with the needle than he, he asked me to do his mending for him, he meantime stripping off his pants and wrapping his nether extremities in a blanket. While he slept (for he soon fell asleep) a fit of mischief seized me, and in addition to doing his mending I sewed up the feet of his pants; and, knowing that it was about time for the drum to beat for roll call, I kept the garment until I heard the tap, when I tossed his mended garment to him and ran out to take my place in the line, knowing that if he was not in place the sergeant, an implacable fellow who would take no excuse, would mark him absent without leave. As the line was formed just outside the tent, I could hear Billy struggling with his clothing and saying the catchism or something else vigorously. He forgave me, though, and never attempted to retaliate.

Singing was a favorite amusement in camp. We were not always particular as to the songs, some that would hardly

pass muster in a concert now being used, though I do not remember a single ribald song being used, which speaks well for the tone of our boys. Some were simple and pathetic, as "Annie Laurie" and such. One I remember was quite popular, though its simplicity would hardly recommend it to use in our parlors now:

"John Jones, John Jones, John Jones, John Jones,
John Jones, John Jones, John Jones,
John Jones, John Jones, John Jones, John Jones,
John Jones, John Jones, John Jones."

This was sung with great spirit to the old hymn tune "Barbera," and had the merit of being easily remembered, tune and words. It had a chorus, which was made very simple by repeating the words of the first line. But the pleasantest singing after all was when we were in the tent at night and two or three of us who were religiously brought up sang "Rock of Ages" and hymns of that sort. Tears came into my eyes even now as I remember the sadness and sympathy mingled as we sang the old hymns we had heard mother sing in the days so long gone by. Dear old mother! Even then she was at home praying for her boy, and she lived to see him safe home again.

THE DEAD ANGLE.

BY COL. W. D. PICKETT, LEXINGTON, KY.

The article in the *VETERAN* for July with the above title recalls vividly to mind an incident so strongly indicative of Southern valor and Southern manhood that it should be in print. Battle reports are necessarily too much condensed to admit all the individual acts of conspicuous gallantry.

As may be recalled, after the Kennesaw line had been occupied and partially fortified, Sherman made so determined and rapid a move to flank the Confederate left that a sharp angle had to be made in the latter's line at a commanding position, afterwards called the "Dead Angle." This angle was quite a "salient" in the line. In the assault made about June 20 by Sherman's army a feint was made on the Confederate right, the Kennesaw Mountain; but a determined assault was made on the Dead Angle, occupied by Cheatham's Division, and the line immediately to his right, occupied by Cleburne's Division, both of Hardee's Corps. The assault on the Dead Angle was so sudden and determined as to have been very nearly a success, Cheatham having then only a single line of battle. The enemy charged right up to their fortified line, a stand of colors being planted on the breastworks, and a good many of the enemy's dead, after their repulse, were almost within reach of the bayonet. The assault in front of Cleburne's Division was equally determined, and in front of Lowry's Brigade of that division they charged through some open woods close up to the fortified line. In the crisis of the assault it is said that Brigadier General Lowry mounted the breastworks, strode up and down his line, encouraging his men under the close fire of the enemy. It so happened that the ground over which the enemy charged was covered with dry leaves and old grass. As a result of the hot fusillade, the grass and dead leaves caught fire, and was rapidly spreading, with a favoring wind, among the enemy's dead and wounded, who lay very thickly over the intervening ground.

Almost as quick as a flash Lowry sent or carried himself a white flag, which was met by one from the other side. In almost as short a time as it takes to write it unarmed soldiers

diers from each side swarmed among the dead and wounded, removed them tenderly to the enemy's lines, and then the Confederates retired to their own line, and on an agreed signal picket-firing was resumed.

Such conduct between soldiers engaged in deadly conflict a few minutes before the fire started is beyond all praise. Any brigade of Cleburne's Division or, in fact, of the Army of Tennessee would have acted with the same promptness, and the incident is mentioned to show of what stuff the veteran Confederate soldier was made. Although the initiative was taken by Lowry's Brigade, it was promptly met by the Federals opposed.

In front of Cheatham at the Dead Angle the enemy's dead lay thick in the hot sun, and soon became so offensive to both sides that they were removed or buried where they lay, under a flag of truce, on the day after the assault. The brave color bearer that planted his banner on the Confederate works fortunately retired unhurt, our boys probably not wishing to kill such a brave fellow.

I recall the "lightning bug fight" your correspondent mentioned. The volleys of musketry were deafening. It occurred between nine and ten o'clock at night, shortly after the assault; and on my going posthaste first to Cleburne and then to Cheatham's headquarters, neither of these officers knew of its cause. My understanding was that it was a genuine "lightning" fight—that is, the lines were so close that each side feared a rush. One shot fired by either side would cause the belief of an assault by the other side. This same thing occurred, as your correspondent states, on the "New Hope Church" line.

General Lowry, mentioned above, was a Methodist clergyman, and a Christian who carried his religion into his daily life, into the campaign, and into battle. His modesty of character was equaled only by those other sterling traits of character that caused his influence to be felt, whether in peace or war, and by his perfect calmness and fearlessness under all circumstances. Another distinctive incident told of him, as coming from himself, was that his wife bore unto him on three occasions twins, so that in a few years after their marriage he was the father of eleven children. If they were "chips of the old block," as I have no doubt they were, the South may well have been proud of such an addition to her population. I have not been able to trace the career of General Lowry after the war. He passed safely through even Franklin, as it is understood, unscathed. Can some of your readers tell us of this brave officer? He was quite a favorite with General Cleburne and General Hardee.

One of the stories that went the rounds of Cheatham's Division was to the effect that an enterprising "Yank" burrowed his way up to a big oak tree about fifty yards from the Confederate line (which by this time had been strengthened by three fortified lines well manned), bored a large hole through the tree, and occasionally would take a shot at "Johnnie Reb" through this tree. At each discharge, it was stated, "Mr. Yank" would crow like a rooster.

RICHMOND REUNION CLUB, LOUISVILLE.

John H. Leathers, President of the George B. Eastin Camp, No. 803, U. C. V., Louisville, Ky., heads an address "On to Richmond, 1907!" His letter of July 21, 1906, states:

"Forty-five years ago to-day the cry was 'On to Richmond!' but the procession halted at 'Bull Run' and postponed the trip. The 'On to Richmond' cry to-day is from those who will be received on that historic ground with open arms and

loving hearts. Let us all try to go. This will be perhaps the last of the great Reunions of the Confederates.

"The Reunion, in connection with the Jamestown Exposition, will prove of great interest all over the country. Every inch of ground around Richmond is historic, going back to the days of John Smith and Pocahontas down to the close of the War between the States, and preparations never before surpassed will be made by the Virginians to make this Reunion the greatest of all similar events.

"To secure suitable accommodations, it is imperative that we should organize at once, and this club has been formed for that purpose, and the following information is hereby given for the benefit of all concerned:

"1. At the usual Reunion rates, the round trip to Richmond will cost \$12.86. Therefore \$25 from each member of the club will be sufficient to pay his railroad fare and all the expenses of comfortable lodging while in Richmond, including the Jamestown Exposition.

"2. Any Confederate soldier, whether he be a member of George B. Eastin Camp or not, is eligible to membership, and proper provision will be made for the comfort and entertainment of ladies accompanying our members.

"3. The membership fee of \$25 may be paid in to suit the member. He may make ten payments of \$2.50 per month in installments to suit his own convenience at any time prior to the Reunion.

"4. Any member who may pay his \$25 and finds when the time comes that he cannot go the amount that he has paid in will be returned to him, less ten per cent of the amount, which the members will appropriate toward the fund for music, badges, and other necessary general expenses.

"5. The advantage of membership in the club will be that members will have all of their arrangements for railroads and suitable accommodations while in Richmond and other features looked after for them, which will insure them comfort, convenience, and economy; and for the credit of Old Kentucky, the beloved daughter of the proud old mother, Virginia, it is hoped that a large number will go with the club."

GOVERNOR ALLEN'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

[Read by Judge T. F. Bell at dedication of monument on May 1.]

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, SHREVEPORT, LA., June 2, 1895.

Fellow-Citizens: I have thought it my duty to address you a few words in parting from you, perhaps forever. My administration as Governor of Louisiana closes this day. The war is over, the contest is ended, the soldiers are disbanded and gone to their homes, and now there is in Louisiana no opposition whatever to the Constitution or the laws of the United States. Until order shall be established and society with all its safeguards fully restored, I would advise that you form yourselves into companies and squads for the purpose of protecting your families from outrage and insult and your property from spoliation. A few bad men can do much mischief and destroy much property. Within a short while the United States authorities will no doubt send you an armed force to any part of the State where you may require it for your protection.

My countrymen, we have for four long years waged a war which we deemed to be just in the sight of high Heaven. We have not been the best, the wisest, nor the bravest people in the world, but we have suffered more and borne our sufferings with greater fortitude than any people on the face of God's green earth. Now let us show to the world that, as we have

fought like men, like men we can make peace. Let there be no acts of violence, no heart-burnings, no intemperate language, but with manly dignity submit to the inevitable course of events. Neither let there be any repining after lost property. Let there be no crimination or recrimination, no murmurs. It will do no good, but may do much harm. You who, like myself, have lost all (and O how many there are!) must begin life anew. Let us not talk of despair nor whine about our misfortunes, but with strong arms and stout hearts adapt ourselves to the circumstances which surround us.

It now rests with the United States authorities to make you once more a contented, prosperous, and happy people. They can within five years restore Louisiana to its original wealth and prosperity, and hide the terrible wounds that have been inflicted upon her; so great are our recuperative energies, so rich is our soil, so great are the resources of the State!

Our rulers have it in their power to dry the mourners' tears, to make glad the heart of the poor widow and the orphan, to cause the past in a great measure to be forgotten, and to make your devastated lands "to blossom as the rose." If my voice could be heard and heeded at Washington, I would say: "Spare this distracted land, O spare this afflicted people!"

In the name of bleeding humanity they have suffered enough! But, my countrymen, this cannot be; I am one of the proscribed; I must go into exile. I have stood by you, fought for you, and stayed with you up to the very last moment, and now leave you with a heavy heart. The high trust with which you have honored me is this day returned. I leave the office of Governor with clean hands and the conscious pride of having done my duty.

All the officers of State and all employees have rendered their final accounts and made full and complete settlements.

I thank them for their uniform kindness to me and their patriotic devotion to the several duties assigned to them. These accounts are in the hands of Col. John M. Sandidge. I invite the closest scrutiny not only to these papers but to all my acts as Governor of Louisiana. My State stores and disbursements and manufactories have all been conducted in the most successful manner. You can tell the vast amount of good they have done not only to you but to the people of Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri.

Fellow-citizens, in this my darkest hour of my life I do not come before you as an old man broken down by the storms of State, nor do I come to plead for mercy at the hands of those whom I have fought for four long years. No, no. I come in the pride and vigor of manhood. I have nothing to regret. I look back with mournful pleasure at my public career, now about to close. As a citizen, as a soldier, as a statesman, I have done my duty. The soldiers' family, the widow and the orphans, the sick and the wounded, the poor and needy have all had my especial care, while the wants of the soldier and the citizen have not been forgotten. I have protected the people from the encroachments of military power, and have never permitted a bale of cotton in the State to be seized or impressed. It is partly in remembrance of these acts that you have always given me your entire confidence. But few in authority have ever had so many evidences of affection and regard as you have shown to me. Refugees, return to your homes, repair, improve, and plan. Go to work with a hearty good will, and let your actions show that you are able and willing to adapt yourselves to the new order of things. We want no Venice here, where the denizens of an unhappy State shall ever meditate with moody brow and plot the overthrow of the government, and where all shall be dark and dreary, cold and suspicious. But rather let confidence be restored. If required, let each and every one go forward cheerfully and take the oath of allegiance to that country in which they expect in future to live, and there pursue their respective vocations with redoubled energy as good, true, and substantial citizens.

I go into exile not as did the ancient Roman, to lead back foreign armies against my native land, but rather to avoid persecution and the crown of martyrdom. I go to seek repose for my shattered limbs. It is my prayer to God that this country may be blessed with permanent peace, and that real prosperity, general happiness, and lasting contentment may unite all who have elected to live under the flag of a country. If possible, forget the past. Look forward to the future. Act with candor and discretion, and you will live to bless him who in parting gives you this last advice. And now what shall I say in parting to my fair countrywomen? Ladies of Louisiana, I bow to you with tears of grateful affection. You have always responded most promptly and cheerfully to the calls of patriotism and of duty. You have clothed the soldiers, nursed the sick and wounded, cheered up the faint-hearted, and smoothed the dying pillow of the warrior patriot. God bless you! God bless you! I can never forget you. In the land of the exile I shall ever remember you with feelings of gratitude too deep for utterance. My countrymen, I bid you adieu. Farewell! Sometimes think of him who has sacrificed all for you. Perhaps in better days, when the storms of passion and prejudice shall have passed away, we may meet again; I may then be permitted to return to mingle with my friends, to take them by the hand and forget my own griefs to be happy with you. If this should be denied me, I humbly trust we may all meet in heaven at last, to part no more.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, SHREVEPORT.

From photo furnished by Dr. J. J. Scott.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT. United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1864, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom a contribution intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL. D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, {Montgomery, Ala.
ALBERT C. SEXTON, A. G. and CHIEF OF STAFF, {
GEORGE R. WYMAN, COMMANDER ARMY N. VA. DEPT., {Louisville, Ky.
A. T. BURGESS, ADJUTANT, {
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., {Jackson, Tenn.
C. E. PIGFORD, ADJUTANT, {
J. M. TISDALL, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., {Greenville, Tex.
—ADJUTANT, {

(No. 13.)

MEMORIAL TO WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Owing to the great importance of the subject, the whole of our space for this month is devoted to General Orders, No. 12, promulgating a report of a special committee of three on the form of the Women's Memorial.

Irrespective of differences of opinion as to the form which the memorial should assume, now that the matter has been decided, all forces should unite in carrying forward the effort to success, and that at an early date.

Sons everywhere should rally to the support of the Women's Memorial Committee and of Gen. C. Irvine Walker, special representative, in order that the movement may be consummated in a manner befitting the splendid subject of the memorial.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS U. S. C. V.,
MONTGOMERY, ALA., Sept. 11, 1906.

General Orders, No. 12.

I. The eleventh annual reunion convention, in session at New Orleans, La., April 25, 26, and 27, 1906, directed the appointment, by the Commander in Chief, of a special committee of three, to which were referred the suggestions and plans of the Women's Memorial Committee on the form of the proposed memorial to the women of the Confederacy, together with sundry other matters cognate thereto, said special committee to carefully investigate and report thereon, with its recommendations, to general headquarters, such report and recommendations to be binding and conclusive on the questions submitted to the committee. In obedience to the requirement of the convention, on May 1, 1906, the said special committee was appointed, to consist of Comrades George W. Duncan, Chairman, Auburn, Ala., for the Army of Tennessee Department; S. Heth Tyler, Norfolk, Va., for the Army of Northern Virginia Department; and Brant H. Kirk, Oklahoma City, Okla., for the Trans-Mississippi Department. Instructions were given the committee to fully and carefully consider all plans which might be proposed, as well as such other matters as might properly come before the committee, and to make report as promptly as possible consistent with due deliberation.

II. Having completed its labors, the committee on September to filed in general headquarters a report of its examination of the several matters submitted to it, with its recommendations thereon. An examination of the report evidences a full compliance on the part of the committee with the wishes of the reunion convention, and its members are now discharged with the thanks of the Confederation.

III. In conformity, therefore, to the wishes of the Confederation, as expressed in reunion convention, the report of the committee is hereby adopted, and its findings and recommendations are declared to be the will and action of the Confederation, conclusive and binding upon the members thereof. In order that both members and the general public may be

fully advised, the said report is herewith set forth in full and as a part hereof—viz.:

REPORT OF THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE.

AUBURN, ALA., September 10, 1906.

Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Commander in Chief U. S. C. V., Montgomery, Ala.

Sir: Your special committee, appointed May 11, 1906, by direction of the eleventh annual reunion convention in New Orleans, La., April 26, 1906, and to whom was referred, for investigation and report, certain resolutions offered by R. E. L. Bynum, Commander Army Tennessee Department, at the said reunion convention, has the honor to report herewith the result of its deliberations. The resolutions are as follows:

"Resolved: 1. That the suggestions of the Women's Memorial Committee as to the form of the memorial be adopted.

"2. That the suggestion that the Chairman of the Women's Memorial Committee, having charge of the funds, be required to give bond, in such sum as the Commander in Chief may determine, be adopted and enforced.

"3. That the work as heretofore prosecuted by Gen. C. Irvine Walker meets our approval, and that he be urged to continue the same. We call upon every Camp and every comrade to give him every assistance and all aid in bringing to a successful conclusion the holy work to which we have solemnly pledged ourselves.

"4. That each Division Commander shall appoint a committee of three from his Division, to have charge of and stimulate the work for the Women's Memorial. That these committees shall have power to appoint subcommittees. They shall report and be responsible to the general Women's Memorial Committee.

"5. That we request the entire press of the South to join us and aid to the full extent of its power the movement for the Women's Memorial."

RECOMMENDATION OF WOMEN'S MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

As further conducive to a better and clearer understanding of the "suggestions" of the Women's Memorial Committee as to "the form of the memorial," its recommendations thereon, as set forth by Gen. C. I. Walker, are as follows:

"After much reflection, I have come to the conclusion that the time has come for us to decide the form our memorial should assume. Many suggestions have been made to me from time to time, and I have considered all of them. Personally, I would prefer a college, a hospital, or some useful institution emblematic of women's work, but the fact that such an institution would require a large endowment renders this, in my judgment, impracticable. The plan suggested by Gen. C. Irvine Walker, and mentioned in Exhibit 'F,' filed with his report, appears to me as being most attractive, and for my part I recommend that this plan, or something similar, be adopted."

GEN. WALKER'S RECOMMENDATION AS TO FORM.

As a necessary part of the report of the committee, the following extract from Exhibit "F" of General Walker's report is given:

"To reconcile the conflicting interests and wishes, to give each State its monument and make them all the universal tribute of the entire South, and do this by giving each State the highest and most brilliant design of high art, the following plan is suggested: Let the committee invite the artists of the world to compete and submit magnificent and artistic designs for a statue or group of statues in bronze, emblematic of the heroism of our women, and from these select the most appropriate and purchase the model. The amount raised by the combined effort of the South would enable the committee

to offer enough, say \$25,000, to secure a truly great design. No local or State movement is apt to be able to do this. The cost of such work is the value of the artistic conception, not the mere bronze casting from the model, which is mechanical. Having secured this great model, from it could be made, at a comparatively trifling cost, sufficient casts in bronze to enable the committee to furnish at least one to each of the Confederate States. In making such castings, any size may be made from the model—life size if to be placed upon a low pedestal, and heroic size if to be placed upon a lofty one. Then in each of the Confederate States the committee could place one of these grand and highly artistic statues upon a pedestal in the State capital or such other city within its borders as may be determined. There would be no single original cast and copies therefrom, but all would be from the same model and all be equal in artistic value and originality. There would not be an original in Atlanta and a copy in Montgomery, but both cities would have originals.

"The variation in the pedestals would make variety sufficient to relieve any of the monotony of similarity. But the very similarity would embody the admirable idea, that it would clearly demonstrate that the entire South, together as a whole, not separate communities, united in paying this grand tribute to its glorious women of the entire Confederacy. It is right that this should be so, because their loving tenderness was not confined to the men of their own State. Virginia women nursed Mississippi men, Georgia women soothed the dying hours of the Texans.

"Such a plan would insure the very highest art and the distribution of the statues would enable our entire people, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, to have an equal chance to see, admire, and learn from them. All generations of our entire Southland could equally imbibe the sacred lessons of the splendid heroism and the grand lesson would also be taught that the South, by a common effort and in a united outpouring of its noblest feelings, thus evinced its appreciation of the Godlike heroism of the women of the Southern Confederacy.

"By the above plan, it would be proposed to give each State one statue or group in bronze, which would presumably be placed at the capital. But if other cities in the State wanted casts, they could be had at the bare cost of the cast, without paying any part of the cost of the model. For example, if the Georgia monument was located at the capital, Atlanta, and the city of Macon wanted one, it could obtain, at the same time, one at the cost of the cast, say for \$2,500, a bronze statue worth \$25,000."

Your committee, at the outset, entered upon its duties with a deep and serious appreciation of the gravity of the subjects intrusted to it. The proposed memorial to the women of the Confederacy as a specific task was projected by the United Sons of Confederate Veterans in May, 1899, and the importance of the effort has every year been emphasized and a renewal of pledges earnestly made. It is undoubtedly the earnest wish of every member of the Confederation that it should be speedily concluded. Among the things thought to somewhat embarrass the conclusion of this work has been the indefiniteness surrounding the project as to location, cost, form of memorial, etc. With a view to reaching some conclusion alike creditable and satisfactory, Gen. C. Irvine Walker, the special representative of the Women's Memorial Committee, submitted, through the press, certain views on these matters, the material parts of which are herein above set forth as embodied in his report to Hon. James Mann, Chair-

man of the Committee. Comrade Mann, after conference and due reflection, submitted his report to the reunion convention in New Orleans, April 26, 1906, concurring in General Walker's suggestions and urging their adoption upon the convention.

In order to avoid a hasty decision and to enable more deliberate action, the resolutions set forth as above, instead of receiving the sanction of the Confederation, were referred to the undersigned as a special committee, with instructions to carefully investigate and report its decision on the several points to the Commander in Chief, such report and recommendations to be binding and conclusive on the questions presented to the committee for consideration.

PLAN ADOPTED.

Your committee, therefore, in obedience to instructions, with a profound sense of the importance of its duties and the significance of its findings, begs to report and recommend as follows:

1. We recommend the adoption of resolution one, and we wish to hereby heartily concur in the wisdom of the plan proposed by Chairman James Mann and Special Representative Gen. C. Irvine Walker as to the form of the memorial proposed to be erected to the women of the Confederacy.

2. We recommend the adoption of resolution two, directing the Commander in Chief to require the chairman of the Women's Memorial Committee to give bond, etc.

3. We recommend the adoption of resolution three, commendatory of the work in behalf of the memorial of Special Representative Gen. C. Irvine Walker.

4. We do not recommend the adoption of resolution four, for the reason that we feel the Women's Memorial Committee now has sufficient authority to organize its work in the Divisions and elsewhere, and for the further reason that by leaving the matter of coöperative agencies to the committee more elasticity in the prosecution of the work will be permitted.

5. We very earnestly indorse resolution five. No more effective and helpful agency exists than the press, and it is felt that by its powerful influence the noble efforts of the committee can be more speedily concluded.

In conclusion, the committee desires to express its appreciation to you for many courtesies incident to its deliberations, and, having fully reported, begs to be discharged.

Respectfully,

Geo. W. DUNCAN, *Chairman*;
S. HETH TYLER,
BRANT H. KIRK.

By order of Thomas M. Owen, *Commander in Chief*.

ALBERT C. SEXTON,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

E. A. Rosser, Box 177, Coffeyville, Kans.: "On the 12th of September, 1863, I, with some sixteen others, was taken prisoner on Walker's Mountain, Va., by a Lieutenant Abbott, of Cavalry. Some ten months later, while waiting with a number of other sick prisoners to be exchanged, we were taken to Hospital No. 21, 'Carney Building,' in Richmond, where I met Drs. Dandridge and Patterson, prescribing physicians of the hospital. My acquaintance with Dr. Patterson was more thorough than with the others. He was a polished gentleman, a man among men, a credit to his profession—all three were of God's noblemen. I should be much pleased to hear from any of them who may now be alive."

"MISTER, HERE'S YOUR MULE."

BY COL. G. W. BAYLOR, GUADALAJARA, MEX.

In the *VETERAN* for June, page 266, you have notice of my lost sword; and though I am in hope it may bring me my lost sword, it may lose me my reputation as a Confederate soldier, for one would suppose from reading it that I had just entered the service in May, 1863, when, as a fact, I joined a company raised in Parker County, Texas, March 17, 1861, and was elected first lieutenant, Company H, Second Regiment, Mounted Rifles, and was sworn in at San Antonio May 20 or 21 for three years, or "endurin" the war. I should not like for my kindred from Jamaica Plains, Mass., to the mouth of the Rio Grande, and from "Ole Virginny" to the golden sands of California, to think I waited until the war was nearly over before casting my fortunes with dear old Dixie.

I wish to make another request on the facts herein given. After the defeat of Gen. Banks, at Mansfield, La., and his final departure at Yellow Bayou, the unceremonious departure of my chief commissary of subsistence caused something to eat besides musty corn meal and rancid bacon to become a very serious matter.

Near our camp on Bayou Waukesha (I think the natives pronounced it Waxey) was a nice old gentleman, his wife, and two charming daughters, who were from old "Kaintuck;" and all my brothers and sisters being natives of Bourbon County (I was at that time brigade commander), I felt it incumbent upon me to call upon them. I was received in real Southern style. They were Rebels to the core. I was invited to dinner, and the remembrance of that dinner, substantial and daintily served, is with me yet, and I am sure they realized that I enjoyed their hospitality. They were off the line of Federal pillage and burning—Banks's bummers burned every mill, sugar house, and private residence of known Rebels between Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou—and had plenty of butter, chickens, eggs, etc. The ladies, God bless them, promised to send an addition to my larder.

About ten days afterwards the desire to see my cousins (we found out in talking that we were related through the Bledsoes, Deshas, Breckinridges, or Walkers) and to get another square meal found me at their table again. After some conversation, Mrs. M. asked me if I received the things the girls had sent me. I asked in some astonishment what things, and they named over a goodly list. I told them that was the first notice I had of it. They were quite indignant, and sent for the old dinky who had taken the goods to camp. When he came in, his face was a study for an artist, and he said, "Why, bless your soul, young missus, dat ain't de gemmen what got de t'ings," and he told of the trip amusingly. He had ridden to our camp, and as soon as he got pretty well in the command he saw an officer standing on the side of the road, and asked: "Can you please tell me whar Colonel Baylor's tent is?" "What do you want with him?" "Why, my missus done saunt him a ham, some eggs, a bucket of fresh butter, some preserves, some cheese, an' er bottle er cream." The officer straightened himself up and fastened the top button of his coat to hide his dirty shirt, and assumed a military air, saying: "I am Colonel Baylor; take the things to my mess there; and tell your mistus I am very much obliged."

My next bad loss was at the close of the war, in Houston—the "break up," so called. There was an element loose that had never smelled gunpowder during the war, and consequent-

ly were very bloodthirsty and talked of hanging all the men of Northern birth and robbing the stores. I got some sixty men, principally of my regiment, and took possession of the courthouse and the store of Col. J. S. Sydnor, my father-in-law, which they intended to loot first. Gen. X. B. DeBray got as many more and was across Main at Gen. Kirby Smith's headquarters, and we intended to give the looters some idea of a heavy skirmish, but they got wind of our intentions and made no demonstration. My negro boy, Dave, had driven down to take me to dinner, as my wife and her family were at the old Burk House, in the west end of the city. When he got to Main Street and started to turn the corner to go to Colonel Sydnor's store, two Confederate soldiers drew their guns on him and made him get out of the ambulance, then they got in and drove off. I bought the mules from Capt. Tom Poland, a quartermaster of Gen. Walter P. Lane's Brigade, near Marshall, giving \$150 (gold), and I had paid \$250 (gold) for the ambulance. One was a large brown mule and the other a blue gray. I mention these particulars so if this should meet the eyes of the men they will know they were not taking a quartermaster's outfit, but robbing a Confederate soldier of about all he had to begin the world with again. My old wagon master, Lightsey, saw them pass through Milican, and said he thought I'd sold them. I make a proposition that if either of these soldiers is alive and will pay in advance for five years' subscription to the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, and send me enough to buy a round trip to Richmond, Va., next year, we'll call it square. But I'm afraid I won't hear any one say: "Mister, here's your mule!"

CRITICAL COMMENT UPON THE VETERAN.

BY SAMUEL WILL JOHN, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

While I have read every number of the *VETERAN*, your invaluable journal of history, with interest and pleasure, still it seems to me that the recent numbers are of more interest and value than any consecutive numbers that I can recall.

In the numbers for January and February are recorded some facts that should be read and preserved by every student of history, particularly the graphic account of the "Battle of the Crater," by Captain Featherston, the "History of Rock Island, Ill.," by Mrs. Kate E. Perry Mosher, and "Events in the Battle of Fredericksburg," by Capt. R. K. Charles.

In the last-named article there seems to have been a slip of the pen, or a misplacing of a scene, when Captain Charles, in describing the very notable assembly on Lee's Hill, writes: "On the hill, Lee and staff, Longstreet and staff, Colonel Freemantle, of the British army, as an observer, and others" were gathered, viewing that grand sight of the Federal army attempting to turn Lee's right flank, and then making three of the most desperate assaults on Lee's left that are recorded in all history.

Colonel Freemantle was not there, but was at that time at home in England, for he says in his book, "Three Months in the Southern States, April-June, 1863," that he landed on Mexican soil near or at the mouth of the Rio Grande and crossed that river into Texas April 2, 1863.

The book, which is in the form of a journal, is very interesting and very valuable, especially to Confederate veterans and those who are really in search of the truth, for it gives the world the judgment of Colonel Freemantle, a foreigner, and one who was at that time acquainted with many of the foremost men of the world, in all ranks, upon Mr. Davis, General Lee, and other generals, and of our army, its organization, discipline, and spirit.

Colonel Freemantle traveled from the Rio Grande eastward, visiting in turn the Confederate armies under General Magruder, Joseph E. Johnston, Bragg, Beauregard, and then Mr. Davis, who impressed him very strongly as a great man.

From Mr. Davis he learned that General Lee was then on the march northward, whereupon Colonel Freemantle went after him as fast as possible, and overtook a part of Longstreet's Corps in Maryland, and then joined General Longstreet and his staff and with them rode to Gettysburg, where he saw much of that battle from a point near General Lee and his staff.

When Pickett's Division was repulsed, he heard General Lee speak kindly and cheerfully to General Wilcox: "Never mind, General, all this has been my fault, and you must help me out of this the best way you can."

Colonel Freemantle remained with the Southern army till July 7, 1863, when the bid General Longstreet and staff an affectionate farewell, and then procuring a pass from General Lee and bidding him and his staff good-by, went North, through the Federal army, to New York, thence home by the first steamer sailing after he arrived in New York.

From this it will be seen that the gallant captain has mistaken some other officer who observed the battle of Fredericksburg for Colonel Freemantle.

Probably he saw Colonel Freemantle observing the battle of Gettysburg with General Lee and staff, and after the lapse of forty years his memory failed him and he placed that unusual scene in his description of the battle of Fredericksburg.

Notwithstanding this slight error, the article is a notable one, and well worth reading and preserving. Can you not induce Captain Charles to write of other incidents in the life of Lee, the greatest general of all times?

"THE STRIFE OF BROTHERS."

BY JOSEPH TYRONE DERRY.

A year or so ago the VETERAN gave hearty approval to this war poem, so full of patriotic sentiment and fraternal feeling.

The Neale Publishing Company, of New York and Washington, may be congratulated on the beautiful new edition of Professor Derry's poem. It is handsomely bound in green and gold, and in addition to the illustrations found in the first edition contains five new ones from original drawings by Mr. Frank Henry, of Atlanta, Ga., made by him for Capt. William H. (Tip) Harrison, who kindly furnished them to Professor Derry.

The following note is valuable, and is prized by Professor Derry:

"Hotel Gramatan, Bronxville, N. Y., August 21, 1906.

"My Dear Mr. Derry: Please accept my warmest thanks for your poem, 'The Strife of Brothers.' It is truly a notable achievement. You have embalmed so many glorious names in the glory they achieved that the book has, and should possess, an inestimable value to Southern people, and in a degree to those of the North.

"The value of your book is great, and I would not lose mine for many more pretentious volumes.

"I loaned it to a gentleman, a Mr. Lee, who is getting up a very fine picture of Confederate generals, and, like myself, he thought it so valuable that he ordered a copy at once. The deeds of our Confederate people excel those of Greece and Rome, and of this day and age, and only make all others seem tame.

"With thanks for what you have done for the fame of our dear people, believe me, very truly yours,

"V. JEFFERSON DAVIS."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT APPOMATTOX.

The soldiers of Appomattox County, Va., have been fitly honored by the erection of a handsome monument in the courthouse yard at Appomattox, which was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on the 9th of June, 1906. The movement was started three years ago, and the necessary funds obtained through a special appropriation made under authority of the Legislature by the Board of Supervisors of Appomattox and

by subscriptions secured by Mrs. J. R. Atwood, President U. D. C. there, from all parts of the country. The monument is of polished granite, is about thirty feet high, and was made in Richmond, with the exception of the figure on the shaft, which is of marble and was made in Italy. The inscriptions are as follows:

"1861-1865."

"Appomattox County."

"To our Soldiers of the Confederacy."

In the extensive parade were members of Appomattox Camp, with representatives of other camps from different counties, with Garland-Rodes Camp, of Lynchburg, in full uniform; also Lynchburg Home Guards, and carriages with speakers of the occasion, Daughters of the Confederacy, and many hundreds of other people. After prayer by Rev. Dr. J. C. Davidson, Chaplain of Appomattox Camp, Capt. J. L. P. Flechman reviewed the career of the soldiers of Appomattox and



paid a glowing tribute to their memory. He was followed by Judge George J. Hundley, of Prince Edward County. W. C. Franklin, of Pamplin, introduced Hon. H. D. Flood, who received the monument with an appropriate address. S. L. Ferguson was the next speaker, followed by Gov. Claude A. Swanson, whose address was closed by an eloquent tribute to the loving devotion of the women of the South. At the close of the addresses, a volley was fired over the graves of the Confederates by the Home Guards, and an exhibition drill was given by them in the afternoon. This company stands first in the State for drill and discipline.

To Mrs. John Randolph Atwood, of West Appomattox, is due credit for the idea of erecting this monument to the soldiers of Appomattox County, and some five years ago she took up the self-imposed task of securing subscriptions to such fund, and has labored through these years persistently, single-handed, and alone. After the announcement that she had enough for the erection of a suitable monument, the Board of Supervisors gave \$200 to the fund. The corner stone was laid last October with impressive services, Hon. John W. Daniel speaking for the Confederates.

More than two thousand people attended the ceremonies, which were noted for enthusiasm and good behavior.

MRS. LIVINGSTONE ROWE SCHUYLER.

BY SUE LAWRENCE DAVIS, ATHENS, ALA.

The United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the entire Southland owe an undying debt of gratitude to Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler, of New York City, for the most important step yet taken toward bringing about a more complete understanding by the country at large of the truth of history as it was made and written in letters of blood from 1861 to 1865. Mrs. Schuyler, in gaining permission to establish in a leading Northern college a prize scholarship for the study of correct history from the South's viewpoint, has accomplished the fulfillment of the first motive of the origin of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Since residing in the North, Mrs. Schuyler, realizing that reconciliation between the sections could come through the only possible course—an impartial teaching of the cause which led to the war and a just estimate of the part played by Southern statesmen in the making of the Constitution—sought to establish a scholarship in Columbia University for the best paper on Southern history. In answer to her request, she received the following from the Dean of Teachers' College, Columbia:

"Dear Madam: I have presented your proposition relative to the proposed prize of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to our trustees, who have signified their willingness to accept such a trust under the general arrangement now governing the award of the prize given by the Society of Colonial Dames. I shall be glad to complete arrangements with your representatives at your convenience.

"I am sincerely yours, JAMES E. RUSSELL, Dean."

At the general convention of the U. D. C. in St. Louis in 1904 Mrs. Schuyler moved that said scholarship be founded. The motion carried with great enthusiasm; but at the next

session of the convention some delegate, not understanding the importance of the movement, requested Mrs. Schuyler to withdraw her motion. She declined to do so, but gracefully consented to postpone it to a future convention. Nothing daunted by the delay, this brave, loyal daughter of the South crossed the continent, journeying from New York to San Francisco to renew her effort. The following amended motion was carried: "That the United Daughters of the Confederacy establish an annual scholarship of one hundred dollars, to be paid each year on December 1, for white students only, at Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City, for the best essay on subjects pertaining to the South's part in the War between the States, the United Daughters of the Confederacy to appoint the judges to examine these papers." The motion was amended as the scholarship limits the scope. A scholarship requires the student to remain and pursue the subject, and a prize would be open to the entire body of students each year.

Mrs. Meade, of Virginia, asked the privilege of seconding the motion, as her ancestor, Samuel Johnson, was the founder and first President of King's (now Columbia) College.



MRS. L. R. SCHUYLER.

Four Southern States, as well as the State of her adoption, have a pride in this gifted woman who conceived the happy thought of thus setting forth the merits of the cause which her father espoused. Mrs. Schuyler was Leonora St. George Rogers, daughter of Col. St. George Rogers, of the 2d Florida Regiment, C. S. A., and later a member of the Confederate Congress. Colonel Rogers was also a colonel in the United States army in the Seminole War.

Colonel Rogers was born in Maury County, Tenn. Mrs. Schuyler's mother was Josephine A. Baynard, of Edisto Island, S. C. Her girlhood was spent in Savannah, Ga. In 1804 she was married to Rev. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler. Dr. Schuyler was acting chaplain of the United States army at Willett's Point in 1804-05; fellow in ecclesiastical history, Church University Board of Regents, 1804-07; student University of Oxford, 1805-06; at University of Paris, 1806-08; assistant minister Church of Holy Trinity, Paris, France, 1806-08; at present tutor in history at College of the City of New York, rector of Church of St. James the Less, Scarsdale, N. Y., 1901-06; author of "Liberty of the Press in the American Colonies" and many literary articles and pamphlets.

Dr. and Mrs. Schuyler at their lovely home in the beautiful



DEAN RUSSELL.

village of Scarsdale dispense the most lavish hospitality, and frequently are intermingled there actors in the great war drama both of the blue and gray. Mrs. Schuyler is a prominent member of the New York Chapter U. D. C. and other clubs and societies. She is as genial as the sunshine of her birthplace, the "Land of Flowers," graceful and gracious. We could have no fairer leader in this movement in behalf of our cause, which "we would not, if we could, forget."

The following judges for the prize contest have been selected by the U. D. C.: Dr. Aldeman, University of Virginia; Dr. Smith, University of North Carolina; Dr. J. H. Finley, College of the City of New York.

COMMENT ON GENERAL LEE AT THE NORTH.

Under the caption "Anecdotes of the Great," the Sunday School Herald, of Dayton, Ohio, states:

"Gen. R. E. Lee has been called 'A Paragon of Politeness.' He was a royal gentleman in the home and social circle, but the same spirit was exhibited in the camp and on the march. He was always and everywhere the refined gentleman. And he was more than this—he was a devout and humble Christian in every walk of life. The Christian spirit was ever a conspicuous manifestation. Lee never spoke a scurrilous word of the Federal army. He would speak of the Federals as 'General Grant's folk' or as 'Our friends over the river.' He was a man of clean lips. One has said: 'A soldier would as soon have thought of kissing the lips of a raging volcano as of telling a coarse jest in his presence.' Could more be said of the brave General? Yes, more! even as the Christian counts more with God than the polished gentleman. The chaplains in their work had constant encouragement from the General, and, better yet, Lee gathered with his men in their camp prayer meetings and took humble part in the exercises. No wonder his men loved him and followed where he led, even though it were into the cruel jaws of death. The bravest may be the best, and courage, courtesy, and the Christian spirit may be elements of the same character."

CONCERNING HISTORY OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

BY KATE KLEER, HOUSTON, TEX.

Your editorial and Colonel Pickett's article on Sherman's march to the sea are timely. Even now a so-called history, "Essentials in American History," by Albert Bushnell Hart, with several chapters under the caption of "Civil War," is knocking at the door of the public schools of Texas. Mr. Hart writes of General Sherman as "in many ways the most interesting of all the military commanders of the war." Considering the greatness of his hero, Mr. Hart disposes of Sherman's chief exploit (a war of fire and famine on women and children) in a paragraph, while seemingly granting all the glory to "Sherman's Bummers, several thousand who disregarded the orders against looting private houses."

The South not only claims the duty to teach her own youth the truth, but she owes a duty to the misinformed children of the North. General Sherman's fame and infamy alike rest on that march to the sea, and his deeds must be related in all their entirety that American children may judge of the interest and value of his life.

The historian (?) finally sums up the cost to the South as follows: "The South felt also that it had lost four million slaves valued in 1860 at two hundred million dollars. The slaveholding families did lose the opportunity of turning their human property into cash; but most of the negroes were still

on the ground and ready to work the land, and the community was no poorer for the change."

Southern children will not be so simple as to accept Mr. Hart's conclusions as correct; but what manner of common sense, principle, and patriotism is the North to expect of children fed on such stuff?

SCOUTS FOR GEN. SUL ROSS.

R. G. Childress, of Roscoe, Tex., writes of some of the stirring events of General Ross's Scouts during the summer of 1864 in North Georgia, in the campaign between Dalton and Atlanta, which are very interesting. No historian will ever recount the many acts of individual heroism performed in the wild mountain passes of North Georgia by these Texas scouts, no complete record will ever be kept for admiring posterity—the midnight attacks and repulses.

During the General campaign Ross's Scouts were kept most of the time in the rear of Sherman's army tearing up the railroad, cutting telegraph lines, and capturing and burning trains loaded with supplies for Sherman's army. From Dalton to Atlanta, in July, 1864, while we were raiding in the rear of Sherman's lines below Dalton, we tore up the railroad in a long, deep cut, and took a stand for the southbound freight train, which was due in a few minutes. But no train came. The enemy had heard of us and sent a detachment of infantry down the railroad and another squad of troops down the dirt road. When the Yankees got near us, we fired a volley into their ranks, and ten or twelve of them fell to the ground, killed and wounded. We were then ordered back to our horses. By the time we got to our horses the Yanks that came down the dirt road commenced firing on us. We all mounted our horses except Scott Fields, who was then but a mere boy. The Yanks killed his horse, and he would have been captured if our comrade, Jeff Gee, of the Third Texas, had not taken him up behind him on his horse with bullets flying all around them. We all got away safe, with but one man slightly wounded in the arm. We went back into the mountains and rested the remainder of the day. When night came, we started out again across the mountains. The Federals were hunting for us and scouring the country close for the raiders, as they called us. Two or three days afterwards we struck the railroad again just about dark. We tore up the track and cut the telegraph lines. Soon a freight came lumbering down the road, loaded with supplies which we were very much in need of. The train jumped the track, and the guard ran off and left us to help ourselves. We loaded our haversacks with hard-tack, bacon, sugar, and coffee. We then burned the train and left the railroad and traveled all night. The next morning as we were going through a gap in the mountain we met a detachment of Federal cavalry, which fired on us, killing one of our horses. We then turned back to the mountains, but they made no attempt to follow us. We always considered ourselves safe when we could get into the mountains, as the Yanks would not follow us any farther.

This is the same Scott Fields who belonged to Captain Harvey's company at that time, and is now the Democratic nominee for Congress in his district. No more worthy man could be found.

A subscriber in North Carolina writes to discontinue the *VETERAN*, saying: "I am an old man, well on in my eighty-ninth year, feeble and not able to work; no friends on hand. With high esteem."

MEMORIAL WINDOW TO THE FAITHFUL SLAVES.

BY MRS. BELLE KELSEY ALLISON, WINONA, MINN.

For more than forty years the women of the South have been struggling to perpetuate the names and mark the resting places of her men who fought and fell in behalf of their principles and homes during the Civil War. The work has been necessarily slow. Impoverished, with devastation, desolation, and ruin on every side, this spark of determination was nevertheless kindled, and is now glowing with the hope that their work will bring from the future a proper meed of justice to their soldiery.

While honoring others, a great desire of the hearts of these women has been to memorialize, in some fitting way, the fidelity of the slaves during the period of stress and trial, to those who were faithful at home to "ole miss" and the chillun," and to those old heroes who followed the fortunes of the young master on the fields of conflict, through shot and shell, through suffering unto death, and to the grave; and then back home to those in waiting with the sad tidings of the loved and lost. These faithful compatriots who bivouacked with Lee, Johnston, Forrest, Cheatham, and Price are held in grateful remembrance; and welded with other memories of those dark days is their fidelity, unequalled in the annals of history by any other race in bondage. They stood loyally when freedom opened a vista of dazzling promise. The Daughters of the Confederacy, while honoring others, desire also to honor these by placing in the Battle Abbey of the South a memorial window. They hope to accomplish this before that generation passes away—showing their recognition and appreciation of their faithful service. We appeal to all Southerners for indorsement and help, to honor a people who were "tender and true."

REUNION TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V.

The two divisions of United Confederate Veterans of Tennessee will meet in joint convention in the town of Pukaski, on Wednesday, October 10, 1906, immediately after the adjournment of the convention of the Association of Confederate Soldiers, Tennessee Division.

This joint convention will be composed of the following delegates: The major generals, the brigadier generals, the adjutant generals, and one delegate to every twenty members and fraction of ten of a camp, provided said camp has paid its per capita tax for 1906 to Gen. W. E. Mickle, the Adjutant General of the General Association.

The two divisions of this State will meet for the purpose of consolidation, in order that there may be but one division in Tennessee, as provided by the constitution of the United Confederate Veterans.

Therefore it is important that every Camp should be represented by delegates. No proxies will be allowed, but one delegate from a camp can vote the strength of a Camp. The Camps will be entitled to the same representation they had at the New Orleans convention.

A list of the delegates elected by the Camps will be sent to John P. Hickman, the Adjutant General of the First Division of Tennessee, in order that he may tabulate the list for the use of the joint convention.

On Thursday, October 11, 1906, the day of the reunion, the people of Giles County will unveil a monument to the lamented Sam Davis, the hero of Tennessee.

All railroads in Tennessee will furnish transportation for the convention at one cent per mile each way "plus arbitrations" and 25 cents additional.

REMINISCENCES OF GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON.

BY REV. W. K. PESCHAU, MIAMI, FLA.

In 1880, while I was pastor of the Lutheran Church in Nashville, and Professor of German in Vanderbilt University, the Nashville Centennial took place. It was also planned that the elegant equestrian statue of noble, brave, grand "Old Hickory," hero of New Orleans, should be unveiled, and for this reason Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and other military dignitaries had been invited to be present.

A specially chosen committee of the good citizens of Nashville went down to Murfreesboro in a special car to meet and escort this world-renowned officer to the centennial city. The Pullman car in which he was brought to the city was most elaborately decorated. When reaching the suburbs the distinguished warrior stepped out on the rear platform and with uncovered head bowed right and left to the ever-increasing crowd which right around the old "Chattanooga depot" crowded the street from side to side.

In that vast, numberless throng I occupied a place not far from the main track and secured my first view of the venerable and venerated commander. About ten feet in front of me stood a tall ex-soldier who wore a slouch hat which he waved high above a host of others as the car bore him by, and then, after cheering lustily, he brushed the tears from his eyes and, placing that slouch hat under the stump of his left arm—which arm he had lost in the battle's storm—he turned to a small man near me and said: "Tom, by heaven, that is the old, noble General sure, isn't it? Say, Tom, I'd fight for him again, wouldn't you?"

We admire paintings, compliment the sculptor's work, grow enthusiastic over poetry, are charmed with music; but, after all, life is the greatest thing, and the noble things in life are the most wonderful, inspiring, and impressive, and here is one of life's noblest examples of devotion to a commanding officer and of loyalty to Gen. Joe Johnston.

GEN. JOE JOHNSTON'S WONDERFUL MEMORY.

In 1880, during the Nashville Centennial celebration, I had the honor of meeting General Johnston the first time; and as I had written the "Ode to Jackson" sung at the unveiling of the equestrian statue of "Old Hickory," I had, just by chance, the honor of sitting between him on the one side and General Buell on the other on the platform that held the governor, orator, etc., on that day. I had seen him but twice, and he had seen me but twice. Years afterwards, having been called as pastor of the Lutheran Church in Wilmington, N. C., while walking down the street one day, not knowing the General was in the city, I espied him in a buggy, and he saw me walking on the pavement. He instantly recognized me, and said: "Well, Doctor, I know you are the Lutheran minister that wrote the 'Ode to Gen. Andrew Jackson' at Nashville, but I have forgotten your name." Extending his hand, he said: "Come, tell me how you are and what you are doing here."

TRIBUTE TO THE VETERAN.

In a personal letter, Dr. Peschau states: "I must congratulate you on this so excellent publication, which is decidedly the finest thing of its kind I have ever seen anywhere to honor the memory, the sacred memory, of the dead heroes. Its pages will outlive and outlast the finest monuments of stone, marble, or brass that human hand can erect. I congratulate you on its fine make-up, elegant illustrations, and excellent contents."



WM. HENRY HICKS.

Omer Weaver Camp, of Little Rock, Ark., has suffered heavily by the invasion of death since its organization, ninety-six members having been lost in that way. Thirteen members have answered the "Last Roll" in the past ten months, the latest of whom was William Henry Hicks, who had been one of the most active members of the Camp, always interested in any of its undertakings. Comrade Hicks was born in Hawkins County, Tenn., in September, 1845; but the removal of his parents to Arkansas in the next year identified him with that State, where he had lived and worked ever since. Though only sixteen years old, he responded quickly to the call of his State for soldiers to defend the Confederacy. Enlisting first in the Forty-Seventh Arkansas Cavalry, he served in many of the Confederate brigades, and was in many important battles, being under Col. Lee Crandall on Missionary Ridge. At the time of the surrender he was in General McRae's Brigade, Fagan's Division, and noted for his intrepid valor and faithfulness. Surviving are his wife and two sons.

ISAAC G. STANSBURY.

I. G. Stansbury, an old and well-known citizen of Lake Charles, La., died in August, 1906. He was born in St. Mary's Parish September 9, 1843; and, though young in years when Louisiana sent out the call to arms, he answered it and served with Company G, Thirteenth Louisiana, Capt. John McGrath's Company, until the battle of Chickamauga, where he was captured. After the war he returned to Louisiana, and in 1866 was married to Miss Mary E. Hale, who, with four of their six children, survives.

A friend who stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the shock of battle, when life was young, writes of his gentleness and bravery, his faithfulness to duty, and cheerfulness in obedience to every order. It was in the second day's battle at Chickamauga, when the Louisiana Brigade attempted to turn the left of the Federal line, that the Thirteenth Regiment, failing to hear the order to halt, pressed into the enemy's line and was soon surrounded. Many of the officers had fallen, and finally the colors went down. Stansbury and his captain rushed to rescue the colors; and when the order was given to fall back, he was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and was in prison till the end of the war.

CAPT. FERG KYLE.

Capt. Ferg Kyle died at his home, Kyle, Tex., on the 19th of May, after a brief illness. He was born in Marshall County, Miss., in 1829. He went to Texas on the same boat that carried the news of its annexation in 1845. He was married in 1860 to Miss Anna Moore, of Alabama, who survives him, with their three sons and four daughters.

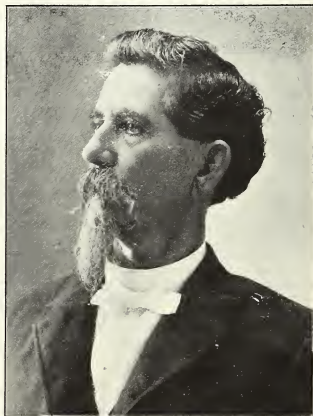
Captain Kyle's career is closely identified with Texas and its history. He was one of the four Democrats in the Lower House of the Twelfth Texas Legislature, and in that trying time for his State he stood valiantly at his post. In 1902 he was again a representative in the body with which he had

severed his relations sixteen sessions before, and there was no better known or more faithful member. He was returned again to the Twenty-Ninth Legislature, and distinguished himself for the interest with which he performed his duties.

When the war broke out, Fergus Kyle and four brothers enlisted for the Confederacy, and were among the few privileged to belong to the famous Terry Texas Rangers, and served with distinction throughout the struggle. Captain Kyle always took great interest in the military affairs of his State, and never missed an opportunity to attend a reunion of his old command. As a member of the Legislature he was instrumental in securing appropriations for and improving the State Ranger service. He was always interested in local affairs, and the people of his county were especially proud of his distinction throughout the State.

MAJ. CHARLES D. GRACE.

Charles Dougherty Grace, born in Georgia in January, 1842, died at his home, in Bonham, Tex., on February 11, 1906, having rounded his sixty-fourth year. His father was a Methodist minister of ability, and his mother an intelligent, devout Christian woman. Under such influences he was reared. At an early age he took a deep interest in matters pertaining to the public welfare, and as a boy of fourteen years he had the distinction of speaking at a great presidential rally when two of the candidates were in his home town, one of them being Breckinridge. He studied law in the office of Senator Ben Hill; but when the call to arms came, it found him ready for service. In April, 1861, he enlisted in Company B, LaGrange Light Guards, Fourth Georgia Regiment, and was mustered into service that same month at Norfolk, Va. By his courage and faithfulness, he won the high respect of his superior officers; and, though never commissioned, he was recommended for the position of major by



MAJ. CHARLES D. GRACE.

his officers and by General Lee. He was promoted to sergeant in the corps of sharpshooters, and was often sent out in charge of them. It was he who saw General Sedgewick as he was silently creeping upon the outstanding pickets of the Southern army, and by a well-directed shot at the distance of half a mile ended the earthly career of that general. Other instances could be given of his accuracy of aim in long shots with one of the few Whitworth rifles in our army.

General Doles, in his report of the engagement near Mine Run, Va., says: "I would respectfully mention Private Charles Grace, of Company B, Fourth Georgia, for special gallantry. He and eighteen other sharpshooters came across the enemy's rear guard, numbering about three hundred, posted behind an embankment on the plank road, charged, and captured one hundred and thirty-seven of them."

He returned home after the war; but hearing of the great possibilities of Texas, he went to that State and located at Bonham, where he began the practice of law and became identified with the interests of city and State, and as a State Senator some of the laws of Texas received the imprint of his intelligence.

Major Grace was a devout Church member, a Knight Templar Mason, member of the Knights of Pythias—in all of which he was noted for his quick response to the call of duty and his readiness to sacrifice himself for others. Friend vied with friend in speaking his praise, and in the life of Bonham his counsel and kind offices are sadly missed.

HON. JEROME SWINFORD.

After many months of failing health, Hon. Jerome Swinford died at his home, in Orange, Tex., on July 19. He had been a resident of Orange for forty-three years, having seen the place grow from a straggling settlement into a prosperous city, and in this evolution he had taken an active part, as he was always foremost in encouragement and support of anything for the good of the city.

Mr. Swinford was born in Buchanan County, Mo., in November, 1839, spending the days of early youth on a farm, and later spending several years in a newspaper office. He went to Sabine Pass, Tex., in 1860, on the Confederate transport engaged in carrying troops from that place to Niblett's Bluff, La. At this latter place he wooed and won his bride during the dark days of war, and in 1864 he engaged in business in Orange. The business was destroyed by a storm which swept Orange away in 1865; but after a short residence in Galveston he returned to Orange, where he became a successful business man, and served his people in the Legislature and in civic positions to their benefit. His wife, two daughters, and two sons are left to mourn their great loss.

JAMES B. CADDALL.

James B. Caddall, who died on the 22d of July, was a prominent citizen of Pulaski County, Va., the youngest of four sons in a family of eight children born to John and Eliza Shepard Caddall. All the sons served in the Confederate Army, the father having written for one to return from Texas that he might enlist with his brothers. The oldest son, Sam Caddall, was on Gen. James A. Walker's staff through the war, and died shortly after the surrender from exposure. John H. Caddall, the second son, was in the Fourth Virginia Regiment the first year of the war, then joined the Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry, where he served till the end of the war. He became one of the leading citizens of Pulaski County, and was the first president of the Pulaski National Bank. His untimely death in 1890 was greatly deplored. The third

of the brothers, Thomas, was a brave soldier, but he contracted a fatal illness and died during the war. James B., the youngest, born in April, 1841, received more advantages than the most young men of the time, as he was at Emory and Henry College till the outbreak of war. He was one of the original members of the Pulaski Guards, a volunteer company organized in Pulaski County just after the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry in 1859. When the news of the secession of Virginia was received, this company was called together by its captain, James A. Walker, and in a body voted to tender their services to the governor, and was afterwards made Company C of the Fourth Virginia Regiment, under Col. J. T. Preston. This regiment was afterwards organized with others under Gen. T. J. Jackson, giving imperishable honor to the Stonewall Brigade. At the reorganization of Company B after the first year, James B. Caddall was elected orderly sergeant, and shortly afterwards to first lieutenant. He commanded the company at the battle of Spottsylvania, and on to the surrender, and was then the only commissioned officer with the company. For a time during the battles around Petersburg he was in command of the regiment. He participated in thirty-six regular battles, besides numerous skirmishes—more battles, it is stated, than any other member of his regiment—yet he never was wounded.

As an officer and soldier he was brave, calm, and composed in battle, gentle and kind to those he commanded, and was at all times held in highest esteem for his gallantry and soldierly conduct by his superior officers, being especially commended by Colonel Terry, at one time colonel of the regiment and its last brigade commander.

There was a striking similarity in the life of James B. Caddall and that of his father; both noted for devotion to duty, and at all times ready to sacrifice self for others; both were charitable, and let not the call of the poor and needy pass unheeded; both served their county and State in public office, and both had the admiration, respect, and love of their fellow-citizens. "Their good works do follow them."

MISS LAVINIA TAYLOR.

There was recently laid to rest within the shades of beautiful Mt. Olivet, at Nashville, Tenn., one of the truest friends to the boys in gray in 1861-65.

Miss Lavinia Taylor commenced her work in the hospitals with the sick in the summer of 1861, and soon after the wounded were added, and she continued her work till after the close of the war. As soon as the wounded were convalescent, they were sent to Northern prisons. Then she commenced receiving appeals from the various prisons, and she had accumulated a large box of letters and express receipts, the latter representing money and clothing so forwarded.

Some years ago she requested of Marcus B. Toney that at her burial he should scatter these letters and receipts on her casket. She also requested that at the grave he should explain the contents, as there were no secrets contained in them. Mr. Toney, in his talk, paid a tribute to Southern womanhood, and said that Miss Taylor was a true type of thousands of women in the South, and he believed the thin gray line would have wasted long before it did but for the sympathy, encouragement, and inspiration given the cause by the noble women of the South.

Miss Taylor also hid a number of Confederates in various sections of the city, procured clothing for them, and showed the way through the Federal lines.

Mr. W. C. Collier was standing near the Maxwell House

when the steps gave way, precipitating a large number of Confederate prisoners through to the basement, killing and wounding many. Mr. Collier said Miss Taylor was passing at the time, and she raised her dress, tore off the underskirt, and rushed into the Maxwell House and commenced administering to the wounded.

SAMUEL A. THOMPSON.

Entered into rest on the 21st of July, 1906, Samuel Alexander Thompson, a faithful Christian soldier and genial Southern gentleman of Memphis, Tenn. He was fifty-eight years of age, and a native of Tuscaloosa, Ala. When the call came for boys to enter the ranks of the army of the South, he dropped his studies at the University of Alabama and joined the command of Gen. Jos. Wheeler, distinguishing himself for bravery and attention to duty. He was one of four brothers to enter the Confederate service, two of whom filled heroes' graves before the war ended. In the battle of life after the war, he faced business reverses with the same courageous spirit and uncomplainingly. His wife, three sons, and a daughter are left. He had lived for many years such a retired life, and the summons of death was so sudden, that but few friends knew in time to pay the last sad tribute at his grave. The following beautiful lines are by his friend, Dr. J. R. Winchester, the rector of Calvary Church, at Memphis:

No veterans were there to fire their guns over this soldier's grave—
Yet among our Southern heroes he was rostered with the brave.
No Stars and Bars of silken fold enwrapped his body dead—
Yet in days of battle he marched where that banner led.
No plaudits from old comrades muffled the falling sod.
Yet in heaven's great archives he has the eulogy of God.
No do at pillow, symbol of the warrior's rest—
Yet in Valhalla's halls he's numbered with the best.
No monumental shaft is there, emblem of a people's joy—
Yet he sleeps, the brave old soldier, by the side of his little boy.
No page of a nation's story tells of this soldier's deeds—
Yet he lived a life for others, and the heart of the Southland bleeds.
May the tears of a grateful people fall on the sacred spot!
May loving hands place on it the sweet "Forget-Me-Not!"

CAPT. W. K. COWLING.

From a tribute by Capt. J. F. Smith, of Little Rock, Ark.: "Another true and tried Confederate soldier has passed to the other shore. Capt. W. K. Cowling died at the home of his son, L. E. Cowling, at Washington, Ark., August 19, 1906. He was born in Mississippi in 1842, but his parents went to Hempstead County, Ark., the next year, and there he lived and cared for his mother and younger brothers and sisters after the death of his father. In 1861 he went forth to battle for the land he loved, enlisting in Company G, Twelfth Arkansas Regiment, Captain Abernathy and Col. E. W. Grant, and took part in many campaigns and hard-fought battles, one of which was the siege of Port Hudson. He was captured at Island No. 10, on the Mississippi River; again at the siege of Port Hudson. He surrendered at Marshall, Tex."

After he returned home, in 1868, he was married to Miss Josie Williams, daughter of Judge Cokely P. Williams. "It was after the war," states Captain Smith, "that I first became acquainted with this brave and gallant soldier. We soon became good friends, and until his death we shared each other's confidence in all the relations of life. In the dark days of reconstruction I saw his courage and good judgment manifested, and again, in 1882, in the subduing and bringing to justice of negro rioters in the Howard County riot, in all of which he demonstrated his ability as a commander and leader. We were competitors in business, but he was always courteous and fair, and he enjoyed the confidence and esteem

of his patrons. He was a devoted Church member, a good and affectionate husband and father, and to me a true and tried friend."

MAJ. RICHARD WOODRUM.

The survivors of Gen. John Echols's old First Brigade of Monroe and Greenbrier men will hear with regret of the death of Maj. Richard Woodrum, of Edgar's Battalion, which occurred at his ancestral home, in Summers County, W. Va., August, 1906. He was in his sixty-eighth year. Major Woodrum did not seem in battle to know what fear was. At Newmarket his gallantry was conspicuous; he charged the superior force of the enemy, cheering his men, with such dash that Lieut. Brown Craig, Adjutant of Edgar's Battalion, in admiration, exclaimed to Colonel Edgar: "If Woodrum is not promoted, I'll resign." A few days later Craig was killed at Second Cold Harbor, near Richmond, in the display of equal gallantry, and Woodrum was captured in the same fierce struggle on our breastworks, and was among the six hundred officers who were placed by the generous (?) foe under the fire of our own guns at Charleston. Capt. James Baumgardner, now Brigadier General, U. C. V., was also with the six hundred and knew Major Woodrum well. The Staunton Vindicator gives an interesting sketch of Major Woodrum.

MAJ. BYNUM H. HOOD.

Maj. Bynum H. Hood died at his home, in Dawson, Ga., on December 6, 1905, after many months of feeble health. He was sixty-nine years of age, was born in Meriwether County, and was educated under Morgan H. and George C. Looney in Fayetteville. He enlisted in April, 1861, in Forrest's Brigade, under his teacher, Capt. George C. Looney, and was with him through the Western campaign, in the famous raid on Murfreesboro July 23, 1862, in the battles of Perryville, Chickamauga, and around Atlanta. Failing health caused his discharge in 1863, but he continued with the army and was detailed by General Hood on his return to Tennessee to get up supplies. He served in this capacity until the surrender, and was mustered out in May, 1865. He went to Dawson in 1866 to teach school, but soon after became identified with the business interests of that place, and in 1889 was prominently connected with the building of the Columbus Southern Railroad through Dawson.

JUDGE W. A. McLANE.

One of the oldest and most respected citizens of Abbeville, Ga., Judge W. A. McLane, died recently at the ripe age of seventy-eight years. He was a member of Camp Fuller, U. C. V., and from the tribute by the Camp the following notes of his life are taken:

"W. A. McLane was born in Jones County, Ga., February 26, 1827, and spent his early years on a farm. He was among the first to enlist for the South, becoming a member of Phillips's Legion at Macon, Ga. His record as a soldier was above reproach. He surrendered with Longstreet's Corps at Appomattox, having risen from the ranks to first lieutenant. In 1878 he removed to Abbeville, and had since resided there, meriting to a high degree the civic honors which were placed upon him. His belief continued strong in the righteousness of the cause for which four long years of his best years were given.

SUMRALL.—W. R. Sumrall served in the 12th Arkansas Regiment from 1861-65, a faithful soldier to the end. He died in March, 1906, at the age of seventy-five years. He was a resident of Rising Star, Tex.

THE REBEL YELL.

BY W. E. POULSON.

You ask me to tell you what I saw
Or heard that during the Civil War
Impressed me more than all the rest
In all the armies, east, south, and west,
During all the carnage, all the strife,
All the experience of that life,
Of all the sorrows and all the fears
That made men grow old in a few years.

That's very easy for me to say;
For never will I forget the day
When first my hair was raised on end,
And a cold wave down my back did send
The shivers that took the strength away
From my legs and arms, so that I lay
Prostrate and lifeless and all aghast,
Expecting each hour to be my last.

Stillness and silence was in our camp.
Little heard except the steady tramp
Of the guards as to and fro they went
To posts on the outside battlement,
When from the distance came there a sound
That startled the guards and all around
The camp to such extent that great fear
Filled hearts and souls both far and near.

A troop of cavalry at full speed
Came down the road without care or heed—
Panic-stricken, hats and coats all gone,
Horses foaming, panting, all forlorn—
And at their heels, like Satan's legions
Just burst forth from the lower regions,
Were troops of gray coming down pell-mell,
Howling and screaming their Rebel Yell.

That yell was different from all the sounds
Ever heard. The throats of maddened hounds,
Of starved hyenas, and angry beasts
In deadly fight over bloody feasts,
Or wails of souls in purgatory,
Lost to heaven and all its glory,
Ne'er cast over man such awful spells
Of terror as did those Rebel Yells.

One night, after a most awful day
Of carnage, as near the front we lay,
Exhausted and sleeping and dreaming
Of home and past happy days, seeing
As if our Maker had once again
Drawn from our country the strife and pain
Of war and blest us with peace and love,
That a choir of angels far above

Were singing sweet songs to Him who gave
Crowns and wreaths of glory to the brave
Who gave their lives upon the field
Of battle, their country's fame to shield,
There came in the stillness of that night,
Without warning, slashing left and right,
Fitzhugh's horsemen, with death's awful knell,
Shrieking and screaming that Rebel Yell.

Pistol and carbine flashing forth deeds
Of frightful agony, maddened steeds
Trampling to earth and death soldiers stanch
Who stood before that great avalanche,

Spreading consternation far and wide
To those just dreaming of peace. That ride
Of death had just changed to sorrow
Those dreams of peace before the morrow.

To our camp there came one summer day
Some colored soldiers, who, they say,
"Fought nobly" somewhere in days gone by,
And on whom we thought we could rely
To explore the country round about
And guard such wagon trains that went
With forage and provisions and like
Supplies needed farther down the pike.

Grand and brave they looked one morning
With their nice uniforms adorning
Their manly figures, all so erect,
That they produced such fine effect
That Grant with great admiration came
To view this acquisition, whose fame
For great and startling deeds of valor
Might cloud those of the other color.

But alas! how fate can disarrange
One's hopes and prospects, and quickly change
One's fortunes! for on that day their doom
Was cast. Sunset was past, and the gloom
Of darkness had slowly cast its veil
Over woods and lonesome roads and dale,
And the troop was marching back to camp
Weary and hungry with the day's tramp—

When suddenly came screams appalling,
Saber strokes, pistol shots, men falling
Thick and fast, horses rearing, plunging,
Maiming and killing, swordsmen lunging,
Filling the road with dead and dying;
For Mosby's band had long been lying,
Waiting, and then without mercy fell
Upon them, shrieking that Rebel Yell.

Only a few escaped that raid.
One poor fellow reached camp and laid
Down in front of our tent, and we took
Him to the surgeon for him to look
To his wounds; but it was not to be
A case of surgical skill, for he
Had quickly left this world, and outright
Had there died from nothing else but fright.

Those bloody days have passed away,
And we who live have blessed the day
When peace spread wings over sea and land,
With Blue and Gray marching hand in hand.
And now we are again united,
Our country no more to be blighted
With deep animosities or strife
During the remainder of this life.

I can look back to those awful days
And call to mind the various ways
The courage of our brave men was brought
To test, and believe the thing that wrought
More real terror to our souls was not
The terrible storm of cannon shot
Nor the whirring of the deadly shell—
It was that infernal Rebel Yell.

"TWO WARS," BY GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN issued "Two Wars," by Gen. French, in the belief that it would become a standard history, that its perusal would be as charming and instructive as any work ever published concerning the themes treated, and that every friend of the VETERAN would be kindly interested in its success. The following reviews of the work are from sources that should convince any person who desires knowledge upon the subject treated. The story of the war in Mexico is as fascinating as a novel, while his part in the Confederate service is of much historic value and charmingly written.

GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS, ATLANTA, GA.

No war book has entertained me more than yours. It is singularly adapted to interest the reader as well as instruct him.

I was surprised to find that such a multitude of facts on such a variety of military experiences, popular customs, national issues, and individual characteristics could be comprehended in one volume covering the time of a generation.

GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

I have read with great interest the autobiography of Gen. S. G. French. It is one of the most interesting books gotten out since the War between the States. The reminiscent and narrative style is peculiarly attractive, and the varied and new coloring of events in the Mexican War, War between the States, and reconstruction period renders the book a most valuable addition to any library. As a book of reference on many valuable statistics and facts, I esteem it most highly, and cordially recommend it to the reading public.

REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, CHAPLAIN GENERAL, U. C. V.

I have read this book with deep interest, and do not hesitate to commend it as one that should be in every library and every home. Maj. Gen. S. G. French was an able, gallant, and accomplished soldier. He wields a trenchant and graceful pen; and he tells the story of what he saw and heard in Mexico and in the great War between the States in most entertaining style, and makes a distinct and most valuable contribution to the history of the great events in which he bore so conspicuous a part.

A graduate of West Point, the General gives very pleasant reminiscences of cadet life there, of service in the regular army and in the Mexican War, and of his experiences as a planter in Mississippi, both before and after the war.

Born in New Jersey, he was yet a firm believer in the doctrine of State rights, and did not hesitate to cast his fortunes with the South in her struggle for constitutional freedom.

Accepting the situation at the close of the war, he indulges in no "bitter memories of a stormy past;" but he does not cringe nor crawl, "eat dirt" nor make any apologies for the heroic struggle made by the Confederacy for the "inalienable right" of self-government.

A vein of keen wit, quiet humor, and latent satire runs all through the book, making it exceedingly readable, and when one begins it he will not lay it aside until it is finished. In a word, we owe Gen. French hearty thanks for his charming book, and hope that it may have a wide circulation, especially among Confederate veterans and the sons and daughters of Confederates.

JUDGE W. L. CALHOUN, ATLANTA, GA.

Through the courtesy of our friend, Mr. Julius L. Brown, I have had the pleasure of reading your recent publication, entitled "Two Wars: An Autobiography." From the beginning to the end of it I was deeply interested, and did not feel satis-

fied until I had reached the conclusion. Its clear, candid, accurate, unqualified, and, as I believe, truthful statements were to me very impressive. I feel that you are deserving of the thanks of our people—especially our Southern people—for this valuable contribution, and am sure that it will aid very much in the effort to hand down to posterity truthful narratives of those eventful times of which you have written.

From the Galveston News.

Gen. French was an officer in the armies of the United States and the Confederate States. He was a graduate from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1843. His autobiography is really a diary covering the Mexican War, the War between the States, and the reconstruction period, giving his personal experience, many incidents and reminiscences. The volume is a simple narrative of passing events without discussing their importance and bearing politically in shaping the destiny of the nation. Of all forms of history, a good autobiography is one of the most pleasing and attractive. The generation that recalls from memory the events of our history connected with the admission of the great State of Texas into the American Union, and the war with Mexico which followed, has nearly all gone. Here and there a strong man survives whose memory is clear and whose conscience is true. To hear him talk of these events, or to read after him as he writes of the universal excitement in the country, the angry debates in Congress, the opposition to the admission of Texas and to the war with Mexico, of the brilliant campaign of Taylor, and the battles fought on Mexican soil, is to enjoy history in its most attractive form. The historian who has been an actual participant in the events of which he writes, whose passions have been cooled by age, and whose judgment has been disciplined by long years of experience and reflection enjoys an immense advantage. However we may disagree with him in his criticisms upon the conduct of men or upon their motives, if he be a man of high and true character, we enjoy the greatest satisfaction in accepting his statements as to facts which represent his own actions and experiences. Gen. French is such a historian. The clear, natural, dispassionate style of his book, its freedom from bitterness, the tenderness with which he dwells upon the history of his classmates at West Point, several of whom became distinguished generals in the Federal army, including Grant—all these characteristics of his autobiography soon win the confidence of his readers. For the general reader of to-day, and especially for the survivors of the Confederate army, Gen. French's book will possess peculiar interest. Gen. French participated in the campaign of Gen. Hood up to its disaster at Nashville. His book will be read with more than usual interest by students of the ill-starred march into Tennessee and the battles of Franklin and Nashville. The venerable author has been an able and gallant soldier of his country, and the simple and graphic manner in which he writes of his distinguished services and relates the great events in which he bore a faithful part entitles his book to the confidence of his countrymen. Although the lot of Gen. French was cast with the South, whatever may be his opinion of the action of the North before, during, and after the War between the States, as expressed in the pages of his book, he is as loyal to the constitution and as ready to uphold and maintain the rights and dignity of the United States as any man within its boundary. This was evidenced when he tendered his services as a soldier to President McKinley before war was declared against Spain.

This book is supplied by the VETERAN for \$2, and with a year's subscription for \$2.50.

WORTHY TESTIMONY CONCERNING CAPT. WIRZ.

[A statement by Col. J. H. Fannin, of La Grange, Ga., who commanded the 1st Georgia Reserves at Andersonville prison.]

I knew Captain Wirz from the 17th of July, 1864, to the close of the war in 1865, and was almost continuously thrown in contact with him as commander of troops at Andersonville, and I know of no cases where he was unusually unkind to the prisoners. There was suffering, but no blame can truthfully be attached to him. I am certain that he exerted all powers at his command and that of the Confederate government to alleviate and relieve the suffering of the prisoners. I was daily and often at night called in consultation by Captain Wirz to aid in making investigations so as to prevent escapes. My opportunities were good for seeing any unkindness or cruelty in his management if there had been any on his part toward the prisoners.

I well remember on two occasions that he had reported the fact to me of the arrival of cars of provisions which the Confederate government had authorized the shipment of from the Army of Northern Virginia for the special use of and distribution among the Federal prisoners. He was rejoiced at the arrival of these trains filled with necessary food supplies.

I was ordered as brigade commander at Andersonville to appear as a witness in the Wirz case in Washington City, July 14, 1865, and I heard the famous speech of Mr. Holmes, attorney for Captain Wirz, before the court-martial presided over by Gen. Lew Wallace. Mr. Holmes claimed that the court-martial had no right to try Wirz on the charges brought against him, and that they should not be pressed. He made an able argument and eloquent appeal. The court decided, however, to proceed, when Holmes declared his disapproval of such unjust and illegal rulings, and said that he would wash his hands of this innocent man's blood; whereupon he threw up Wirz's case, and left him under the care of Mr. Louis Schade, a Swiss attorney and former fellow-countryman, who faithfully stood by Captain Wirz to the last.

Captain Wirz sent for me to consult and advise with him; but the authorities would never permit me to see him, and never during the entire trial was I permitted to speak a word to him. I was ordered peremptorily down from the witness stand three times, and taken down by a sentinel the last time because my evidence did not prove to be incriminating; but on the contrary was exculpatory of Wirz, and I saw plainly that my testimony was not the kind wanted by the court.

I regard the execution of Captain Wirz upon the false testimony brought against him by the abandoned ruffians who testified as a brutal murder, wholly unjustified.

ERROR AS TO WHICH OF THE JOHNSTONS.

From Comrade R. E. Booth, Vicksburg, Miss.:

"In the August number of the *VETERAN* I read your editorial touching the 'unsent message' of President Davis to the Confederate Congress, in which he gave his reasons for not reinstating Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to an important command, also 'comment' by the *Nashville American*.

"I do not write this to take part in the unfortunate controversy which has arisen on the subject, for I think it best that the veil of oblivion should be dropped over such matters, though I think it must be confessed that President Davis, as was his wont, enforced his position with very cogent and powerful reasoning. My purpose in sending this is to direct your attention to and ask if the writer in the *American* has not, inadvertently, fallen into a historical error? In his comment he uses this language: 'Opposed to Davis's opinion

of Johnston is that of General Lee, who restored him to the command of the Army of Tennessee, and who declared in a conference at Richmond that if General Johnston was not a great soldier, then we had no great soldiers.' Now has he not mixed up the two Johnstons, Albert Sidney and Joseph E.?

"It will be remembered that in the early part of 1862, just after the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, there was great dissatisfaction felt with and severe criticism indulged in toward Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston throughout the South on account of this disaster and his consequent retreat upon Corinth. So intense was this feeling that the senators and representatives from Tennessee in the Confederate Congress waited upon the President in a body and urged the removal of General Johnston and the substitution of some other commander in his stead. President Davis listened with marked and courteous attention to their complaints, and in a manly and dignified reply simply said: 'If Sidney Johnston is not a general, the Confederacy has none to send you.' Now is not this the incident to which the *American* refers, and is not the language attributed to General Lee as having been spoken of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in reality the language of President Davis, above mentioned, and used of the great Albert Sidney Johnston, whose sad and untimely death was one of the severest blows inflicted upon the Confederacy during its brief but brilliant career?"

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It will
SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

"ON THE WARPATH."

BY SILAS E. SNYDER.

Chicago had her "Midway," St. Louis her "Pike," Portland her "Trail," and the Jamestown Exposition, which will be held on the shores of Hampton Roads, near Norfolk, Va., in 1907, will have a "Warpath." The scenic amusements have much to do with making an exposition attractive; and after a long, weary day of sight-seeing among the exhibit palaces, it is a relief and a recreation to turn to the great white way, where the lights glitter, the mountebanks and soubrettes rule their merry crews, where the joyous ballyhoo man bawls his incoherent buncombes—where, in short, the multitude is at play. The great playground of the Jamestown Exposition has been named the "Warpath." Gen Fitzhugh Lee gave it that name, and it is certain that the entertainment to be furnished by the concessions that line its dazzling streets will be sufficiently exciting to make the name appropriate.

The "Warpath" occupies a beautiful space fronting upon the military parade ground, and is 1,288 feet long by 730 feet in width. There are two parallel streets separated by a central block on both sides of which are concessions, thus making a total frontage of more than a mile, including the bazaars at either end. The streets are eighty feet wide and paved with brick. An arcade covered by a glass dome which at night will be aflame with lights divides the central block into two equal parts and makes a convenient passageway between the streets.

A miniature elevated railroad runs along three sides of the "Warpath," affording rapid and cheap transportation as well as a charming and comprehensive view of the great city of mirth.

The main entrance is flanked by the American and the Oriental bazaars, which open upon a plaza one hundred and seventy-five feet wide by seven hundred feet in length, on all sides of which will be hanging gardens. There will be, of course, a scenic railway, a shoot the chutes, and other familiar amusements; but for the most part the concessions will be new and many of them sensational. Among the good things thus far secured are "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Destruction of San Francisco," "The Palace of History," "The Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac," "The Haunted Castle," "The Pyramids of Egypt," "The Swiss Village," "Tea Garden of Old Japan."

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PUNCH'S CARTOON ON PRESIDENT'S ATTACK ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Punch in a full-page cartoon shows "Teddy" Roosevelt in cowboy costume, sleeves rolled up, standing, hatchet in hand, by a great tree which represents the English language.

Father Time, examining the tree with a powerful magnifying glass, observes a slight incision in the trunk. "Who's been trying to cut down this tree?" he asks.

"Father," answers Teddy, "I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my litl ax."

To this Father Time replies: "Ah! well; boys will be boys."

M. C. Durbin, of Alden's Bridge, La., writes of an old sword which he bought from a negro, who said he found it in a house in Arkansas. On the handle is the name "P. H. Thomson," on the butt end "D. K." and "J. W. R.," on the blade in large letters is "U. S.," and where the handle and blade join is "A. D. K. U. S., 1850." The blade is flowered; it seems to have been a fine sword. Inquiries can be addressed to Mr. Durbin, who is anxious to find out something about it.

Souvenirs of General Lee's farewell address at Appomattox, 1865, will be gladly furnished U. D. C. Chapters or individuals by Mrs. Hugh C. Smith, of Emporia, Va. The souvenirs are full-sized gavel made of the limbs of the old poplar tree under which our noble Lee stood while speaking to his soldiers for the last time. Price of gavels post-paid, \$1. Only a limited number. Proceeds to be used for benevolent purposes. References given if desired.

J. L. Dickson, of Sherman, Tex., says he would like to know how many of Company K, 4th South Carolina Volunteers, are now living, and would appreciate hearing from them.

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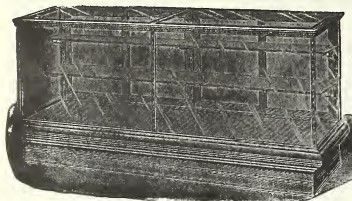
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P. T. Sandel, Huntsville, Tex., R. F. D. No. 2, wishes to learn the company and regiment in which his brother, D. W. Sandel, served. He went into the

service from Pike County, Miss., and was with General Johnston at Bowling Green, Ky. He also wants to know where he was buried.

THE CHAPLAIN ON REVIEW.

[The following beautiful lines of historic interest are from a New Orleans paper in 1867.]

At a review of the Army of Northern Virginia the Rev. Mr. Patterson, chaplain of a North Carolina regiment, appeared on the field in his cassock and bands with a prayer book in his hand. As the regiment passed before him Gen. Robert E. Lee raised his hat and said: "I salute the Church of the Living God!"

"There's to be a grand review, boys, so see that your arms are right; Mars Bob will excuse a shabby coat, but never a shabby fight;

And, though to-day we're playing and it's nothing but review, Who knows but to-morrow morning we'll have real work to do?

So look to your cartridge boxes, and see that your guns are clean, Your knapsacks all in order, and bayonets fit to be seen.

Don't mind if your coats are battered, so are your battle flags too, For many a hard campaign Mars Bob has carried us through;

But brush up your old gray jackets and do the best you can, For he looks behind the uniform and sees the real man."

"Yes," said the chaplain softly, "and, my men, God holds a review Through me every Sunday morning, and this is what you must do:

Prepare your souls for inspection and see that your hearts are right And that every man among you is armed against sin to fight.

Remember your daily actions are the uniforms you must wear, And God will pardon its tatters if the love of Christ is there;

For the flesh is often weak when the spirit truly is willing, Unless with his ammunition our souls we are always filling.

For, though in the eyes of the world your outward man may be right, Without the love of the Saviour you never can win in the fight.

So brush up your uniforms well and do the best that you can, And remember behind the soldier God looks at the heart of the man."

'Twas thus a word in season the chaplain spoke to them then,
And it fell not by the wayside, but into the hearts of men;

And when they stood for inspection before the grand review,
He in his dress of office stood with the regiment too.

And he said, "Although I honor my coat of Confederate gray,
I come in full dress uniform, a priest of the Church to-day;

And this is the battle flag that before my men I'll bear"—
And when in these canonicals at the the book of Common Prayer;

And when in these canonicals at the grand review he trod,
General Lee uncovered his head to "the Church of the Living God!"

Mr. J. H. Elder, of Atlanta, Ga., has had placed in his hands for sale a magnificent library of an old Veteran, some twelve hundred volumes, consisting of Revolution, Mexican, Indian, and War of 1812; also a fine lot of histories and biographies of the War between the States, books of travel, encyclopedias, commentaries on the Bible.

Now is the time for the readers of the VETERAN to secure out-of-print books. Write Mr. Elder, naming your wants. He will undoubtedly be able to supply them.

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Patrick Ford, of Williamstown, Ky., desires the name of any members of Company E, 33d Virginia Infantry. The company was made up of Irishmen, was commanded by Capt. Marion Cybert, and was first under Colonel Cummins and later under Colonel Neff. Direct reply in care of James P. Webb.

W. J. McKenzie, of Huntsville, Tex., seeks a long-lost brother, Jack McKenzie, of whom he never heard after being taken prisoner at Arkansas Post. He was a member of Company G, 24th Texas.



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


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VOL. XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

NO. II



MRS. VARINA JEFFERSON DAVIS

Representative Southern Poets

BY CHARLES W. HUBNER

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It is passing strange that there are but few Americans of culture who have any knowledge of Southern literature. While Europe gives first place to the South in the development of colonial literature and the creation of a literature distinctively American; places Washington, Marshall, Jefferson, Madison, Calhoun, and other Southern statesmen in the same class with Burke and Fox and the Pitts in their literary value as well as in their statecraft; treasures the poetry of Lanier and other poets of the South as the best in American poetry; while Europe honors Poe with first place as a teller of tales, with other Southerners of almost equal rank as imaginative writers—while Europe at a distance thus weighs our literature, the American, North, East, West—yes, even South—is in ignorance of the best in the literature of his country. His knowledge of Southern letters is confined to Poe. He is not aware that there is any Southern literature aside from the stories and poems of this master.

Those few versed in the lore of the South, as well as those in ignorance of it, have justly complained that no history of Southern literature could be found; that there were few books authoritatively presenting any portion of Southern literature; that there were few to aid in the study of Southern writers and their works. Now comes that book of great importance (published by this house) to American letters by Prof. Carl Holliday, instructor in English literature in the University of Virginia, entitled "A History of Southern Literature," a key that will unlock the door to the enchanted palace of the South to all who would enter. The volume begins with the study of the first American book, the work of Captain John Smith, and is followed by a sympathetic though critical survey of three hundred years of Southern literature—the whole of it. With this volume is issued the book which we here present.

Mr. Hubner, himself in the front rank of living Southern poets, in his "Representative Southern Poets," writes with appreciation, critically, lovingly, sympathetically, with full knowledge growing out of his intimate friendships with those of them who lived within his time, of their purposes and achievements. He shows us in their flesh and blood, in their spirituality and mentality, such leading poets as Lanier, Hayne, Timrod, Father Ryan, Hope, Ticknor, Mrs. Preston, Pinckney, Chivers, Poe.

There are few so worthy as this Southern poet to present the beauty of Southern poetry and its makers. Long has he known the South and loved her, and fought for her, and he would have others know the beauty of her poetry and joy in it. We can see in his every line that to him the poets of the South bloom like the magnolia with its beautiful blossoms high above the

flowering plants that surround it. To him there is no poetry like Southern poetry in the American literature, and he but voices the opinions of European students of the poetry of the English language. The *London Times* but recently had this to say, speaking of Lanier:

He is the most considerable of all the poets who come after the war. Like Poe, his master, he had theories, of which one was that poetry should be made to approximate as closely as possible to music—for at heart he was a musician—and the effort to apply that theory is responsible for much in him that is weak and diffuse. But the proportion of "sheer fudge" to genius in him is less than in Poe. He remains the most fearless and passionate, the widest in range, the greatest master of melody of any of the American poets. He is on fire with his own genius, and he fires his reader too. Like the lines of a greater than he, Mr. Swinburne [a Briton can never write an appreciation of foreign literature without comparisons to the glory of his nation], his lines whirl one along in a verbal intoxication:

"But the air and my heart and the earth are a thrill—
And look where the wild duck sails round the bend of the

river
And look where a passionate shiver
Expectant is bending the blades
Of the marsh grass in serial shimmers and shades;
And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast fleeting,
Are beating

The dark overhead as my heart beats; and steady and free
Is the ebb tide flowing from marsh to sea
(Run home, little streams,

With your lapfuls of stars and dreams);
And a sailor unseen is hoisting a peak,
For list, down the inshore curve of the creek
How merrily flutters the sail!

And lo, in the east! Will the east unveil?
The east is unveiled, the east hath confessed
A flush; 'tis dead; 'tis alive; 'tis dead ere the east
Was aware of it; nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis unwithdrawn;
Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis dawn."

So he wrote, on his deathbed, of "Sunrise," and the lines, in their strength and weakness, are representative. In Lanier catch that rare note of gayety and bravery. "The Stirrup Cup," a welcome to death, shows it most clearly. It is Emerson humanized. In the face of so much frigidity, ethical instruction, sense of duty, as the student of American poetry has to encounter it, it is a pleasure to come on this note of Lanier's—a gayety in the face of disease and death like Stevenson's, a bravery that the meanest may understand and welcome. Lanier, at any rate, was not afraid of poetry, not disheartened by having to sing to a nation too busy with other things to be in the mood for poetry. He lived for poetry as no other American poet (most of them being hard-worked men of affairs, teachers or professional men) had done. He had the courage to "let himself go," to sing, according to Thoreau's well-known lines, with "light head erect," not to "grope with bended neck."

Mr. Hubner's book is not written to prove the great value of the literature of the South; he would simply have others know this literature and those who wrote it as he does. Those who have not read his book may have many hours of pleasure in its reading and years of pleasure, a lifetime of pleasure, with the Southern poets.

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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
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NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1906.

No. 11. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

MRS. VARINA JEFFERSON DAVIS.

News of the death of Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis is too widespread for any formal notice herein to be worth while, but the VETERAN will seek to pay a worthy tribute to her honored memory.

After her death in New York and a service there, a guard of honor furnished by the United States government and a message to Mrs. J. A. Hayes from President Roosevelt and wife (from whom was also received a magnificent floral offering) were conspicuous tributes among the many from all sections of the country.

The editor of the VETERAN attended the services in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, and the funeral as one of the honorary pallbearers, and escorted with the Lee and Pickett Camps the remains from the railroad station to the church. Veterans removed the casket from the car, carried it to the hearse, and then carried it into the lecture room of the church, where it remained under a guard of honor by the Veterans until three o'clock, the hour for the service. The usual burial service of the Church was followed, supplemented by Chaplain General Dr. J. William Jones, who announced the hymn "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord," stating that it was "the favorite hymn of Lee and Jackson."

The procession was led to Hollywood by various military organizations with appropriate music. The number of Veterans in attendance did not exceed two or three hundred; but the procession was perhaps over a mile in length, and it is estimated that as many as thirty thousand people waited along the line of march in a drizzling rain. The growing darkness gave a scene on Bedloe's Island, up and down the roaring James River, and in Manchester, across the river, which was most impressive. The scene was in marked contrast to the sunny afternoon when President Davis was interred.

At the conclusion of the ceremony at the grave there were three shots of cannon, followed by three volleys from small arms, concluding with taps.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee was marshal of the funeral procession. There was a delegation from the New York Camp of Veterans, under Commander Owen, and a large attendance of representative Daughters from New York and various sections of the South.

The casket was elegant but plain, having no ornamentation save the handsome plate that contained the words: "Varina Jefferson Davis. Born May 7, 1826. Died Oct. 16, 1906. At peace."

The casket was covered with the Confederate battle flag and the last flag of the Confederacy until removed at the grave.

A venerable negro from Raleigh, N. C., long the coachman of the family, was in attendance, and was treated with most cordial consideration. He had attended the burial of President Davis also.

There was no more pathetic feature than that presented by the only surviving child, Mrs. J. Addison Hayes, who was attended by her husband. Dr. Webb, a son-in-law, and Miss Hayes were also present. In all groups the sentiment was expressed that the South had sustained great loss, even though the noble patriot had passed her four score years.

BRIEF PERSONAL SKETCH.

Varina Howell was born in Natchez, Miss., May 7, 1826, granddaughter of Gov. Richard Howell, of New Jersey, and daughter of William Burr and Margaret Kempe Howell. She was educated at Madame Grelaud's School, Philadelphia, and by private teachers at home. She was married February 25, 1845, to Jefferson Davis, of Warren County, Miss. He was elected to Congress in November, 1845; but resigned in June, 1846, to go to the Mexican War, from which he returned severely wounded, and they went to live at his Brierfield plantation, Davis Bend, Warren County, Miss. She was with her husband in Washington, where he was United States Senator, 1847-52; Secretary of War, 1853-57; United States Senator, 1857-61; and in Richmond during the time he was President of the Confederate States, 1861-65. During the first year of Mr. Davis's imprisonment she was not allowed to be with him, but was permitted to remain with him during the second year at Fortress Monroe. They were in England 1867-70; lived in Memphis, Tenn., 1870-78; then removed to Beauvoir Station, on the Mississippi Coast. She acted as his amanuensis when he wrote "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." After his death, she wrote numerous criticisms and articles for newspapers and magazines. Her greatest work was her "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis." She continued to own Brierfield, a plantation in Mississippi, but had lived in New York on account of her health. There were four sons and two daughters, of whom only Mrs. Hayes now survives.

WHY MRS. DAVIS LIVED NORTH.

The purchase of Beauvoir—made famous as the residence of Ex-President Jefferson Davis, of the Confederate States—by the Sons of Mississippi for a Confederate Home was an

important result of a visit of Mrs. Davis to the South. She had a great deal of attention, delegations pressing invitations upon her to visit different cities. On arrival at New Orleans, her last visit there, Mrs. Davis was interviewed on the subject of her stay South, when, with feeling, she said: "I have come to stay just as long as I possibly can; I shall stay until the hot weather drives me away." And then she added with sincere and heartfelt expression: "I would stay here always if I could; I only wish that I could live here. But I cannot stand the least heat. It overpowers me completely. And so when the warm days come I must always go. God only knows how I love my country, this dear old Southland, endeared by so many hallowed memories." Her eyes filled with tears as she concluded: "These are my people, and I love them as perhaps they will never know. Their devotion, their love, their reverence for the memories of my husband and daughter touch my heart very deeply. I read with interest none can tell all the sweet and kind things that are said about them; I watch the beautiful celebrations held and note how much is done to honor the memory of my husband and teach their children to do it. I can never, never forget all the honors and homage that these dear, devoted people paid my husband and daughter in their lifetime. How the old veterans loved them, and what sympathy and love were shown me in my great sorrows! Yes, I love the South, my own land; I love my own people, and I would that I could stay with them always."

Many thousands of Southern people were never reconciled to Mrs. Davis's residing in New York, a large proportion of them intimating that she should have remained in the South. The truth is, as stated by her, that she could not afford to remain at Beauvoir. There was no income from the place, and multitudes who visited there out of their great esteem for the family of the only Confederate President must be fed, and it was impossible to provide the hospitality that the conditions demanded. Mr. J. Addison Hayes, her only son-in-law, had lost his health, and was obliged to give up his lucrative business as cashier of the State National Bank at Memphis to seek a higher altitude; so Mrs. Davis, in revolt at the idea of being dependent upon the impoverished South, resolved to go to New York, where she and her single daughter, Winnie, were enabled to earn two thousand dollars each with their pens. By economy they thus lived in absolute independence. Then why not live in New York, where there were thousands of other Southerners or sympathetic friends? Their surroundings, as ardent Southerners, were thoroughly congenial. Mrs. Davis and her daughter were in position there to do more for the honor of their Southland than they could anywhere else in the world, and they did it faithfully. As stated, in her later years, Mrs. Davis could not live in the heated South; neither could she live in the high altitude necessary for her son-in-law—Colorado Springs. He was Southern through generations of ancestors in North Carolina and Mississippi, a direct descendant of Judge Henderson, of the Old North State, and grandson of O. B. Hayes, one of the best-known and most prominent citizens that ever lived in Nashville. Both of the sons-in-law's names, Addison and Hayes, are perpetuated by prominent streets in Nashville. A native of Mississippi, Addison Hayes ran away from home to join his older brothers in the Confederate army, and with them was faithful to the end. To Mrs. Davis he was indeed a son, and of his ample fortune, attained in the West, she was furnished lavishly to supply her every desire—if she could not live with him and his family, her only close relations.

Let every true Southerner make amends now, as far as

possible, by faithful tribute to her memory. Those who had the good fortune of an intimate acquaintance with her should be diligent to testify to her wonderful ability and unceasing loyalty to the South's honored martyr.

It shall be the mission of the VETERAN, now that she is dead, to place her where she deserves to be—as a most worthy wife of one of the noblest patriots and heroes that ever lived.

The general public hardly realized the marvelous ability of Mrs. Davis. She was quite as entertaining upon great issues as was her distinguished husband or the Vice President, Alexander H. Stephens, and it seems that she was extraordinary as a girl. It would be hard to find a trio in any family anywhere the equal of Mrs. Davis and her two daughters. In every way they were all ever exalted, although Margaret (Mrs. Hayes) was less conspicuous than the "Daughter of the Confederacy," being a mother at an early age with the care of several children.

Illustrating Mrs. Davis's exquisite gifts of thought and expression as a girl, the VETERAN quotes from the New York Times the following: "On his way to a political meeting at Vicksburg one December day sixty-three years ago, Jefferson Davis paid a visit to his brother's place, the Hurricane, near Natchez, Miss. The host, eager to entertain his brother, sent a saddle horse to the Howell home to bring back a pretty eighteen-year-old girl who had just returned from school in Philadelphia. That was how the man who came to be President of the Southern Confederacy met Varina Howell, and two years later they were married. He was a widower then, thirty years old, and just at the beginning of his political career. In a letter written soon after she met him Varina Howell said: 'I do not know whether this Mr. Jefferson Davis is young or old. He looks both at times, but I believe he is old. He impresses me as a remarkable kind of man, but of uncertain temper, and has a way of taking for granted that everybody agrees with him when he expresses an opinion, which offends me; yet he is most agreeable, and has a peculiarly sweet voice and a winning manner of asserting himself. The fact is, he is the kind of person I should expect to rescue one from a mad dog at any risk, but to insist upon a stoical indifference to the fright afterwards. I do not think that I shall ever like him as I do his brother Joe. Would you believe it? he is refined and cultivated, and yet he is a Democrat!'"

LOVING TRIBUTES HAPPILY COMPLETED.

The following letter was written on August 26, 1906, by Mrs. Davis to Mr. Cunningham: "I hope Mr. Hayes and my daughter will come East in September or the 1st of October. Unfortunately, I am obliged to leave the Gerard, and they are coming to establish me somewhere else, as I am too feeble to do much for myself. It is quite a cross to me to be obliged to change my quarters, where I have been comfortable for fifteen years. The people have all been kind to me also whenever it was in their power; but the neighborhood and the street is so thickly set with theaters that it is too noisy for one as weak as I. But wherever I go you can easily find me, or I shall write to you to say where I shall be. If I should be able to go South, *where I long to be*, I will. I have had two stained-glass windows built in Munich, one to Mr. Davis and the other to my deceased daughter, and I should very much like to see them unveiled in Biloxi this summer. The one to him is the resurrection, and the sentence is from the beatitudes: 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' My daughter's is the raising of Jairus's daughter:

"The maid is not dead, but sleepeth." The sentence is: 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.' I should like you to see them when they are unveiled. As soon as the time is set for the ceremony I shall let you know. This has been a precious hope to me that these windows could be erected, and by God's favor it has been done and in Mississippi, the State I love best."

U. D. C. BUILDING AT JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Ladies: The impression has gone abroad from some articles which have appeared in the Richmond and Norfolk papers during the summer that I, as President General of the U. D. C., have given an official approval of the plan to erect a U. D. C. building at the Jamestown Exposition. I have come to the conclusion that the way to let the U. D. C. world know just what I approved is to publish the following letters, which contain all that I knew of any plan until I was written to asking if the papers were correct in their statement that I had given my approval to the idea of erecting a U. D. C. building. I do not wish you to think that I would do such a thing as give an official approval to an idea which would involve the U. D. C. to the extent of several thousand dollars. I should think, without even consulting the Executive Committee before doing so. I certainly would not do so, as I think the President General should not even let her preference be known on so important a point which will come up before the convention over which she is to preside for decision. The simpler plan suggested in Mrs. Smith's letter, and which I approved, would cost very little; and I believed the whole expense could be met with the proceeds from the restaurant suggested. Anyway, it need not cost more than the U. D. C. could afford to pay out of the surplus in the treasury for next year.

The following are the letters, and I ask your careful reading of them:

"ROCKY MOUNT, VA., March 27, 1906.

"My Dear Mrs. Henderson: All of the patriotic societies in the United States are preparing for representation of some kind at the Jamestown Exposition next year, and it seems to me that it behooves the Daughters of the Confederacy to do something.

"If we could secure a room in one of the State buildings and decorate it with Confederate pictures, etc., and make it thoroughly comfortable, so that Daughters from all over the United States could have a meeting place, we might serve some such light refreshments as would suggest war times. Of course this is the vaguest outline of what could be done.

"Will you please write me what you think of the idea, and also tell me how it could best be presented to the U. D. C. Convention in Gulfport? It would need the indorsement of all the Divisions, as well as the U. D. C. It has already been heartily indorsed by the Virginia Division. If you approve, could you not send out circulars to the different State Presidents and ask them to send circulars to the Chapters in their territory? Please notify me at once if you approve and what you recommend.

"Most cordially yours,
MRS. CABELL SMITH,
Fourth Vice Pres. Va. Div., U. D. C.;
Pres. Jubal Early Chapter, U. D. C."

"GREENWOOD, MISS., April 10, 1906.

"My Dear Mrs. Smith: I have been deluged with work for

the past two weeks, so that I am just getting to a place where the answer to your letter may come in. I think your idea an excellent one, for it would certainly add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of the U. D. C. to have a place where each could be sure of finding other Daughters. And I would suggest that on the register you would keep in it you have the name, Chapter, and Division, and let none but Daughters use that register. The Tennessee, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi Conventions meet during May, so I think it would be a good idea for your Division to ask that those States take it up then and give it their approval. Ascertain first what the whole cost would be, for you'll hardly be able to get them to do anything until they know what it will cost. If a lunch room were kept in connection with it with Southern cooking, it might be made to pay all expenses; and I should think the Chapter in Norfolk might be able to suggest a good man or woman—and I'd prefer the latter—to take charge of it. We ought not to try to have it too elaborate, but a place where we can get good lunches of Southern food prepared by Southern cooks. I could not take up the work because I have too much else to do, but I think it would be an excellent idea to ask each Division to approve it; but first get your plans in such shape that they will know just what you expect of them.

"Many of the other Divisions meet in the fall, before the Convention at Gulfport.

"Wishing you success, and with friendly greetings, I am very truly your friend,
LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON."

You will see from these two letters that I could not possibly have had any idea of the erection of a building, and I think Mrs. Smith did not either.

I hope the Convention will be largely attended, for we have many things of great importance to consider. And I know the Mississippi Division will be greatly disappointed if there is not a large attendance. We want, among other things, to show you the "Jefferson Davis Memorial Home," where our old and indigent Confederate men and women are being cared for by the State of Mississippi. It is Beauvoir, the home of our beloved President Davis. Do not let the reports of the damage done by the recent storm on the Gulf Coast make you uneasy about the ability of the Mississippi Division to take care of you in Gulfport. I have just had a talk with a gentleman who returned from there yesterday, and he says that very little damage was done the Mississippi coast.

GEORGIA DIVISIONS U. C. V. AND U. D. C. REUNION.—The next Reunion of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., will be held in Savannah, Ga., November 13, 14. Railroad fare will be two cents a mile for round trip; the hotels and boarding houses will charge reduced rates. The Major General commanding earnestly hopes that the entire membership of your Camp will be present on that occasion. The headquarters of the Division will be at the DeSoto Hotel. The convention will be called to order at 10 A.M. on the 13th. Each Camp will appoint delegates and alternates and forward the names and dues to Col. J. W. Wilcox, Adjutant General, at Macon, Ga. Macon is to send both her Camps of Veterans to the Savannah reunion together. Commander W. Lamar Williams, of the Sons of Veterans, will also have this body well represented. The Georgia Daughters are to meet at Americus immediately upon the adjournment of the U. C. V. Convention unless a change is made because of the General U. D. C. Convention at Gulfport, which is to be about the same time.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

There will be disappointment in the failure to report several Reunions and monument dedications in this issue, and it is regretted. There has been extraordinary delay in the receipt of photographs of monuments; and then the unavoidable drawback in the removal of the Publishing House—that of the M. E. Church, South—to new quarters on Broad Street, near the United States Customhouse, has retarded the work so that type already in form is largely used. By contract this Publishing House has printed the *VETERAN* for years. Indulgence of patrons is asked and urgent appeal is made to contributors to prepare and send whatever is intended for these pages promptly. With diligent care in every way, it takes at least a week after the last item is in to issue the edition. Contributors are urged to send whatever they may desire printed as soon as practicable. Please don't forget this.

There are such peculiar conditions connected with the patronage of the *VETERAN* that its proprietor suggests new rules for its maintenance. While the traveling agents are absolutely reliable and efficient, the new law in regard to transportation may require a change in the method of renewal. Many patrons may be surprised in the statement that to remit direct to the office would save to the publication annually thousands of dollars. Letters soliciting local agents and sample copies are being sent throughout the South, mainly to county court clerks—clerks of the court of ordinary in Georgia—seeking their cooperation in a general canvass of their counties throughout the South. Comrades who appreciate the *VETERAN* may render great aid by conferring with these officials and securing their aid in the procurement of efficient local agents. In many instances a paying revenue might be secured for some worthy Veteran or Daughter in need.

A singular condition exists in regard to its circulation. When started, in January, 1893, there were not one hundred subscribers; but an edition of five thousand copies was printed, and the growth was so magical that soon the five thousand copies did not meet the demand. It speedily grew to ten thousand, then on to eighteen thousand and twenty thousand. With that circulation it requires over fifty renewals or new subscriptions every day to maintain it. Of course the death rate of Veterans has been rapid; yet, notwithstanding the accelerated ratio of deaths, it has maintained its hold and grown a little each year, but this has required perpetual diligence.

Now what should be done? All realize that thousands of these noble old men through the natural order will soon have crossed over the river and that their children's children should be instructed in the truth as long as honor and love of country exist. The management will do all that is possible to this end, and appeal is made to every zealous friend to rally to the *VETERAN* as to nothing else. Patriots are urged to respond to this request. Let every man and woman write to the editor and say whatever he or she will undertake to increase the list. The circulation could be doubled in a month. Let Camps and Chapters discuss it in their meetings and report how many unfortunate comrades they will pay half price for to be sent through 1907. Splendid men will let their subscriptions run on for two or three years without giving at-

tention, and then pay as much ahead. Let all who are interested now give attention. Men wear the Cross of Honor and attend Reunions who never saw the *VETERAN*. Talk to them. Let us make the circulation fifty thousand copies.

STATUS OF THE "BATTLE ABBEY."

It will be remembered that a Mr. Shaughnessy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., as "assignee" of John C. Underwood, brought suit for certain commissions claimed to be due on amounts paid through the said Underwood to the Confederate Memorial Association as a result of the contract made between himself and W. D. Chipley, deceased. This claim included twenty-five per cent of the Rouss subscription of one hundred thousand dollars, which was ever ready for payment on compliance with the terms of the proposed gift. The plaintiff succeeded in securing a judgment for the entire sum, which would have given Underwood sixty-five thousand dollars, when he had procured subscriptions for but little over half that amount. Upon appeal of the Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals dismissed the suit. Application was then made for a rehearing and reargument, and this has just been denied, which ends the matter unless an appeal shall be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

According to reports published in the *VETERAN*, it may be remembered that Underwood admitted having in his possession about forty-seven thousand dollars; so that, had the decision in Shaughnessy's favor been sustained, it would have given him but sixteen thousand dollars additional.

MEMORIAL TO CAPTAIN WIRZ ADVOCATED.

[Mrs. S. W. Mitchell, of Anniston, Ala., sends to the Georgian, of Atlanta, a plea for the Wirz monument.]

I am much interested in the success of the memorial to Captain Wirz, not only as a Daughter of the Confederacy but because no braver, truer, or more gallant soldier ever wore the gray than he. While quite a young girl I went with my aunt to Andersonville when Captain Wirz was commandant. I saw the thousands of Federal prisoners whose woes the North has cried to the world, and I saw Captain Wirz, who did all in his power to alleviate their condition. If their food was insufficient, the fault was not his. Our own soldiers had no better. He was humane and gentle, especially to the sick. A physician by profession, he exercised his skill in their behalf, though it was frequently impossible to obtain the proper medicines for them. I heard him discussing with my aunt the ways and means whereby he might secure delicacies for the convalescents, and I well remember how pleased he was when my aunt sent them such dainties as the country could provide.

At that time we felt a peculiar sympathy for all prisoners, as my aunt's husband, A. A. Lowe, a member of the glorious 8th Georgia Regiment, was a prisoner of war on Governor's Island, New York. Alas! when he came home, we learned how differently he had been treated. He was sick and almost starving, though food was plentiful. He suffered every humiliation that his foes could put upon him, and through exposure contracted a disease (asthma) from which he suffered the remainder of his life.

When we rode to the ridge overlooking the stockade and looked down on the prisoners, Captain Wirz was with us; and as we gazed at them in silence, he said: "Poor fellows! poor fellows! How I wish their government would consent to an exchange! We are overcrowded, but we do the best we can."

PATHETIC STORY OF CAPTAIN WIRZ.

BY MAJ. H. W. GRABER, DALLAS, TEX.

I have just perused with much interest recent issues of the *VETERAN*; and after reading the oration of the Rev. R. F. Thrapp at Jacksonville, Ill., on Decoration Day, well calculated to make us feel that the fanaticism and bitterness of the North is yielding to sound reason and justice, we are again called upon, through the resolution of the G. A. R. at their late annual meeting at Minneapolis, to act on the defensive and protect the blameless and humane character of our Confederate government in the treatment of our prisoners of war. The fact that this resolution could pass such a representative body of brave soldiers of the blue is evidence that they are wholly uninformed on the true history of the case, and were led into this error through the exaggerated statements of ex-prisoners who did not realize the inability of our government to do better and that they had the same fare as the guards on duty around them. It is incumbent on us in our fast-declining years to resent this unjust charge by stating facts and protecting the truth of history.

George L. Marshall gave me a history of Captain Wirz some twenty years ago as told him by his father, Colonel Marshall, who was General Winder's private secretary, and is as follows: "Gen. John H. Winder had charge of all Federal prisoners, with his headquarters at Richmond. Sometime in the early part of 1864 (I cannot recall date correctly) Colonel Marshall, on the many persistent appeals of Captain Wirz for relief, was sent to Andersonville to confer with him as to the best means of alleviating the sufferings of the prisoners at that point, who were dying by hundreds for the want of medicines and proper nourishment. Colonel Marshall on his arrival was assigned to a room next to one occupied by Captain Wirz. After midnight Colonel Marshall was awakened by a moaning and walking of some one in Wirz's room. When he opened the door, he found Captain Wirz still dressed; and on being asked if he was sick, he said, raising and wringing his hands in despair: 'My God, Marshall! what can we do, what shall we do, to afford relief to these thousands of poor fellows placed in my charge and keeping, dying away from home and cast off by their government, and with our own without means to help? O God, this is terrible! this is awful!' It was then decided between them to suggest to the Richmond authorities to send a commission composed of representative prisoners to Washington to plead for exchange, and if this was refused to ask that at least medicines be permitted to enter our lines for these prisoners. Colonel Marshall returned to Richmond and presented this conclusion to our authorities, who agreed to the proposition, fully satisfied that the Washington authorities would certainly heed the plea by their own men for medicines, which our government agreed to pay for in gold or cotton, and accordingly authorized the sending of four good men from the prison on this merciful mission, which was done with the result of a complete refusal by the Washington government to grant even the permit for medicines. The men returned to prison, to their honor be it said, in compliance with the parole."

It is unfortunate indeed that at this late day, forty years after the close of this terrible drama in the world's history, we are called upon to lay bare the truth of history by exposing to the gaze of the civilized world, as well as our own children, the cruel conduct of the war on the part of the North. Where does history record a civilized country at war declaring medicines contraband of war, as was done by the Washington government? It is natural for the govern-

ment at Washington to shift from themselves to Sherman and Sheridan the responsibility for the cruel and inhuman warfare conducted by these generals; but the government cannot escape the known and recognized fact that upon a simple restraining order these men would have stayed their devastation and cruelties.

Bid the good ladies Godspeed in their laudable undertaking; let the monument be built in memory of that humane and kind-hearted comrade whose life was sacrificed to satisfy the cruel and unjust demand of a misinformed and excited Northern section. I inclose five dollars, which kindly forward to the good ladies having in charge the building of this monument.

OTHER TABLETS IN ANDERSONVILLE PRISON PARK.

[Capt. Lemuel M. Park, of Georgia, supplies the following additional tablets in Andersonville prison grounds.]

No. 1 has: "For maliciously causing the death of a large number of prisoners in violation of the rules of war Capt. Henry Wirz, commanding this prison, was convicted and executed in November, 1865, at Old Capitol Prison, in Washington, D. C."

There is a tablet over a spring which the oldest inhabitants around Andersonville say has been flowing from "the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." The oldest citizens of Andersonville and vicinity and the owner of the land state that the so-called "Providence Spring" has been in existence ever since Sumter County, Ga., was first settled and the Indians occupied that country. Yet this blasphemous inscription is placed above the spring:

"Providence Spring."

"This tablet was erected by the Woman's Relief Corps of the Grand Army of the Republic in grateful memory of the men who suffered and died in prison at Andersonville from February, 1864, to April, 1865.

"The prisoners' cry of thirst rang up to heaven. God heard it, and with his thunder cleft the earth and poured his sweet water rushing here. . . ."

"May 2, 1864, a poor, one-legged prisoner who placed one hand on the dead line while reaching for the crutches fallen from his feeble grasp was mortally wounded, shot by a Rebel sentinel."

A bulletin board fronting twenty-five feet east of flagstaff has these words: "Andersonville death rate compared with other noted United States military prisons for the same period: Total number of prisoners, 175,811; died, 12,960." By this is seen the number of prisoners and the deaths among them of Southerners in Northern prisons. Then they make this contrast: "Prisoners at Andersonville, 52,345; number who died, 12,883."

The figures and quotations from United States Secretary of War Stanton are different: "Confederates in Northern prisons, 220,000; Union soldiers in Southern prisons, 270,000; excess of Union prisoners, 50,000; total deaths in Northern prisons, 26,536; total deaths in Southern prisons, 22,756."

Surgeon General Barnes, of the United States army, corroborated this report of Secretary Stanton. This means that twelve per cent of all Confederate prisoners died in Northern prisons, while less than nine per cent of Union prisoners died in Southern prisons. Comment is unnecessary.

The monument erected to soldiers from Maine has these words: "In grateful memory of those heroes, soldiers of Maine, who gave their lives that the republic might live, and of those who dared to die yet survived the tortures and horrors of Andersonville military prison, 1864 and 1865."

The inscriptions on the monuments from Massachusetts,

Michigan, Iowa—all except Rhode Island—have in large letters these three words, "Death before dishonor," which seek to convey constant rebuke and reproof to all Southerners who visit the prison for the deeds of their ancestors. There are many, many signboards and markers filled with inaccuracies and falsehoods under the pretense of commemorating and preserving history.

For example, I give one in the so-called "Star Fort," which states: "The final systematic robbery of prisoners before being placed in the stockade often occurred at this place under officers of the guard."

Another sign is: "This is the place where Captain Wirz killed a prisoner with a revolver."

The signboards state many specific charges against Captain Wirz; such as, "Killing a prisoner with revolver," "Jumping upon and stamping to death another," "Confining in the stocks until dead another," "Ordering guards to shoot others," "Urging dogs to bite to death another."

I was on the staff of Captain Wirz, and almost daily in his presence and located near his headquarters; and if a single one of these events took place, it would have been known to me. The first that I ever heard of them was when I read these inscriptions at Andersonville last year on the occasion of my visiting the prison and spending the day.

GEN. JOHN H. WINDER'S INTEREST IN THE PRISONERS.

When Gen. J. H. Winder was in charge of Andersonville prison, my maternal grandfather, Jackson Marshall, was his private secretary. In the book, "Cactus; or, Thorns and Blossoms," by Mrs. Elizabeth O. Dannelly, Dallas, Tex., the poem, "Still Shining," will be read with interest in this connection.

Many times I heard my grandfather relate stories of the intense suffering of the prisoners at Andersonville. He stated, acting as General Winder's secretary, that General Winder, who was in charge of the prisoners captured by the Confederates, had done all in his power to bring about an exchange, and that he had written to the Federal government telling them of the sad condition of the prisoners and the utter impossibility of providing food and medicines for them. On this ground he pleaded insistently for their exchange, which was positively refused. As a last resort there was a communication addressed to President Lincoln interceding with him personally and begging that medicine and food be sent to the dying and starving prisoners, and assured him that the same should be given under the entire charge of the officers and physicians whom he might send to dispense and administer same. When this last resort had been made to bring about the relief of the Federal prisoners had failed and been refused, General Winder was greatly depressed, walking the floor.

General Winder died a natural death, which was no doubt hurried by the mental suffering and anguish he was forced to bear from the responsible position he held. The Confederate government was unable to supply the Federal prisoners with food and medicine, when her own soldiers were suffering and diseased and starving for food, and the Federal government had absolutely refused to act for the relief of their own soldiers.

I often heard my grandfather say that General Winder was a kind, noble, big-hearted man, that nobody hated the condition of the prisoners more than he did, and that he had been criticised and censured unjustly. All those who knew him exonerated him from any blame whatever for the sad condition of Andersonville. Had it not been for his death, he might have shared the same fate unjustly as Major Wirz.

At his burial my grandfather and my uncle, C. O. Marshall, were among the few who officiated. He was secretly buried, for fear that his grave should be desecrated. After the interment, the fresh earth was leveled off and a heap of brush piled on the new-made grave and burned into ashes to destroy the trace. Many years after his son, living in Baltimore, Md., wishing to remove his remains to his native land, procured the services of C. O. Marshall, who was then living at Columbia, S. C., to locate the grave. So well did he remember the exact spot and from measurements and bearings taken from a close-by tree, it was located with exactness. Fearing that the corpse was in no condition to be seen, my uncle requested Mr. Winder to retire until he could first investigate its condition. Upon opening the casket the remains were in a perfect state of preservation, his gray uniform almost spotless, and his Confederate buttons still shining.

STILL SHINING.

Suggested by the following remarks from the *Columbia Register* upon the removal of the remains of Gen. John H. Winder from South Carolina to Maryland, his native State: "We learn that the remains of the old veteran were in a remarkable state of preservation, as was also his clothing, the bright stars of a brigadier general of the Confederate service glistening when the burial case was opened as brightly as of old when the General was alive, and his gray uniform looking almost as fresh and unfaded as the day he was buried."

Emblems, bright emblems, true emblems are they,

Shining like gold on his vestments of gray;

Speak they not to us in language sublime

Of his own virtues, untarnished by time?

Do they not tell of unpersishing fame?

Are they not types of his lustrous name,

Shining still brightly, O beautiful stars,

Bequeathed to the valiant, a tribute from Mars?

Lost not his cause; yet in vain did he fight,

But the stars won in battle! still, still are they bright!

Untarnished by time, even bright in the grave,

Like the fame of the country he struggled to save.

Though fallen, she lies like a gem in the dust,

And glittering still, as forever she must:

Though heroes fought bravely, their blood could not save,

Yet like to those stars is she bright in her grave.

He slepeth, our hero! we honor his name;

Time hath preserved both his vesture and fame.

As though in her homage withholding decay

From the star in eclipse, from "the jacket of gray!"

As though she departed from Nature's stern laws,

In deference to worth, to an honorable cause,

Nor touched with her finger of mildew and blight

That which she deemed should be fadeless and bright.

Long, long may they glitter, though hid in the grave,

O beautiful stars of the gallant, the brave!

While light from their counterpart, fixed in the skies.

Shall ever illumine the spot where he lies.

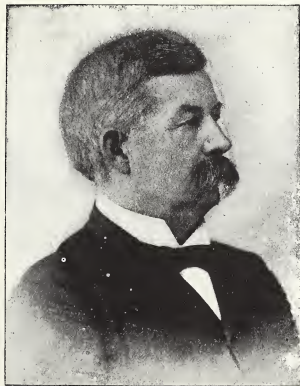
WHERE WAS THE FOURTH ALABAMA CAVALRY PAROLED?—S. E. Wasson writes from Decatur, Ala.: "Can you inform me where the 4th Alabama Cavalry, C. S. A., was paroled? Did the paroles date Decatur or some other point? There is a question as to this. The Confederates were at Courtland, and the Federal headquarters were at Decatur."

MISSOURI STATE REUNION.

The heroic and faithful Confederate Veterans of Missouri held their reunion for 1906 at Joplin on September 26, 27. Although it was quite in the southwest corner of the State, there were representatives from nearly every section, and the same ardent glow of feeling that ever manifests itself at such gatherings was in evidence.

Judge J. B. Gantt, who has served on the Supreme Bench of Missouri for many years and who is soon to be its presiding Chief Justice, concluded his service as Major General of the Missouri Division with boyish enthusiasm, and then he announced that he would not be a candidate for reelection in so fraternal and yet emphatic spirit that his decision was accepted without protest. Many expected that he would consent to reelection.

Commander D. K. Morton, of the Kansas City Camp, placed in nomination Judge John B. Stone, of that Camp, with such a glowing tribute to his worth and his merit that it was made unanimous. In accepting the nomination, and in making his pledges for faithfulness, the Major General elect said he was as loyal to this great government of ours as any man who wore the blue; moreover, that, if the necessity should arise, he would take his gun in its defense, and he was sure that his comrades would do likewise. He declared after the election that he would not be a candidate to succeed himself, because he felt that the honor should be distributed annually. He expressed the determination to attend the Richmond Reunion in the uniform of a major general, and that he would require every member of his staff to wear his full insignia of rank.



MAJ. GEN. JOHN B. STONE.

He discussed briefly the needs of the Confederate Cemetery at Springfield, and outlined his views as to what should be done with it—namely, to ask an appropriation by the State to be so invested that the interest fund would be sufficient to maintain it perpetually.

While Judge J. B. Gantt was a private Confederate soldier from Georgia, his successor, John B. Stone, was also a private from Alabama.

F. J. Cousins, of Richmond, Mo., was elected commander of the Eastern Brigade of Missouri, with the rank of Brigadier General. He is one of the best-known Confederates in that part of the State. The election was by acclamation.

J. D. Ingram, of Nevada, was elected Brigadier General, commanding the Western Brigade. His daughter, Miss Grace Ingram, was one of the maids of honor. His election was also by acclamation.

The day was the closing one of the reunion and was attended by many more persons than were present before.

The day was an ideal one for the outdoor meeting; and many visitors, in addition to veterans, attended the gathering. Shortly after noon a basket dinner was served on the park lawn. The dinner was provided by the women of Joplin, Webb City, Carterville, and Carthage.

A short history of the Confederate Home, at Higginsville, was given. Two and one-half acres of land, used as a cemetery at the Home, were deeded to the Daughters of the Confederacy, rather than the State, and, as this organization is perpetual, they will take over the care of it in future years.

About one hundred and sixty Confederates are buried there now, and about two hundred and forty more are in the Home. Missouri is the only State in the Union which maintains homes both for Confederate and for Federal soldiers. While in this section, a number of the veterans took occasion to view the memorial stones which have been set recently on the site of the battle of Carthage.

The veterans were enthusiastic in their praise of the hospitality which was shown them during their stay in Joplin, and were especially pleased with the courtesies extended by the members of the G. A. R. and the Woman's Relief Corps. There was no discussion of the place for holding the reunion next year.

The visit to Joplin was most interesting, having had only a glimpse of the place a score of years ago when the population was about three thousand five hundred, while it is now more than forty thousand, and in a county which has given an output of over ninety-three million dollars in zinc and lead during the last decade.

It is a marvelously enterprising section. Interurban railroads connect Joplin with villages, giving all the advantages of a city.

To our genial comrade, Capt. Z. H. Lowdermilk, who has been a steadfast reader of the *VETERAN* almost from the beginning, and who has hardly ever missed a general reunion, memory is delightful of a drive about Joplin. A bit of his family history is here given. Just a century and a half ago, Jacob Lowdermilk left his ancestral home on the Rhine, Germany, came to America, and settled in Randolph County, N. C. He was the great-grandfather of Capt. Z. H. Lowdermilk. His grandson, William Lowdermilk, the father of our comrade, and Eudora Cole, the mother, were parents of fourteen children, nine of whom are living. Just previous to the death of one of them, last July, the ten children averaged seventy-four years in age, or had lived to the aggregate of seven hundred and forty years. Captain Lowdermilk belonged to the famous Third North Carolina Regiment (Col. William L. DeRossett). He and Capt. Elisha Porter were both desperately wounded at Chancellorsville, and were cared for in the same home for a long time. Then they never met for a generation.

when Captain Lowdermilk visited Captain Porter in the Old North State. How thoroughly they enjoyed a visit long after each had supposed the other dead may be imagined. Both of these Confederate captains lived to prosper and rear families.



Z. H. LOWDERMILK.

Next to Comrade Hub Johnson, eighty-eight years, Harvey Castor was the oldest veteran at the Joplin reunion. He is wonderfully spry at eighty-two years. His home is at Carthage. A New Yorker by birth, he became a sailor, but at twenty-five years of age he married and quit the sea. He is ten years his wife's senior, and four of their five children are living. An amusing story is related by him of how he sought safety from robbers soon after the war. They learned that he had a thousand dollars in currency on his person, when he circulated the story that they were "flash" bills, and he was arrested as a counterfeiter, but his cash was genuine.

The response to the address of welcome, by General Gantt, is held over for a subsequent issue of the *VETERAN*, together with other matters of interest to Confederates in Missouri.



CHAPTER U. D. C. AT THE REUNION.

The wife of the retiring Major General, Judge Gantt, President of the Division, appears in dark dress.

ADDITIONAL TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

Since the Memphis Convention, in May, six new Chapters have been organized in Tennessee, the latest one being the John W. Thomas Chapter, of Montague. Others are promised. Can't we double this number by next May?

I wish to say a few words to all the young Chapters. You start out enthusiastically; keep up that enthusiasm by every member going to the meetings, and not leaving that for some one else to do. Do not undertake too much at first, yet have some definite work or object in view, and work for it. Do not have too much red tape. If your Chapter is small, be not discouraged; some of our best work comes from small Chapters, and with energy your membership may be increased.

The roll call of Chapters and the placing of Chapter flags, at the same time giving the Chapter motto and flower, are the most beautiful feature of our conventions, and I should be glad if every Chapter would have a banner for the next convention, but Chapters are not required to have one. The size, material, and design (one of the four Confederate flags) may be whatever the individual Chapter desires.

The attention of all Chapters is called to the importance of every member of a Chapter having a certificate of membership in the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Without this, what has a member to show that she is a Daughter of the Confederacy? If your Chapter becomes defunct, your certificate entitles you to membership in another Chapter. If, through some misfortune, the registration files of the Division should be destroyed, and you could not years hence fill out application blanks for yourself or for your children and grandchildren, your certificate of membership would entitle them as lineal descendants to membership.

These certificates not only give the names of the President General, Secretary General, and State President who issued them, but the name of the Chapter and its President and Secretary, thus enabling a member of your family to trace your record. Only a few years more, and there will be no men and women of the sixties to give us dates and family history, and it would be wise to prepare for that day.

Every member should have a certificate. They cost only ten cents each, and can be replaced, if destroyed, by paying another ten cents for one. Many of the Chapters organized last year and this year evidently do not realize the importance of this; but I hope they will, and will send their orders to Mrs. John P. Hickman, Secretary General, Nashville.

All Chapters should have Chapter badges of ribbon for use on public occasions and at conventions. U. D. C. pins may be purchased, official permits for same having been obtained.

THE J. D. C. ATKINS BANNER PRESENTATION.

On Saturday, September 22, at the reunion of Fitzgerald Camp, 1284, U. C. V., at Paris, Tenn., the most interesting part of the exercises was the presentation by Gen. J. D. C. Atkins of a beautiful and handsome silk banner to the new Chapter named in his honor. This banner is one of the hand-somest owned by any Chapter of the Tennessee Division. The J. D. C. Atkins Chapter is composed of about twenty young ladies, and they are very proud of it. The flag is a copy of the second design selected by the Confederate government as the national ensign, known as "National Flag No. 2," and is three by five feet in dimensions. Its beauty is enhanced by handsome ribbon streamers—red, white, and red—falling below the sweep of the flag. On one red streamer is embroidered in raised white letters the name "J. D. C. Atkins Chapter. No. 986, U. D. C., Paris, Tenn.," on the other red one is

embroidered the Chapter motto, "Our Statesmen and Our Heroes," and on the white streamer is the flower of the Chapter, the "Confederate Jasmine," painted in a beautiful and original design by Miss Nelle Rye, a talented member of the Chapter.

General Atkins, eighty-one years of age, with honors thick upon him, presented the banner in person, to the gratification of the Chapter and his many friends, the presentation address being delivered by Hon. T. C. Rye, a gifted orator. It was accepted on behalf of the Chapter in a beautiful, patriotic address by Miss Bessie Irion, acting President of the Chapter.

Warm-hearted greetings were extended the young Chapter by the Presidents on behalf of the other two county Chapters—the Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter of Paris, Mrs. O. C. Barton, President; and the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Puryear, Mrs. W. E. Gatlin, President.

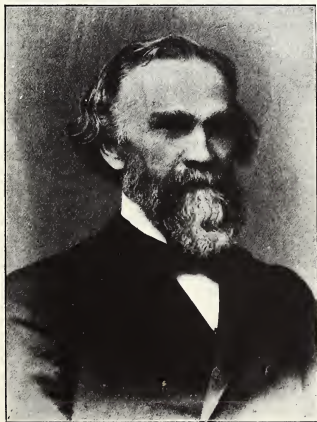
SKETCH OF THE DONOR OF THE BANNER.

The donor of the flag mentioned herein, John D. C. Atkins, was formerly a member of the Confederate States Congress, was born June 4, 1825, in Henry County, Tenn. His father was an early settler and influential farmer. The son is fond of rural life. He now resides upon his farm, near Paris, Tenn. He was graduated at the East Tennessee University with the first honors of his class in 1846. He then studied law, but never practiced. While a young man he entered political life as a Democrat, and in 1849 and 1851 was elected to the Tennessee Legislature. In 1855 he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1856 was President of the State Convention of his party, and was chosen as one of the presidential electors on the Buchanan ticket. He thus attained political distinction in the State. In 1857 he was elected to Congress over Emerson Etheridge, the candidate of the American party. The contest was a close one, and at the next election,

after a struggle of almost unexampled excitement, the brilliant and versatile Etheridge was successful by a majority of eight votes. In 1860 Mr. Atkins was a delegate of the State at large to the Charleston and Baltimore Conventions, where he labored earnestly for a compromise which should preserve the unity and integrity of the Democratic party. In the momentous campaign which followed, he canvassed a large part of the State as a candidate for elector on the Breckinridge ticket.

When the war broke out, though in very delicate health, he promptly enlisted, and was soon elected lieutenant colonel of the Fifth Tennessee Infantry. While in service, and absent from home, he was elected, in August, 1861, to the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, and in November following he was chosen Representative in the permanent Congress, an office in which he was continued by reelection in 1863, by the votes of the soldiers of the district. In the Confederate Congress he served with ability on several committees. He introduced the original resolutions in the Foreign Affairs Committee, for which he afterwards substituted resolutions drawn by Vice President Stephens, which led to the appointment of the Hampton Roads Commission.

After the close of the war Mr. Atkins was elected to the Forty-Third Congress over two able competitors, and was continued by successive reelections until the Forty-Eighth Congress. As a member of the Committee on Appropriations he had charge of the army bill during the short session of the Forty-Fourth Congress, in the early part of 1877; and to his firmness and that of his colleagues, Morrison and Abbott, are due the credit for securing the adoption of a clause prohibiting the use of Federal troops in the South. A Senate committee struck out this clause; but the absolute refusal of the Democratic members, headed by Mr. Atkins, to permit the passage of the bill without the vital feature they demanded resulted in securing the emancipation of the South from military domination. After ten years' continuous service in Congress, Mr. Atkins declined renomination, and retired to home life. He was married in early manhood to a daughter of Colonel William Porter, by whom he had six children, five daughters and a son. His first wife dying in 1887, he was married in 1890 to the widow of Thomas W. Crawford, of Henry County. The "Confederate Military History," volume for Tennessee, contains a fine sketch of Mr. Atkins, from which the foregoing was taken.



HON. J. D. C. ATKINS.

FLAG OF THE SEVENTY-SECOND ILLINOIS REGIMENT.—George H. Heafford, formerly adjutant of the 72d Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry, writes from Chicago (No. 159 LaSalle Street): "My regiment was stationed on the right (Union right) of the pike at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864. When you all rushed over our works and got mixed up with us 'Yanks' and we forced you back, some of you were so unkind as to carry away our regimental colors, and with them about sixty of our men. The men—those who survived wounds and prison life—eventually reached the North, but our colors have not since been heard from. I wonder if any of your readers can tell us where those two flags are? One was the regulation stars and stripes; the other, a blue silk flag with gold lettering. I think both had '72d Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry' lettered in gold on their folds. I will gladly give twenty-five dollars to the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir, Miss., if the present whereabouts of those colors can be ascertained."

ERRORS CORRECTED CONCERNING GEN. HOGG.

BY P. A. BLAKEY, MOUNT VERNON, TEX.

Feeling sure that the article in the *VETERAN* for September (page 396), copied from the *Youth's Companion*, in reference to the death and burial of General Hogg was incorrect and misleading, I wrote to Capt. S. B. Barron, of Rusk, Tex., who was intimately associated with General Hogg in the army, to give me the facts, and received the following statement in reply:

"Conceding the truth of the statement that Gen. J. L. Hogg, of Rusk, Tex., died at a private house four miles west of Corinth, Miss., in the spring of 1862, was buried near by, and that his grave was properly marked by his son, ex-Gov. James S. Hogg, not a word of truth remains in the story, the remainder being fiction pure and simple, and the same may be refuted by a simple relation of the facts and circumstances of General Hogg's brief service in the Confederate army and his untimely death—facts that may be easily verified by the most credible witnesses.

"Joseph L. Hogg was appointed brigadier general by the Confederate War Department about February, 1862. When his commission came, he was ordered to report for duty at Memphis, Tenn., where he would be assigned to the command of a brigade of Texas troops. After the battle of Elkhorn, a number of Texas regiments were ordered to cross the Mississippi River, among them the 3d and 10th Texas Cavalry. Company C, of the 3d, and Company I, of the 10th, were made up at Rusk, Tex. General Hogg's oldest son, Thomas E. Hogg, was a private in Company C, and these two regiments formed part of his brigade. General Hogg met the 3d Texas at Duvall's Bluff, on White River, where we dismounted, sent horses home, and went by steamer to Memphis, accompanied by General Hogg. After the delay incident to the formation of the brigade, getting up necessary supplies, etc., we were transported by rail in command of General Hogg to Corinth, or rather we were dumped off on the side of the railroad some two or three miles west of that town, and became a part of General Beauregard's army, which had just fallen back from Shiloh. Here General Hogg remained in command of his brigade until he was taken sick and removed, by the assistance of our very efficient surgeon, Dr. Wallace McDugald, attended by his negro body servant Bob, than whom a more faithful and trustworthy slave never belonged to any man. General Hogg was taken to a private house some two miles west of our camp, where he had every necessary attention until his death. His faithful Bob was with him all the time. Dr. McDugald turned his other sick over to young Dr. Frazer, his assistant, and spent the most of his time with the General. He was with him when he died, giving to him during his illness every medical care known to the science of his profession. Thomas E. Hogg was frequently with his father, and was there when he passed away. I visited General Hogg only once during his illness, some two or three days before his death. I was kept very busy during this time; and, owing to a change in our camps, I had to ride six or seven miles to see him, and found only one opportunity of doing so. I found him as comfortably situated as could be expected for a soldier away from home and receiving every necessary attention.

"I will state that General Hogg came to us neatly dressed in citizen's clothes, and never had an opportunity of procuring his uniform, so that in fact he never wore the Confederate gray. He was not wounded, was not under fire of the enemy, neither was his brigade until the battle of Farmington, which

occurred the day that General Hogg died. After his death, and after the army was reorganized ('for three years, or during the war'), Dr. McDugald (who afterwards married General Hogg's daughter), Dr. I. K. Frazer, Thomas J. Johnson (of the General's staff), Thomas E. Hogg, and the ever-faithful Bob all came home, and of course related minutely to the widow, the two daughters, and the three minor boys—John, Lewis, and James Stephen—all the circumstances of the sickness, the lamented death, and the burial of the husband and father, Brig. Gen. Joseph Lewis Hogg."

Statement from Judge Milton Mays, of San Angelo, Tex.:

"The story appearing in the September (1906) *VETERAN* headed 'Pathetic Story of General Hogg, of Texas,' republished from the *Youth's Companion*, is so much at variance with the facts and circumstances connected with the death of the General that it demands correction.

"General Hogg, father of our distinguished, lamented Governor, was neither killed nor wounded in battle in the War between the States. In fact, as I remember, he never participated in any engagement of that war. He was commissioned brigadier general by President Davis, and was taken down with fever about the time of assuming command of the brigade to which he was assigned, and died in his tent during the raging of the battle of Corinth.

"His oldest son, Capt. Tom Hogg, the Texas poet and author of the 'Fate of Marvin,' now dead, was with him when he died, and he related to me the circumstances of his father's death. He stated that the mental worry of his father, caused by his inability to participate in the battle then raging, he thought added greatly to the hastening of his end. The story referred to is a 'fair tale' pure and simple; and, while it makes the General out the hero that in truth he was, I think it tends to cast a reflection on his comrades of inhuman and cruel neglect in that they would allow their wounded general to wander off, etc., as therein described, and also on his family of extreme indifference in that they had 'never heard from him after he entered the service,' etc. Such a condition would be a reflection upon Southern chivalry and a devoted, affectionate family."

"THE LAND OF OUR DESIRE."

[Mrs. Alexander B. White, President Tennessee Division, U. D. C., in the October *VETERAN* mentioned an address at the Montague Assembly on U. D. C. Day by Mrs. Elizabeth Lumpkin Glenn, who is eminently distinguished as "The Daughter of the United Confederate Veterans," which address is here given in full.]

I cannot tell you with what feeling I come to you to-day. You have welcomed me, and I thank you. A thousand times, waking and sleeping, the mountains, the woods, your homes with their princely hospitality, the Captain and his Lovely Lady have come to me. The gracious kindness of the friends I made in Montague will follow me all my life. I love all of Montague, all of you, and I'm glad to come back.

Just over there one can stand and look out upon a panorama of mountain and valley. Yonder lies the Wonder Cave. A thousand feet below us stretch Tennessee's fair valley farms. The glory of it enters into my soul and lifts it up! Then a few rods' walk into the scented woods, and the glory is blotted out by a tree trunk, a turn in the road, a bit of rock. It is because the little troubles of life cloud our vision and shut out the great and sacred responsibilities; it is because the little things make us hang on the battle's edge

and keep us from the great things; it is because of this that I, who am also a laggard, must speak to you to-day.

There is a line all of you know. It means home to the ones who will never see home again. It means something to each one who has heard it: "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy." Beyond the Alps of Difficulty, the Alps of Pain, the Alps of Defeat lies Italy—the Italy of our Hope, the Italy of Desire, the Italy of Fair Dreams very dear.

In every human heart there is something unachieved. If we have forgotten our desire, lost our hope, finished with dreams, the soul in us is a feeble thing, pallid, weary, lost—not great, glorious, mystical, Godlike, as a soul should be, leaping upward and forward, toward God and home and native land.

There is a South of the past, a South of the present, and a South to come. The South of the past was never a South with a pale and tired soul. Hurt to the death, not until they broke the great, bounding heart of her did the white soul falter. Her homes broken, wrecked, her splendid young chivalry dead on her bosom, the wailing of her women—for one instant the great soul faltered; then, splendid in defeat, her men and her women left their wailing, lifted one of the bitterest burdens ever borne, and brave and bright and steadfast they redeemed the South. That soul is within us to-day, for the soul dies not. But is it the soul of the sixties, the

door." But the stately walls will melt into lines of beauty for us; the wide, dim doors will open at our call. There are hills of difficulty to be overcome. Beyond lies the land of success. How will we reach it? We say we belong to the "South of Progress." We point to our mills, our resorts, our society.

I would that I had golden words and a mighty tongue, that I might say what has never been said, might tell what has never been told. I think if half of our Southern people realized how the other half really live their souls would grow "hot with the thing called shame." Many a time you have heard the so-called "Negro Problem" in all its black phases. There is little about it that you do not know. There is much that you *will not realize*. "A drop of negro blood makes a negro." Do you believe that? And where is the responsibility? Vices that utterly degrade a white man, if known, are tolerated, even laughed at, in the black race. Why? "Because we need have nothing to do with them," you say. You haven't? What of your children and your children's children?

You have heard complaints against the mill system. Have you ever been in the great mills of the South? Have you ever visited their homes, worked with their people, taught or played with the children? Have ye, ye "heard the children crying, O my brothers!" Aim, purpose, hope, we must have if the South succeeds. With hundreds of thousands of aimless, helpless, hopeless people in the Southern mills, what do you suppose we can accomplish? The vice in many of the Southern mill districts, even in the smallest children, is unspeakable. Until conditions are improved, until we can put the girls and boys in industrial schools, teach the women cleanliness and the value of a home and give them decent homes to live in, we will stand at the bar of the South's honor accused and without defense.

There is a little girl named Josephine. We made her clothes, and one of the bravest, sweetest women God ever sent was to bring her to kindergarten. She went down to the house in the mill district to bathe her, and the mother said: "Miss M., what are you going to do?" "I'm going to wash Josephine." "Don't do that, Miss M. She had typhoid fever in June. Hit's October now, and she hasn't been washed since she had it. It will kill her." It did not kill her; and when they washed her several times and she learned a few songs and pretty games, she forgot some of her curses. She became even generous, this baby of six with her ten brothers and her home of misery. I could tell you many such incidents. You have heard many, perhaps. Do you know of them personally?

Have you ever studied conditions, not as an outside thing, but as a great big, practical, personal thing that must come near to you or your children, and that therefore you and they should know something of, so that you may help in the fight for these other women and children who are not in your world, but who need you?

There are thousands of cabins dotting the land like blots in which live sometimes, as I saw recently, nine people in one room. We drive through a beautiful street, and it ends in a group of cabins. People North, East, and West laugh at the cabins of the negroes and call them picturesque sometimes. But they have no word of scorn great enough for the places where, as they said in slave times, the "po' white trash" live. So few then; so many now! Many of the women are ambitious. When they are, they'll accomplish something, or their children will finally; but they need help!

Do you know how the women and the children on your husband's or your father's plantations live? Does it make any difference to you? If you are a big, splendid, brave woman,



MRS. ELIZABETH LUMPKIN GLENN,
Daughter of the United Confederate Veterans.

soul of the fifties, the soul of a hundred years ago? Are we poets, orators, makers of history, as our fathers were? Is the home of the South to-day the center of the nation's life? Is the Southern woman of to-day the toast of the South because she is her husband's or her father's right hand, her brother's comrade, her son's splendid inspiration? Women of the South, I ask you that! Can you answer "Yes?"

When we say that the men and women of the past are of the "Old South" and we are of the new, we say that our best is in our past. For the sacred honor of our land we cannot say that. Surely, surely, our best is yet to come. We can never transcend them. Perhaps if our vision is clear, our hearts strong, our desire forward and upward we may equal them.

The land beyond the hills, the land of our desire, lies not a great way off. "White are its walls, dim each dwelling's

it will make a difference. There are many problems, but one it seems to me is the basis of all others. Once they said: "A Southern woman is the purest being God ever made." Women of the South, can they say that now of all the women of the South? You know the evil in the society of our large cities, sometimes even in the small. Is the *quality* of your society a personal thing with you? Do you know what the surroundings of your sons and daughters are? They tell us we're all one great country. We cannot be in all things. Conditions of climate, difference in environment, in ancestry, in many things make us differ.

Men and women of eloquence, of feeling, of passion are more apt to be born in the South. We could write books, produce orators, poets, painters, great men and women of every walk in life. We don't do it. Why? Our girls are leisure-loving, our boys bent on pleasure. The children with even a small amount of money in their families are brought up with little knowledge of work. I've many a friend who boasts that she knows little of household duties to whom a sympathy with her brother in the stronger, better things of life would mean a development of the best in him, and yet who is proud of the fact that he leads all the Germans! These are the exceptions! Are they?

God be thanked, there are strong, true men, and brainy, helpful women in the South—many of them; but they are the exceptions, and they are too frequently not of what we call the aristocracy of the South. Those whose fathers and mothers were the best God ever made were the brains of this whole land—men of Virginia, of Georgia, of the Carolinas, of Tennessee, of all the Southern States—and their children, many of them, not worthy of the name!

Here in Monticello, where we are near to nature and near to nature's God, where the mountains lift mighty heads in worship and the trees whisper in a stiller voice of his presence—here in this center of high thought and culture this Congress of Women should grow, grow, grow until from the whole South women come for each one of the different days. Come, not for pleasure alone, not for their State or city alone, but for the one single purpose in view, the practical upbuilding of a South, purged and purified, lifted and glorified!

You *can* do this thing! *Will* you? What a woman cannot do for the uplift of a world cannot be done. It is for you to say whether we will "mount up with wings as eagles, run and not be weary, walk and not faint," or whether we will drag our souls through the mire. If we do, they will need washing, and "then must come the wringing!"

It is U. D. C. Day in Monticello. In the whole of this Congress there should not be a day more fraught with splendid possibilities. Daughters of the Confederacy, think you you gather here or in any of your meetings only for a celebration of the poetic value of our memories? Just for the purpose of listening (as we do so often, thank God!) to a bit of patriotic oratory, a poem, a soul-stirring song of Dixie? You come for that indeed, but for what else? You are the best the South holds. A woman is not a U. D. C. unless she has something in her soul worth while. Every Southern woman here, no matter what beautiful purpose she had in coming, no matter for what day of the Congress she came, is a U. D. C., or she ought to be. And why? To keep bright the South's memories, to teach her dear ones of their glorious ancestry, to make history in the public schools what it ought to be? Yes! and a thousand times yes! for the last one who puts a book into the hands of Southern children that does not do justice to the Confederate soldier tears afresh the wounds

he bears and sends him out into a pitiless, world, helpless, homeless, nationless! For all these and a thousand other reasons we are U. D. C.'s. But most of all for this: We have a future, and that future must be built on the past as a foundation. That future can never be built in the right way, we can never see the land of our desire, till we make the home the center of the nation's life—a home where the woman wears the sacred coronal of womanhood her mother wore, whose womanhood in business or in social life demands of every man reverence and courtesy; a home where the man is what he demands the woman shall be, where he is great of heart and strong of soul, and in his eyes there is never that to make a woman ashamed; a home where the relation between father and mother, brother and sister, parents and children is the highest, holiest, most sacred relation in the world; a home where the white altar of God is, that a man or woman may enter therein from the world and find peace. When we have homes like that, then indeed will the nation's life be a glorious life. Then indeed will we "mount up with wings as eagles." Are you afraid they will call your home old-fashioned if you model it on the strength of long ago? Old-fashioned friends! There is a woman with white hair and shining eyes. Her smile is the sweetest thing I ever saw, her eyes the tenderest for a homesick girl. The sorrow that has been in her life is a hidden thing, having sweetened her and made her true. She is glorious! And she is an old-fashioned woman! I know a man, splendid and scarred and gray. He is the most perfect gentleman I have ever met. He is blessed for his purity, his honor, his genius. But for that knightly hand he has always extended to womanhood, we bathe his name in a sea of splendid glory and girdle him the chevalier of the earth. And he is an old-fashioned gentleman!

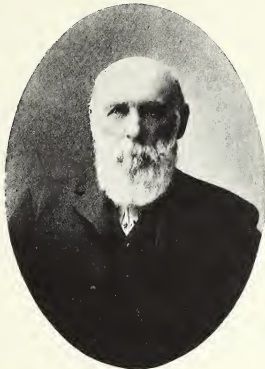
There is an old, old fashion of birth, an old, old fashion of death; a fashion—an old, old fashion of loyalty, of faith, of deathless hope, of unfaded purity, of perfect love. You and I can afford to be "old-fashioned." I'd rather be old-fashioned, if those things make it up, than own the world without them! Look upward and onward, women of the South! The land of our desire is near! Look upward and onward, but forget not on the upward path to pause and gaze back for inspiration to your past. As we build let us teach our children the stories, the songs, the battles of the past. Let the smallest child know that he has the honor, the purity, the dignity of a history to maintain. Let him know and feel that, and he will make new history for the South, not for his family—his name alone. Let him feel that he owes a debt to the men who fought by his father's side, to the women who suffered as his mother suffered, and he will pay that debt. They should be paid, those men and women. Where are they now? Their ship is slipping out swiftly with the tide. The towlines of the tugs that hold them back are breaking, one by one, and they are passing out into the great beyond. Tired and old, say you? They trod the pages of a nation's history! White and bowed their heads? They wore the thorn crown of a nation's sorrow! Old and tired, white and bowed? O ye, who watch beside their weary footsteps, look where they stand at last, not failure but success upon their brow—robed in the majesty of a nation's loyalty, crowned with the crown of a nation's love!

The persistence with which Mrs. M. B. Pilcher endeavors to establish U. D. C. Day at the Monticello Assembly merits the earnest and cordial cooperation of Confederates from all sections.

GENIUS AND HEROISM OF LIEUT. K. H. FAULKNER.

BY W. J. ERVIN, HAMILTON, MO.

Lieut. K. H. Faulkner is dead. He was one of God's noble and valiant soldiers. This sad event occurred May 12, 1906, at Las Cruces, N. Mex. He was born in Kentucky in 1838, and came to Missouri in 1853 or 1854. He enlisted under the call of Gov. C. F. Jackson, in 1861, in the Missouri State Guard.



LIEUTENANT FAULKNER.

He was in the battles of Carthage, Springfield, and Lexington. In January, 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate service at Springfield, Mo., and was elected first lieutenant in Company E, Third Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., First Brigade, which became famous in the command of Gen. F. M. Cockrell.

Soon after the organization we were forced out of Missouri. After many skirmishes we fought the battle of Pea Ridge, or Elkhorn Tavern, in Arkansas, where our colonel, the glorious B. F. Reaves, was killed, and where the noble General Slack fell. And here it was that our hopes were blighted when the pride of the West, Gen. Benjamin McCulloch, went down, together with General McIntosh, the fall of which dissipated our last hopes for the recovery of Missouri.

From thence we made a forced march by land to Desarc, Ark., where we shipped to Memphis, Tenn., and from there to Corinth, Miss., by rail, where we arrived a few days after the battle of Shiloh. The writer will always feel that had our eighteen thousand seasoned troops arrived in time to have participated in that memorable conflict the historian would have written another story of Shiloh.

Returning from Tupelo, we took part in the battle of Iuka, and afterwards in the bloody and sanguinary battle of Corinth, and in other fights and skirmishes to Grand Gulf and Port Gibson, Miss. From there to Baker's Creek, or Champion Hills, and thence in quick succession to Black River Bridge, where the fate of war was our dismay. From Black River we went to Vicksburg, entering that doomed city on the night of May 17, 1863.

It was at Vicksburg, on May 22, that my dear friend Faulkner came to the front. During the fearful onslaught ordered

on that day by General Grant on our fortifications, our regiment, the Third Missouri Infantry, occupied "The Stockade," or what was afterwards known as the "slaughter pen." It was erected at a salient point of our works and played upon by forty pieces of the enemy's artillery, and being subjected to a cross fire of both artillery and small arms, together with three terrific charges and onslaughts made in succession by infantry columns upon our works led by Gen. Frank P. Blair, of Missouri, who was afterwards United States Senator and candidate for Vice President.

In defeat the Federal troops took refuge in an immense excavation made around the base of the hill upon which our stockade was built. In an attempt to dislodge the Federal troops just below us, King Hiram Faulkner went to the magazine of a battery that had been silenced and disabled, calling for the six-pound shells left, and ordered the fuses on them cut to three seconds. Thereupon the sergeant refused a notice so short. He then called the writer to his aid, to perform this work unknown to the average infantryman; but, being a private, I obeyed orders. Time and excitement did the balance. Upon the throwing of each of the forty or more of these shells a demand was made by Lieutenant Faulkner for surrender. From General Blair's men came back the sad refrain: "Go to h—."

On the following morning twenty-seven dead were counted in the works around our base, General Blair and his men escaping under the cover of darkness. This was the beginning of hand grenade throwing, which became so annoying and destructive during this siege.

On May 25, when a truce was made for the burial of the dead, General Blair asked General Cockrell for the name of the man who threw those shells. When informed who he was, he sought an introduction to him, stating that he admired a genius in war. Colonel Faulkner and myself were in retirement just then, but upon the call dear old Frank went to the front, where he was introduced to General Blair. I will never forget that scene—a Federal major general eulogizing a Confederate lieutenant for his bravery and perseverance.

On July 4, 1863, in consequence of the failure of mule meat and the nonarrival of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston with relief, our hopes were blasted. The long siege was over, and surrender made on terms reasonable and fair. After being bountifully fed from the kitchen of Uncle Sam, we were located, after a long and hungry march, in Demopolis, Ala. After exchange we joined the army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston south of Dalton, and participated in all the skirmishes and engagements during that long and memorable campaign.

One incident occurred in that campaign that, so far as I have read, has never been exceeded. It was on the battle line, between the so-called New Hope battle line and Kennesaw Mountain. During forty days or more rains fell in torrents day and night. The Missouri troops, together with others, were stationed in fortifications a few hundred yards north of the Lattimore farm. North of this farm was a dense and thick tanglewood. Our rifle pits were north of a plantation and in the midst of a forest where we stood waist-deep in water in those pits. One dark, dismal, foggy morning an advance was made upon our outposts. Company E, at that time being in the densest part of these woods, was left in ignorance of the advance by the enemy and the retreat of our forces. Our first information of this was heavy musketry firing in our rear. Making a hasty retreat, we found ourselves cut off, with thousands of the enemy between us and

our works. Our captain, George W. Covell, as brave and undaunted a man as ever commanded a company, regiment, or brigade, said: "Boys, I see no way out of this save to surrender." Then it was that the superior military genius of Lieutenant Faulkner was displayed when, with the permission of our captain, he took charge of the company and, by deploying them to an immense extent (charging, firing, falling, and reloading, together with the "Rebel yell"), scattered the thousand between us and our lines, bringing the company safely to our regiment with the loss of one killed and two slightly wounded, the writer being one of those wounded.

From thence in rapid succession to Kennesaw Mountain, where on June 27 that famous charge was made on our lines and successfully repulsed. On July 2 or 3, at midnight, in consequence of a flank movement, and from superior numbers, we found our lines forced back, and on July 4, 1864, we were established at Smyrna church, and from there to the hills and bluffs overlooking the Chattahoochee River north of Atlanta.

And now, dear comrades of that day and time, the saddest history written during the great struggle occurred. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was removed from our command and Gen. John B. Hood became commander in chief. A good man and a valiant fighter, but destitute of such generalship as Johnston possessed.

We fell back from Atlanta to Jonesboro, and thence to Lovejoy Station. A few days of lull, and then the fateful march north was made.

In the sanguinary battle of Altoona, General French's division was selected for the slaughter. History tells the remainder, Franklin tells more, and yet Nashville remained to place the capstone upon the egotism of aspiration.

After a forced retreat from Nashville, our brigade was sent to Mobile, Ala. Soon after our arrival a fearful onslaught was made on Spanish Fort. French's division, including Cockrell's brigade, were made prisoners of war, and Ship Island, under negro guards, was their home for a time. By a ruse and the use of a Federal uniform that he appropriated, K. H. Faulkner eluded imprisonment there. Four years afterwards he was sheriff of Waller County, Tex. His dear wife survives him and lives at Las Cruces, N. Mex.

WILLIAM SINGLETON.

BY CAPT. R. J. HANCOCK, CO. D, NINTH LA. REGIMENT, A. N. V.

Private "Billy" Singleton, Company D, Ninth Louisiana Regiment, was born and reared in Bossier Parish, La. His mother had a small farm upon which she cultivated corn and cotton. They were good and honest people. Singleton spent much of his time in fishing and hunting. He was an expert shot, and could kill a wild turkey flying or a deer running with a rifle. Before he was twenty years old he had joined Company D, of the Ninth Louisiana Regiment, was in the Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in the Valley Campaign under Stonewall Jackson and Gen. Dick Taylor. From the Valley he went with the army to the battles around Richmond.

On the morning after the first Cold Harbor battle Singleton went to his commanding officer and stated that he had never been over a battlefield after a fight. He requested permission to go over the battlefield at Cold Harbor, which was granted.

He passed over that part of the field where the New York Zouaves had fought. At first sight he thought it was in reality a field of blood, the Zouaves having worn red trousers, and thousands of them lay dead on the field. Just beyond the

field where he had passed he was accosted from a clump of bushes by a major general in blue uniform, who told Singleton that he was General Reynolds. Reynolds said that in the retreat the evening before he had been cut off from his men, and that he wanted to surrender for fear some Confederate would shoot him. Singleton took charge of Reynolds, brought him to brigade headquarters, and turned him over to the commanding officer. From there Reynolds was sent to Richmond and confined in prison for some time. When Singleton returned to his command, he declared that Reynolds was a much cleverer man than he ever expected to find in the Yankee army.

After the battles around Richmond, Singleton went to Cedar Run, and thence to Second Manassas. It was at this Second Manassas battle that his command, while fighting in a railroad cut, exhausted all their ammunition. They called for two volunteers to go back to the ordnance wagon for more supplies. Singleton and Pinckney Lyon went back, and each got a lot of cartridges. During this interval the brigade held at bay and killed many of the enemy by throwing rocks, of which there was an abundant supply in the newly laid bed of the railroad cut. When the men started back, the enemy saw "what was up," and began shooting at them. Stonewall Jackson was sitting on "Old Sorrell" at the edge of a woods and saw the men running in the face of the enemy's bullets. He kept his hand raised as in prayer until both of them reached the cut unhurt. A Confederate yell went up, and it is needless to say that the line of battle was held.

After the battle was over, victory being perched upon the Confederate flag, Singleton, while passing over the battlefield, found a light gum cloth with a hole through the middle of it. Thinking the cloth would serve to keep off the rain, he folded it up and put it in his pocket. He had carried it only a few days when at the battle of Chantilly a thunderstorm came up while he was on the skirmish line. He had the oilcloth over him, and it reached nearly to his knees. While the skirmish line was advancing, Singleton came to a small, narrow field which was practically surrounded by woods. Just as he entered the field from the west Gen. Phil Kearney entered it from the east. Evidently he mistook Singleton for a Federal soldier. Singleton saw that it was a Northern officer from the uniform. They both advanced until within a few yards of each other, when Kearney asked in a brusque way: "To what regiment do you belong?" As he did so, Singleton raised his rifle and, coming to a "ready," told Kearney that he belonged to the Ninth Louisiana Regiment, and that he (Kearney) must surrender; otherwise he would be shot. Kearney dropped his head for a moment as if in a deep study, said nothing, and then, wheeling his horse, threw himself upon the horse's neck and started to run. Singleton fired, and Kearney fell dead. Singleton notified the ambulance corps that he had killed a Yankee officer, and went on skirmishing. About nine o'clock that night he was sitting around a camp fire making a cup of coffee which he had captured at Manassas, when a comrade passing by said that some one had killed a Northern officer without ever touching him. Singleton asked if the officer was a one-armed man. The comrade replying in the affirmative, Singleton said that he had shot the officer, and told where the wound could be found. He was correct. The bullet had penetrated within, along the spinal column and lodged at the base of the skull. It may be well to state that Singleton was the only man who fired at Kearney, and it was done before sunset.

From there Singleton went to Harper's Ferry, and then to

Sharpsburg (Antietam). All of this happened during 1862. Singleton was in all the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, and was never sick or wounded. He went with the army into Pennsylvania.

As there are numerous comments regarding which troops went farthest in different engagements, it can be truthfully stated that Harry Hay's Louisianians (formerly Dick Taylor's command) were the first Confederate infantry to cross Mason and Dixon's line. They were the first to enter Gettysburg. After supplying themselves with shoes, they went to York, Pa., where they went into camp in a woodland a mile or two north of the town, which was the farthest point north reached by any Confederate infantry. Being recalled from York, they made a forced march and opened the battle of Gettysburg on the 1st of July. They formed immediately across the pike (or dirt road) that leads from York to Gettysburg. Singleton was again a skirmisher. The fighting was fast and furious. Singleton saw a Federal officer to the right of the pile (looking from York toward Gettysburg). This officer had his field glasses and was evidently watching the Confederates who were coming up in the distance to his "left oblique." There was a hedge of evergreen on the side of the pike, and Singleton, taking advantage of it, ran up within easy range of the officer, fired, and killed him. When Singleton went up to him, he found that it was Reynolds, the very man whom he had captured at Cold Harbor the year before. Singleton expressed himself afterwards on several occasions that it was with sincere regret that it was Reynolds and not some other Northern officer who had been killed.

The Federal army was pushed through Gettysburg, and retired to Cemetery Hill the afternoon of July 1. About midnight the Louisianians were moved out into a field between the town and the hill, where they lay sharpshooting during the whole of the next day, July 2. About dark they charged Cemetery Hill with Hoke's North Carolinians on the left. They took the position, but for want of reinforcements were driven back to the line from which they had started. One of the officers of Singleton's command was desperately wounded during the fight. Singleton and a comrade, Mib McGee, attempted to take him off the field. McGee, being twice wounded, fell, and then Singleton took the officer on his back. He had carried him some two hundred yards when, being joined by a soldier of the Sixth Louisiana Regiment, they succeeded in reaching a place of safety. McGee was first shot through the hand, and, under protest of the officer, continued to help Singleton with his burden. They had gone but a few steps farther when a grapeshot broke McGee's ankle and he fell to the ground. One of his comrades, seeing McGee in the light caused by the flash of a cannon, took him out. There was no truer or braver man or better soldier that ever lived than poor Mib McGee, who lost his life while trying to save his friend.

It may be stated that Latham's Battery, from Lynchburg, Va., which was attached to Archer's Brigade, claim that Reynolds was killed by them with a piece of shell. It is quite possible that Reynolds, after being killed, was struck by a piece of shell. Singleton was no man to boast of anything he ever did. He returned home after the war, and went to work rebuilding the waste places, and died four or five years ago near Monroe, La.

COMES FROM CALIFORNIA TO TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME.—E. B. Shelton, lieutenant commanding Company E, Forrest's Cavalry Regiment, writes of E. G. Noble, who recently came from California to the Tennessee Confederate

Soldiers' Home and who was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865: "E. G. Noble has been in several engagements and skirmishes, and was never known to shirk or skulk upon the battlefield. He never straggled on the march, he always did his duty willingly and cheerfully as a soldier, and has merited the esteem and confidence of his officers. He was never absent without leave, nor has he ever had a furlough."

VICTORY TO GRANT THROUGH A MISTAKE.

BY CAPT. P. M. VANCE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Returning to my command (the Eleventh Alabama Regiment) after the healing of the wound I received in the battle of the Crater, I found the brigade in camp down on the right of Petersburg. I had been with the command only a few days when we received word that the Federals had broken our line on our front and were advancing upon us. Soon all was hurry and commotion to get ready to meet them. As soon as the brigade could be formed into line, we were ordered forward at a double-quick to recapture our line; and when we arrived near the Federal picket line, General Sanders formed the brigade into line of battle and gave orders to advance through a skirt of woodland. After passing through this timbered land, we came to a cleared field, and found the Federals concealed behind a row of fence rails, with which they made breastworks. Coming to open ground, the Federals fired a volley of musketry into our line, which caused it to waver, the soldiers jumping behind trees. General Sanders, at this moment, dashed to the front on his beautiful black war horse and ordered me to take my company and go forward and charge them. Giving the order to my men, they rushed forward, yelling and firing as they advanced. The Federals broke back from their hiding into a thick huckleberry swamp in their rear. The bushes were so thick and full of smoke from the firing of the guns that a man could scarcely be seen ten steps distant.

I continued to advance, and, becoming separated from my company, crowded through the dense brush. I suddenly came upon a company of Federals lying in an old ditch; and as I was alone, I felt that my time had come. I decided in a flash to use a bold bluff, so I leaped down into the ditch in front of the captain and, waving my sword over his head, ordered him to surrender. He did so, handing me his sword, which I have yet. I then ordered the Federal soldiers, forty, fifty, or more, to lay down their guns, which they did, to my delight. Then I ordered them to the rear. As they commenced to file out of the ditch, seeing no other Johnnies in sight, several stooped to pick up their guns; but just at this moment my comrades began to emerge from the bushes, to my great joy. They at once took charge of Hancock's boys in blue.

Being very thirsty, I noticed the Federal captain's canteen. I stepped up close to him and took hold of it and shook it. I found it heavy. Then I took hold of the strap and lifted it over his head, unstopped it, and proceeded to sample its contents, finding it filled with good apple brandy. After sampling it to my satisfaction, I invited the captain to have a drink. He replied, "Johnny, you are d— cheeky;" but he took a drink just the same.

General Grant next ordered General Hancock's command back to the rear and across a creek that furnished the water power to run the mills below Petersburg, then grinding the wheat for General Lee's army. General Grant built a dam across this creek in order to back the water out into the level woodland, which was occupied by General Lee's forces, hoping thereby to drive them out by water, as he had failed by force

of arms. They worked under cover of darkness building the dam, to prevent the Confederate batteries and sharpshooters from picking them off the works. One night in April, about two or three o'clock, we were awakened by the roaring of mighty waters, and soon learned that the big dam had broken. As soon as daylight dawned, we discovered that the big volume of water had swept everything before it, and had carried away all the grist mills located on this creek, which was indeed "the last straw that broke the camel's back." In a short time we received orders to pack our knapsacks and get ready to move. We marched down the creek the mills were on. When we reached the Appomattox River, we crossed over on pontoon bridges; and then we were marched up the river, following a road by the side of a canal toward Farmville. Just before we reached that village night overtook us, and we had to cross High Bridge. We marched across four deep, bracing ourselves against each other; for if we had made a misstep, we should have been hurled to death below, for a part of the distance we were above the tree tops. But by the protection and guidance of the Supreme Being we got across safely about the dawn of day, and were marched out beyond the bridge a short distance and halted to rest.

About sunrise the Federal cavalry came in sight and began to cannonade our troops from the opposite side of the bridge. It was here that a bright and brave young boy of my command, David Smiley, was stricken by a fragment of a shell after it exploded, killing him. He was the last member of my company killed in the war. O how sad! If he had been spared then, he could have returned home to his dear, loving mother. The fate of war, O how cruel!

We were now ordered to fall in and move on to Appomattox. Arriving at or near that now historic place, we were marched out into an open space near the public road that led up to the courthouse, where we were ordered to stack arms and rest. Then it was we heard that General Lee was surrounded by General Grant's army. Across the road I noticed General Mahone walking hurriedly back and forth. He had on a linen duster so long as to hide all but the point of his saber. He looked the image of a bantam rooster or game cock.

The soldiers began to talk in strong and determined language. If some officer would direct, they would cut their way through the Federal lines and escape to the North Carolina mountains rather than surrender. But by this time Generals Lee and Grant had met, near where we were stationed, and better counsel prevailed. After the terms of surrender had been agreed upon by the commanders, General Lee remounted his horse and started up the road that led by where we were stationed. The soldiers crowded the side of the road, and as he came along they greeted him with genuine cheers. One old soldier leaped out to the middle of the road opposite General Lee and extended his hand, exclaiming: "Good-by, General." General Lee extended his hand with a "God bless you, my brave comrade;" then hurried along with bared head, bowing to the soldiers as he passed them, amidst their wild cheers. When he had reached the end of our lines, the Federal soldiers had crowded up to the side of the road and began their huzzahs. General Lee put on his hat and straightened himself up in his stirrups. This sight brought to my mind the language of Shakespeare as being so applicable to this, my last sight of my beloved chieftain or general:

"What a piece of work such a man!
How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties!
In form and moving, how express and admirable—
The beauty of the world, the paragon of Yankees."

Then we were marched down the road near Appomattox C. H. and were drawn up in line in front of the Federal line, and our soldiers stacked their arms in silence. There was no demonstration by the Federals. No doubt they felt good at what was being done, but they kept as quiet as if they were attending a funeral. As soon as we were disbanded we had a general love feast, or mix up. The Federals filled my haversack with hard-tack and bacon; and, to my great regret, I cannot recall the name of the Federal officer who gave me a five-dollar greenback and wished me a safe and happy return to my home. Then we had a general handshaking, numbers of the Federal soldiers declaring that they would volunteer to go and whip Mexico if General Lee would lead.

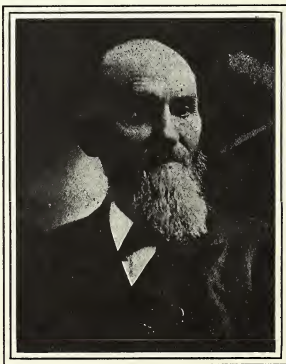
We soon commenced to divide up into squads, each party selecting the friends who were to go together, and deciding the route that they would take for their far-away homes. I shall ever believe, from the hospitality and good feeling that was shown by both sides, that if the men and boys who carried the guns and bore the brunt of the strife could have had control of the national affairs, and have kept it out of the hands of crafty politicians, such a thing as reconstruction would never have been thought of in our beloved and great Southland.

FIRST BATTLE EXPERIENCE—FORT DONELSON.

In "Historic Highways of the South" (Trotwood's Monthly, John Trotwood Moore), Judge John S. Wilkes, of the Tennessee Supreme Court, writes in regard to the battle and the surrender of Fort Donelson. "Trotwood" Moore is a cultured, enthusiastic Southerner. His Sam Davis poem was recited by him by request at the dedication of the Pulaski monument.

"My Dear Trotwood: You ask me for some personal recollections of Fort Donelson. . . .

"On the morning of the investment I was ordered to Dover with a train of a dozen wagons and a detail of thirty men to procure a week's rations. Our train was rolling slowly up the hill from our position toward Dover when the Federals far



JUDGE JOHN S. WILKES.

up the valley sent a shot at us. It passed through our train and struck in the opposite side of the hill. It was the first hostile shot the boys or I had ever heard. In less than one minute every mule was unhitched and mounted, and my detail were going at full speed back to the position in the fort. I followed as fast as my horse would carry, after vainly trying to stop them. When I reached the fort, they were around Colonel Brown explaining to him that they were not willing to be off on duty with a wagon train while a fight was raging, and they wanted to be in it. Colonel Brown assured them that the real fight had not begun, and that they must hurry to Dover and get the supplies before it did. In a few minutes they were all on the gallop back to the wagons. They went on to Dover, and never did I see such rapid work loading wagons, and soon they were at the fort again. They saw enough battles before the surrender, but they had no idea of being reported absent from the first fight on detached duty. So much for the spirit of the boys. They went out to fight, and did it.

"Colonel Brown (John C.) had a negro servant named Ned. When the fight began, Ned begged his 'Marse John' to be allowed to ride one of his horses and stay by his side. Colonel Brown let him have a pistol and one of his horses. Ned proudly rode to the front. When the fire opened between Porter's (Morton's) Battery and the Federal batteries opposite, Ned could not stand the bursting shells and falling limbs, and he rode up to Colonel Brown and said: 'Marse John, I 'spec' I'd better go back under dat hill an' fix fer ter cook yo' dinner. An' heah, Marse John, jes' take dis pistol. I neber needed er pistol ter cook wid.'

"Colonel Brown understood the situation and took the pistol, but told Ned to go back under the hill and cook his dinner and carry the spare horse. When Colonel Brown returned to his tent, there was no dinner and no Ned. He had gone down farther under the hill and rolled into one of the bomb-proof holes that the negroes dug. It wasn't Ned's hole, but he appropriated it and rolled in. When the rightful owner, another negro, came and demanded of Ned that he vacate, Ned refused. When the owner threatened Ned with the bayonet, Ned asked him if he had any cannon balls; and if he didn't, he could proceed; that nobody had any right to a hole in the ground; and if he didn't like it, to roll in on top of him.

"The first time I ever saw General Forrest was in the gray dawn of the morning of the surrender. He was sitting on his horse in front of the old cemetery, just above Dover, gathering his boys around him. He saw I was mounted, and called to me and asked if I did not want to go out with him. I told him I did not think I ought to leave my command, but ought to share their fate. He turned with the remark: 'All right; I admire your loyalty, but d— your judgment!'

"In a short while I saw him at the head of his command passing out of the fort over the Wynn's Ferry road, where but for the incompetency of our generals all the garrison could have gone. What stupid blunders were perpetrated has passed into history. Again I saw General Forrest in 1872 in the lobby of the Maxwell House. John C. Brown was then Governor. I was his private secretary, his adjutant general, and general factotum, and he trusted me with everything I could do. John C. Burch had just been appointed Comptroller. The morning papers had announced that the place had been offered to me and I had declined it. General Forrest called me and asked if it was true, and why I did it. I told him it had been offered me by Governor Brown, and I had declined because I thought it to Governor Brown's interest and the best interests of the State that Colonel Burch be appointed.

"He shook his finger at me, and said: 'Young man, I thought you was a d— fool at Fort Donelson, and I haven't changed my opinion. You are too particular to be a politician.' . . .

"I was captured, went to prison, was confined eight months, was exchanged at Vicksburg, and finally paroled on June 18, 1865. The boys could give you many interesting incidents; but they are growing few and old, and soon there will be none left to tell the tales."

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

[A member of the Thirty-First Virginia Infantry, Fourth Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, writes of it:]

Just before the battle of Cedar Creek the Fourth Brigade, commanded by Gen. John Pegram, was at Fisher's Hill, a little above Strasburg, near the Valley Pike. On the night of October 17 we were moved around the Federal right flank, and came back to our position near the pike about daylight.

We lay there all of the 18th until dark, when we started around the point of Massanutten Mountain. About daylight of the 19th we waded the Shenandoah River, which was a little over knee-deep. It felt like cutting the legs at the top water line, but we were soon warmed up. We marched out into the open plain in column, the length and perhaps more of the brigade fronted to the left and charged through the camps of the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps, routing them completely, capturing their camp outfit, wagons, etc., and many prisoners. We crossed the Valley Pike and went by a large frame house on a hill. At the foot of the hill we stopped a short while at an old mill race which had no water in it. Just across a creek near by was the Sixth Federal Corps, with a battery of six pieces of artillery. It was so foggy that we could hardly see one hundred yards. Fire belched forth from one gun, sending a shower of grape or shrapnel over us. Without waiting for a command, the Thirty-First Virginia—and perhaps other regiments—poured a volley into them, and their men started to run. Sergt. John Pritt, who is now living near Huttonsville, was carrying the flag. He says he saw them running, and he jumped out of the mill race and down to the creek, the regiment going with him. Colonel Hoffman just at that time was commanding the brigade (General Pegram having gone to some other part of the field), and, supposing there were orders to go forward, ordered the brigade to charge. We passed the artillery, and found but two live horses in the battery. They were the wheel horses to one piece. The caisson was behind them, and the other four dead horses were in front, so they could not move either way. Many of their men were dead also. They fought us, it seemed, about an hour and a half, but perhaps not that long. Our regiment had gone up the other hill too far ahead of the others, which gave them a cross fire on us until Major Cooper ordered us to fall back. When we came on a line with the other regiments, I distinctly remember his command: "Right about, halt!" Just after that our corps of sharpshooters moved to our right and flanked them. We drove them away and followed to just below Middletown, where we were halted. During the afternoon we were just on the left of the pike, with one of Kershaw's brigades on the east side of the pike. General Early was with us, when away on the left we saw our men give way. Soon our whole left wing broke and seemed to become panic-stricken. Our brigade also started, but General Pegram rode up just then and ordered us back to where we had been supporting a battery. We soon moved back in good order, even keeping step. We had not gone far before they came up, and we kept up a continual fire on them until

we crossed Cedar Creek. The men had slipped away one or two at a time, and we had to deploy as skirmishers to keep them from flanking us. There was nothing but cavalry following us then, and when they came up General Pegram said that we would fire on them and double-quick to the top of the hill. Some one remarked to the General that we had better load at once or we would never get to the top of the hill. He paid no attention to that, but gave the command: "Right about, double-quick, march!" As soon as we started they charged through our line in column, and took after General Pegram, Hoffman, and our adjutant. There was a house on the west side of the pike there, and as John Pitt went through the paling a Yank struck at him with his saber; but as he could get no farther with his horse, he took up his carbine and shot at him several times as he crossed the garden. Pitt was rolling up his flag and, paying no more attention to him, went on the other side, crossed the road, and got into some timber on the hill and got away. Pitt was a robust, stout man, and when he came to the river jumped in and swam across. I was not able to keep up with him; and when I came to the river, not knowing that Pitt had crossed, I started to follow the river up above Strasburg. The road ran near the river, and just as I came in the edge of the town about twenty Yankee cavalymen came down the road after two of ours. It was then dark, and I lay down in the gutter and they all passed by me. There was a house on the left side of the street; and seeing more Yankees coming, I ran into the house. There seemed to be no other door to it except the one on the street, and there were a number of Confederate wounded in there. By that time there was a line of Yanks on the street. I looked for an opening of some kind on the south side of the room, but it was a solid brick wall, and I saw I was in for it. I pulled off my cartridge box and knapsack and concluded to play off hospital steward, but the captain of one of the companies rode up and asked who was there. I told him they were Confederate wounded. He asked me what was the matter with me. I told him nothing, but that I had been left to take care of the wounded. He had his revolver pointed at my breast, and I expected every second to see fire boil out of it, as he kept me there for several minutes. He finally told one of his men to take me back. I said to him: "Will you send me away, and leave no one to attend to these wounded?" He said that they would be attended to. I was taken back across the creek and on the hill we had gone down to the mill in the morning, where we met a regiment of infantry, and I was taken to General Sheridan, who was standing by a fire on the hill. The guard said to him: "Here is a Johnny, General." He turned to me and said: "What in the h— did you fellows run so for?" My reply was that we were flanked and couldn't fly. I was taken back a little farther, to where two of my company were. When I told them of my attempt to play off as a hospital steward to keep out of prison, they laughed and told me that my face gave me away. It was black with powder, as I had used up nearly three boxes of cartridges during the previous day. That evening we were marched to Winchester and put into camp. Sometime in the night their pickets were fired on, I suppose by Mosby's men, and we were taken on to Darksville that night. Before we left Cedar Creek, we were formed into nine companies of one hundred men each, and twenty men over. They claimed to have captured over three thousand.

They had a line of infantry around us, a Major Burgess commanding them, and we learned the next morning that orders had been given them that if Mosby fired on them on the

road, and any of the prisoners failed to drop down, the guard was to fire on them. I got outside the infantry line once during the night, and started for North Mountain; but a short distance off I ran into a cavalry line, which drove me back into the ranks.

The next day we were taken to Martinsburg, and we were given nothing to eat all day, but were kept there until evening and taken to Harper's Ferry. We were guarded all night at Bolivar's Heights, and the next day were given some bread and bacon, the first we had since our capture. We were searched thoroughly, and knives, watches, pocketbooks, or anything worth having taken away from us. We were then put aboard a train and taken to Fort McHenry, arriving there about daylight, and were kept there until in the evening, when we were put aboard a steamer and taken to Point Lookout, where we were put ashore, were again searched, and then put into the prison. I will give a reminiscence of my prison life another time.

I should like to know if Michael J. Fitzpatrick, of Company F, Sixty-Fourth Georgia, McGee, or Tucker, of Texas, are still living. My address is Lock Box 26, Beverly, W. Va.

INTERESTING STORY OF PRISON EXPERIENCE.

BY HON. M. W. SIMS, BRYAN, TEX.

With great pleasure I read in the September VETERAN "Fun in Prison Life." I knew "Asa Hartz" well, also Youngblood and Fellows. This Thespian troupe was gotten up after I left the prison, though we had many other ways of killing time. I recollect in our debating society on one occasion the question was as to the right of the South to secede. Fellows affirmed it, and proved it so conclusively that the guard on the "run-around" broke up our debate with his loaded musket. I received several letters while there from friends inquiring about "Asa Hartz." Among other things he wrote while there was a letter published giving the peculiar feelings of a Southern man on being "captured by a nigger."

We had some scheme to keep up our spirits almost always on hand. I left there in September, 1863, and was captured at Natchez the next July. Gen. Kirby Smith captured General Dent, a brother-in-law of General Grant, a short time afterwards, who promised General Smith to have me sent down in exchange for himself. Soon afterwards the Secretary of War ordered me sent to Vicksburg as a special exchange. I left the prison a most envied man, as all exchanges had been stopped. On arriving at Vicksburg I was placed in a cell alone under sentence of death. Some charges had been trumped up against me of having had some prisoners shot at Milliken's Bend, La. After the battle of Chickamauga all Vicksburg prisoners were put on a boat and sent up to the "Irving Block," in Memphis, Tenn. The night before reaching Memphis I jumped overboard and swam ashore on the Mississippi side, and finally reached our lines. Subsequently I bought a horse, and we swam the river (I was in a canoe and the horse alongside) back to the Arkansas side, and thence to my command in Louisiana. As Kipling says: "This is another story."

I started out to thank you for the "Rebel Programme," and, following up my reminiscences, drifted into other things; but I always feel greatly interested in any and everything pertaining to prison life on Johnson's Island. I will soon join the great band "over there." Am now nearly seventy-six years old.

Experiences in prison, accurately reported, are usually sad. The following pages, however, present a diversion to the rule.

PRISON REMINISCENCES.

BY JAMES F. CROCKER, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

In the charge of Pickett's Division at the battle of Gettysburg I was wounded and taken prisoner. With some others I was taken to the Twelfth Corps Hospital, situated in the rear of the left battle line of the Federals. I was here treated with much kindness and consideration. Among other officers who showed me kindness was Colonel Dwight, of New York. Professor Stoever, of Pennsylvania College, at which I graduated in 1850, on a visit to the hospital met me, accidentally, and we had a talk of the old college days.

I wore in the battle a suit of gray pants and jacket that were a little shabby. It occurred to me that I ought to make an effort to get a new outfit. The ways and means were at command. I wrote to an old friend and former client, then living in Baltimore, for a loan. A few days afterwards two sisters of charity came into the hospital and inquired for me. They met me with gracious sympathy and kindness. One of them took me aside, and, unobserved, placed in my hand a package of money, saying it was from a friend, and requested no name to be mentioned. They declined to give me any information. I never knew who they were, but this I know: they were angels of mercy.

I made known to the authorities my wish to go to Gettysburg, and while there to avail myself of the opportunity of getting a new suit. The authorities of the hospital, through Colonel Dwight, conferred on me a great honor—the honor of personal confidence, absolute confidence. They gave me a free pass to Gettysburg, with the sole condition that I present it at the provost office there and have it countersigned. I went alone. The fields and woods were open to me. They somehow knew (I know not how) that I could be trusted; that my honor was more to me than my life.

On my way to town I called by the Eleventh Corps Hospital, to which General Armistead had been taken, to see him. I found that he had died. They showed me his freshly made grave. To my inquiries they told me that his wound was in the leg, that it ought not to have proved mortal, that his proud spirit chafed under his imprisonment, and that his restlessness aggravated his wound. Brave Armistead! The bravest of all that field of brave heroes!

I had my pass countersigned at the provost office. It gave me the freedom of the city. There were many Federal officers and soldiers in the city. It was a queer, incongruous sight to see a Rebel lieutenant in gray mingling in the crowd, and apparently at home. They could see, however, many of the principal citizens of the town cordially accosting and warmly shaking by the hand that Rebel. I met so many old friends that I soon felt at home. As I was walking along the main street Dr. Horner stopped me and renewed the old acquaintanceship. He pointed to a lady standing in a door not far away and asked me who it was. I gave the name of Miss Kate Arnold, a leading belle of the college days. He said: "She is my wife, and she wants to see you." There was a mutually cordial meeting. While standing in a group of old friends I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder from behind. It was my dear old professor of mathematics, Jacobs. He whispered to me in his kindest, gentlest way not to talk about the war. I deeply appreciated his kindness and solicitude, but I had not been talking about the war.

On another street Rev. David Swope, a native of Gettysburg, who was of the class next below mine, manifested genuine pleasure in meeting me. He told me he was living in Kentucky when the war broke out. He recalled a little inci-

dent of the college days. He asked me if I remembered in passing a certain house I said to a little red-headed girl with abundant red curls, standing in front of her house, "I'll give you a levy for one of those curls." He said that little girl was now his wife, and that she would be delighted to see me. He took me to a temporary hospital where there were a large number of our wounded. He had taken charge of the hospital, and manifested great interest in them and showed them every tender care and kindness. I fancied that those Kentucky days had added something to the sympathy of his kind, generous nature toward our wounded.

I met on the college campus a son of Professor Baugher, who was then president of the college, and who was president when I graduated. The son gave me such a cordial invitation to dine with him and his father that I accepted it. They were all very courteous; but I detected a reserved dignity in old Dr. Baugher. It was very natural for him to be so. While kind-hearted, he was of a very positive and radical character, which he evinced on all subjects. He was thoroughly conscientious, and was of the stuff of which martyrs are made. He was thoroughly orthodox in his Lutheran faith; and in politics, without ever hearing a word from him, I venture to say he was in sympathy with, I will not say Thaddeus Stevens, but with Garrison and Phillips.

Happy for man that he is double-sighted; that there is within him a quality allied to conscience—call it charity—that enables him to choose on which side to look. The venerable Doctor saw before him only his old student, recalled only the old days and their dear memories. If there was anything between his heart and his country's laws, there was nothing between his heart and his Saviour's sweet charity.

And here I must relate an incident of those old days not wholly irrelevant and inopportune. I graduated in 1850. I had the honor to be the valedictorian of my class. In preparing my address I took notice of the great excitement then prevailing on account of the discussion in Congress of the bill to admit California as a State into the Union. Great sectional feeling was aroused through this long-protracted discussion in the Senate. One Senator dared use the word "disunion" with a threat. The very word sent a thrill of horror over the land. In my address to my classmates I alluded to this sectional feeling, deprecating it, and exclaimed: "Who knows, unless patriotism should triumph over sectional feeling, but what we classmates might in some future day meet in hostile battle array?" Dr. Baugher, as president of the college, had revision of our graduating speeches, and he struck this part out of my address. But alas! it was a prophetic conjecture, and members of our class met in after years, not only in battle, but on the fields over which, in teaching botany, Professor Jacobs had led us in our study of the wild flowers that adorned those fields.

It was a queer episode—a peace episode in the midst of war. This experience taught me that the hates and prejudices engendered by the war were national, not individual; that individual relations and feelings were but little affected in reality, and that personal contact was sufficient to restore kindness and friendship.

A short time afterwards I was taken from the Twelfth Corps Hospital to David's Island, which is in Long Island Sound, near and opposite to New Rochelle, in New York. A long train from Gettysburg took a large number of Confederate wounded, not only from the Twelfth Corps Hospital but from other hospitals, to Elizabethport, and from there the wounded were taken by boat to David's Island. We were

taken by way of Elizabethport instead of by way of Jersey City on account of a recent riot in New York City. All along, at every station at which the train stopped, it seemed to me, our wounded received kind attentions from leading ladies, such as Mrs. Broadhead and others. These ladies brought them delicacies in abundance; and at Elizabethport these attentions became so conspicuous that Federal officers complained of the neglect of the Union wounded on the train, and forced the Southern sympathizers, as they called them, to distribute their delicacies between the wounded of both sides.

When we arrived at David's Island, we found there a first-class hospital in every respect. It was called "De Camp General Hospital." It consisted of a number of long pavilions and other buildings delightfully and comfortably arranged and furnished with every appliance needed to relieve the wounded and sick. It had been previously occupied by the Federal sick and wounded. It was quite a relief for us to get there. After our arrival, with those already there, three thousand Southern wounded soldiers occupied these pavilions. Only a few of these were officers. Most of the wounded were in a very pitiable condition. The New York Daily Tribune of Wednesday, July 29, 1863, had this to say of them:

"THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

"The sick and wounded Rebels were handled with the same care and tenderness that is bestowed upon our own invalid soldiers. Those who could not walk were gently carried on stretchers, and those who were able to stand upon their feet were led carefully from the boat to the hospital pavilions. They were in a wretched condition—dirty, ragged, and covered with vermin—their soiled and torn uniforms, if such they may be called, were stained and soaked with blood; and their wounds, which had not been dressed from the time of the battle at Gettysburg until their arrival here, were absolutely alive with maggots. Many of them had suffered amputation—some had bullets in their persons—at least a score have died who were at the point of death when the boat touched the wharf. One of the first acts of Dr. Simmons, the surgeon in charge, was to order the prisoners to throw aside their 'ragged regimentals,' wash their persons thoroughly, and robe themselves in clean and comfortable hospital clothing, which consists of cotton shirts and drawers, dressing gown of gray flannel, and blue coat and trousers of substantial cloth.

"The three thousand prisoners did not bring with them enough clean linen to make a white flag of peace had they been disposed to show any such sign of conciliation."

Who were these dirty, ragged soldiers, whose soiled and torn uniforms, if such they could be called, were stained and soaked with blood? The world knows them as the gallant followers of Lee, whose triumphant valor on every field and against all odds had filled the world with wonder and admiration—who suffered their first defeat at Gettysburg—suffered from no want of courage on their part, as Pickett's charge shows, but solely from want of prompt obedience to Lee's orders. The three thousand wounded Confederate soldiers in these pavilions were the very flower of the South—the sons and product of its best blood; inheritors of a chivalric race, the bone and sinew of the land, bright, intelligent, open-faced and open-hearted men; including in their ranks many a professional man—many a college student—readers of Homer and Plato, of Virgil and Cicero. There were among these ragged-jacket wearers men who around the camp fires could discuss and quote the philosophy and eloquence of the Greek and the Roman. These were the men who bore with cheerfulness and without complaint the conditions described; who asked only

that by their service and suffering their country might be saved. Yes, it was of these men in these pavilions that the assistant surgeon of the hospital, Dr. James E. Steele, a Canadian by birth, said to me: "Adjutant, your men are so different from those who formerly occupied these pavilions. When I go among your men, they inspire within me a feeling of companionship."

In the same article of the Tribune there is something personal to myself. I will lay aside all false modesty and quote it here for preservation for those who take an interest in me:

"Adjutant J. F. Crocker.

"In Pavilion No. 3 we saw several Confederate officers. With one or two exceptions they were abed, the nature of their wounds rendering it painful for them to sit up. One of these officers, however, was sitting at a table writing a letter. He was very civil and communicative. He was a native of Virginia, a graduate of Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, where he was wounded—a lawyer by profession, and really a man of superior talents and culture. He has brown hair, and a broad, high forehead. He is apparently thirty-five years of age. He said it was impossible for the North to subdue the South. The enemy might waste their fields, burn their dwellings, level their cities with the dust, but nothing short of utter extermination would give the controlling power to the North.



JAMES F. CROCKER.

The intelligent people of the South looked upon their efforts to regain their rights as sacred, and they were willing to exhaust their property and sacrifice their lives in defending what they conceived to be their constitutional rights. They would consent to no terms save those of separation, and would make no conditions in relation to the question of slavery. They would suffer any calamity rather than come back to the Union as it was. They would be willing to form any alliance with

any country in order to accomplish the fact of separation. 'Such are my sentiments,' said the Adjutant. 'I will take the liberty of asking my comrades if they indorse what I have said.' Capt. J. S. Reid, of Georgia, Adjutant F. J. Haywood, of North Carolina, Capt. L. W. McLaughlin, of Louisiana, Lieut. T. H. White, of Tennessee, L. B. Griggs, of Georgia, Lieut. M. R. Sharp, of South Carolina, and Lieut. S. G. Martin, of Virginia, all responded favorably as to the opinions presented by their spokesman. Mr. Merwin asked the Adjutant what he thought of the fall of Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Jackson, and the defeat in Pennsylvania. 'We have seen darker days,' replied the Adjutant; 'when we lost New Orleans, Fort Donelson, and Island No. 10. We shall now put forth extra efforts and call out all the men competent to bear arms.' This officer undoubtedly represents the views of some of the leading men in the Confederate Army, but there is a diversity of opinion here among officers and men. If they seem to acquiesce in the opinion of such men as Adjutant Crocker, who appears to be deeply in earnest, and who looks and speaks like a brave and honest man, they do not generally respond to his views and sentiments. He says the North is fighting for the purpose of abolishing slavery, and that appears to be the prevailing opinion among the prisoners in his pavilion. . . ."

There came to David's Island a group of ladies as devoted, as self-sacrificing, and as patriotic as ever attended the wounded in the hospitals of Virginia. They gave up their homes and established themselves in the kitchens attached to the pavilions. With loving hands and tender sympathy they prepared for our sick every delicacy and refreshment that money and labor could supply. It was to them truly a service of love and joy. These were Southern-born women living in New York City and Brooklyn.

From their pent-up homes and their close, hostile environment, within which there was no liberty to voice and no opportunity to show their deep passion of patriotism, they watched the fortunes of the beloved Confederacy with an interest as keen and an anxiety as intense as was ever felt by their mothers and sisters in the Southland. Imagination itself almost fails to depict the avidity and joy with which they availed themselves of this opportunity to mingle with and to serve our wounded and to give vent to their long-suppressed feelings and sympathy. It was my great pleasure personally to know some of these. There were Mrs. Mary A. Butler, widow of Dr. Bracken Butler, of Smithfield, Va., and her sister, Miss Anna Benton, daughters of Colonel Benton, formerly of Suffolk, Va., but who many years before the war removed to New York. There were also Miss Kate Henop and Miss Caroline Granbury, both formerly well known in Norfolk; Mrs. Algernon Sullivan, of Winchester, Va., the wife of the distinguished lawyer of New York; and Mrs. Susan Lees, of Kentucky, who, after the war, adopted the children of the gallant cavalierman, Col. Thomas Marshall, who was killed in battle. There were others whose names have escaped me. If there should ever be erected a monument to the women of the South, the names of these patriotic women of whom I have been speaking should be inscribed on its shaft.

A Virginian then living in Brooklyn, Dr. James Madison Minor, made me frequent visits for the happiness of giving expression to his feelings. He said it was an inexpressible relief. His little daughter, wishing to do something for a Confederate soldier, out of the savings from her monthly allowances, bought and gave me a memorial cup which I still have.

Mrs. James Gordon Bennett came to the Island with a coterie of distinguished friends, among whom was General Dix.

She brought a quantity of fine wines for our wounded. She, with her friends, came to my pavilion and asked for me. The surgeon in charge, Dr. James Simmons, had referred her to me. When I presented myself, she said: "Adjutant Crocker, I wish to do something for your men. I do not mean mere words." With some pride of independence, I replied, "There is nothing I can ask for my comrades;" and then I quickly said, "Yes, Mrs. Bennett, there is one request I wish to make of you for them, and I feel that you, as a woman of influence, can do something for us." She shrugged her shoulders in the polite French style and said she was but a woman, with only a woman's influence. I made a complimentary reply and said to her: "Mrs. Bennett, my companions here had their clothing battle-torn and blood-stained. They are now in need of outer clothing. They have friends in New York City who are willing and ready to furnish them; but there is an order here forbidding our soldiers from receiving outer clothing. Now my request is that you have this order withdrawn or modified." She promptly replied that she would use all her influence to accomplish the request, that she expected to have Mrs. Lincoln to visit Fort Washington (her home) the next week, and she would get her to use her influence with the President to revoke the order. The New York Herald of the next day, and for successive days, had an editorial paragraph calling public attention to the order, telling of the exposure of the wounded and sick prisoners to the chilling morning and evening winds of the Sound, and insisting, for humanity's sake, that the order should be revoked. Afterwards I received from Mrs. Bennett the following note:

"FORT WASHINGTON, September 14, 1863.

"Sir: Yesterday Mrs. Lincoln visited me at Fort Washington. I embraced the opportunity to ask her to use her influence in regard to the request you made me. She assured me she will attend to it immediately on her return to Washington. For all your sakes I sincerely hope she may succeed. I have done all in my power. Hoping that your prison hours may pass lightly over, I remain, with best wishes for yourself and brother officers, yours truly,

H. A. BENNETT."

Mrs. Bennett conversed freely with me about her husband. She said he was always a sincere friend of the South; that when, upon the firing upon Fort Sumter, the wild fury swept the city of New York and demanded that the American flag should be displayed on every building Mr. Bennett refused to hoist the flag on the Herald Building, and resisted doing so until he saw the absolute necessity of doing it. She said he wept over the condition of things. She spoke also of her son James. She said that when Vicksburg fell "Jimmy came to me with tears in his eyes, saying, 'Mother, what do you think? Vicksburg has fallen. Brave fellows—brave fellows!'" I replied that it was the tribute which brave men ever pay to the brave.

Dr. Simmons, the surgeon in charge of the hospital, was a native of South Carolina. Somehow he took a great fancy to me, and gave me a warm friendship. He took me into his confidence and talked freely with me about his surroundings and how he came to remain in the Federal service. He married Miss Gittings, the daughter of the well-known banker of Baltimore. He became a citizen of Maryland, and while waiting for his State to secede he became involved in the Federal service and found that he could not well leave, and he concluded that as a noncombatant he would probably have opportunities of serving our captured and wounded soldiers. He himself was not beyond suspicion; for I remember his saying to me in his office, with a motion referring to the writers

in his office: "These are spies on me." The Federal authorities, I believe, had in the war more or less suspicion about the Southern officers in their army. They did not fully trust them until, like General Hunter, they showed cruelty to their own people. Real traitors are always cruel. Benedict Arnold, on the border of the James, and on our own waters here, was more cruel with the firebrand and sword than even Tarleton was. I occasionally met Mrs. Simmons, who, I believe, spent most of her time at New Rochelle. Her warm grasp of the hand told more plainly than words that her sympathies were deeply with us. I made a request of Dr. Simmons. I told him I wanted a Confederate uniform, that I had a friend in New York City from whom I could get it, and that I knew it was against orders for him to grant my request. He answered: "Have it sent to my wife at New Rochelle." I had my measure taken and sent to New York. Soon I received a full lieutenant's uniform in Confederate gray of excellent quality, which I afterwards, on returning home at the end of the war, wore for a while for lack of means for getting a civilian's suit.

With other officers I left David's Island for Johnson's Island on the 18th of September, 1863. While on the steamer going to New York City, Dr. James E. Steele, the assistant surgeon of the Island, before mentioned, asked me if I had an autograph book. He said a lady wished to see it. I gave it to him. Two names were written in it, J. M. Carnochan, M.D., and Estelle Morris Carnochan, and within the leaves there was a ten-dollar note, a compliment delicately made. Dr. Carnochan was a native of South Carolina. He was then by far the most eminent surgeon in New York City. He frequently came down to David's Island to perform difficult operations on our wounded. His wife was the daughter of General Morris, of Maryland, and her mother was the daughter of the famous founder and editor of the Richmond Enquirer, Thomas Ritchie.

We arrived at Johnson's Island about the 19th of September, 1863. The following officers of my regiment, the Nineteenth Virginia Infantry, had already reached there: Maj. William James Richardson; Capts. Henry A. Allen, Jules O. B. Crocker, and Harry Gwynn; Lieuts. L. H. Lewis, John Vermillion, Samuel W. Weaver, John M. Hack, Henry C. Britton, M. B. Clay, Edward Varnier, and Henry Wilkinson. I was assigned to a bunk in Block 12. This building consisted of large rooms with tiers of bunks on the sides. Subsequently I, with four others, occupied Room 5, Block 2. My roommates and messmates were: Capts. John S. Reid, of Eatonton, Ga.; R. H. Isbell, of Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Lieuts. James W. Lapsley, of Selma, Ala., and John Taylor, of Columbia, S. C.

Soon after my arrival in this prison I met on the campus Col. E. A. Scovill, the superintendent of the prison, and said to him: "Colonel, you have an order here that no one is allowed to write at one time more than on one side of a half sheet of letter paper. I have a dear, fair friend at my home in Portsmouth, Va., and I find it impossible to express what I wish to say within the limits prescribed." He replied: "Write as much as you wish, hand me your letters to your friend, and tell her to answer to my care." That kind act of Colonel Scovill made him my personal friend, and he afterwards did me other important kindnesses. I believe that the surest way to become a friend to another is to do that other person a kindness. A kindness done has more effect upon the donor than upon the recipient in creating mutual interest.

I brought my battle wound with me, unhealed, to Johnson's Island. I had not been there long before gangrene appeared

in it. It was a critical moment. My friend, Dr. Brodie Strauchan Herndon, of Fredericksburg, Va., a prisoner, by immediate and severe remedy arrested the gangrene at once, and soon afterwards made a permanent cure of the wound. On our way to Pennsylvania I sat on my horse in the mid-stream of the Shenandoah while my regiment, the Ninth Virginia, waded across. I did the same when it crossed the Potomac. When we reached Williamsport, I went under the treatment of our surgeon. It was there, for the first time since I was twelve years old, that a drop of intoxicating liquor passed my lips, save at the communion table.

Boxes of provisions and clothing from friends were permitted. I received from my dear brother, Julius O. Thomas, of Four Square, Isle of Wight County, Va., a box of tobacco which he had kindly sent as a gift to me, through the lines under a flag of truce. It was as good as a bill of exchange.

This condition continued until the issuing of orders, said to be in retaliation for the treatment of Federal prisoners at Andersonville. These orders put the prisoners on high rations, excluded the sutler's store from the prison, and prohibited the receipt of all boxes of provisions—with a discretion to the surgeon in charge to allow boxes for sick prisoners. The result of these orders was that the prisoners were kept in a state of sharp hunger all the time. My messmates, whom I have before mentioned, were as refined and as well-bred as any gentlemen in the South, and they had been accustomed to wealth. We employed a person to cook our rations, and to place them on the table in our room. What then? Sit down and help ourselves? No. We could not trust ourselves to do that. We would divide up the food into five plates as equally as we could do it. Then one would turn his back to the table, and he would be asked, "Whose is this, and this?" and so on.



A SAMPLE OF HOUSES FOR PRISONERS.

And when we had finished our meal there was not left on our plates a trace of food, grease, or crumb. Our plates would be as clean as if wiped with a cloth, and we would arise from the table ravenously hungry. We no longer disdained the fat, coarse pork—the fatter the better. It was sustenance we craved. No longer did we crave desserts and dainties. The cold, stale bread was sweeter to us than any cake or dainty we ever ate at our mother's tables. We would at times become desperate for a full meal. Then, by common consent, we would eat up our whole day's rations at one meal. And then, alas! we would get up with hunger. If I had an enemy whom I wished to punish exquisitely, I would give him enough food to keep him in health with a sharp appetite, but not enough to satisfy his appetite. I would keep him desperately hungry all the time. It was a cruel, bitter treatment; and that, too,

by a hand into which Providence had poured to overflowing its most bounteous gifts.

One practical lesson I learned from this experience: that a hungry man can eat any food, and eat it with a relish denied kings and princes at their luxurious boards.

Shall I leave out of my story a bright, happy page? No. On the 13th of January, 1865, there was sent by express to me at Johnson's Island a box prepared and packed by the joint hands of a number of my friends at home, then within the lines of the enemy, full of substantial and delicious things. The mail of the same day carried to Lieutenant Colonel Scovill the following note:

"PORTSMOUTH, VA., January 13, 1865.

"Lieutenant Colonel Scovill.

Colonel: To-day, by express, I send a box of provisions for my friend, Adj. J. F. Crocker. If there should be any difficulty in regard to his having the articles sent, will you do me the favor to use your influence with the surgeon in obtaining his permission for their delivery?

"Yours respectfully, _____."

This note was sent to me with the following indorsement:

"January 17, 1865.

Adjutant: Make an application to Surgeon Woodbridge and inclose it to me.

"Yours, &c.

A. E. SCOVILL, *Lieut. Col. and Supt.*"

Application was made, and that box was sent in immediately to me. Yes, it was a new and added favor from this warm, generous-hearted officer and man; and I have ever since borne in my heart and memory a kind and grateful feeling toward him. My messmates and I had a royal feast.

I cannot omit to notice the religious feeling that prevailed in the prison, and I cannot better do so than to copy here a letter written by me at the time:

"JOHNSON'S ISLAND, Sunday, July 10, 1864.

"This is the holy Sabbath, my dear friend. Can I better interest you than by giving you a religious view of our prison? There are many things in prison life, if properly improved, that conduce to religious sentiments. A prisoner's unfortunate condition, of itself, imposes upon him much seriousness, and in his long, unemployed hours reflection grows upon him. There is a pensive sorrow underlying all his thoughts, and his sensibilities are ever kept sensitive by the recollection of home, and the endearments of love from which he is now indefinitely excluded, while his patriotic anxieties are constantly and painfully alive to the wavering fortunes of his country. You will not, therefore, be surprised to learn that there is here a high moral tone and religious feeling. Daily prayer meetings are held, and for a long time kept up, and earnest appeals rose to the throne of the Great Ruler of nations from every block. Imagine the great burden of these earnest prayers! We have here also our Bible classes, and also our Christian associations, that do a great deal of good. But above all we have our sermons on the Sabbath and other days. Among the officers here are a number of prisoners who are ministers. It is one of our greatest privileges that these are allowed to preach to us unmolested and with all freedom. I can scarcely ever attend one of these services without having my eyes moistened. Two subjects are never, never passed over without allusion in these services—our country and the loved ones at home. These ever elicit the hearty amen and the tender tear. They touch the deepest and strongest chords of our hearts. Ah! was country ever loved as it is by its far-off, imprisoned soldiers? Were home and its dear ones ever loved as by him who sighs in imprisonment? The heart grows

hallowed under these sacred, tender influences. Shut out from the beautiful green earth, we learn to look up to the sky that is above us, and through its azure depths and along the heights of its calm stars our thoughts, like our vision, rise heavenward. Many a one who entered these prison bounds with a heart thoughtless of his soul's high interests has turned to his God, and now nearly on every Sabbath there is either some one baptized or added to some branch of the Church."

The death and burial of Lieut. Henry Wilkinson, Company B, Ninth Virginia, deeply affected me, and I cannot deny him a kind word of mention in these pages. He was the only one of my regiment who died in the prison. He was severely wounded at Gettysburg at the Bloody Angle. He was from Norfolk. He was a gallant, conscientious, patriotic soldier. He asked only once for a furlough. That came to him after we had started or were about to start on our Pennsylvania campaign. He declined it. It was to him as if he were taking a furlough in the presence of the enemy. There was something pathetic in the refusal. It was to give him opportunity to meet and see one whom he loved. But he sacrificed to duty the heart's dearest longing.

Well do I remember his burial. That open grave is even now clearly before me, as vividly as on that day. His comrades are standing around. There is a tender pathos in the voice of the holy man, a Confederate minister, who is conducting the solemn service. There are tears in the eyes of us all. The deep feeling was not from any words spoken, but a silent welling up from our hearts. The inspiration felt in common was from the occasion itself—the lowering down the youthful form of this patriotic soldier into the cold bosom of that bleak, far-off island, so far away—so far from his home and kindred, so far away from the one that loved him best. Well do I remember as I stood there looking into that grave into which we had lowered him there came to me feelings that overcame me. I seemed to identify myself with him. I put myself in his place. Then there came to me, as it were, the tender wailing grief of all who loved me most—dear ones at home. Even now, as I recall the scene, the feelings that then flowed break afresh and I am again in tears.

EXCHANGED.

BY A LADY IN KENTUCKY.

(Copied in my autograph book when on the Island.)

"From his dim prison house by Lake Erie's bleak shore

He is borne to his last resting place;

The glance of affection and friendship no more

Shall rest on the captive's wan face.

The terms of the cartel his God has arranged

And the victim of war has at length been 'exchanged.'

"His comrades consign his remains to the earth

With a tear and a sigh of regret;

He died far away from the land of his birth,

From the land he could never forget.

'Mid the scenes of his boyhood his fancy last ranged

"Ere the sorrows of life and its cares were 'exchanged.'"

The United States government had suspended the exchange of prisoners so long that it had become a general belief of the prisoners that they would be kept in prison until the close of the war. The renewal of exchange came as a great joy to us all. It was not only personal freedom we craved, but we desired to renew again our service in our armies in behalf of our country.

On the morning of the 28th of February, 1865, I received notice to get ready to leave, and that I was to leave at once. In a few moments I had packed up some of my belongings—as much as I could carry in a dress suit case—and joined my departing comrades. We were taken by rail to Baltimore, and from thence by steamer down the Chesapeake Bay and up the James to Aiken's Landing, which place we reached on the 3d of March. There was no incident on the way worthy of note. I recall, however, the deep emotion with which I greeted once again the shores and waters of dear Virginia. I recall as we came up Hampton Roads how intently I gazed toward this dear home city of ours, and how, as we entered the mouth of the James, I seemed to embrace in fond devotion the familiar shores of my native county. Ah! how we love our native land—its soil, its rivers, its fields, its forests! This love is God-imprinted, and is, or should be, the rock basis of all civic virtue.

At Aiken's Landing we were transferred to our Confederate steamer. "Again under our own flag," I wrote a letter on the Confederate steamer and sent it back by the Federal steamer to my home city to gladden the hearts of my friends there.

We landed at Rockett's, Richmond. As we proceeded up on our way to General Headquarters, and had gone but a short distance, we saw a boy selling some small apples. We inquired the price. "One dollar apiece," was the answer. It was a blow, a staggering blow, to thus learn of the utter depreciation of the Confederate currency. I may just as well say here that all the prisoners at Johnson's Island stoutly maintained their confidence in the ultimate success of our cause. They never lost hope or faith. They never realized at all the despondency at home. The little boy with his apples told me that it was not so in Richmond. I at once seemed to feel the prevailing despondency in the very air, and as we made our way up the street I felt and realized that there was a pall hanging over the city. I was given a furlough here for thirty days.

The next day I went to the "Pay Bureau, Q. M. Department." I was paid \$600 in Confederate notes. I have before me the certificate that was given me:

"RICHMOND, March 4, 1865.

Jas. F. Crocker, Ninth Virginia Regiment, from 1 June to 30 November, 1862, pay \$600.

"GEO. A. BARKSDALE, Capt. & A. Q. M."

I took what was given me. I asked no questions. I made no complaint. I concluded that the market would not stand a much larger issue, or the boy would raise the price of his apples. I informed the department that I wished to go to see my brother, Julius O. Thomas, in the Isle of Wight County. I was given transportation tickets with coupons to go and return. I went by the Richmond and Danville Railroad to Danville, thence to Raleigh, thence to Weldon, and thence to Hicksford. From Hicksford I was to make my way as well as I could. I reached without difficulty our ancestral home, Four Square, where my brother lived. I shall never forget the kind and loving welcome he and his dear wife gave me. It was indeed a true home-coming. The prison half rations were forgotten. I remained about three weeks. I then started for Richmond to report to headquarters to see if I had been exchanged or not. I took the train in Southampton County for Weldon and thence to Raleigh. When I reached Raleigh, I heard that Richmond had fallen. When I reached Danville, I learned that Lee's retreat had been cut off from Danville. I then determined to go across the country to see my brother,

Rev. William A. Crocker, who was living the other side of Campbell C. H., and with whom was my dear mother. I took the stage to Pittsylvania C. H. When I reached there, I learned that Lee's army was operating in the direction of Appomattox. While waiting there a few days in uncertainty, a section of a battery was drawn up in the court-house square, abandoned, and the men disbanded. While the men were unitching the horses I said to them that I had \$100 in Confederate notes in my pocket which I would be glad to give for one of the horses. A horse was at once delivered to me, and I gave for it my last \$100 in Confederate notes. I mounted this horse, and rode him bareback to my brother's.

On my way I met large bodies of unarmed soldiers going South to their homes. Their silent walk and sad faces told of a sorrow in their hearts. These were Lee's men. They had surrendered at Appomattox their arms but not their honor. They were heroes—but they were not conscious of it. They were unconscious of their fame and glory. These were they of whom the world was to declare they made defeat as illustrious as victory.

When I came in sight of my brother's home, I saw that his woods near the road were on fire and that persons were engaged in fighting the fire. I saw that my brother was among them. I jumped off my horse, broke off the top of a bush, and, approaching my brother from behind, commenced fighting the fire a short distance from him, turning my back on him. I had been thus engaged for some time, unobserved and without a word, when I heard, suddenly, the cry: "Brother! My brother!" I was in his arms and he in mine, and we wept—tears of affection and joy at meeting, and sobbed in sorrow over our lost country.

VIVID REMINISCENCE OF THE CRATER.

BY A. B. THRASH, WHO COMMANDED CO. I, 25TH N. C. REGIMENT.

I have read with interest the several articles appearing from time to time in your columns relative to the blow-up at the Crater, near Petersburg, Va., and have found some errors in all, judging from my view point, and I think my position on the memorable occasion enabled me to see and know pretty accurately what took place. I will briefly state what came under my observation.

I belonged to the 25th Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, at that time belonging to Mat. Ransom's Brigade. We were ordered from Chapin's Bluff to Petersburg about the 16th of June, 1864. After an all-night's march, we reached that point about daylight of the 17th, and made temporary halt in the lower end of the city, as we thought, to eat our scant breakfast; but before we could open haversacks and even commence the repast we were ordered into line and marched to the ditches to reinforce the junior reserves holding that part of our lines. We found the boys hard pressed by an attacking force under Ben F. Butler, as we were informed. My company (I), which I as first lieutenant was then commanding, was ordered out on picket, and was on duty all day in the hot, broiling sun, and the following night as well, with neither water nor rations. We were relieved near daylight, and had a rest of one day. The following night our brigade recaptured the breastworks that had been taken from General Wise the day before, and remained in said works until day-break, when we fell back a short distance and established the works that we held until the siege ended. My company threw up the works at the very point in which the blow-up subsequently occurred, and remained in close proximity within the line of intrenchments until that event occurred.

On the morning of the 30th of July, not being very well and having the care and responsibility of the company on my mind, I was up earlier than usual, and was listlessly leaning against the breastworks when the terrific explosion took place. We had slept on our arms, and in a minute every man was wide awake and at his place in line, and met the onward charge of the enemy with such spirit and determination that it weakened and fell back. In the great upheaval and the immense amount of stuff blown up I was able to recognize only two things—one the wheel of a gun carriage belonging to the battery blown up, and the other the body of a poor soldier, possibly a member of said battery. The 17th South Carolina was on our right and held its ground. The 28th South Carolina, being the regiment in the trenches where the explosion did its worst work, was of course somewhat demoralized; but Lieutenant Colonel Smith, of the regiment, came down the works and asked Major Grady, in command of the 25th North Carolina, to assist him in recapturing his place in the trenches. Major Grady replied that without orders from superior officers he dared not leave his own position; but very soon the order came, and the regiment was by right flank formed, facing and just in the rear of the Crater, and ordered to lie down. By that time Lieutenant Colonel Smith had rallied one or two hundred of his men and formed them immediately on our right. Here we remained possibly an hour, but kept up a fire on all advancing Federals and held in check their advance line until General Mahone came upon the scene, his men coming in by the left flank, formed by left by file into line just in our rear and to the right, lapping somewhat on our regiment. As soon as his line was formed there was a simultaneous move by the 25th North Carolina, the 26th South Carolina, and Mahone's Brigade upon the breastworks we had but a short time before been forced out of, and, pressing forward, we retook the trenches after a stubborn resistance on the part of the enemy, fighting for a time hand to hand.

THE PRISON DEAD OF CAMP MORTON.

[Address by Lew Wallace, Jr., grandson of Gen. Lew Wallace, at Greenlawn Cemetery, Indianapolis, May 30, 1906.]

Comrades and Friends: A right death works out good somewhere, somehow. This is the true creed of the soldier, to which the Confederates buried here gave the last convincing proof of their loyalty. At the call of duty, as it sounded in their ears, they laid aside peace and took up war. Leaving parents, wives, children, they went forth to the myriad deadly dangers of the march, the camp, the battle, to encounter at last the wasting diseases and long-drawn sufferings of a military prison, ending only when they died so far from friends that most of the headstones bear the name "Unknown." Yet their souls go marching on, and the good they did is now doing, and to be doing while belief endures in the great principle for which they sacrificed their lives.

What was that principle? The most hostile understanding cannot doubt its nobility and grandeur in the presence of what these graves mean. What was the thing of priceless value, the ideal of supreme importance, for which so many brave, true, and enlightened Americans rebelled against our national government?

The war itself came as a crisis in the struggle which began at the very conception of the republic—the conflict between the forces, on the one side, which strain for greater governmental control, and those forces, on the other side, which hold back, seeking to preserve the largest freedom from gov-

ernmental restraints. From the beginning of the history of our country the spirit of organization has contended always with the spirit of freedom, and gained concessions slowly and only upon prescribed terms. The first concession were the Articles of Federation, the terms of which were so onerous and enfeebling that they could last but a short time. The next was the National Constitution, an endowment of might whose exhaustion is indiscernible and unthinkable, but a grant, nevertheless, of well-defined powers and none other, a restraint upon freedom only within specified limits. With the adoption of the Constitution the struggle changed in form, but did not abate or lessen. The contest was no longer about what powers to confer, but waged over questions as to what powers had been granted, what restraint had been imposed, and it grew in magnitude and intensity. It became the greatest part of one of the greatest epochs in the history of the world. It developed the meaning and the strength of our National Constitution. It brought into action the greatest orators, the greatest lawyers, the greatest judges of all times, arraying one against another. It began as a conflict of reason, and changed slowly, by almost imperceptible steps, until at the end of seventy years it became a conflict of arms. At the beginning a man could hearken to both the spirit of organization and the spirit of freedom, but at the last no man could heed both calls; for the issue, hammered out through the seventy years' debate, had become simple, concrete, and most urgent for decision. The spirit of organization demanded that the national government should continue to exist. The spirit of freedom demanded freedom for each State to withdraw from the union of States.

Many a good man of the North and of the South, hearing both calls, was wrung and tortured because he wished to obey each, but could not. For the issue was one which at that time could be settled only by war, and in war each man must take his side.

So armies arose, opposing each other. And the Confederates buried here were of the army which answered the call of the spirit of freedom. The seventy years' debate had bred into them certain convictions amounting to patriotic duties: that they were free citizens of free States, that any State might for its own reasons withdraw from the compact between it and the other States, that no authority existed outside any State to prevent its withdrawal, and that any attempt to coerce the seceding State was an attack upon its freedom and through it upon the liberties of its citizens. Holding such convictions, they could not do otherwise than fight for their liberties and resist to the utmost restraints which they believed to be without law and oppressive. And they performed nobly, magnificently, and the glory of their deeds is as truly the heritage of every American as is the Union preserved against their valor—a heritage not to be slighted. For the old struggle goes on, and will go on until our government shall become perfect and we shall be subject to no human coercion except only the beneficent compulsion of our man-made law. And in this struggle we need as much as ever to invoke the spirit of freedom.

Consider the restrictions imposed upon our conduct without even the pretense of legal authority. Bands of workmen, stepping outside their own concerns, regulate affairs in which they have no real interest, issue orders and compel obedience by pressure of all kinds, by threats and even by violence. Combinations of corporations establish dominion over great industries, and with the most sordid ends in view rule all who labor, all who buy, and all who sell within their usurped

realms. The executive servants of the people grasp and exert power over the law itself. They assume to rule where they should obey. They make selections among the statutes which to enforce and which to ignore, and among offenders whom to bring to punishment and whom to leave scathless. They exact conformity with their judgment, their will, their pleasure, and not with the law.

Against such abuses and many others, whether by laborers, capitalists, public officers, or any one else, the spirit of freedom calls for action. And the spirit of organization joins in the demand. For these evil doings, unchecked, will destroy both liberty and the republic and set up what we cannot now distinguish from anarchy. If we neglect the call, before long the machinery of government will come into the possession of those who ignore all laws; and then the spirit of freedom will call for another rebellion, and have it. But if we heed the call, if each citizen shall speak, vote, and do as he may be able to bring about the repeal of all bad or unnecessary laws, the enactment of good laws when needed, and the strict enforcement of every existing law equally against all, then the freedom of each citizen will expand and be secure, as can be only under and by virtue of a government strong enough to protect its citizens from oppression and wrong of every kind.

And these graves here add a further injunction. Let no man delay because he has not yet suffered in his own person; let no man wait to feel upon himself the consequences of oppression. Take measures against the threatened encroachments. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and must be paid with instant readiness. Thus instructs the account of devotion, courage, and sacrifice rendered by these stones and disappearing mounds. And if they shall learn, then each right death here recorded will work out good somewhere, somehow.

DIBRELL'S OLD FLAG WAS NOT SURRENDERED.

BY C. L. NOLEN, HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

Toward the close of the war Gen. George G. Dibrell, of Tennessee, was promoted from brigade to division commander, and Col. W. S. McLemore, of the 4th (Starnes') Tennessee Cavalry, was promoted to the command of Dibrell's Brigade, originally composed of the 4th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th Tennessee Cavalry.

At Washington, Ga., when we were informed that our brigade would be surrendered and paroled, the brigade color bearer, Elbert J. Peacock, who had carried our flag so honorably in the many battles in which we took part, in order to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy cut it into pieces and divided them among the ten or twelve comrades composing Colonel McLemore's couriers, and also to some of his staff officers. I was given one of the stars from the flag, which I have had framed and placed among my cherished Confederate mementoes. Colonel McLemore's couriers were detailed from the different companies of his regiment (4th Tennessee), Elbert J. Peacock and I being messmates from Company E.

General Dibrell's Division composed the escort of President Jefferson Davis's cabinet and wagon train from Goldsboro, N. C., to the Savannah River, near Washington, Ga., where we were each paid about twenty-five dollars in specie, which was being transported in the wagon train. I yet have four of those silver dollars, on which I have had engraved my name and command, date of surrender, etc., which I am preserving for my children as souvenirs of the lost Confederacy.

Dibrell's Brigade was first in the division of Gen. N. B. Forrest; but soon after the battle of Chickamauga was placed under command of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, and so remained until the close of the war.

LEWIS H. FOSTER.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD.

"Mid din of the battle, 'mid tramp of the host

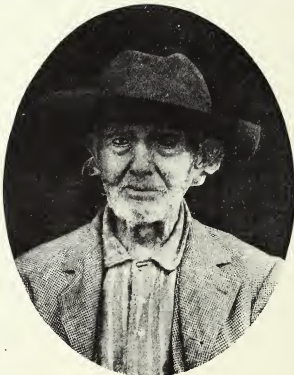
Who heed the shrill bugle and answer with zeal—

The charge of grim heroes who risk not the cost

Doth all that is noble in mankind reveal."

In the quietude of his hospitable country home, near Skippers, Greensville County, Va., Lewis H. Foster, Esq., is peacefully spending the remnant of his days on earth. He has held manhood as a sacred gift from the Creator and treasured it accordingly. Though physically weak and wary with his eighty-four years, he is yet in full possession of his mental faculties; though his locks are frosted and his step enfeebled, yet is he optimistic, active in mind, entertaining and hospitable—a Virginia gentleman of the old school type.

Mr. Foster shrinks from publicity. When asked for his photograph and the appended data, he expressed himself to



THE VENERABLE L. H. FOSTER.

the writer as strongly opposed to any trumpet-blowing or personal posing. Merit and the highest personal integrity are his. So interesting and unique a character is eminently deserving mention in the *VETERAN*.

This venerable man is a veteran of two wars—Mexican and between the States. In the heyday of his youth he helped annex Texas to the Union, and thereby garnered a store of experience. His reminiscences are varied and rich. He can relate stirring incidents connected with the campaign, for he followed the stars and stripes from the home land until its proud pennons floated in the halls of the Montezumas. He makes frequent and interesting mention of Generals Taylor and Scott. Mr. Foster went to Mexico in 1847 a volunteer in a Virginia regiment commanded by Colonel Hamtranck,

of the infantry. He was mustered into service at Richmond and numbered with the second company from Petersburg, whose muster and pay roll Mr. Foster assisted in keeping.

In those far-gone days of old sailing the seas was less a high art than now; but, shipping at Fortress Monroe, his command sailed down the Atlantic via Southern Florida into the Gulf of Mexico, and, effecting the desired landing, marched with the trappings of war through three States of Mexico to Monterey. *En route* to this latter place there were skirmishes with the Comanches, a name that struck terror to every ear in those martial days of old.

Mr. Foster arrived after hard marching at Buena Vista just too late to participate in the bloody struggle at that place, but recalls seeing about eight thousand dead Mexicans there. He makes interesting mention of Generals Bragg, Taylor, and Jefferson Davis with his Mississippi regiment. The old veteran recalls the memory of Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, and all subsequent Presidents. After the surrender, he and his army comrades marched five hundred miles to the Rio Grande and took shipping for the States. The mutability of time is strongly emphasized in that he recalls no living comrade of the Mexican War.

"Their bodies are dust,
Their good swords rust."

Beginning in the year 1842, Mr. Foster taught school in Virginia and North Carolina for a period of thirty years. Among his pupils are many old and settled men, and these widely scattered over the country. All speak in highest terms of their worthy old preceptor.

The old veteran's War between the States record follows: He was a member of the North Carolina Battalion of Light Artillery, J. W. Moore commander. Mr. Foster never missed a roll call and did not ask for but one furlough during the entire war. He followed the dubious fortunes of war with all the impetuous zeal of a born soldier, and was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston when he surrendered at Greensboro. His battalion fought at Bentonville in the last engagement in the Old North State. Altogether his was a strenuous life during "the days that tried men's souls," and his war lore is abundant. The venerable soldier has been twice married and as often bereaved of his life companions. He is childless, but by no means forsaken or forlorn; the gracious ministry of kind and loving hands constantly attends him.

He is an enthusiastic and well-informed Mason, having been initiated into the mysteries of the ancient order in the year 1847. The infirmities of age prevent his active participation in the affairs of his lodge, but his old-time zeal for the institution has not abated. He received two or three degrees beyond that of the sublime degree of a Master Mason. But, best of all, this honored old gentleman is a veteran in the Lord's army. He was baptized by Elder Josiah Bailey into the membership of Zion Baptist Church in the year 1842, and has ever since been a member and officer in said Church.

[It is pleasing and profitable to keep in the foreground of this strenuous period such model characters.—Ed.]

In grateful memory of such comrades, let posterity say:

"Never marched men into battle,
Braver men with firmer tread,
Spite of all the roar and rattle,
Spite of dying and the dead.
Rest, ye warriors, from your labors;
Rest your banners, worn to rags;
Sheathed forever are your sabers,
Furled forever be your flags."

MEMORIAL WINDOW TO FATHER RYAN.

Some months since the Tampa Chapter, No. 113, U. D. C.,



made the final payment on a memorial window to Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, whose sweet songs have cheered and soothed many weary and heavy hearts. The illustration here given shows the window in miniature. Miss Azule Elison Caruthers, President of Tampa Chapter, reports contributions from different Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the South, which, under the heading of States, are as follows: Alabama, \$12; Arkansas, \$1.50; California, \$10.50; District of Columbia, \$4; Florida, \$23.45 (of which the Tampa Chapter gave \$201.45); Georgia, \$23; Illinois, \$1; Indian Territory, \$8.35; Kentucky, \$22; Louisiana, \$11.50; Mississippi, \$11; Missouri, \$18; Montana, \$1; Nebraska, \$1; New York, \$10; North Carolina, \$20.50; Ohio, \$1; South Carolina,

\$13.50; Tennessee, \$21; Texas, \$11; from friends in various States, \$164.70. Total, \$600.

SHANNON'S SCOUTS—KILPATRICK.

BY J. C. WITCHER, BELLS, TEX.

No other motive than a desire to have the truth made public prompts this article. From time to time I have noticed erroneous statements concerning the capture of General Kilpatrick's horses, one of which was the well-known spotted horse. In the *VETERAN* of July is an article altogether misleading.

The facts are: General Wheeler personally, with Shannon's scouts, reconnoitered Kilpatrick's camp and located routes of approach and made other necessary discoveries leading to the attack the same night of the surprise. At this time, as on other occasions, General Wheeler was known by his scouts, at his request, as "Sergeant Johnson." The attack was thoroughly planned and carried out in detail except for a few minutes' unavoidable delay of part of the command in passing a marshy place. But for this, neither Kilpatrick nor his command had escaped. It was one of the several brilliant affairs which coupled Wheeler and Shannon in the historic days of the sixties, and I am unwilling that it be less than "honor to whom honor is due."

Some months ago I wrote my grand old commander, A. M. Shannon, of Galveston, Tex., concerning this and other matters, and I herewith give his reply:

"I see so many accounts of things that transpired during the stormy days of 1861 to 1865 which are described so differently from the way I saw or remember them that sometimes I am forced to the conclusion that I must not have been there or else the other fellow was not, but to undertake a correction

of such errors is a bigger task than I care to tackle. General Wheeler some years ago wrote me of errors in General Hampton's book that gave to others credit for what he was pleased to term acts of gallantry that belonged to myself and my noble, brave followers; but I have never had a desire to fly into print and get up controversies over matters that are so long past. I did my duty as I understood it from start to finish, and never, so far as I ever heard, was accused of standing back or shirking a duty, no matter how unpleasant or hazardous. I am almost blind (was for some months totally so), have undergone two operations, but can never hope for more sight than I now have, and will be thankful if I can retain what little I have until called hence. I am always glad to hear from you or any of the noble, brave men I had the honor to command."

And now as to who captured the spotted horse, who gave him to General Wheeler, and how long he kept him, I shall let General Wheeler speak over his own signature, and this ought to settle the matter. Here is General Wheeler's letter, which was written to Maj. J. B. Puryear:

"It gave me great pleasure to hear from you. The 11th Texas was one of the grandest regiments of the Confederacy. I remember the morning of March 10, 1865, very well indeed. I had my command in four columns. I had spent the night in examining the enemy's bivouac, and just before day, at the head of the left-hand column, I crossed the stream and charged in upon the sleeping enemy. The other three columns crossed the stream and charged into the enemy's bivouac probably two minutes later. The delay was caused by failure to receive the order in time. You recall how thoroughly we defeated the enemy. We captured some four hundred prisoners and all of the horses of Kilpatrick and his staff and many other horses. Shannon's scouts brought out Kilpatrick's spotted horse, and by vote of the organization made it a present to me, and I retained it until after the war. It always gives me pleasure to hear from my brave old comrades, and I thank you for your letter. Remember me to my old comrades."

As a last word, it will be seen from General Wheeler's letter above that he received the spotted horse as a gift from Shannon's scouts, and kept him till the war was over. Therefore he did not give a pair of pistols boot in trade for him, nor did he return him to Kilpatrick under flag of truce.

SHERMAN HELPED STARVE UNION PRISONERS.

BY MILTON OVERLEY, LEXINGTON, KY.

I am glad that Colonel Pickett has written about Sherman's march through Georgia and the Carolinas, because he corroborates much that is contained in my paper on the same subject—"What Marching through Georgia Means"—published in the *VETERAN* some years ago and suggested by Miss Laura Galt's refusal to sing that odious song when ordered by her teacher to do so, and because his statements of what he knows relating to it will aid the future historian in writing up that hellish raid.

As a member of General Hardee's staff, Colonel Pickett had excellent opportunities of seeing and knowing much of the vandalism of that march—the wanton destruction of private property, the robbery of citizens, and the inhuman treatment of helpless women and children—and I, who was of Wheeler's Cavalry, saw even more than he; yet we witnessed and know very little as compared with the many outrages committed on that march. The half has never been told; but it is not yet too late to tell it, and it is sincerely to be hoped that all, both soldiers and citizens, who know anything of

importance relating to this raid will give it to the public. Let us have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, that the world may know how much the helpless suffered along Sherman's line of march, and who was responsible for it. It will make many dark pages in our country's history, will prove a sad commentary on her boasted civilization, will expose to the world an indelible stain that one of her great generals put upon his own name, will explain why Captain Wirz could not better feed the Yankee prisoners at Andersonville, and it will make so clear to all the meaning of "Marching through Georgia" that few will want to sing it or hear it sung. It is intended to glorify Sherman and his army for deeds that ought to shame the devil, who suggested their commission.

Of course there were many good and true men in that army—men who thought they were fighting to "save the Union"—but the bad ones among them, chief of whom was their commander, gave to the whole a reputation not at all enviable.

Sherman, with his grand army of veterans, his bummers, and his stolen negroes, cut a great, black swath of desolation and ruin more than five hundred miles in length and nearly half a hundred in width through the fairest and most productive sections of the South, burning cities, towns, and country homes, wrecking farms, carrying off or killing stock, robbing families of their provisions, their silverware, their money, their jewelry, and their clothing, destroying the people's means of subsistence, and making homeless and destitute more than twenty-five thousand women and children.

From Savannah he reported to the Federal Secretary of War: "We have not lost a wagon on the trip [from Atlanta], but have gathered in a large supply of negroes, mules, horses, etc., and our teams are in far better condition than when we left. We have utterly destroyed over two hundred miles of rails, and consumed stores and provisions that were essential to Lee's and Hood's armies."

Much of the "stores and provisions" here mentioned was "consumed" by fire, the Federal general hoping to starve the Southern people into submission, wholly ignoring the fact that thousands of Northern soldiers were then in Andersonville prison, not far away, depending for subsistence upon what he was destroying.

The Confederacy's ports were closed by the enemy, so that no provisions could be obtained from abroad; much of her most productive territory was either occupied by the enemy or had been overrun and devastated by them; her labor system was upset; the Federal authorities would not exchange prisoners, and they were accumulating upon her hands; so it is no wonder that the Andersonville prisoners suffered of hunger. We in the field suffered. For a year before the war closed our daily rations consisted of one pound of meal or flour, often musty or rotten, and an equal quantity of blue beef or in its stead four ounces of bacon—this and nothing more, but often less.

The war over, poor Henry Wirz, keeper of the Andersonville prison, was arrested by Federal authority, tried by a military court, found guilty of starving prisoners, and murdered upon the gallows. And now, after forty years, Georgia's Daughters of the Confederacy propose to erect a monument to the memory of Captain Wirz and in vindication of his character, against which the G. A. R. has entered its protest. If I know anything of the temper of Southern women (and I think I do), that monument will be erected, and its inscriptions will tell the whole dark story to the world.

But to return to the Sherman raid. Colonel Pickett speaks

of several hundred factory girls that Sherman sent northward from Georgia. Doubtless these were the four hundred whom he ordered to be transported beyond the Ohio River, there to remain during the war. Others ordered North were detained in Louisville and advertised to be hired out as servants to take the places of negroes who had been liberated by the military authorities. A Louisville paper contained the following notice: "Families residing in the city or the country wishing seamstresses or servants can be supplied at the refugee quarters on Broadway, between Ninth and Tenth. This is sanctioned by Captain Jones, provost marshal."

Sherman "fairly won" Atlanta—by flanking Hood out of it—and then depopulated it, claiming that it was to be held by his government as a military post. Soon after he burned it as "a military necessity," and started on his famous, or rather infamous, "march to the sea." This was about the middle of November, 1864. On the 17th of February, 1865, after resting his army several weeks in Savannah, he entered Columbia, S. C.

Kettell's history of the war says of the burning of this city: "Gen. Wade Hampton, who commanded the Rebel rear guard, had, in anticipation of the capture of the place, ordered all the cotton to be moved into the streets and fired. A violent gale was blowing as the advance of the Union army entered Columbia, and before a single building had been fired by Sherman's order the smoldering fires set by Hampton's order, and which the soldiers and citizens had labored hard to extinguish, were rekindled by the wind and communicated to the buildings around. . . . Sherman and many of his generals were up all night laboring to save houses and protect families thus deprived of shelter and home."

General Sherman, in his official report, says: "I disclaim, on the part of my army, any agency in the fire; but, on the contrary, claim that we saved what of Columbia remains un-consumed, and without hesitation I charge Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia."

In his "Memoirs," published ten years later, he very materially modifies this report, but not till it had passed into history and been accepted by many as true. He says: "In my official report of this conflagration I distinctly charged it to Wade Hampton, and confess I did so pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him; for he was, in my opinion, a braggart, and professed to be the special champion of South Carolina." He then claimed that Columbia was burned by accident and not design.

Now let the reader draw his own conclusion and make his own comments concerning these statements. I have only to say that the statement of the Yankee historian that the cotton was moved into the streets and fired by order of General Hampton is false. I was a member of the rear guard he mentions, and I heard the order from General Hampton to the guard, delivered by the proper officer, to see that no cotton was fired, for fear of burning the city. I was probably the last Confederate to leave it, falling back from street to street as the enemy advanced through it till pushed out on the opposite side to that on which we entered. I saw no cotton burning in Columbia; the guard fired none; and if General Hampton ever gave such an order, he countermanded it in his order to us. The truth is, Sherman's men burned Columbia, and their chief sought to put the responsibility upon General Hampton for reasons given in his "Memoirs," and also because British subjects lost heavily by the fire and the United States might have to make good these losses.

Not wishing to give the enemy an excuse for burning the

city, Generals Beauregard and Hampton decided to make no defense, and their forces were moved out on the Winnsboro road. Mayor Goodwin formally surrendered Columbia, asking for and receiving a promise of protection to citizens and property. But it was wantonly destroyed, and with it General Hampton's beautiful home, one of the most elegant in all the Southland. Its owner had come from Lee's army to aid in the defense of his native State; but the Confederates were too weak to stay the devastating storm that was sweeping over the hated Palmetto State, and South Carolina paid dearly for her leadership in the secession movement.

In pleasing contrast with Sherman's brutality was General Hampton's treatment of one of the former's soldiers, which I witnessed only a few days after the burning of Columbia. In a hot hand-to-hand fight with a body of the enemy in the streets of Fayetteville Hampton severely wounded and captured one of the Yankees, a brave fellow, who would not surrender till his head was literally skinned with the General's saber. Crossing the Cape Fear River with his prisoner (on the bridge his enemies were seeking to burn when he defeated them), General Hampton summoned his own surgeon to dress the soldier's wounds, while he stood near and spoke kindly to his enemy, complimented him on his bravery, and assured him that he sympathized with him in his misfortune. What would General Sherman have done under like circumstances?

This paper, with others written along the same line, is not for the purpose of opening old wounds; but it is to contribute the writer's mite toward a full and fair history of that great war in which he was a humble participant. Let comrades, while life and reason remain, do likewise. Let them send their contributions to the *VETERAN*, for much of the history of the war will be written from its pages. Its proprietor has probably done more toward securing this much-to-be-desired end than has any other man living or dead, and very much of it has been gratuitous work. May he live to read a history of that great conflict that does full justice to both South and North!

LOUIS BELL APED B. F. BUTLER.

The Memphis Daily Appeal of June 13, 1863 (published at Grenada, Miss.), copied the following from the St. Augustine Examiner, which was afterwards published by the Federals:

"On Tuesday evening last a party of young ladies assembled on the plaza and commenced chipping off small pieces from the stump of the flagstaff, which they kissed with all the fervor of a youthful maiden in her first love. Some members of Company I, noticing the proceedings, became so indignant that the senseless wood was so much more favored than they that they rushed to the spot, and in the excess of their passion rooted up the stump and burned it to ashes, thus destroying forever what was so late the pride of the village. Yesterday morning as we were crossing the plaza we noticed a bevy of these damsels busily engaged in collecting the ashes in small papers to be carried home. We are aware that the blockade of this port has been tolerably effective, rendering it extremely difficult to get many articles indispensable to a well-regulated family; but the small size of these packages forbids the idea that the ashes were to be used for the manufacture of soap, and we are therefore forced to the conclusion that they are to be cherished as souvenirs."

"It will be noticed that the St. Augustine ladies, most of whom have fathers, husbands, and brothers in the Southern army, are true blue. In the face of the glistening bayonets of the enemy they show their preference for the Southern

cause and their contempt for Lincoln's hirelings. The commander of the post has issued the following order, which is not quite so brutish, but akin to that of Butler:

'HEADQUARTERS, POST OF ST. AUGUSTINE, May 17, 1862.

"Certain women having conducted themselves last evening and this morning in a manner grossly insulting to the United States forces stationed here by collecting together in the plaza and there openly manifesting their disloyalty to the United States, I have ordered that hereafter any woman who shall be guilty of any open and offensive exhibition of disloyalty shall be held in strict arrest. And furthermore, if another such disgraceful scene is enacted, I shall enforce the full vigor of martial law on the city.

"By order of Louis Bell, Lieutenant Colonel 4th N. H. Vol., commanding Post of St. Augustine, Fla.

H. F. WIGGIN, *Acting Adjutant.*

"Information has reached us to the effect that many poor families whose husbands are in the war are in very destitute condition. The Federals refuse to allow them to leave the city, and will not sell them the necessities of life. They should by all means be relieved. It would be better to have the little 'Ancient City' laid in ashes than to allow our noble-hearted women and children to suffer for the want of food and be subjected to all kinds of insult."

EXPERIENCES IN CAMP CHASE PRISON.

John W. Robinson, Arcadia, La., who was a member of Company B, 12th Louisiana Regiment, and who was captured at Nashville December 16, 1864, and sent to prison at Camp Chase, Ohio, gives an account of his experiences:

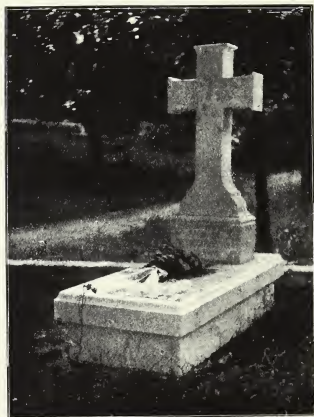
"My first night in prison was spent in Nashville in a rock quarry, surrounded by a strong guard. There were about one thousand of us. It was a cold, sleety night, and the Federals would not allow us a spark of fire. On that memorable night several of us came near freezing to death, and it was with much exertion that we survived it. The following day we were put in the Nashville Penitentiary, where we were fed on a small ration of bread for ten days. From there we were taken to Camp Chase, which, from all accounts, was the best prison the North afforded. Our rations were limited. We were fed at nine o'clock in the forenoon and at three in the afternoon. These rations consisted mainly of one hard-tack each and a small piece of pickled beef for breakfast, and for dinner a tin plate of corn meal mush and a tin pint cup of salty beef water in which the beef had been cooked the night before. We did not have at all the luxury of a cup of coffee. From Camp Chase we were taken to Point Lookout, Md., and were put into an open prison, without house or shelter, overlooking the bay. We were guarded there by negroes altogether. On the first night in that prison the guards shot into the prison all around, the fusillade lasting ten minutes. It was like a strong skirmish fight. The guards' beat was on a wall around the prison about twenty feet high. On the following morning we were told that the firing the night before was simply a custom when a new lot of prisoners were put in. Some of my company were killed and others wounded."

STONEWALL JACKSON CONVERTED A UNION SOLDIER.—A. C. McLeary, of Humboldt, Tenn., gives an account of how Stonewall Jackson made a Christian of an infidel Union soldier: "Seeing the poem, 'Stonewall Jackson's Way,' in the issue of the VETERAN for September, reminds me! While I was spending last winter at Wagoner, Ind. T., I attended the Northern Presbyterian Church, as we had no Southern Church there. The pastor organized the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and

Philip, composed of men old and young, and we met every Sunday afternoon. The subject one day was faith while praying in secret and in public. Each one was called upon to make a talk and give his experience, and in a way I gave mine as a young Confederate soldier. The pastor made an interesting talk during which he mentioned an ex-Federal soldier back in Pennsylvania, now a strict member of the Presbyterian Church, but who had gone into the army an infidel. He said that he soon learned that when Stonewall Jackson spent the night in prayer they would always get the worst of the fight the next day, and that it showed him there was a God, and he came home when the war closed a converted man."

MONUMENT AT BILL ARP'S GRAVE.

The family of Maj. Charles H. Smith have erected a neat monument with the funds sent through the VETERAN. A note from Miss Marian Smith states: "The beautiful cross resting on the marble slab is the one bought with the Confed-



erate Veteran money. The cross is massive—about six feet high. Across the bar are the letters 'C. H. S.' On the base is 'From his Confederate Veteran friends.' We think it lovely, and thank you. . . ."

GALLANTRY OF GENERAL ROSECRANS.

BY J. E. CARRUTH, AUBURN, MISS.

The article in the September VETERAN, "Why General Sherman's Name Is Detested," prompts me to write of an incident that is worthy of publication and shows the spirit of true manhood in General Rosecrans.

Just prior to the battle of Murfreesboro Wood's Brigade (afterwards Lowrey's), Cleburne's Division, was protecting the rear of the army as it moved from Nashville to Murfreesboro. Companies A and G, of the 45th Mississippi, com-

manded by Capt. Thomas P. Connor, were on picket duty, and were being hard pressed by the Federal cavalry, who made a sortie around their left flank and captured Captain Connor and several of his men. One of them was Joel T. McBride, a man of powerful frame and a fine soldier, though he had some infirmity of the feet which disabled him greatly when attempting to run.

On the battlefield a few days later we captured some copies of the Chattanooga Rebel. The paper gave a detailed account of the capture of Captain Connor and his men, stating that when commanded to surrender they all complied except McBride, who wheeled and fired at Major Witherspoon, who was in command of the squadron, but missed him, whereupon the Major gave him a severe saber cut on the head. Nothing daunted, McBride with the butt of his rifle struck the Major and killed him. McBride was taken to General Rosecrans with handcuffs on. After hearing the statement, the General ordered the handcuffs taken off, stating that instead of special punishment he should be commended, and ordered that a surgeon dress his wounds and that he be well cared for, given plenty to eat, etc.

These prisoners after a while were exchanged and returned to their commands. They verified the statement as being true, and McBride till the day that he went down bearing the colors of the old 45th in the battle of Franklin carried the scar on his head from that saber cut. Your scribe was captured at Franklin, and was released from Camp Douglas Prison on June 18, 1865. Yes, all "honor" to the men, general or private, friend or foe, who under those trying circumstances proved by their actions that they were men!

DRINKING FOUNTAIN FOR HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

It is reported that on the spot where Col. Thomas G. Woodward, commander of Woodward's Battalion, lieutenant colonel of 1st Kentucky, and then colonel of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, fell, pierced by four bullets fired by a hidden foe, the Christian County Chapter U. D. C. have undertaken to erect a handsome drinking fountain. In 1864 Colonel Woodward was killed from his horse at the intersection of Main and Ninth Streets. The city at that time was occupied by Federal troops. Colonel Woodward had galloped into town from the south at the head of a small force. He was followed by only one man, but rode slowly down Main Street, pistol in hand. When he reached Ninth (then Nashville) Street, a command to halt came from the upper window of a store near by. Colonel Woodward raised his pistol in the direction of the voice. Instantly several shots were fired. One killed his horse and four bullets entered his own body. He did not regain consciousness after being shot, and died in a few moments after being removed to a hotel. His men, seeing from a distance their leader's fate, fired a volley down Main Street and rode at full speed out of town.

Colonel Woodward's grave in Hopewell Cemetery has been cared for by Confederate organizations. He was a New Englander by birth (born in Vermont), a graduate of West Point, and an accomplished scholar. He went to Christian County in 1847, and taught school until the war, when he was one of the first men in the county to join the Southern army. He is described as a cunning strategist and a cool, deliberate fighter. One of his most notable exploits was the capture, at Clarksville, Tenn., of Colonel Mason's superior command of Union troops encamped on the college grounds. During the night Colonel Woodward, having fewer than half the number of men under the Federal commander, planted a battery of logs

painted black and mounted on wheels to look like cannon, and disposed of his men so as to deceive the enemy into believing he was outnumbered. A stern demand for unconditional surrender met with prompt compliance on the part of Colonel Mason. When the Union officer learned of the ruse and later saw the diminutive, uncouth figure of his captor, his sense of humor mastered his rage, and between bursts of laughter he begged the little colonel for a photograph, saying: "I want to send it up North to my friends to let them see what an insignificant little cuss I surrendered to." Colonel Woodward generously acceded to the request, and the picture accompanying this dispatch is said to be a copy of the one he gave Colonel Mason.

HUMORS OF JOHNSON'S ISLAND PRISON.

BY ROBERT C. CROUCH, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

The writer has enjoyed various sketches of prison life at Johnson's Island in the VETERAN. The account of the cyclone that visited the prison brought to mind many amusing circumstances connected with the storm that had been forgotten. I especially enjoyed the programme furnished of the dramatic entertainment given in the September VETERAN in connection with "Asa Hartz," Capt. John R. Fellows, and others. I attended some of those entertainments. They were heartily enjoyed.

As the years go on one lives more and more in the past, and in reviving the memory of the two years spent at Johnson's Island I call to mind particularly one little circumstance. The prison proper was surrounded with a stockade, on top of which was the sentinel's beat, and on the inside of the stockade, between the buildings occupied by the prisoners and the stockade, was a ditch some four or five feet deep and perhaps six feet wide. Block 1 was perhaps twenty-five feet from the stockade, the ditch between. There were many escapes by prisoners digging tunnels from their quarters to the outside of the stockade. Of the many tunnels dug, I remember particularly one from Block 1. In order to get to the outside of the stockade with this one, it was necessary to go down below the bottom of the ditch spoken of. To dig these tunnels was slow and very laborious. They were made as small as possible, and it seemed that this one was not deep enough for the bottom of the ditch and not large enough. After some of the prisoners had gone through, Captain Cole, of Arkansas, following, got stuck, and the dirt caved in. In order to give those in advance of him time to escape, he made no alarm; but remained stuck in the hole, for how long I have forgotten. The next evening I remember Col. John A. Fite, Captain Fellows, and others on the steps of Block 1, relating an account of the escapade to their fellow-prisoners, and concluding the story with a song, two lines of which I can recall:

"And now three cheers for Captain Cole,
Who wouldn't holler when he stuck in the hole."

This is written from memory, and in some particulars may be inaccurate. Some of the actors are still living.

Inquiry has been made of the VETERAN for some history of the famous guerrilla leader, Quantrell, and his command. It would be interesting to have a sketch of him from some one who knew him personally or of him so well that the information given would be accurate. A picture of him is also requested. The VETERAN hopes to have prompt response to this request.



DEATHS AT DEQUEEN, ARK.

Annual memorial service was held by John H. Morgan Camp, of DeQueen, Ark., on the 12th of August in honor of the following comrades who have died within the last year: Emmerson Capps, Company I, Fourteenth Arkansas Infantry; W. J. Smith, Second Missouri Cavalry; Henry Sanders, Forty-First Tennessee Infantry; Charley Graham, Fortieth Tennessee Infantry; G. W. Ross, Second Texas Cavalry; J. W. Barrett, — Texas.

COL. M. C. DICKSON.

After a brief illness, Col. M. C. Dickson died at his home in Pendleton, S. C., on July 19, 1906. Surviving him are his wife and four children (three sons and a daughter).

Colonel Dickson was born in Pendleton January 27, 1841, the son of Thomas Dickson, of Abbeville County. His mother was a daughter of General Scott, of Revolutionary fame. He was just ready for Davidson College when the war came on, and he enlisted promptly in the Fourth South Carolina, serving there for the first twelve months, and then joined the cavalry under Hampton. By his bravery and efficiency he won a lieutenantancy, and during the illness of his captain, John C. Calhoun, he commanded the company. From the battle of Manassas to within ninety days of the close of the war, he did not miss an engagement in which his company participated. At the battle of Fayetteville, N. C., however, with seven saber cuts, wounded in side and hip, he was dragged from his horse and left unconscious on the field. After the war he returned to Pendleton and engaged in merchandising for a number of years, and then turned to farming, and at the time of his death owned several fine plantations. His wife was Miss Gilkerson, of Laurens County, whose grandmother was a first cousin of John C. Calhoun.

CAPT. J. D. SMITH.

This heroic soldier in war and model citizen in peace passed away at his home, in Houston, Miss., on June 28, 1905. He deserves a place in the gallery of dead heroes in the VETERAN, that modest temple of fame where privates as well as generals are admitted. Captain Smith organized Company C, Twenty-Fourth Mississippi Infantry, at the outset of the war, and afterwards commanded it with signal gallantry till, from wounds and ill health just after the battle of Chickamauga, he was transferred to the cavalry, in command of Company E, Sixth Mississippi Regiment, Stark's Brigade. To the end of the war thereafter he fought under the lead of Forrest, and was one of his favorite and bravest officers. At Chickamauga, on the second day, the last of the field officers of the Twenty-Fourth Mississippi fell, and the command of the regiment devolved on Captain Smith. He led it in all its desperate charges that followed, and the terrible onsets against it, till he fell wounded. On the third and last day, though suffering from wounds, he resumed command of the shattered remnant of the Twenty-Fourth and fought it to the glorious finish which ended in the utter rout of Rosecrans's command. A large number of the company officers of the regiment had

also fallen, and hardly forty per cent of that gallant regiment was left to answer roll call. At one time for an hour three Federal batteries, combined with small arms, poured in a concentrated fire on this regiment where it seemed that nothing could live. This regiment was in Walthall's famous Mississippi Brigade, which lost fully fifty per cent of its men in that battle. General Walthall speaks in the highest terms of Captain Smith in his official report of that bloody battle; and praise from Walthall was praise indeed! The official report of the part the Twenty-Fourth Mississippi took in that battle, made by Captain Smith, discloses the most frightful losses.

The writer of this brief memorial, O. C. Brothers, and Captain Smith were as brothers during the war—not only brothers in arms but as brothers by blood. We ate, slept, marched together, constant companions and chums, till Captain Smith was transferred to the cavalry; and amid the fierce onset and the roar of battle the writer's thoughts followed with intense anxiety his chivalrous friend and messmate, because he always led where the fight was hottest and most desperate. Around the camp fire he was a noble companion—bright, joyous, genial, gentle as a woman, and as loving as a child, he was indeed a most lovable man; but in battle he knew not fear, and seemed to court death itself by his heroic dash and superb bravery.

After the war Captain Smith was called by the people of Chickasaw County to many important offices of trust, such as chancery clerk, assessor, treasurer. In all he served with honor and credit, and all the people, both white and black, mourned his loss. He was seventy-two years old. May he sleep in peace!

CAPT. BEN DYER TERRY.

Capt. Ben Dyer Terry was the son of Abner R. and Eleanor Dyer Terry, born near Hopkinsville, Ky., December 23, 1831. He was engaged in business at Princeton, Ky., on his own account; but in September, 1861, he quit store and, with Capt. M. D. Wilcox, of Lyon County, Ky., raised a company of cavalry in Caldwell and Lyon Counties, of which Terry was first lieutenant. The company was intended for Col. Ben Hardin Helm's First Kentucky Cavalry, but was temporarily attached to the battalion of Col.



CAPT. BEN DYER TERRY. N. B. Forrest, at that time stationed at Hopkinsville. His company was at

Fort Donelson, and was with the first troops to run against the Federal advance. Captain Wilcox and company were surrendered with the army, and Lieutenant Terry spent seven months in prison at Johnson's Island. He was exchanged in September, 1862, at Vicksburg, and in the reorganization of his company he became captain. In the absence of horses, he was temporarily attached to the Eighth Kentucky Infantry, under Col. H. B. Lyon. They were in the fight at Coffeeville, Miss., where he was conspicuous for gallantry with his men in a charge. When General Pemberton's retreat was over, he and his company were transferred to Morgan's cavalry and were for the time attached to D. Howard Smith's Fifth Kentucky Regiment. Subsequently they became a part of Kilpatrick's Battalion, and were with the remnant of Morgan's men who fought at Chickamauga. He was with Morgan at Cynthia, Ky., where he and his company were captured, and he was again sent to Johnson's Island and kept until the close of the war. He suffered with cold and hunger, as did thousands of other Southern soldiers. He was paroled in

June, 1865, and returned to Kentucky to find his business ruined and assets scattered. He quickly got a foothold, went to work energetically, and soon paid off old debts, and then accumulated a competence for old age. He died at his home, in Cadiz, Ky., on May 29, 1906. At the time he was serving his second term as commissioner for the Confederate Home of Kentucky. Captain Terry had a great many friends, who honored him in his firm stand for his convictions.

RICHARD L. GRIZZARD.

On August 15, 1906, Richard L. Grizzard passed suddenly and quietly into eternity. He was born sixty-eight years ago in Sussex County, Va., and, except for four years of war, spent all of his life in Sussex and Southampton Counties.

At the beginning of hostilities, in 1861, Comrade Grizzard enlisted with the first volunteer company from his county, and, going to the front, served faithfully and bravely as a private in the ranks throughout the war. Soon after its organization he was assigned to the famous 13th Virginia Cavalry, with which he served until his capture at Five Forks a few days

the gray. He belonged to the Barham-Chambliss Camp, U. C. V., No. 67. He was of the old school gentry, was hospitable to a high degree, and fertile in war reminiscences.

SERG. A. F. SMITH.

Alfred F. Smith was born in Franklin County, Ga., in August, 1838, but soon his parents removed to Pickens County. At the outbreak of the war he offered his services to the Confederacy, and served throughout the war in Company I, 23d Georgia Regiment. Most of the time he was orderly sergeant. Much of his service was in Virginia, and he was in many of the severest battles. He was taken prisoner at Chancellorsville and sent to and kept in Fort Delaware until exchanged. He was in the breach made in the Confederate line of defense by the great explosion. He was wounded in the thigh in one of the last battles of the war.

Comrade Smith was married to Miss Harriet Freeman in 1860. He removed from Georgia to Texas in 1873, and in 1879 settled in Kerr County, where he afterwards resided until his death, September 21, 1906. Surviving him are his wife and eight children with a host of friends, who sorrow in his death. He was a staunch member of the Church (a Baptist), and was ready to be offered when the time of his departure was at hand.

CAPT. CHARLES E. COFFIN.

Capt. Charles E. Coffin, Camp 435, C. S. A., Augusta, Ga., died August 16, 1906. He was born in Aiken, S. C., and while a cadet at the Citadel in Charleston was detailed on special duty in the adjutant general's office in Columbia; but when the town was abandoned upon the approach of Sherman, the office was hastily moved into the Piedmont region. Mr. Coffin and a companion, Mr. Pinckney Bull, now of New York, were among the last to leave the town, they going out one prong of the road as the head of Kilpatrick's Raiders came in upon the other. There was no fire when they left, which was more than Sherman's men could say.

Captain Coffin went to Augusta at the close of the war, and, like so many other Carolinians, became closely identified with the business interests of his Georgia home. He was an enthusiastic member of the Kuklux Klan, and had in his possession one of the three manuals of the order known to be extant. He assisted with much earnestness in the overthrow of the radical government both in Augusta and in the election of Wade Hampton over Chamberlain in South Carolina in 1876. He was one of the initial movers in the organization of the Confederate Survivors' Association, and was for years its Treasurer.

JOHN CALVIN NORMAN.

The death of John Calvin Norman, of Walthourville, Ga., on June 20, 1906, while visiting his daughter, Mrs. W. F. Way, at Moultrie, removed from the sphere of action a life which had been beautified and strengthened morally and spiritually by much suffering. "An earnest Christian," "a firm Confederate," "a true friend," are some of the expressions by friends who had known him through many years. He was a native of Liberty County, Georgia, and a descendant of the Puritan stock which took such an active part in the Revolutionary War, and the spirit of his ancestors was shown in his early enlistment in the cavalry of his native county, Troop B, Twentieth Battalion Georgia Cavalry, Young's Brigade, Hampton's Division, A. N. V. Ordered to Virginia in 1864, he was a participant in the battles around Richmond and Petersburg with his brigade. Patient, prompt, and fearless in the discharge of his duty, he commanded universal respect.



R. L. GRIZZARD.

before the surrender at Appomattox. Mr. Grizzard saw much service and was in many of the fiercest engagements during the days that tried men's souls. He had two horses shot from under him in the thick battle fray. He was himself never wounded. He passed through much of peril.

In 1864, while a soldier, he returned to his native county and married Miss Mattie Clements, a woman of noble character and highly gifted. Through this union there were born four sons, Messrs. Cader E., John R., V. Clem, and Rev. R. W. Grizzard, all well-known men of Southampton and Greensville Counties.

Comrade Grizzard was an enthusiastic veteran, and never happier than when in company with the old boys who wore

REV. H. O. JUDD.

After a service of nearly forty years in the ministry of the Church, the last eleven of which were for St. Paul's Episcopal Church at Macon, Ga., Rev. H. O. Judd passed into the life eternal early in the year of 1906. His was a most remarkable life in devotion and service, and those who knew him in these years of ministry will cherish the remembrance as a benediction.

Harvey Orrin Judd was the oldest of six sons, and he was one of two born in the wilds of Arkansas. His parents traveled by wagon from Connecticut. They crossed the Cumberland Mountains where Tracy City and Sewanee are, and passed through Shelbyville, where some of their children lived later, about seventy years ago. They remained in the South but a few years. In that time, however, they imbibed the greatest love and devotion for the Southern people. They did not feel contented on going North again, so returned to Tennessee and located at Sewanee on account of the University of the South, just then being organized. The father, Samuel Burrill Judd, was an architect and an Episcopal deacon. Standing too close to the edge of a parapet surrounding the capitol at Nashville while inspecting one of the handsome lamps that were being erected, he lost his balance and was so injured that he died the day that Fort Donelson fell.

At an early age Harvey was set apart by his parents for the ministry.

When the war came on, the three oldest boys, Harvey, Charlie, and Amos W. Judd, went to work for the Confederate government, making gun caps in Edgefield, then a suburb of Nashville. When Fort Donelson fell, the factory was removed to Atlanta, Ga. Harvey had the very dangerous work of mixing and drying the fulminate for the caps. After two years' service in the factory, Charlie joined Gen. John Morgan's command, and Amos went into Captain Gamble's Light Artillery, of Tallahassee, Fla. The gifted pen of the older brother records their service in the following lines, through which runs the tender thought of love and pride for them:

Two brothers in the army contending for the right,
O may the angels guard them this cheerless winter night!
Long, weary months have vanished since, with tear-dimmed
eye,

They left us for the army and breathed a last good-by.

How wildly in my dreaming has rung the battle cry!
When troops were onward rushing to conquer or to die.
There among the foremost from north to set of sun
Was Charlie in the saddle and Amos by his gun.

And again I have seen them sleeping tentless on the frozen
ground,

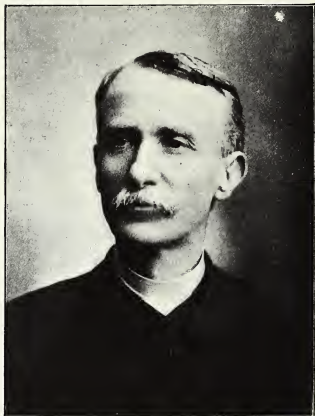
Or passing in the forest the picket's lonely round,
Until the starry clockwork its silent course has run,
Then Charlie is in the saddle and Amos by his gun.

A mother's choicest blessing will welcome home again
Her gallant sons who have acted so well the part of men;
And history will exalt them for battles fought and won
By Charlie in the saddle and Amos by his gun.

Harvey was made superintendent of the powder works until a few months before the close of the war, which months were spent as lieutenant on General Wofford's staff in Georgia. At the close of the war, he took up his studies for the ministry with great energy and perseverance, passed his examination with high honors, and entered into his ministerial duties

in a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion which failed not as the years went by.

All six of the sons became photographers of a high order. They were studious, cultured, and became excellent citizens, looking diligently to the welfare of their mother, who lived to a good old age, and their only sister.



REV. HARVEY O. JUDD.

When Harvey was pursuing his studies for the ministry at Sewanee, Tenn., he won a silver cup in the oratorical contest. Hon. Jefferson Davis was one of the judges, or presided over the exercises.

COMRADE JUDD'S LAST SILVER DOLLAR.

(Written in Atlanta in 1864.)

'Tis the last silver dollar left shining alone,
All its bright companions are wasted and gone:
No coin of its kindred, no specie is nigh,
To echo back softly its silvery sigh.

You must leave me, bright dollar, the last of my few;
Since thy mates have departed, skeddaddle thou too.
Thus kindly I send thee to wander afar,
In a night of shimplasters a glimmering star.

So soon may I follow when thou art no more,
And I wreck of starvation on currentless shore;
When the purse never jingles and shiners have flown.
O who could feel wealthy on pictures alone?

MEMORIAL SERVICES TO COMRADES AT FULTON, KY.

The James Pirtle Camp, U. C. V., No. 990, Fulton, Ky., holds memorial services November 3 to its deceased members of the year. The list is as follows: Lieut. W. N. Boaz, Company C, 12th Kentucky Forrest Cavalry; S. W. Blalock, Company C, Kentucky Forrest Cavalry; J. E. Breeden, Company

F, 14th Tennessee Infantry; E. J. Cowell, Company C, 31st Confederate Infantry; W. A. Cothran, 33d Tennessee Infantry; John Dillon, Company K, 12th Kentucky Cavalry; W. T. Ethridge, Company G, 5th Tennessee Infantry; W. A. Hester, Company A, 46th Tennessee Infantry; G. K. Hemphill, Company D, 24th Tennessee Infantry; V. P. Lowery, Company G, 12th Kentucky Cavalry; J. D. McKeen, Company A, 31st Tennessee Infantry; H. M. Murrell, Company K, 5th Tennessee Infantry; J. M. Reed, Company L, 12th Kentucky Cavalry; Joe Rankin, Company B, 3d Tennessee Engineer Corps; M. L. Sane, Company I, 12th Kentucky Cavalry; J. L. Taylor, Company B, 12th Kentucky Cavalry; Jesse Walker, Jr., Falkness (Ky.) Battalion; L. C. Young, Company A, 2d Kentucky Infantry; J. J. Jones, Company C, 12th Kentucky Cavalry. The Commander of the Camp is W. C. Croft, with R. A. Browder, Adjutant.

THOMAS WELLFORD.

The death of Thomas Wellford, of Memphis, Tenn., some two months since, removed a prominent and valued member of that community, a man of whom a friend writes that "he always did what he thought was right, and the sons and daughters who survive him are monuments to his admirable traits of character."

Thomas Wellford was born in Fredericksburg, Va., September 23, 1830. His early life was spent in the peace and quietude of that place; but when the war began, he entered

ford was as prominent in religious life and Church work as in the business world, while in his private life he was seen at his best. He was a courteous, honorable, Christian gentleman, devoted to his family and friends, of whom he had a large number. The memory of such a man will be a blessing, and his example worthy of emulation.

MEMBERS OF THE N. B. FORREST CAMP, CHATTANOOGA.

The annual memorial service of N. B. Forrest Camp, at Chattanooga, Tenn., was held at the First Presbyterian Church on the afternoon of October 7. The memorial sermon was delivered by Dr. Howard L. Jones, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and a son of Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans. During the year eleven members of the Camp have passed into the far country "whence no traveler returns." The roll was called by Capt. L. T. Dickinson, and he was followed by Capt. H. A. Chambers in a brief sketch of each member who had died during the year. They were: J. A. Allen, S. C. Cathey, Thomas Carney, W. W. Dunn, James R. Dean, T. H. Cheek, Owen McGarr, E. P. McPherson, J. B. Pyron, E. F. Sevier, and G. W. Thompson.

JOSEPH B. PATTON.

A friend reports the death of J. B. Patton at Rome, Ga., on the 1st of September. He was a former citizen of Nashville, and was a member of McClung's Artillery during the war. He was one of the leading manufacturers of Rome for about twenty-five years, during which time he was recognized as an honorable, upright citizen, and those who knew him best will cherish his memory. He was a member of Floyd Country Camp, No. 368, U. C. V.

Five members of McIntosh Camp, Dardanelle—L. C. Wheeler, J. H. Smith, J. H. Nankins, A. J. Boyce, and Rev. J. R. Adams—died during the past year, according to the report of Adj. F. A. Hanner at their last county reunion.

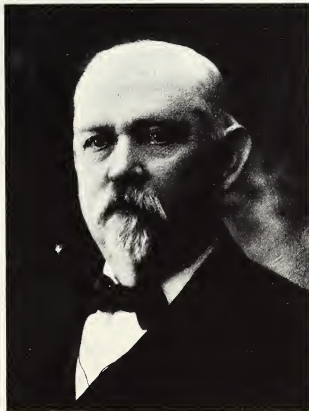
MISS HENRIETTA PRESTON JOHNSTON.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of Louisville, Ky., passed resolutions honoring the memory of Miss Henrietta Preston Johnston, daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who died at St. Joseph's Infirmary of that city. She was an honorary member of the Chapter, which was named for her father:

"Whereas the Ruler of all things has in his wisdom taken from this earth the soul of our beloved friend and sister, Henrietta Preston Johnston, and whereas her death is felt as an especial bereavement by the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, we, the members of that Chapter, desire to testify to the regard we entertained for her in life and our sorrow that she has been removed from our midst; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we lament her loss as that of a true, high-souled woman, who in all her days was loyal to every duty and obligation, and whose friendship blessed and honored those to whom it was given. Through many years, devoted to noblest purpose and useful effort, she furnished an example beautiful and admirable—of piety, charity, affectionate solicitude for those she loved, and sincere, unselfish consideration for all who came within her sphere of life. All who knew her will revere her memory; and we, the members of the Chapter named for her heroic father, will love and cherish it with peculiar care.

"Mrs. Norborne Galt Gray, Mrs. Sallie E. Marshall Hardy, Mrs. Basil W. Duke, Committee."



THOMAS WELLFORD.

into the conflict with ardor born of his love for his native State, serving throughout the war in the Army of Northern Virginia as sergeant of Company E, 3d Virginia Infantry. Shortly after the surrender he went to Memphis, Tenn., where he had been in the insurance business for thirty-five years, and in addition was President of the People's Savings Bank, Vice President of the Gayoso Oil Works, and a director in the Chickasaw Coöperage Company. Comrade Well-

REUNION OF WALTHALL'S MISSISSIPPI BRIGADE.

While on a visit to Nashville recently, Hon. Thomas Spight, of Ripley, Miss., gave the VETERAN a brief account of the late reunion of the survivors of Walthall's Brigade at Oxford, Miss., which he reported as most successful. Heretofore the meetings of this organization had been held at the time of the general reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, but at Louisville in 1905 it was decided not to have any more meetings outside of Mississippi. On account of the yellow fever, the meeting at Oxford in 1905, as arranged for, was postponed, and on the 6th of September, 1906, the first reunion of this brigade in the State was held, and proved to be a most enjoyable meeting. The crowd was not so large, and all the men who knew each other could meet. Another pleasing feature was an old-fashioned barbecue. Only about sixty of the old brigade, which at one time consisted of between five thousand and six thousand men, were present. The 24th, 27th, 29th, 30th, and 34th Regiments composed the brigade.

The address of welcome was delivered by Hon. John W. Kimmons, of a Confederate family, but too young to be in the army, to which response was made on behalf of the brigade by Hon. Thomas Spight. An address was also made by Col. E. T. Sykes, of Columbus, Miss., who was General Walthall's adjutant general and who has prepared a history of the brigade. A committee, composed of the Commander, Rev. J. W. Buchanan, of Memphis, and Colonel Carter, of Meridian, was appointed to superintend the publication and distribution of this history.

The next meeting of the brigade will be held at Meridian at a time to be fixed later by the Commander and a committee on arrangements.

JAMESTOWN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. JOHN POLLARD, D.D.

On May 3, 1857, occurred the two hundred and fiftieth year of the settlement of Jamestown. A celebration was proposed and carried out in a small way. I was present on the occasion, being at the time seventeen years of age. Reading Howe's "History of Virginia" had stirred the historic spirit within me, and I had a great desire to visit old Williamsburg and the ruins of Jamestown. I made known my desire to my father, and he readily gave his consent. He mounted me on his riding horse, Jenny Lind, put a little money in my pocket, gave me general directions concerning the road to Williamsburg, and started me off. I reached Williamsburg without accident or detention, crossing York River (at its head) at Dudley's Ferry, with West Point in full view, then merely an open field with one lone mansion.

At that time Williamsburg was an isolated town, having no way of approach but the ordinary country roads. I stayed with a youth named Russell Bowden, who had been a schoolmate of mine at Stevensville Academy. His father, a prominent and able man, talked with me very freely, especially about Ex-President Tyler, who was to be very conspicuous in the ceremonies at Jamestown. He seemed to have a high opinion of the abilities of the ex-President, especially in the treatment of the historic subject in which he was to appear. He said that in that particular line the ex-President could not be surpassed by any man in the United States. He very much raised my expectations. I found Jamestown an island. A man with a boat ferried us across. A promising corn crop had preempted the ground on which the town stood, and therefore the ceremonies and exercises did not take place on the ancient site, but a mile or more up from the river. Steamers came filled

with people, one from Washington and two or three from Richmond and Norfolk. These, with people from the immediately surrounding counties, constituted the crowd. . . . The men that figured were Governor Wise, James Barron Hope as poet, and John Tyler as orator. The orator of the day was a tall, rather slim man, so was Governor Wise, and the poet was by no means portly. . . .

I noticed upon the grounds rough, wooden booths in which men stood and retailed eatables and drinks. I had heard of whisky, brandy, and wine; but here now was a new and, to my unsophisticated ears, harmless beverage—lager beer. I went up boldly to the booth and ordered a mug. I was in high hopes that something palatable and refreshing had been invented for mankind. I tasted, and tasting was enough. I left the mug unemptied upon the counter, and turned away in disgust. I have had a wholesome abhorrence ever since.

I wonder if, after forty-nine years, there is living now one person except myself who was present at that celebration. Those who took part are gone. Several acquaintances who were there are all gone. So far as I can remember, those taking part acquitted themselves well. The soldiery of the State was fairly represented. The celebration was a small affair, but it better had been held than not. It at least gave me a broader outlook upon the world. It was the first time I ever beheld a man that had occupied the great presidential chair of the country. I went back to Williamsburg that evening, and spent a day or two in looking at the antiquities of the old town. I inspected the Powder Horn, William and Mary College, Bruton Church, and the many ancient tombs around, and the site of the old capitol and of the palace. I even looked in upon the asylum. All seemed quiet there then except the ravings of the insane. One stalwart inmate, with a military sash about his waist, proudly perambulated the grounds, imagining himself the commander of all the forces of the United States.

I returned to my home grateful to my father for the intellectual quickening afforded me.

AIN'T CHANGED YIT.

There are worlds an' worlds o' people
Sort o' like the Dixie tune;
Like it like the brass band blares it,

Like it simmered to a croon
Like our mothers used to sing it;

But some people have a fit
O'er its wordin' an' ud change it—
But it ain't changed yit!

Many long-haired folks have tussled
With th' wordin' of th' thing,
An' have fitted it with wordin'

That was smooth and that would sing,
An' have had it set an' published;

But it didn't seem ter fit,
For the people wouldn't sing it.

So it ain't changed yit!

When they change the words o' Dixie
Hope 'at I'll be layin' low

Underneath the grass and daisies
With the friends I useter know;

An' my soul will be hobnobbin'
With the fellers that I fit;

I'll bet Dixie's sung in heaven,
But it ain't changed yit!

—Judd Mortimer Lewis, in *Houston Post*.

LOUISIANA TIGERS AT FAIR OAKS, VA.

BY J. W. DRANE, PETERSBURG, TENN.

In the battle of Fair Oaks, Va., one of the severest battles (for the length of time) of the entire War between the States, the Louisiana Tigers performed a feat of daring and bravery unequalled in all the annals of civilized warfare. The regiment of Zouaves was composed of young men never under fire before. They were the sons of wealthy Louisiana planters and merchant princes, bred in ease and luxury, and unused to hardships; but the blood of heroes of the Old World, knights-errant of the early crusades, was aflame in them on the battlefield of Fair Oaks, Va., and there they demonstrated the truth of the old saying that blood will tell.

The Federals, with artillery, held a position on a ridge. The Confederate general was anxious that they be dislodged before darkness set in. Regiment after regiment had been sent against them, only to be hurled back into the valley, broken and bleeding. The sun was sinking fast behind the western hills. A regiment of Tennessee regulars had just been repulsed; the general rode across the battlefield with an anxious expression on his face. Whether the bright red, white, and gold uniforms of the Zouaves attracted his notice or not will never be known; but as he passed this dandified regiment, without checking the gait of his horse, and speaking in a tone of doubt and indifference, he pointed with his sword to the ridge and said: "Take those guns." At the moment the regiment moved a band somewhere near began to play "Dixie." On through the fast-gathering gloom the Tigers marched up to the cannons shot to the very muzzle, firing twice and thrice to the minute. They mounted the guns and clubbed and bayoneted the gunners, compelling them to desert their guns and flee. When the sun rose the following morning, its earliest rays shone on the battle flag of the Louisiana Tigers waving triumphantly over the captured guns.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT ARLINGTON.

Permission having been granted by the United States government for the erection of a monument to the Confederate dead in Arlington Cemetery, Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 20, U. D. C., of Washington, D. C., will hold a large bazaar at Confederate Veteran Hall, 1410 H Street, Washington, December 4, 1906, for the benefit of the monument.

Donations are solicited from Camps of U. C. V., U. S. C. V., U. D. C., S. M. A., and individual friends. Donations of cash, and articles for the booths—dolls, fancy articles, candy, groceries, and flowers—should be sent to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mrs. Rosalie H. Bocock, The Concord, Seventeenth and S Streets, Washington, D. C.

The Children of the Confederacy in Washington will have charge of the flag and Confederate souvenir tables. Donations for the children of Confederate buttons, money, postals, flags, etc., send to Mrs. Arthur E. Johnson, Director of the Children's Auxiliary to D. C. Division, U. D. C., 1514 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Two hundred and sixty-four soldiers are buried in the Confederate Section in Arlington, the known dead representing ten of our Confederate States: Georgia, 71; North Carolina, 46; Alabama, 35; Virginia, 33; Mississippi, 21; Louisiana, 7; South Carolina, 5; Tennessee, 4; Florida, 3; and Maryland, 1; with thirty-eight unknown graves. It is hoped that the response will be liberal for this "Common Cause."

A list of those buried from each State will be furnished on application to Mrs. Arthur E. Johnson, Historian, Stonewall Jackson Chapter.

BOOKS FROM THE NEALE COMPANY.

One of the most important books of recent issue from the Neale Company press, Washington and New York, is "The Life of Gen. Hugh Mercer," by Judge John T. Goolrick, of Virginia. As a contemporary of Washington, Monroe, John Marshall, George Mason, General Mercer was one of those "leaders of thought, patriots of action," and in the famous old city of Fredericksburg, Va., noted for itself and its famous citizens, the Federal government is erecting a bronze monument to "Gen. Hugh Mercer, the intrepid soldier, the loyal patriot, the upright citizen."

His is a beautiful story, and Judge Goolrick has given us an interesting, just, and charming biography. From the time we see him in the brilliant, terrible battle of Culloden, fighting like a true Scot for Bonny Prince Charlie, to the battle of Princeton our admiration is given to the man who lives in the pages of this book. In addition to the story of his life, sketches of his particular friends are given briefly, such as Washington, John Paul Jones, We-don, Madison, with a genealogical table of the Mercer family.

Handsomely bound and illustrated; cloth, \$1.50.

Another book for early issue by this company, which will be received with much interest, is "The Life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd," who will be remembered as the man who set the broken leg of John Wilkes Booth in his flight after the assassination of President Lincoln. While it was an entirely innocent act, he not knowing who it was nor yet of that dreadful deed, in a few days he was arrested for complicity with Booth, tried on the testimony of false witnesses, and sentenced to life imprisonment on a lonely island in the ocean. How his release was secured and how he came home, "frail, sick, and weak, never again to be strong during the thirteen years he survived," all the pitiful story is told, mainly by letters, court testimony, official reports, etc., and in addition is a "Diary" of John Wilkes Booth.

Price, postpaid, \$3.

POLITE HUMOR OF GENERAL LEE.—The late Walter Akin, of Columbia, Tenn., of the First Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., is responsible for the following story: The First Tennessee Regiment was camped in West Virginia when one day a number of officers rode up on a near-by hill and proceeded to look at the Yankees, who were encamped some distance up the valley. Attracted by curiosity, a number of the high privates, of whom Akin was one, strolled over to find out what these officers were gazing at through their glasses. A fine-looking man inquired of Akin: "What regiment do you belong to?" "First Tennessee, Maury Grays," replied Akin. "Are you well-drilled?" asked the officer. "Yes, indeed," said Akin. "Take the position of a soldier," came the order. "Forward, march!" was the next command. "By the right flank, march!" By this time Akin was headed in a direct line toward his regimental camp. "Double-quick, march!" and as no command came to halt, Akin was soon back with his company. The rest of the high privates readily took this strong hint, and beat a rapid retreat. Akin learned that his drillmaster was General R. E. Lee.

T. B. Patton, of Huntingdon, Pa., is anxious to recover for the owner a sword which was taken from Captain Huff, U. S. A., after his capture at Petersburg, Va. The sword was presented to him by his company and bore this inscription: "Presented to Capt. H. B. Huff, Company D, 184th Pennsylvania Regiment"

BOOKS ON THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

The following list of books can be supplied through the **VETERAN** at prices quoted; and where a year's subscription to the **VETERAN** is desired, fifty cents additional can be made to the cost price of book. These are some of the best books on the war, and should be included in every library. In addition to these, the **VETERAN** will be pleased to fill orders for any other books, as arrangements with publishers over the country will enable us to have orders filled promptly.

JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. The recent revival of the controversy aroused by the removal of General Johnston from command of the Army of Tennessee has created new interest in the subject and the desire to know both sides of the matter. General Johnston's vindication is ably set forth in his "Narrative," copies of which can be furnished by the **VETERAN** in sheep or half morocco at \$2.50 and \$3; postage, 25 cents additional.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. R. E. LEE. Compiled and written by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. A collection of letters written to his family which bring out most interestingly the domestic side of General Lee's character, showing his fondness for his home and children, the interest of which is materially enhanced by the notes by Captain Lee, which fill in or explain different matters referred to. Bound in cloth. Price, \$2.50.

LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON. By Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C.B. The best biography of the great general ever written, and presents clearly the science of military strategy so successfully followed by "Stonewall." Published in two volumes, six hundred pages each. Cloth. Price, \$4.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Gen. John B. Gordon. In his presentation of the part taken by his command in the war for Southern rights, General Gordon has shown the great ability which enabled him to thrill the hearts of those who sat under the spell of his eloquence, and a perusal of this reminiscence will entertain in like degree, yet not fail to convince as to its accuracy. A late edition of this book has been issued in cheaper form in order to bring it within the means of many Confederate survivors. In cloth, \$1.50. The first edition can be had for \$3.

LIFE OF GEN. N. B. FORREST. By Dr. John Allan Wyeth. No commendation is needed for this work by one who followed Forrest as a boy, it having become well known as a standard authority on the "Wizard of the Saddle." Illustrated with pictures of "Forrest's Men" and nicely bound in cloth. Price, \$4.

TWO WARS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Gen. S. G. French. A handsome volume of four hundred pages, giving an interesting account of his services.

OLD TALES RETOLD. By Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond. Under this title some of the most interesting incidents in Tennessee history, rewritten by Mrs. Bond, who is a daughter of Gen. Felix Zollicoffer and well known as a Tennessee writer, have been published in an attractive volume. It should be a part of every home library, and especially where there are children. Cloth-bound. Price, \$1.

FROM MANASSAS TO APPOMATTOX. By Gen. James Longstreet. Price, \$3.

LIFE OF GEN. R. E. LEE. By Fitzhugh Lee. Price, \$1.50.
PICKETT AND HIS MEN. By Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett. Price, \$2.50.

FOUR YEARS UNDER MARSHALL ROBERT. By Maj. Robert Stiles. Price, \$2.

MEMOIRS OF GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON. By Hughes. Price, \$1.50.

SOUTHERN STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION. By Dr. J. L. M. Curry. Price, \$1.50.

MORGAN'S CAVALRY. By Gen. Basil Duke. (Republished.) Price, \$2.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFETIME. By John Goode, of Virginia. Price, \$2.

CONFEDERATE OPERATIONS IN CANADA AND NEW YORK. By Capt. John W. Headley. Price, \$2.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN H. REAGAN, Postmaster General of the Confederate government. Price, \$3.

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GEN. ROBERT E. LEE ON TRAVELER AT LEXINGTON, V.A., AFTER THE WAR.

The life-size painting of Gen. R. E. Lee on Traveler, by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parish, is a triumph of high art. It has been admired by all who have seen it, especially by those who knew General Lee in life. They regard it as the most faithful and characteristic portrait yet produced of the great commander. His famous war horse, Traveler, is here painted from the only life photograph ever taken of him, which adds much to the value of the picture.

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ing, Norfolk, Va.

In the September number of the
VETERAN there appeared a notice of the
death of James Cleland, who died "at
the residence of his son, George Cleland,
at Black Bayou, Tex." Letters to that
address have been returned, and this
notice is made with request for proper
address of the family, since James M.
Cleland, 1209 Whitaker Street, Savan-
nah, Ga., wishes to get in communica-
tion with them.

Capt. R. Y. Johnson, of Guthrie, Ky.,
wishes to correspond with some com-
rades of H. M. Bumgarner, who, though
a Georgian, is believed to have been a
member of the 9th Texas Cavalry. His
command and when and where he sur-
rendered is especially desired.

MONUMENT IN NORFOLK COUNTY, VA.

This monument was dedicated at
Pleasant Grove Baptist Church, in Nor-
folk County, Va., on July 11, 1905, to
commemorate the organization of the
Jackson Grays, Company A, 61st Vir-
ginia Infantry Regiment, Mahone's Bri-
gade, A. N. V., at that place on July 11,
1861. It is a rough granite shaft with



polished faces upon which are inscribed
the names of all the members of the
company. The captains of this company
were William H. Stewart, William C.
Wallace, and John T. West. Captain
Stewart was promoted to lieutenant colo-
nel, Captain Wallace was killed in battle
on the 19th of August, 1864, and Captain
West, who succeeded, is now Superin-
tendent of Public Schools of Norfolk
County.

T. B. Leslie, Covington, Tenn., wishes
to hear from some one who belonged to
Company A, 57th North Carolina Regi-
ment Infantry, Colonel Godwin's Regi-
ment, from Salisbury, N. C., or from
any member of that regiment.

J. R. Engledow, of Troupe, Tex.,
wants to hear from Major Engledow,
who served in the North Carolina In-
fantry, C. S. A. (he thinks perhaps in
the 37th Regiment), or any of his family.

F. S. Halliday, 69 Hicks Street, Brook-
lyn, N. Y., needs January (1893), May
(1896), and September (1899) to com-
plete his file of the VETERAN. Write
him in advance of sending.

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Think of the balmy sunshine, of the
fragrance of orange blossoms, of the
golden fruits of Florida; then recall the
snow, the sleet, the biting and continued
cold of last winter.

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72, U. D. C.

Composed by Myrilla E. Given, Historian New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, U. D. C.

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We are a group of daughters,
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The cause of right, not wrong.

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Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the U. D. C.'s, hurrah!
Hurrah for Chapter 72,
That's famous near and far!

The Veterans know they can depend
On us to help along
Whatever work they undertake
With good advice and strong.

And when the last Reunion came,
Our time we gladly gave
To help to cheer our honored guests,
Our dear old men and brave.

And now we have on hand a task,
And one we can't neglect:
A monument to Beauregard
We hope to soon erect.

The Veterans say they've done their
part,
And done it nobly, too;
So, Daughters dear, it's up to us
To show what we can do.

We have some noble monuments
To Jackson, Johnston, Lee;
But to our own State's gallant son
No monument we see.

So let us do our very best
To interest each friend
That may help the work along,
And dimes or dollars send.

For if we all together work
With one grand aim in view,
Our monument will show to all
What the U. D. C.'s can do.

"THE BLUE AND THE GRAY."

The I. B. Saunders Company, Chicago, Ill., sends a copy of "The Blue and the Gray; or, The Civil War as Seen by a Boy," by A. R. White, a narrative of a boy's experiences as a soldier in the Federal army, and which the author gives as the recollections of actual service. His mother was Southern-born, and held the boy back as long as she could

from fighting the people she had loved and lived with in her young life; but he felt the call to help defend his country stronger than her wishes, and enlisted in his eighteenth year and served

to the end. The book is written in a style that will appeal to the young, and is profusely illustrated with pictures of prominent men on both sides, battle and camp scenes, etc.



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"DIXIE AFTER THE WAR."

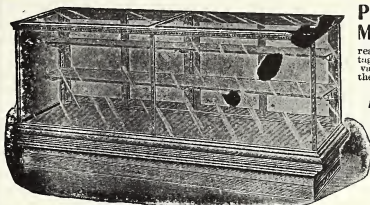
The latest contribution to the literature of Reconstruction comes from the pen of Mrs. Myrta Lockett Avery under the title of "Dixie After the War," and forms the third of a remarkable group of memoirs published by Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York, the first two being Mrs. C. C. Clopton's "A Belle of the Fifties" and Mrs. D. Giraud Wright's "A Southern Girl of 1861." Mrs. Avery is a member of a distinguished Virginia family, and thus in position to secure her material firsthand. She has done much literary work in New York, which she now makes her home, and became widely known a few years since through her book, "A Virginia Girl in the Civil War," which received high and merited praise from reviewers of the country. That her latest work will meet with as cordial reception is a friendly prophecy, for in her presentation of the Reconstruction period of the South she handles the subject boldly, and vividly portrays the problems which confronted her people at the time. The race problem is handled with frankness and without prejudice. A hitherto unpublished portrait of President Davis forms one of the rare illustrations of the book and is its frontispiece.

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"LEE MEMORIAL CALENDAR."

A special memorial picture for the Lee centennial year has been issued by the Lee Calendar Company, of Raleigh, N. C., copied from a painting by Miss Dixie Washington Leach, in which is given a miniature of General Lee just above the four Confederate flags, below which appear Stratford and Arlington, the birthplace and home of General Lee, with the beautiful tribute to him by Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia. It is a very artistic piece of work, and will be a handsome souvenir of the year which rounds out a century since the birth of our great general. See advertisement in this issue.

"LYRICS OF THE GRAY."—Mr. T. C. Harbaugh, of Casstown, Ohio, whose Southern soldier poems have appeared frequently in the *VETERAN* and have been universally admired, has just issued a handsome volume of verse which contains his best poems. It is entitled "Lyrics of the Gray," and every poem is eulogistic of our own beloved Southland and the men who wore the gray. The

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I was broken out at times with a stinging, burning, itching fire from my head to my knees. I have tried a number of doctors, but they did me no good. They gave me Bull's Sarapilla, S. S. S., Equisetum, and a number of other unpleasant things to swallow, also advised vapor baths and Hot Springs, Ark., mineral wells. I have spent hundreds of dollars on other liniments.

I now feel it my duty to tell the world of Salvator Remedy and its wonderful cure on myself. I was for a number of years passenger conductor on the N. & D. and L. & N. railroads, lived in Grayson, Lamar, and Hamlin Counties, Texas, for thirty years, and am sixty seven years old. I am known in Tennessee, Alabama, and Texas.

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It is sometimes well to let well enough alone, but don't gauge your results by your neighbor's. The fact that you are doing as well as the other fellow doesn't spell anything. You may have it in you to do ten times as well. Why depend on his business compass if your own points Southwest?

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There were two brothers named Faucet who belonged to Hood's Brigade of Rangers. Will some comrade kindly give

the information as to what company and regiment they served to James W. Russell, of Russellville, Ark.?

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VOL. XIV

DECEMBER, 1906

NO. 12



STATUE OF WADE HAMPTON, AT COLUMBIA, S. C.
(Page 534.)

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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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{ VOL. XIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1906.

No. 12. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy in their 1906 annual Convention at Gulfport, Miss., demonstrated afresh and stronger than ever before their purpose to go on recording the history of the South in its struggle for independence.

It is the purpose of the VETERAN to give liberal space to the proceedings of these noble women, and it requests each State President to use its columns in concisely reporting the work that may be done in their respective States. It is of the highest importance to the general organization that the best things being done in any of the States should be known by the others, so they may do likewise. It is expected that during the coming year of 1907 every Chapter in the U. D. C. will receive the VETERAN, and it is suggested that its President or some member will read to the members select articles, and they should be diligent to inform all the members of what Mrs. Henderson, the President General, may have to say to them. At much inconvenience she prepares for the VETERAN what she wants all the Chapters to know. Besides, the VETERAN in all of its departments will contain data and pleasing features to animate the United Daughters of the Confederacy in their noble and patriotic work.

The proceedings of the Gulfport Convention cannot be used this month, but in the January issue space will be provided.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are:

President, Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Mississippi.
First Vice President, Mrs. Alfred H. Voorhees, California.
Second Vice President, Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, Louisiana.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Alabama.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. E. Ruple, Missouri.
Treasurer, Mrs. L. R. Williams, Kentucky.
Custodian of Cross of Honor, Mrs. L. H. Raines, Georgia.

ALL CHAPTERS TO HAVE THE VETERAN.

As evidence of the sincerity and zeal of the VETERAN to aid the great work of the Daughters of the Confederacy, it has determined to send a complimentary subscription to every Chapter in the great organization during the year 1907. This will entail an expense approximating one thousand dollars, and earnest plea is made in connection with it that all Daughters become interested. In showing absolute impartiality, all Chapters that are subscribers already will be credited for one year from date of their expiration.

Remember that there has never existed in this country a

publication as widely indorsed by a high class of men and women, and that the circulation is larger than has ever been attained by any monthly for as long a period in the South.

Daughters can hardly realize how diligently it is read, especially by Veterans, and that any information desired may be asked for without price. Every Chapter desiring funds for any special object can secure such easily by an agency for the VETERAN. It is in the line of their work, and all of the Southern people should cooperate in extending its circulation until a copy is in every home. Its agency is most honorable. Judges, bankers, merchants, and farmers represent it.

Presidents of Divisions are urged to send articles as concisely written as possible about what they desire known in their Divisions and throughout our Dixie land. It should be found in every patriotic home in the South.

ONLY ARMED CONFEDERATES IN EXISTENCE.

John H. McDowell, of Union City, Lieutenant Colonel 1st Regiment Reserves Confederate Veterans, National Guard State of Tennessee, reports of this regiment:

"The 1st Regiment Reserves Confederate Veterans, National Guard State of Tennessee, was organized in October, 1903, under an act of the Tennessee Legislature passed in 1903 authorizing Confederate or Union veterans of the War between the States to organize, bear arms, and become State Reserve Guards, as an honor to the old veterans of either army. This is the only State so honoring her old soldiers.

"This law permits them to attend their State or National Reunions armed and uniformed just as they were during the War between the States, that the rising generation might see them and hear the historic 'Rebel Yell,' that was said to have brought terror to the minds of the opposing forces. The officers of this regiment of four hundred Confederate veterans are commissioned by the Governor of Tennessee, as are other State and National Guards. This is the only Confederate regiment organized, uniformed, or bearing arms in existence or that has been thus organized in forty years.

"If suitable arrangements can be made for their transportation and subsistence, this regiment will attend the Reunion at Richmond next June; then attend the Jamestown Exposition, spend a week there in camp, and drill and yell as of yore.

"It appears that the statement of A. S. Kelton in the September VETERAN was premature. However, there would be widespread interest in this only regiment of Confederate veterans having legal existence for over forty years."

WADE HAMPTON MONUMENT AT COLUMBIA.

The dedication of the monument to Wade Hampton at Columbia, S. C., was attended by a great throng, estimated at from ten thousand to fifteen thousand visitors. The parade was probably the longest every seen in this city. In the line of march were numerous military and civic organizations. Besides three companies from the military institutions of the State and about twenty-five companies of State troops, there were the survivors of Hampton's Cavalry mounted, a long line of Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and a stream of carriages containing distinguished guests. There were also three bands of music in the parade.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Bishop Ellison Capers, followed by a short address by B. A. Morgan, of Greenville, who presented the statue to the State on behalf of the monument commission. In accepting the statue, Gov. D. C. Heyward delivered a splendid address, introducing Gen. M. C. Butler, the orator of the day.

When General Butler had concluded the eulogy upon his comrade in arms and colleague in Congress, State Senator Richard I. Manning read a beautiful poem dedicated to the occasion by James Henry Rice, Jr. A salute of nineteen guns closed the exercises.

Significant is the fact that just thirty years ago all eyes were turned to Hampton. At every railway station anxious crowds were assembled to catch any news that might be afloat. Hourly messages came and went from one end of the State to the other. Here in Columbia angry crowds surged to and fro. No man knew what an hour might bring forth. The one supreme figure, calm and unflinched, that kept his head through all the storm was Wade Hampton. On his broad shoulders rested the fate of a people. The people trusted not in vain. He rose to the occasion, saw that conflict with the Federal authorities must be avoided at all hazards, met the excited crowd of his fellow-countrymen at Democratic headquarters, and told them to go home—that was all.

"I have been elected Governor of South Carolina, and by the eternal God I shall be Governor or else there shall be none. Disperse quietly and go to your homes." These were his words, and they settled the gravest crisis in South Carolina's history. No man saw the way out but Wade Hampton, the chevalier without reproach.

Now Wade Hampton sleeps beneath a great live oak in old Trinity churchyard, and what remains of him is his memory and the memorials that a people's love have erected to him.

South Carolina never had a more unselfish public man. There never was a time when he was not willing to die for the State, and even his enemies admitted that. The State has produced many more brilliant, many more learned, many more profound; but never in its history has there arisen a public man who thought of self less than Wade Hampton.

Born the richest citizen in the Southern States, opposing secession to the very last, the owner of four thousand slaves, with property enough to have gone to Europe and been a prince for the rest of his life, he yet threw all in the balance when the State had acted. Even after the war, when his property was swept away, he had offers from Europe to go there, especially to England, where the English nobility idolized him; but he remained with his people, showing the same unselfish devotion in adversity that had marked him in the heyday of his power.

Gen. M. C. Butler, who delivered the oration to-day, was all his life associated with Hampton. He was with him during the war in the same branch of the service. After the war, he

was the first Democrat elected to the United States Senate, preceding Hampton there by three years. General Butler is a nephew of Commodore Perry, and is on every side connected with the best of American life. His ancestors came into the woods of upper South Carolina long before the Revolution, and during that conflict served with great distinction.

The handsome metal plates on the base and pedestal show in brief the career of Hampton, and it is appropriate that they should be surrounded by filigree work of the leaves of the palm and oak, the former signifying glory and the latter strength and immortality. The inscriptions are as follows:

West side:

"Erected by the State of South Carolina and Her Citizens to Wade Hampton."

South side:

"Governor of South Carolina, 1876-1879;
United States Senator, 1879-1891.
Bentonville, Brandy Station, Saxpony
Church, Cold Harbor, Hawes's Shop."

East side:

"Born March 18, 1818.
Died April 11, 1902.
Erected A.D. 1906."

North side:

"Commander of Hampton Legion,
Lieut. Gen. C. S. A.
Trevelian, Seven Pines, Burgess Mill,
First Manassas, Gettysburg."

The names refer to the battles in which General Hampton took a prominent part.

There were so many ways in which Hampton had benefited South Carolina that it would be hard to enumerate them. He put the soft-shell turtle into the Congaree River; he stocked many streams with redfin trout; he filled South Carolina with blooded stock and cattle, even bringing over pedigreed hounds. He was, in all senses of the word, a public benefactor.

The large crowd that assembled at Columbia to honor him is one of the many evidences of the love of the people of South Carolina. He belonged to the whole people. No section or class may claim him; Hampton is the heritage of every South Carolinian, and the thought of him causes a glow of pride in every South Carolinian's heart. How great he was, how he shouldered up above the common herd of men, not by privilege of birth, not by heritage of class, but by possession of the qualities of truth and honor and courage, with enduring loyalty to the land of his fathers and with unselfish devotion to the cause of man! The crowd went from every part of South Carolina; every shade of opinion, every sect and race were alike present to do him honor. The outpouring of affection was general as it was equally genuine.

The Legislature voted \$20,000 for the purpose of having the statue erected on condition that the citizens of the State should contribute half as much before the appropriation became available. The \$10,000 was promptly contributed as a freewill offering by the people, and the monument has the inscription: "Erected by the State of South Carolina and Her Citizens."

It is an equal honor to both, for the privilege of possessing such a citizen as Wade Hampton does not come often in the life of any people.

Of South Carolina's illustrious dead, Calhoun and Hampton stand forth alone—kings of their day and generation.

Gen. M. C. Butler's splendid vindication of Hampton in the controversy with General Sherman will have attention herein later, perhaps in the January VETERAN.

TRIBUTES TO V. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The memorial services held in honor of Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis were perhaps the most extensive ever accorded a woman. Throughout the South honors were paid her memory, and in many places of the North services were also held. The reports of the Division Presidents at the Gulfport Convention on the memorial tributes to her were amazing. The VETERAN cannot possibly record the proceedings. Some of the first reports sent were put in type. They were from Georgia, and

Dear Mr Cunningham I send you an old picture of your splendid boy, for whom I still mourn as one snatched away in the promise and bloom of a life consecrated to usefulness and the faithful performance of every duty.

I fear my old photographs may not be as precious to any one as to me and am sending them to those who kindly presented them to me.

Believe me with sincere sympathy with an undying pain and sympathy of loss. Yours.

In Jefferson Davis

1904

in their use it is not intended to convey the idea that they were better than other tributes.

As evidence that Mrs. Davis realized her time of departure was near at hand, as far back as two years ago a facsimile of her writing on the back of a photograph that she had possessed some fifteen years is given herewith. It is a tribute to her loyal-hearted and lasting friendship to the young man whose death created sorrow so widespread that this tribute paid him by Mrs. Davis four years after his death in the Rio Grande will be generally appreciated. This writing (November 27) is on the anniversary of his birth and the wedding anniversary of his parents.



P. D. C. AT 13.

SERIES OF RESOLUTIONS BY MRS. R. E. PARK.

Resolutions offered by Mrs. Robert Emory Park at a memorial meeting of the Atlanta U. D. C. October 25, 1906, in honor of Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, and adopted unanimously and forwarded to Mrs. J. Addison Hayes:

"Whereas a sacred hush has fallen upon the tumult of our busy life and the shadow of grief lies heavy upon our land,

memory bids us 'stand at rest' awhile to do reverence to the grand old woman of the South; and whereas the most distinguished woman of the old South, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, widow of the President of the Southern Confederacy, has passed to a higher sphere, and the most conspicuous link between the heroic past and the pushing present has been broken by the iron hand of Azrael, we pause to contemplate the character of the noble dead. Love and cumlunmy, sorrow and joy, triumph and humiliation, sweetness and bitterness had been her portion. Poise was gained through vicissitudes, strength through burden-bearing, and steadfast calm through stormy experience. Preëminently did she exemplify the noblest uses of adversity. The woman's heart within her grew to be a hero's. Every faculty of mind and body developed to meet the demands upon her; and as she cheered the isolation of the 'citizen without a country,' as she nursed, watched, and guarded the uncrowned king of the South; she won her way into our hearts; for, as she did all these things unto him, she did them unto us. She was indeed a helpmeet to the martyr President whose calm fortitude and lofty demeanor challenged the admiration of the world. In the hour of trial and defeat she measured up to the high mark of wifehood. When darkness fell, her love lit the gloom. Hand in hand they trod the thorny way. And whereas her pilgrim years of widowhood were spent, as befitted the mate of a great chieftain, in absolute devotion to his memory and to the cause to which his high life was consecrated; and whereas by eloquent tongue and graphic pen she bore, as he did, brave witness to the vindication of the South; and while for considerations of health and financial reasons she lived afar from her home and friends, she was always a splendid exponent of Southern womanhood in her modest pride and serene dignity. Be it

"Resolved, by the Atlanta Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, That in the death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis the South has lost a true mother of the Confederacy—a woman who illustrated nobly her land and her people.

"Resolved, That, while we mourn her loss, we point with pride to her shining example of fidelity, courage, and brave optimism.

"Resolved, That we extend our tenderest sympathy to the only surviving child of the widow of the Confederacy, Mrs. J. Addison Hayes, of Colorado Springs, Colo., and assure her that the South grieves with her in her loss irreparable, and stands beside her in the valley of the shadow, telling over reverently the rosary of a common sorrow.

"Resolved, That we point her sorrowing heart to the throng of the immortals, at whose head stands her illustrious father, the South's vicarious sufferer, and beside him her beloved sister, the Daughter of the Confederacy, awaiting over the river to welcome the wife and mother to that goodly company.

"Resolved, That we cherish with her the heritage of imperishable memories bequeathed by the Christian lives of her heroic parents, and that we assure her that she and her children will ever be held in loving regard by the loyal hearts of a faithful people."

SOMETHING OF MRS. DAVIS'S FAMILY.

Sidney Herbert writes to the Savannah Morning News: "Her grandfather, Lieut. William Burr Howell, U. S. A., was a hero in the War of 1812, and was highly commended by Commodore McDonough, U. S. N., for his gallantry and valuable services in the victory on Lake Champlain. After the war, he left the army and removed to Memphis, Tenn.,

where he married a Virginia lady, Miss Margaret Graham Kemp, and later on moved to New Orleans, where he held an important government position. Mrs. Davis was born in Memphis, and was one of eleven children, the youngest, Jefferson Davis Howell, being named for her distinguished husband. I think her father was with her in Montgomery, Ala., in 1861, and died and was buried there. By birth the daughter of a Northern heroic father and a noble Southern mother, Mrs. Davis in her birthright was entitled to the highest honors, and by her marriage she was doubly entitled to them. And yet in her extreme old age her condition was pathetic. With sisters, brothers, husband, and children all dead, save one, Mrs. J. A. Hayes, in distant Colorado, she spent her last days quite alone. It was not necessary to honor her as the widow of the Confederacy's only President, as the wife who had so nobly clung to him in all his misfortunes and defended to the last his precious memory. Always and to everybody his gracious, brilliant, queenly, kind-hearted old lady, she passed away honored and beloved by all who knew her great worth. By birth and marriage she was entitled to national honors in her burial, and President Roosevelt simply performed his duty when he sent a beautiful floral wreath for her casket and grave and detailed the United States Artillery and band from Governor's Island to act as escort in New York. She was a daughter of the War of 1812 and the widow of a Secretary of War."

TRIBUTE OF CAMP 159, ATLANTA.

The U. C. V. Camp, No. 159, of Atlanta, Ga., with Samuel B. Scott Commander and W. H. ("Tip") Harrison Adjutant, passed the following:—

"Resolved, That Atlanta Camp, No. 159, United Confederate Veterans, individually and as an association join in the sincere sorrow caused by the death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, the beloved and devoted companion of the South's only President; that by her loyal-hearted support, her constant aid, and her sympathy she made it possible for him to withstand the ordeals through which he passed during our struggle for independence and the more trying ones after the surrender of the Southern armies."

TRIBUTE BY MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

After much sunshine and unspeakable sorrows, Mrs. Jefferson Davis has at a ripe old age folded her weary arms and passed to the beyond. Mrs. Davis was verily a typical lady of the olden time. She possessed a rare intellect, and was endowed with innumerable virtues. She filled her place as a wife and mother with remarkable tenderness, devotion, and unwavering loyalty. Born under the auspices of wealth in a time when there were fewer fortunes in the land, she had exceptional opportunities in her youth. She was a pupil in Mme. Grelaud's school in Philadelphia, the most noted one of the young republic. Here she was thoroughly trained in all the accomplishments and requisites for filling the high position to which she was called. She was married at nineteen; and as her husband was soon after elected to Congress, she came to Washington a bride. Mr. Davis resigned his seat in the House of Representatives to enter the Mexican War. Achieving much distinction as a soldier, he was elected to the United States Senate immediately after peace was declared, and returned to Washington in 1847, remaining in that body until 1853, when he was made a member of Pierce's Cabinet, in which capacity he served until 1857. On his retirement from the Cabinet he was again elected to the Senate from Mississippi, serving in that body until 1861, when he gave up this exalted position and cast his lot with the Confederacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis lived at No. 1736 I Street, N. W., almost the entire time of their residence in Washington, where the most cordial hospitality was extended, both host and hostess vying with each other in their efforts to contribute to the happiness and pleasure of their friends on all occasions. Mr. Davis was considered one of the ablest men in the Senate, and his wife as a fit companion for a man of his genius and distinction. She was known as one of the most attractive, talented women in society at the capital. While not a beauty, she was a very fine-looking woman, with flashing dark eyes. Her manner was dignified and at the same time cordial and vivacious, betraying the sweetness of her disposition. No one disputed her sway as one of the leaders at the national capital. The few living who knew her in those days remember the powerful influence she wielded.

I knew her in 1859, and have always admired her extravagantly on account of her womanly qualities and her devotion to her husband and family.

The conspicuous part Mr. Davis had taken in the organization of the Southern Confederacy easily made him its first President, and for a time it seemed that they were destined to continue their social power; but they were doomed by the tragic events that came thick and fast to more of sorrow than of happiness, and, notwithstanding they occupied the Executive Mansion and essayed to extend Southern hospitality, their plans were often thwarted by melancholy occurrences which had their origin on the field of battle.

Historians have written graphically of Mrs. Davis's marvelous courage and noble character during the trying years of 1861-65, claiming that her vigils were constant and her tenderness and loyalty unwavering to her husband and children and to the cause for which they had staked their all. The heroism which she displayed from the beginning of the disasters of the Confederacy was admirable. She accepted the saddest decrees of fate uncomplainingly, and won the admiration of the whole country as well as the adoration of the people of the South. As one by one of her heart's idols were taken away from her, she had the sympathy of the entire nation in her unspeakable sorrows.

She proved that she was not tempted by money when a syndicate wished to purchase their old home, Beauvoir, to be used as a hotel. The associations which clustered around the old place were too sacred to see it converted into what she considered a baser purpose; so she therefore accepted a ninth part of the offer made by the syndicate from the Daughters of the Confederacy, who guaranteed that it should be used as a home for Confederate veterans and also as a memorial to Mr. Davis and to the dark days of 1861-65. It is understood that her memoirs are to be published for the same cause; thus her name will be associated with that of her husband evermore. It would be a narrow mind that would envy her the pleasure she took in thus commemorating the memory of those near and dear to her. May she rest in peace after her long and eventful life!

GEN. J. B. GANTT'S TRIBUTE TO MISSOURIANS.

To the Mayor, Mr. Compton, Members of the Commercial Club, and Citizens of Joplin: In behalf of the Missouri Division of the United Confederate Veterans, I thank you most heartily for your generous words of welcome to this truly wonderful city and county. It seems but a day to me since I first rode over this ground, and there was nothing to indicate that in a few short years a city of forty thousand inhabitants would spring into existence as by magic. But in

the intervening years I have watched with admiration the thrift and enterprise of Joplin, Carthage, Webb City, and Cartersville as they developed and unfolded to the world the unparalleled mines of zinc and lead which were hidden under the surface of Jasper County, and out of the wealth thus acquired built these four splendid cities, Joplin, Webb City, Carthage, and Cartersville. Nowhere on earth has the last quarter of a century witnessed a more marvelous development than has been furnished right here by the enterprising people of this mineral district.

With indomitable courage and industry you have overcome all the difficulties of controlling the water and inaugurated great systems of milling the ores, and have brought to your doors the great railroads to transport your output to the markets of the world. Not only this: you have laid broad the foundations for a great metropolis for the future. Splendid office buildings, large and modern hotels, and elegant business houses have arisen along your busy thoroughfares; but more than this, you have rightly considered that, after all, without comfortable homes and churches and schools you could never enjoy your wealth, and so you have erected all over your city magnificent temples to the honor and for the worship of God and have builded elegant and refined homes and school-houses. To be the guests of such a city and such a people is indeed an honor and pleasure which we old Confederate veterans deeply appreciate. After looking about us, we feel like the Queen of Sheba: the half has never been told of your wonderful development and progress. We are grateful for the pleasure of enjoying your splendid hospitality.

And now a word for these old comrades of mine who are your guests to-day. Among them are men who followed the leadership of that great captain and spotless gentleman, Robert E. Lee, and stormed the heights of Gettysburg and won imperishable renown at Richmond, Manassas, Antietam, Chancellorsville, and the Wilderness, and held the lines at Petersburg until hunger and starvation alone loosened their grip. Among them are men who left their homes here in Missouri without arms or ammunition and flocked to the standard of Sterling Price and fought the battles of Lexington, Carthage, and Springfield, and endured all the hardships and perils of that terrible struggle from 1861 to 1865. Among them are the men who followed Gwenn, Green, Cockrell, Little, and McCulloch across the Mississippi; and by their splendid courage at Vicksburg, Corinth, Iuka, Baker's Creek, Port Gibson, and in the retreat of Joseph E. Johnston from Chattanooga to Atlanta made the name of Missourians forever glorious, and finally, under Cockrell and Gates at Franklin and Nashville, wrote their names up high in the temple of fame. Among them are men who rode with McCulloch and Forrest and Joe Wheeler in the West and Stuart and Hampton in Virginia and Marmaduke and Shelby in the Trans-Mississippi. Among them are the surviving heroes of Parsons's splendid brigade, which on all occasions illustrated the prowess of Missouri. In them, in a word, you have as your guests to-day the remnants of an army which for high purpose, for indomitable courage, for glorious achievements has no superior, if any equal, in the annals of all time. Nothing you can do for them will be too good. But, sirs, in the persons of these battle-scarred veterans you not only entertain soldiers of world renown, but you have a citizenship which is as glorious in peace as it was brave and courageous in war.

Returning to their homes at the close of that great struggle, they found too often nothing but the charred ruins of their once comfortable homes. With nothing left but their

honor, manhood, and faith in God, they went to work to restore their firesides, till their fields, and take up again their professions under the most adverse conditions; and how they succeeded all the world knows to-day. They have wrought and builded until the South once more blossoms as the rose. Beautiful cities have sprung up, great factories are manufacturing our cotton, lumber, and tar. Railroads have been rebuilt until every hamlet in the South now hears the shrill whistle of the locomotive. Our seaports are crowded with the commerce of the nations, and in every State of the South great universities and colleges have been founded and restored, and upon every hillside and in every valley school-houses attest the determination of our people to educate their children to become worthy citizens of our great republic.

But of Missouri, especially, I call your attention to the character of the citizenship of these Confederate veterans. In every county, city, and town they have won the respect of their communities by their honorable living, their positions in the business and professional world. In the political field they have proven their devotion to the best interests of the State. From their ranks we have sent to Washington to represent the sovereignty of Missouri Francis M. Cockrell and George Graham Vest, a representation that for more than a quarter of a century was the equal of that of any State in our great federation of States and one which will ever be the high standard for future Senators to emulate and accept as models. In the person of John S. Marmaduke we furnished a Governor whose integrity and firmness silenced even his political foes. In the persons of Clark, Salmon, Mercer, Gates, Pitts, Lesueur, Allen, and Coleman we furnished model Auditors, Treasurers, Secretaries of State, and Superintendent of Schools. On the Supreme Bench Judges Hough, Valliant, and Brace have worn the ermine with dignity, and their decisions will ever remain precedents on account of their justice and learning in the law. A people, Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens of Joplin and Jasper County, who can point to such a record as this are worthy of your entertainment, and they are the people who know how to appreciate your splendid hospitality. It is my pleasing duty, in their name, to thank you for your cordial welcome.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON MONUMENT.

The history of the monument to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Austin, Tex., failed of prompter attention herein.

The work of erecting a monument was started in 1897 by the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, of Austin. The monument was designed and executed by Miss Elizabeth Ney, of Austin. It is inclosed in a steel cage and covered. It represents the dead General on a stretcher as he might have looked when borne from the battlefield at Shiloh, where he fell in 1862.

General Johnston was buried in New Orleans (after his death at Shiloh), and the remains rested there until 1867, when they were removed to Austin, Tex., it being the desire of the noted General to be buried in his adopted State. The unveiling ceremonies were impressive, as described in the Austin papers. Gov. S. W. T. Lanham took part in the exercises and paid a glowing tribute to the life and work of the dead Confederate General. The principal address of the occasion was made by former Gov. Joseph D. Sayers, of Texas. The speech of former Governor Sayers gave a complete review of the life of General Johnston. The erection of the monument is the result of the indefatigable work of the Daughters of the Confederacy and other patriotic citizens of the Lone Star State.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

The VETERAN does not expect to be so crowded with miscellaneous matter again as for the past two months, whereby many new features are delayed. The "Last Roll" is omitted, and much else is held over for the reason indicated.

An appeal is made to contributors of the VETERAN to condense as far as possible whatever may be submitted for its columns. Rewrite the articles so as to condense, using type-written when practicable.

PERSONAL FRIENDS' PATRONAGE.

Humbly and gratefully the management admits a wide circle of personal friends, and for fourteen years copies have been distributed on opportunity without stint. Appreciation is often most cordially expressed, and yet many of these friends never seem to realize that they could greatly help the VETERAN by their own patronage and in soliciting that of others. If all such would realize how much they could easily do in the aggregate, the circulation would be strengthened several thousand copies, to the pleasure and profit of these friends.

The prosperity of the VETERAN has ever been through its subscriptions, and each person who receives it without having contributed to its cost impairs its extent of influence.

Let every patron see that his subscription is dated beyond 1906. This action would save thousands of dollars to the VETERAN. Will you give this matter prompt attention?

SUSPEND THE SCHOOLS TO PICK COTTON.

The Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN wrote on October 30 to the Governors of the Cotton States as follows:

"My Dear Sir: Pardon the liberty I take in addressing you. Circumstances have caused me to travel, within less than two weeks, almost entirely across the Cotton Belt of the South, and I have found cotton conditions so alarming everywhere that I feel impelled to try to sound a warning through most influential sources and to suggest the best, if not the only, possible remedy. The immense draft of laborers from the farms by improvements in cities and the building of steam and electric railways, together with the prolonged rainy weather, has delayed the picking of cotton so that it seems impossible to save it except by united effort.

"The particular suggestion that I desire to make is the suspension of public and private schools for several weeks, and that all school children be urged to help save the cotton with which the South is so greatly blessed. Urge farmers to pay the highest prices, and appeal to parents of wealth as a patriotic duty to induce their children to help save the cotton. It is a condition as seriously threatening as if our cities were on fire; it is indeed appalling. Every Southern patriot should cooperate in saving the millions and millions of value in cotton that may be utterly ruined before it can be saved by the usual methods."

In many instances this appeal was published. It may not be too late yet for action of this kind. The fact that there is a very large cotton crop does not relieve the Southern people of the duty to save all the cotton they can. Let it be housed and await the rise in price. Such action is right.

MAJ. HENRY WIRZ—FROM HIS DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. J. S. PERRIN, NATCHEZ, MISS., NOVEMBER 16, 1906.

Having just read the VETERAN and seen the picture of my father, Major Wirz, I felt that I must write and let you know that the picture of papa is so entirely unlike him that his most intimate friends would never recognize him. I have a fine photograph of him taken the second year of the war, when he was on that memorable trip to Europe for the Southern Confederacy. He has on the Confederate cap and uniform, and looks the soldier and hero that he proved to be.

In your letter to my son, Mr. Roscoe W. Perrin, you ask how many children my father left. Only myself in the United States and a son and daughter in Switzerland, his native country. My father was twice married, and my half sister and brother in Europe are the children of his first marriage. Some years after he came to America he married my mother, and I am the only child of that union. I remember Andersonville, the stockade, the officers at the fort, and many instances of my father's kindness and thoughtful care, and his burning desire and earnest efforts for the betterment of the poor prisoners. One of the mysteries of fate to me now, and that always will be—one that I shall not understand "until I see him face to face" and all things are made clear—is that papa alone, who was the most innocent of all, should have to suffer as he did.

Of course I am extremely anxious that a monument be erected to stand as a refutation of the cruel charges made against him, and may the All Father bless those who are working for it and crown their efforts with success! I send you my father's picture; and as it is the only one I have, I must insist that you return it to me as soon as possible, as my children and I value it as priceless.

I thank you for the copies of the VETERAN that you so kindly sent us, and hope to see the true picture of my father in the VETERAN.

[The picture and several pages of the Wirz matter are to appear in JANUARY. Much of sympathetic regard comes from the North.]

FALLING OFF OF CAMPS IN TEXAS DIVISION.

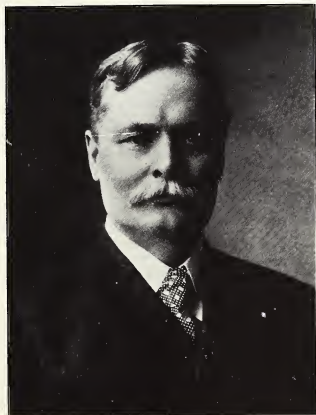
In his report to the convention Dr. George Jackson, Adjutant General of the Texas Division from July 20, 1905, to October 26, 1906, stated: "The number of Camps filing reports to the fourteenth annual Reunion, held at Galveston, Tex., was one hundred and twelve, while at this, the fifteenth annual Reunion of the Texas Division, U. C. V., only one hundred and eight have reported. The Camps filing reports are as follows: First Brigade, 18; Second Brigade, 4; Third Brigade, 22; Fourth Brigade, 35; Fifth Brigade, 27; total, 108 Camps. A falling off of four Camps for the year 1906 is evident. Referring to the seventy-nine Camps dropped from the rolls by resolution at the fourteenth annual Reunion, held at Galveston July 19 and 20, 1905, for nonpayment of dues to the Texas Division, U. C. V., for five years or more, only two Camps of the seventy-nine have been reinstated, thus giving evidence of the wisdom of getting all dead Camps off the rolls, thereby making a great saving in postage stamps, valuable time of the Adjutant General, and the adding of quantities of dead matter to the various post offices throughout the State. I beg to report that there are forty-eight Camps still on the roll of Camps that are in arrears to the Texas Division, U. C. V., for five years or more and of the following Brigades: First Brigade, 5; Second Brigade, 10; Third Brigade, 0; Fourth Brigade, 16; Fifth Brigade, 8; total, 48."

ILLINOIS TROOPS AT SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

The dedication at Vicksburg on October 26, 1907, of a \$200,000 monument to the Illinois soldiers was an important event to the people of that great State. The able and patriotic oration of the occasion, by Hon. W. J. Calhoun, embodies statements of historic value and sentiment that should be read by the Southern people. He said:

"Behind those intrenchments crouched more than one hundred thousand armed men—wild and fierce and clamorous men, filled with the passion of war. Some thirty thousand of them were Confederates, who courageously defended the city and successfully resisted every charge made on their lines. Some seventy thousand of them were Federals, who slowly crept nearer and nearer to the defense of the doomed city; and when they were almost ready for a general assault, the Confederate army surrendered. The latter had reached the end of human endurance. Worn with the strain of continued service by night and by day, weakened by hunger, disease, and death, it could no longer defend its lines against the assault it knew was soon to be hurled against them.

"To this Federal army Illinois contributed more men than any other State. Of the 199 infantry regiments here present, Illinois had 54; of the 46 batteries of artillery, Illinois had 15; of the 19 cavalry regiments, Illinois had 10. Illinois furnished the commander in chief of the Federal army—Gen. U. S. Grant—and five corps commanders. Five of the division commanders out of seventeen were from Illinois; and



HON. W. J. CALHOUN.

of the forty-five brigade commanders, fifteen were from Illinois. In the Vicksburg campaign, extending from May 1 to July 4, 1863, the Federal loss in killed, wounded, and missing is reported to have been 9,362, and of that number 2,043 were from Illinois. Illinois, then, played a leading part in the great tragedy here enacted. Her people felt the wounds of this

battle. Many homes were darkened, many hearts were made desolate, and many hopes for future years were blasted by the sacrifices made on this bloody field. Illinois remembers Vicksburg with deep emotion. She remembers the living who suffered here; she remembers the dead who are buried here. In recognition of the part she had in this battle, Illinois has erected this beautiful and imposing monument. In her name and at her bidding we have come to dedicate it.

"But to whom and for what shall we dedicate it? Nothing we can say, nothing we can do, will affect the dead. Their work is done; they have gone long since to their eternal rest, 'and the rolling and the trampling of ever new generations passes over them, and they hear it not any more forever.' For what does this monument stand? What thought does it express? What lesson does it teach? We may praise the generosity that paid for it, we may admire the genius that designed it, and we may appreciate the fidelity that constructed it; but, after all, it is a mere pile of granite, of marble, and bronze. Of itself it realizes nothing; it may symbolize everything. Does it stand for the passion of war? Does it express the mere pride of victory? Does it stand for sectionalism—for the glorification of one part of the country and the humiliation of another? If it does, then, my countrymen, instead of dedicating it with songs of praise it will be better for us, for our country, and for coming generations if we tear it down block by block and scatter its fragments wide and far, so that no trace of it shall remain. But this monument stands for no such sentiment. I know the brave and generous heart of Illinois too well to ascribe to her any such unworthy motive. In reflecting on the true meaning of this monument one's mind becomes involved with some of the seeming contradictions which make life so hard to understand."

Then after a brief but most ably presented view of the wars of mankind, in which he showed that with all the horrors of war the results tended to elevate the race (as was forcibly illustrated in the histories of China and Japan), he said:

"Take the War between the States, which is so much in our mind to-day. I have often wished it could have been avoided, and have wondered why it was not. I was born and reared in the North; my conviction and my sympathies were all on her side. But in recent years I have read much on both sides of that unhappy controversy. I have read the arguments made in and out of Congress, and I have studied the issue involved. Although not yielding my convictions and not abating my sympathies in any degree, yet with the more mature judgment and the clearer vision of advancing years I can now better understand and more clearly see the Southern point of view. I can better understand the argument which appealed to the judgment and conscience of the South and the sentiment which aroused her sympathy.

"If the issue had been submitted to some forum wherein the argument on both sides could have been made and the strict rules of construction and interpretation applied to constitutions and laws, supported by declarations of States and by the long-accepted teachings of certain schools of political thought, the issue might have been decided either way. It is frank and it is fair to admit that the South believed she was right. No people could have fought so long, so bravely, and so hard, could have sacrificed so much in life, blood, and treasure, or could have drunk so deeply of the cup of grief as the Southern people did had they not believed with all their souls in the cause for which they fought. . . .

"We will not discuss the merits of that controversy; it is long since settled. We will not discuss the war; it, too, is

ended. The clamor, the passion, and the pain of that hour have passed over the eternal hills of Time into the dead and silent Past. But studying the war and the controversies which led up to it and entered into it in the light of the world's history, the thoughtful, impartial student must be convinced that above and beyond the clamor of controversy, above and beyond the roar and clash of conflict, there was an inexorable law of Destiny which had predetermined the result, which had decreed that this nation should not be split asunder; that its ruins should not mark the failure, the defeat of democracy; that its people united, but chastened and purified by suffering, should go forward to still greater achievements for liberty and justice, for God and humanity.

"The thought I have in mind and which I have tried to express is that through all the many and varied changes in life, in whatever form or color they appear, through all the seeming contradictions of 'free will and fate, destiny and chance,' through all the wars, revolutions, and sanguinary struggles which have stained the history of the world with blood and tears, there may be recognized the presence of the immutable, the eternal law of God which men, for want of a better name, call 'Evolution.'

"The spirit of self-sacrifice is a common heritage of the war which belongs equally to the North and the South. The recognition that the dead on both sides were for the most part of the same race and blood and inspired by the same history and traditions, that each displayed the courage, devotion, and high resolve that belongs only to the highest and best manhood, is our common pride which ennobles them alike, whether they wore the blue or the gray.

"It was some such thought as this which inspired President McKinley when before the Legislature of Georgia he said: 'The time has now come in the evolution of sentiment and feeling in the providence of God when in the spirit of fraternity we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers.'

"In fostering a spirit of love and veneration for the dead on both sides we not only do honor to our manhood but we serve our common country as well. Have we need of patriotism, of the spirit of self-sacrifice? More than ever, perhaps. . . .

"You in the South have your problems which in a larger sense are peculiar to your own section. Some of these problems come to you as a heritage of the war, growing out of the new economic and social conditions produced thereby. The importance of these problems is appreciated by the North; but they can be solved by the best intelligence, the highest devotion to duty, the love of justice and right, and the fear of God which abound in the mind and heart of the South.

"But amid all my doubts and fears I have an abiding faith in the future of this great country. That faith is inspired by a belief in God and in the destiny he has marked out for us and by a belief in the patriotism of the American people. Give them but light to see the way in which they are to travel, and, though it be with naked, bruised, and bleeding feet, they will go that way as their fathers did before them for God, for country, and for humanity.

"To the spirit of patriotism and its sacrifices, and in honor of the dead who exemplified that spirit in their death, we dedicate this monument."

It is a pity not to give the address in full. To the ever-watchful eye of Judge J. M. Dickinson, General Counsel of the Illinois Central Railway, the VETERAN is indebted for this fine address. Mr. Calhoun is one of the most distin-

guished lawyers in America, was formerly a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, also a representative sent by Mr. McKinley to Cuba to inquire into the actual condition of affairs and report to him before the Spanish-American War, and the special counsel sent by President Roosevelt to Venezuela a year ago to inquire into and report to him upon the complicated conditions there.

WORK ON THE DAVIS MONUMENT.

A recent issue of the Richmond Times-Dispatch states that Judge George L. Christian, Hon. D. C. Richardson, and Mr. E. D. Taylor, constituting a committee from the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, had returned from Providence, R. I., where they went to view the statue of the late President of the Confederacy, which was cast by the Gorham Manufacturing Company; that the members of the committee are highly pleased with the statue, which is now completed, and are loud in their praise of the workmanship. They describe the figure as manly and heroic in its appearance and a true representation of Mr. Davis.

The gentlemen mentioned were met at Providence by Mr. E. V. Valentine, the sculptor, of this city, and he expressed himself as being well pleased.

The female figure which is to surmount the Confederate column will be forwarded by Mr. Valentine in a short while to the Gorham Company to be cast.

Upon their return the committee stopped in New York, where they were met by Architect W. C. Noland, of Richmond. With him they examined the plaster models for the coat of arms, and they say that from general appearance the artist has strictly carried out the designs as furnished by the several States. They are delighted that the work has progressed so well. The committee saw the work in progress on the Stuart monument, which is being made by the Gorham Company and which will be finished by March 1.

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN NEW YORK STATE.—Confederate memorial service was held on the last birthday anniversary of Jefferson Davis at Scarsdale, N. Y. Although these services were begun only four years ago, the Scarsdale Inquirer states that "it was probably the largest congregation ever brought together in Scarsdale." These services were inaugurated by the Rev. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, rector of St. James Church. Mrs. Schuyler's work for the U. D. C. in Columbia University is widely known in the South. (See VETERAN for October, page 465.) The Daughters of the Confederacy are working their way into every State of the Union, and are so conducting themselves as to create respect and friendly concern of all the people.

OFFICERS OF THE NEW YORK CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP.—At the recent annual meeting of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York the following comrades were duly elected to serve during the coming year: Commander, Edward Owen; Lieutenant Commander, H. N. Bullington; Adjutant, C. R. Hutton; Paymaster, Thomas L. Moore; Chaplain, Rev. George S. Baker; Surgeon, Dr. J. Harvie Dew; Executive Committee, J. E. Graybill, Charles V. Wagner, Fred C. Rogers, Edwin Selvage, Theo C. Caskin. This is the ninth consecutive election of Major Owen to the office of Commander. Gen. Stephen D. Lee said to him in Richmond when attending the funeral services of Mrs. Jefferson Davis: "Major Owen, I take the greatest pride in the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York. The conservatism and good judgment it has invariably shown have won for it my highest respect."

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT. United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1866, in Richmond, Va.

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom all contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, {Montgomery, Ala.
ALBERT C. SEXTON, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF, {
GEORGE R. WYMAN, COMMANDER ARMY N. VA. DEPT., {Louisville, Ky.
A. T. BURGETT, ADJUTANT, {
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., {Jackson, Tenn.
C. E. PIGFORD, ADJUTANT, {
J. M. TISDALL, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., {Greenville, Tex.
ADJUTANT, {

(No. 14.)

CONFEDERATION NEWS.

Our Department this month is practically given over to accounts of Division Reunion conventions. All Reunions held to date, except those held since October 15, not yet reported, are included, except the Louisiana, Mississippi, and Oklahoma.

General Headquarters is anxious to preserve in a permanent way the work of all branches of the Confederation, and prompt reports of other Reunion conventions should be made, so they may be included in the next and succeeding issues of the VETERAN.

Camp Robert E. Lee, No. 532, at San Francisco, while one of the newest, is at the same time one of the most enthusiastic Camps in the Confederation. Its officers and members passed through the fearful experiences of the earthquake with enthusiasm and spirit unbroken. Their meetings have been kept up, new members added, and they have demonstrated a spirit thereby which could be emulated to advantage by more fortunate members of our organization. On Monday, September 3, 1906, at Leona Heights, the Camp gave a basket picnic, at which there was a general reunion of Southern people. The patronesses of the affair were several well-known matrons and young women of the city. The committee of the Camp having charge of the exercises were Comrades G. W. Coleman, T. W. Chinn, L. T. Stephenson, J. V. Massie, and E. J. Martin, Jr. A large number attended, and for several hours the Southern spirit ran high.

The Fort Worth (Tex.) Telegram of August 5, 1906, contains an elaborate account of a new scientific instrument invented by R. L. Costan, of that city, which is known as the Cardio-Thermograph. The new instrument is a heart indicator, and it is thought that it will be of much practical service both in health and disease. It is gratifying to know that Comrade Costan is attaining success in the scientific world.

On August 9, 10, and 11, 1906, Camp McCullough, U. C. V., and Camp Jennie Burleson, U. S. C. V., held their annual Confederate Reunion at Driftwood, Hays County, Tex. This Reunion, like its predecessors, was attended by hundreds of Confederates, with members of their families, and three days of great enjoyment and pleasure were spent. Addresses were made by Hon. R. A. John, Hon. A. S. Burleson, Judge N. A. Cravens, and other speakers. As recreation for the young, there were ball games, as well as other amusements.

The minutes of the annual meeting of the Virginia Division, held at Petersburg October 25, 26, 1905, have been printed in pamphlet form (8vo, pp. 23). In No. 6 of this department, December, 1905, appears a condensed account of the proceedings of the meeting.

One of the objects to which the U. S. C. V. stands pledged is the celebration of memorial and other anniversary occasions. It is impossible to indicate how generally the custom is observed; but it is known that many of the Camps each

year faithfully and religiously hold exercises, particularly on Confederate Memorial Day. This day is observed on different dates in the various States of the South, owing to weather conditions. In Alabama April 26 is observed. In Louisiana the day set apart is June 3, this being the birthday of President Jefferson Davis. It is very pleasing to note in this column that on the last-named date during the current year Camp Capt. Victor St. Martin, No. 126, U. S. C. V., eclipsed even its previous splendid efforts in a series of exercises, brilliant and impressive. All Confederate organizations united for the day. In their entirety the exercises consisted of a requiem mass, the decoration of the soldiers' graves, orations, and a banquet. Father Massardier, after saying mass, delivered a eulogistic address. Crosses of Honor were then conferred by the U. D. C. on several veterans. The company marched from the church to the cemetery, where the exercises continued with the decorations and addresses by Comrade Edmund Maurin, Mrs. Thomas Pugh, the poet James R. Randall, and Lieut. Gov. J. Y. Sanders. After the memorial meeting, at the St. Martin Hotel, light refreshments were served, and a number of toasts, with suitable responses, were made.

On August 15 the Confederate Veterans of Jenkins County, Ga., held their annual reunion at the town of Millen. The several Confederate organizations—Veterans, Sons, and Daughters—joined in a big barbecue, at which several hundred people were present. There were speeches, songs, and good cheer. The Sons were represented by Mr. Francis E. Lanier, of Savannah, but a native of Millen, who made a speech which was enthusiastically received.

CAMP ACTIVITY URGED FOR THE COMING WINTER AND SPRING.

It is usually customary in all societies and patriotic organizations to discontinue formal meetings during the summer months. The U. S. C. V. is no exception to this practice. Now, however, the summer having passed, it is very earnestly urged that all Camps at once enter upon a course of systematic work for the coming winter and spring. Meetings ought to be held at least once a month. In some localities they can convene at more frequent intervals with profit. Every effort should be put forth to bring out a large attendance, and through the meetings to develop a higher degree of activity in the accomplishment of the historical, relief, monument, and fraternal features of our Confederation. In Circular No. 3, already published in this department and given general circulation, elaborate suggestions are made on the subject of Camp work and activities. General Headquarters will be glad to supply additional copies wherever requested.

Send reports of important meetings to the Commander in Chief, in order that note thereof may be made in the VETERAN.

LOCATING CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

The Page Courier, Luray, Va., August 30, 1906, has the following item concerning the effort of Camp Summers-Koontz to locate the graves of Confederate soldiers in Page County. The example of this Camp is commended to members of the Confederation everywhere.

"The Sons of Confederate Veterans of Luray are looking up the graves of Confederate soldiers of other States and other counties of Virginia who were killed or died in Page during the war. Their purpose is to erect a slab at each grave. So far they have located seven graves, four of which are known: Two from South Carolina (Sergeant Litterberry and William F. Bruner), buried at Graves Chapel; Philip Henry Homley, of Imboden's Cavalry (residence unknown), buried in Shenk Graveyard, at Springfield; George Hardie, of Geor-

gia, in Flinn Graveyard, Luray; one unknown buried in Fink's Graveyard, near Mauck; another on Emmanuel Snyder's place, near Marksville; and another on Mrs. Long's farm, opposite Rileyville. Any information about these soldiers will be thankfully received by F. T. Amiss, Commander Sons of Veterans, Luray, Va."

THE DEATH OF MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis in New York on the evening of the 16th inst. has touched the heart of the South with universal sorrow. Sons of Confederate Veterans everywhere have given expression to their feelings of regret and sympathy. As expressive of the feelings of the U. S. C. V., the Commander in Chief early on the morning of October 17 issued General Orders, No. 13, copies of which have been widely disseminated through the press dispatches. As will be noted from paragraph 2, the suggestion is made that memorial exercises be held in honor of the distinguished dead, and it is hoped that Camps in all parts of the South will give it general observance. Already Camp Holtzclaw, No. 259, of Montgomery, has provided for a formal memorial meeting to be held in November. On the day of the promulgation of the General Orders the Sons of Confederate Veterans at Abbeville, Ala., held a memorial meeting and addresses were made, after which a Camp of the U. S. C. V. was formed. Dr. Clarence J. Owens, the leader in the movement, in reporting the meeting, says: "I believe that such exercises are valuable in implanting patriotic principles in the hearts of the youth of the land and in teaching important facts in the history of our country."

The General Orders in full are as follows:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS U. S. C. V.,
MONTGOMERY, ALA., Oct. 17, 1906.

General Orders, No. 13.

Comrades: 1. On yesterday at 10:45 P.M., in the city of New York, passed away Mrs. V. Howell Davis, surviving widow of Jefferson Davis, first and only President of the Confederate States of America. In making this formal official announcement of a fact already known to you, the Commander in Chief unites with you in expressions of grief and sorrow. Born May 7, 1826, in Natchez, Miss., of an illustrious lineage, the wife of our peerless chief and leader, her life and her work are inseparably bound up in all that is best and bravest in the history of the South. In that epic period from 1861 to 1865 and in the tragic years which immediately followed she was a luminous figure, courageous, brave, patient, and hopeful. To her bereaved loved ones is extended the sympathy of our organization. They should not sorrow as those who have no hope.

2. It is suggested that Camps of the Confederation, in their discretion, hold memorial exercises or in other ways honor the distinguished dead. The moral value of such exercises cannot be overestimated. The contemplation of a noble character always stimulates to higher and better living. The study of the life and the times of Mrs. Davis will bring into new and vivid relief the nobility, the courage, the heroism, and the patient fortitude of the women of the Confederacy, of whom she was a splendid type. Full reports of these meetings should be made to General Headquarters.

3. Inasmuch as engagements already made will prevent the Commander in Chief from attending the funeral, Comrade W. W. Old, Jr., of Norfolk, Va., Commander of the Virginia Division, is hereby designated as his official representative. Comrades E. Leslie Spence, Jr., and E. P. Cox, both of Rich-

mond, are requested to advise with him, and they will together take such action and so represent the United Sons of Confederate Veterans as will indicate the deep grief felt by the members of the Confederation everywhere.

By order of Thomas M. Owen, Commander in Chief.

Official:

A. C. SEXTON,

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

REUNION OF THE LOUISIANA DIVISION.

The proceedings of the sixth and seventh annual conventions and Reunions of the Louisiana Division, held at Baton Rouge September 7, 8, 1904, and at New Orleans January 17, 1906, have been issued in pamphlet form (8vo, pp. 23). The seventh convention was to have been held originally in the fall of 1905; but, owing to health conditions, the date was carried forward from time to time until January, 1906. This convention held its sessions on the evening of January 17 in the Progressive Union Hall, 528 Camp Street. Commandant Gordon S. Levy, of Camp Beauregard, called the meeting to order, and an invocation was offered by Rev. Dr. John W. Caldwell, Jr. An address of welcome was delivered by Judge John St. Paul, to which a response was made by Comrade J. A. Smith, of Franklin, La. Comrade Levy then turned over the convention to First Brigade Commander R. F. Green in the absence of the Division Commander. An address was then made by Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, President of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C. Although the session was not prolonged, much business was transacted, including resolutions, directing the printing of the proceedings of the convention of 1904 and the present meeting, as well as many other subjects of general interest to the Confederation. A special committee was appointed for the purpose of looking into the matter of the Beauregard monument fund for the erection of a monument to General Beauregard in New Orleans. Division officers for the year were then elected as follows: Commander, John D. Nix, of New Orleans; Brigade Commanders, First, G. H. Tichenor, of New Orleans; Second, W. T. Jones, of Franklin. Commanders for the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Brigades were not elected. The Reunion of the Veterans was held in New Orleans at the same time, and many of the Sons attended their sessions. In the social features of the Reunion the Sons took the leading part, and the Veterans and visitors were loud in their praises of their attractions.

The proceedings of the Reunion held at Baton Rouge August 10, 1906, will appear later.

REUNION OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

The South Carolina Division held no Reunion during 1905. Therefore special interest attached to its annual gathering held this year, May 17, in Columbia. The State, Columbia, of May 18, 1906, has the following account of the meeting:

"The South Carolina Division of Sons of Veterans was called to order in the Y. M. C. A. building yesterday morning [May 17] by A. C. DePass, acting for Commander A. Porter McMaster, of the local Camp, Mr. McMaster being absent on account of the funeral of a relative. The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Melton Clark, Chaplain General of the Second Brigade, after which the meeting was turned over to Commander George Bell Timmerman, of the Second Brigade, who, after a clever response, turned it over to the Commander of the First Brigade, George Douglas Rouse, of Charleston, who introduced Governor Heyward. The Governor made a striking talk, which greatly pleased his hearers, after which Division Commander George W. Duncan, of Alabama, addressed the convention in an interesting way.

"Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, who is in charge of the raising of funds for a memorial to the women of the Confederacy, addressed the convention upon this subject, and aroused a keen interest among those present in the subject.

"The election of officers was then entered into, resulting as follows: George Bell Timmerman, commanding the First Brigade, was elected Division Commander to succeed J. J. McSwain, and he at once appointed Col. D. A. Spivey his Chief of Staff. Brigade Commanders were then elected: G. D. Rouse, for the First Brigade; Dr. William Weston, of this city, for the Second; and W. C. Wharton, of Laurens, for the Third.

"On motion of Mr. Timmerman, amendments to the constitution were adopted abolishing annual dues and making an initiation fee of one dollar answer all purposes, the funds so raised to be placed in the hands of a board of trustees, to be announced later, to pay the expenses of the Division. Also on his motion the basis of delegates to the State convention from the Camps was changed to ten members instead of twenty.

"D. A. Spivey, C. M. Felder, and L. W. Haskell were appointed a committee to confer with a similar committee from the Veterans to memorialize the Legislature in the matter of collecting and publishing historical data. Messrs. Timmerman, Weston, and Felder were appointed a committee to wait on the Veterans and extend felicitations, which will be done this morning. There was a movement started to put more life in the Division by having two meetings a year held in Columbia, one on the anniversary of the birth of General Lee, January 19, and one upon the anniversary of the birth of the lamented President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, June 7, and to have a banquet on these occasions. A committee was appointed to carry out this suggestion.

"Resolutions of thanks were extended to the former Commander, J. J. McSwain, of Greenville, who had wired his inability to be present; also thanks to Mr. Rouse for the able way in which he had presided, to the citizens of Columbia for their hospitality, and to the Y. M. C. A. for the use of their hall for the convention. Among the attentive assembly were several sponsors and maids of honor."

REUNION OF THE KENTUCKY DIVISION.

The Kentucky Division held the first Reunion in its history on September 28, 1906, at Pewee Valley, near Louisville. Realizing the very great importance of the effort, Division Commander A. M. Sea, Jr., labored with great zeal to make it a success. The Reunion was formally convened in General Orders, No. 2, September 19, 1906. In reporting the results, Commander Sea says: "The affair was a distinct success, and I believe that not only was good work done but that the Reunion will result in renewed interest throughout the State. It is a beginning, an 'entering wedge,' and I am extremely sanguine of the future."

The Louisville Herald of September 29 has the following detailed account of the exercises:

* "A Reunion of the Kentucky Division of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans was held at the Confederate Home, at Pewee Valley, September 28, 1906, in connection with the Division Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. The meeting was the initial gathering of the Kentucky branch of the Confederation, and the event was marked with great success. Hereafter a Reunion of the Sons will be held annually at the same time and place as that of the Veterans. The at-

tendance was good, and much enthusiasm was displayed by the delegates.

"The delegates assembled at Pewee Valley shortly before noon, and joined the Veterans at the dinner prepared for the guests. At one o'clock the convention was called to order in a hall provided for the purpose at the Home, and was presided over by Andrew M. Sea, Jr., Commander of the Kentucky Division, assisted by the Division Adjutant, Robert S. Omberg.

"Commander Sea addressed the delegates, explaining the objects of the meeting and urging the coöperation of the members of the order in the upbuilding of the Confederation in this State. In this connection the Commander called upon those present for suggestions, and in response short talks were made by a number of the delegates. As a result, steps were taken toward the organizing of new Camps throughout the State.

"The following committees were appointed for the year: *Historical Committee*, Neville S. Bullitt, Chairman; *Committee to Confer with the Veterans*, Jesse N. Gathright, Chairman; *Committee for the Good of the Division*, R. S. Omberg, Chairman; *Relief Committee*, Dr. R. B. Pryor, Chairman.

"An election for the office of Division Commander was held, and Andrew M. Sea, Jr., recently appointed to that position by Commander in Chief Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery, subject to action of the State convention, was elected by a unanimous vote.

"After the business session, Col. Bennett H. Young addressed the Sons in behalf of the Veterans, speaking feelingly of the ties between the Veterans and Sons and of the priceless heritage which the latter had received from their fathers. United States Senator James B. McCreary made a short address, paying a glowing tribute to the record of the Confederate soldier.

"Among those who attended the convention were Department Commander George R. Wyman and members of his staff. After the convention adjourned, the delegates were entertained by Camp John A. Broadus, of Louisville. Commander Sea expressed himself as being gratified by the success of the meeting and the good accomplished."

REUNION OF THE TENNESSEE DIVISION.

On Wednesday, October 10, 1906, the United Confederate Veterans and Sons of Veterans met at Pulaski. Gen. A. P. Stuart, one of the three surviving lieutenant generals of the war, presided at the meeting of the Veterans. Among other routine business of that day, the election of officers for 1907 took place. Gen. George W. Gordon was reelected Commander of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V.

After the morning session of business, the Veterans and Sons of Veterans were entertained at a sumptuous dinner served in the courthouse yard by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Giles County.

In the evening, at the opera house, the Sons of Veterans, in obedience to General Orders of September 27, 1906, held their business meeting. At this meeting General Gordon introduced Division Commander L. E. Mathis, who presided. Mr. Mathis made a strong and eloquent address before the Sons, and at this same meeting Past Division Commander J. D. Newton made an excellent talk.

At the election of officers for 1907 J. D. Newton was reelected Brigade Commander, and L. E. Mathis reelected to the position of Division Commander for the State. When the meeting of the Sons of Veterans closed, the concourse of Vet-

crans and Sons left the opera house and repaired to Martin College, where a specially arranged programme was rendered.

The next day (Thursday) a procession of Veterans, Sons, and Confederate Daughters paraded the streets of Pulaski for two hours, finally halting near the Sam Davis monument, which was unveiled by thirteen young ladies all clad in pure white.

On this occasion General Gordon delivered an eloquent eulogy upon the life and death of Sam Davis; John Trotwood Moore recited his famous poem, "Sam Davis;" and Mr. John C. Kennedy delivered a patriotic address. Miss Sadie Ballentine spoke in behalf of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Giles County. These ladies, at a cost of two thousand dollars, erected the Sam Davis monument, by Zolnay, through their own efforts solely. They have labored long and faithfully for the memory of the boy hero who said in a crucial moment: "If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer." And now their efforts are crowned with success. The beautiful monument stands unveiled.

Pulaski did a splendid part by the Veterans and Sons during the Reunion. A royal welcome awaited the visitors in every home in the little city. Division Commander L. E. Mathis and Brigade Commander J. D. Newton were entertained by Mrs. N. A. Crockett, one of the most thoughtful and delightful of hostesses.

REUNION KENTUCKY DIVISION, U. C. V.

The Kentucky Division of the United Confederate Veterans held its annual Reunion on the 28th of September, 1906, at the Kentucky Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, Ky. There was a very large attendance, and annual reports were made, showing the Division to be in excellent condition, financially and otherwise. The work of the Association has been enthusiastically supported. United States Senator McCreary was present and delivered a Confederate speech. He was introduced by Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander of the Division. Dinner was served upon the grounds by the authorities of the Confederate Home, and the condition of the Home itself was a source not only of pride but of delight to the large crowd which attended the Reunion.

The State has recently advanced a large sum of money for sewerage, painting, laying of water pipes, and the purchase of additional land. The reports showed that Kentucky had dealt with no niggardly hand in the support of this splendid institution, which now is admitted to be the most commodious, well-kept, and best-endowed institution of its kind in the country. Many who had seen the Federal Soldiers' Homes did not hesitate to declare that the Kentucky Confederate Home surpasses in all appliances for the care of its inmates even the homes sustained by the government. This institution reflects the highest credit upon the Board of Trustees, of which General Young, Commander of the Division, has always been President. Col. William A. Milton, Adjutant General, and Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander, made reports of the preceding year, and both of these reports were repeatedly cheered through their reading.

Col. Bennett H. Young was elected Commander of the Division for another year with enthusiastic applause.

Brigade Commanders chosen were: Gen. James R. Rogers, First Brigade; Gen. William J. Stone, Second Brigade; Gen. Dozier Thornton, Third Brigade; Gen. P. P. Johnston, Fourth Brigade.

Repeated and happy references were made to the Reunion

at Richmond next year, and it was universally felt that Kentucky, Virginia's daughter, would have an attendance and make an exhibition at that Reunion which have never been surpassed at any previous Reunion.

The Confederate Home was chosen as the fixed place for the meetings of the Division, and the Commanding General was authorized to name the date.

CONFEDERATE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE IN WYOMING.—An issue of the Daily Sun, of Cheyenne, Wyo., published in 1890, a clipping from which has long been in the VETERAN office, contains some legislative comments which conclude as follows: "The notable event of the House session yesterday was the election of Col. W. D. Pickett, the veteran leader of the Democratic forlorn hope of the House, to the position of Speaker *pro tem*. His unanimous election by a body three-fourths Republican was indeed a compliment. Colonel Pickett is a man of superior attainments intellectually, and physically his figure would attract attention anywhere. He is tall, straight, with a distinguished military air, and his manner and address is that of the old school Southern gentleman. His silvery white hair adds to his dignity and fine impressiveness. If the Colonel were a little younger, his scholarly instincts and the bracing air of Wyoming would naturally make him a Republican. As it is, he will honor the office as it honors him."

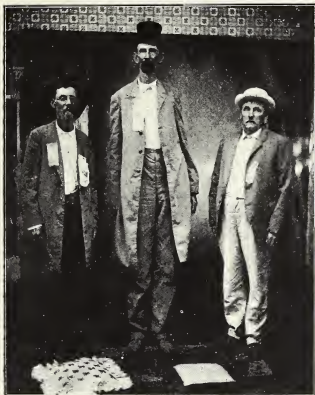
This is our beloved Col. W. D. Pickett, who has shown up the villainy of Sherman in a way that has impressed many Northern people in behalf of justice and honor.

PICTURES OF "WHITTLE" AND "MASON."—There is a fine photo in the VETERAN office of a handsome young officer under which is written "Whittle." In the list of Confederate officers published by the United States government soon after the war the name Powhatan Bolling Shettle, a lieutenant colonel in the 38th Virginia Regiment, appears. This is the nearest approach to Whittle. The photo was made by A. Ken in Paris. Who can tell of him? There is also another picture made in Paris on which is written "Mason." Any who have sent photographs or other pictures to the VETERAN are requested to send descriptions.



MISS EMMA FORRESTER, WAXAHACHIE, TEX.,
Sponsor for the Winnie Davis Camp.

TALLEST CONFEDERATE IN TEXAS.



J. J. FELPS, H. C. THRUSTON, J. A. TEMPLETON.

The above group of Confederates was taken at the reunion of Ross Ector and Granbury's Brigades and Douglas's Texas Battery at Jacksonville, Tex., August 8 and 9, 1906. The tall man is H. C. Thruston, of Mt. Vernon, Tex., who was a member of the 4th Missouri Cavalry, C. S. A., Marmaduke's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. He stands seven feet seven and a half inches tall, is seventy-six years of age, and weighs nearly two hundred and twenty-five pounds. Comrade Thruston is perhaps the best-known private who served in the Confederate army. On the left with black hat is Capt. J. J. Felps, who served in Company C, 3d Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade. On the right is J. A. Templeton, a member of Company I, 10th Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade.

It is stated that H. C. Thruston is the tallest man in Texas and one of the tallest men in the world. In the Confederate army he was a member of the 4th Missouri Cavalry, under General Marmaduke. His tallness has been exhibited in many States of the Union by different circuses with which he has been connected; but, tiring of that kind of life, the old veteran has now settled down at home, and says he wants no more of it. He occasionally attends Confederate Reunions, and never fails to attract great attention by virtue of his great height. He was in Jacksonville during the Reunion on August 8 and 9, and while there Mr. C. W. Nichols, of Jacksonville, Tex., made some photographs of him; also one of him and Messrs. J. J. Felps and J. A. Templeton, with Mr. Thruston standing in the middle. These pictures are splendid work and on large cardboard. The old veterans who failed to attend the Reunion might want something as a reminder of the meeting, and one of these pictures of the tallest man in the State would be a rarity in any home in the State.

About a quarter of a century ago the editor of the VETERAN attended a Missouri State Reunion in Jefferson City, Mo. This tall comrade, Thruston, was carrying a large United

States flag at the head of the procession. (There was not a Confederate flag in sight.) Comrade Harvey W. Salmon, marching by the flag and seeing the Tennessean in the crowd, stepped from the line and, taking him by the hand, drew him to the side of Thruston; so there were two escorts to the (United States) flag bearer. The writer in those days wore a derby hat, and Thruston's arm extended above its crown.

BUSHROD JOHNSON'S MEN AT FORT HARRISON.

BY GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have read in the September CONFEDERATE VETERAN an article by Capt. J. H. Martin on the operations at Forts Gilmer and Harrison, on which I submit the following, which you can use at your discretion. His want of knowledge of Johnson's Brigade is quite singular, since he says he derived his information from official records. When Gen. Bushrod Johnson was promoted to a major general, both he and the men and the officers of his old brigade desired that it should retain its original name. They were all proud of its achievements, and it was known throughout the war as Johnson's Brigade. At Chickamauga it was commanded by Col. John S. Fulton, and was successively commanded by Col. R. H. Keeble, John M. Hughes, and R. B. Snowden. This brigade suffered such a severe loss at the Crater, in front of Petersburg, and at Drewry's Bluff that it was ordered to Chaffin's Farm, eight miles from Richmond, to recuperate. It had lost thirteen field officers, killed, wounded, and captured. Col. John S. Fulton and Col. Watt W. Floyd and Major Lowe were killed and Maj. R. G. Cross and Captain Blakemore were seriously wounded. Major Crawford also, of the 44th, was killed.

When General Ord crossed the James River on the night of the 19th of September, Adjutant Greig and Lieutenant Kelso were in charge of the picket line, and they at once reported to Col. R. B. Snowden, commanding Johnson's Brigade, that the enemy in large force was crossing. Colonel Snowden, after convincing himself by personal observation of the truth of the report, sent couriers to General Gregg, in immediate command, and also to General Ewell, in Richmond.

The enemy attacked before daylight, and at first fire killed Captain McCarver, commanding the 25th Tennessee. Fort Harrison was dismantled. A few old, useless guns had been placed on the ramparts, and it was used as a hospital. The enemy had no difficulty in marching into the fort, and could, had they continued, have marched into Richmond. The reserves mentioned by Captain Martin in the VETERAN consisted of a battalion of home guards composed of government employees, about three hundred and fifty in number, under the command of Col. John McAnerney, which General Ewell had sent out from Richmond to reinforce Colonel Snowden's command, he having decided to make a night attack, and appointed Colonel Snowden to the command of the attacking troops. The attempt was necessarily a failure, as Snowden had no artillery, while the enemy had placed some twenty pieces on the fort. Colonel Snowden was wounded and sent to a hospital in Richmond next morning.

The files of Richmond papers of that date credit Colonel Snowden with having saved the city from capture then.

WISE COUNSEL TO NEGROES.

Mayor B. W. Griffith, of Vicksburg, made an address to the negroes there at the opening of their State Fair recently, in which he said:

"Notwithstanding your success in different lines, you have not done what you could. You could have made greater advances. The opportunities have been open to you for years.

In this country all are born free. The inalienable rights under the constitution are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These should be guaranteed to all, white and black, and the white people of the South will not limit you in these respects. They are and always have been your friends. They are glad to see your industrial advancement. That they have denied you political equality is of small moment. They will ever deny you social equality, and social equality is something that the better class of negroes do not desire.

"The avenues of industry are open to you, and it depends on you as to whether or not you mount the highest rung of the ladder. I want to ask you whether it is best to have the doors of industry open to you and be denied political equality, as is the case in the South, or whether it is best to be denied the right to work and be given political equality, as is the case north of the Ohio River? Right here in this city men who were brought here from the North to work on the First National Bank building refused to work because negroes were employed on the building. Southern men had worked on the building with these negroes and there had been no friction. All that you have to do is to put your hands to the plow, and without looking back work out your salvation. The basis of all nobility is purity of heart and rectitude of conduct. . . . If you yourselves have no ancestry to which you look back with pride, you can bequeath to your children such an ancestry. The future of your race depends entirely upon the character of the different individuals composing it. As did Moses to the children of Israel, I have this day set before you good and evil; you can choose."

NORTHERN VIEW OF RACE TROUBLES.

(From the Bellman, Minneapolis, Minn.)

The fearful occurrences in Atlanta, Ga., which have horrified the readers of the daily press, may well give us of the North a shock. We deserve it, and we need it to awaken us to a realization of our responsibilities to our brethren of the South. A race war undertaken on the part of the whites in sacred defense of their homes or an unlawful outbreak in which the innocent and guilty of one race were alike sacrificed to the maddened vengeance of another—consider it either way you will, denounce it or excuse it, find palliation in the greatest of provocations humanity can know, or condemn the perpetrators as outrageous lawbreakers—you cannot avoid the awful fact that the condition which is responsible for it exists and must be reckoned with.

This dreadful problem presses for a permanent solution. The conclusion of the rebellion demonstrated, once and for all, that this was a nation. Being such, its component parts must share responsibility for the maintenance of order and justice within its borders. If the protection of woman is not the supreme duty of the American citizen, whether he lives north or south of Mason and Dixon's line, then our country no longer deserves to rank among civilized nations. If it is, then it is time that the citizen of the North ceased to consider the problem of the South as an academic question to be discussed calmly and regretfully at a safe distance from the scene of horror and shame. It is his duty to come forward manfully and acknowledge his share of the blame and assume his part of the burden.

The North is even more responsible for this overshadowing horror than the South. Let it face the facts as they are and cease this sloppy, sentimental talk about the elevation of the negro race and the need of self-control on the part of the Southern Caucasian. Ethical considerations, fine-spin theories, philanthropical devices for a gradual elevation of the

negro are not entitled to a moment's consideration when it is true that no white woman living in the South is safe for a moment unless guarded by the gun.

The North freed these negroes. It elevated them to citizenship and proclaimed them the possessors of equal rights with the whites. Previous to the war slavery, accursed though it was, held them in subjection and restrained the brutes among them—and they were many—from violence. Careless of consequences, the North let them loose and encouraged them to believe themselves equal in everything to their former masters. After a brief interregnum of carpetbag government, the conquerors retired to their safe, pure, protected homes, secure in the knowledge that the law was amply strong to protect them from assault and their women from dishonor. They washed their hands of responsibility; they left to the impoverished, defeated, disheartened South the task of making the newly freed worthy of citizenship.

Since then the North has contributed largely of money to educate the negro. It has sent Northern teachers, devoted, self-sacrificing, well-meaning persons, full of zeal, to lift the once oppressed race to a higher plane. It has sympathized with and supported every scheme devised to benefit the negro, and has lauded to the highest skies every effort to create in him social, political, and financial aspirations. To the protests of the white men of the South who knew the negro and had to live with him that the methods chosen were wrong and mischievous and would surely result in disaster the people of the North turned a deaf ear.

The Southern white man's exact knowledge of conditions was discredited, his advice scorned, his warnings unheeded. Although he had demonstrated repeatedly his fidelity to the restored Union and had shown his willingness to serve his country in the field when the emergency arose, he was deemed unworthy of confidence in questions affecting the negro. He was told to observe the law, when the law was unable to save him or, what was a thousand times more important, to save the dearest thing on earth to him—his women. He was told to contain himself, to be patient and wait the results of long-distance Northern theorizing.

Meantime he was surrounded by a dense mass of ignorant negroes fast forgetting what little of self-control had been inherited from a former generation which had been trained to respect the white man and honor the white woman and rapidly returning to a state of brutal savagery, every day degenerating, as a whole, morally and becoming an increasing menace to civilization. Upon this vicious, ignorant, debased horde the puny schemes of race elevation were as snowflakes falling into the seething ocean. Still the Southern whites protested, warned, and implored; but Northern sentimentality was proof against the natural appeals of race, the ties of kinship, and the dictates of nature.

Now it has at length come to pass that the deluge has broken, and this problem, long in the brewing of its malign factors, must be effectually settled not alone by the South, but by the North as well. We have had enough of theorizing, temporizing, philosophizing; it is time to act. Northern people are not generally aware of the fact, but it is nevertheless true, that the state of the mass of negroes in the South is so debased, so utterly, hopelessly, fearfully lacking in moral conceptions, that there exists in many Southern States a condition which this or any other respectable journal would not dare describe except in the most general terms, so loathsome and shocking would the details be if truly and plainly stated.

White women and children are not safe; they cannot walk

unguarded in the streets of the cities even in daytime. At night doors must be locked and windows barred, the revolver must be ready at hand if the black assailant is to be kept out. In many portions of the Black Belt the family of the white man lives in a constant state of siege; a fate worse than death awaits its members if they dare relax their vigilance for an hour. Northern people do not know the truth, and their journals are not enlightening them. The South, for very shame, is loath to let the facts be known; but a residence of even a few weeks in any portion of the country where the ignorant negro population is congested will convince the most skeptical that this hideous danger is always imminent and very real.

The crime of stealing is the very least of the negro's offenses against Southern society. The whites of the South have long since ceased to expect that he will respect the rights of property. Larceny is looked upon as a joke. As well might one expect the leopard to change his spots as the Southern negro to refrain from stealing. It is possible to protect against this comparatively minor offense; it is the hideous crimes, the unspeakable horrors, that are the real menace. Against these the law is powerless, because it recognizes no punishment adequate to the offense; it can devise nothing that will prevent its recurrence, and the harm done is irreparable.

Ordinary punishment, adequate in the North to check crime, fails entirely in the South to restrain the negro even from the commission of minor misdemeanors. The disgrace of imprisonment does not touch him, as a rule. In many Southern towns, when cold weather approaches and the shiftless and improvident blacks feel its chill, numbers of them deliberately and openly commit theft in order to be arrested, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary during the winter months, there to be maintained in comparative comfort at the State's expense until spring returns. When, once again at liberty, they come back, they are met at the train by their neighbors, relatives, and friends and escorted in triumph to their lurking places, as if they were heroes returning from an honorable undertaking instead of idle, vicious, debased criminals let loose from jail.

The fear of immediate and dreadful death is powerless to control the brutal, degenerated negro when his passions are aroused. His mind is too feeble and shallow to consider the consequences of his crime; and the brute in him, once awakened, reckons nothing whatever of future punishment. The force of example, even in its most terrifying form, when frenzied mobs wreak vengeance in burnings and sickening torture, does not impress itself upon this class for more than a very brief time. Its intellect is so inferior and its imagination so utterly diseased that the effect of such horrid spectacles soon wears off.

This national cancer is a revolting, hideous subject. One is loath to speak of it in clean type on unpolished paper, lest its contemplation should breed pestilence; but if it is ever to be cut out, it must be realized and considered in all its horror, especially by Northern people who have too long shut their eyes to the truth. The South understands it, and the better classes of whites, to whom our sympathy and aid should be extended in the fullest measure, know further that, besides the vicious negro, they have with them a large element of ignorant, violent, intemperate white people for whose crude and revolting execution of lynch law they are held responsible by the world.

It is time for the North to bear a hand in the solution of the problem it has liberally shared in creating. It can do so by ceasing to exploit the negro as the white man's equal.

It can do so by considering the mass of negroes in the South as they are, not as sentimentalists represent them to be. It can do so by discontinuing its senseless, fruitless attempt at higher cultivation of the negro. As long as the vast majority of the race in the South remains as it is, the strong arm of white control must be strengthened and encouraged.

The negro must be taught the rudimentary virtues he has forgotten before he can aspire to a higher education. He must be made to obey absolutely. He must be compelled to restrain himself. He must fear and respect the law, and he must be made to understand that if he dares so much as think wrongfully of a white woman he will deserve death, and at the slightest indication of an intent to commit wrong he will receive it. The North can do its duty by first understanding the condition as it is and then uniting with the Caucasian of the South in knowledge of and sympathy with his situation to devise proper, adequate, and permanent relief.

What is now needed is less sentiment and more common sense on the part of the North. All the money it has to devote to humanitarian purposes and all the sympathy and support it can summon should in this grave emergency which threatens North and South alike be placed unreservedly and in the fullest confidence back of the better class of white people in the South, who alone are possessed of a full comprehension of the true situation and who alone are competent to deal with it adequately and justly.

THE OLD SLAVE.

BY GEORGE H. MOFFETT, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Theorists and imaginary philanthropists may indulge in vain speculation from now until doomsday about bringing up the negro race to a plane of equality with the white race, yet back of it all lies the immutable law written by the finger of God upon the chart of human destiny which makes race equality an impossibility. Whom God has parted asunder, no man can join together.

The kindest relation that ever existed between the two races in this country, or that ever will, was the ante-bellum relation of master and slave—a relation of confidence and responsibility on the part of the master and of dependence and fidelity on the part of the slave.

Two instances of slave fidelity which came under my personal observation are still so fresh in memory that I deem them worthy of record, especially as they furnish such forcible illustration of the tender relations existing between the two races under the old regime.

In the late spring of 1864, while I was a prisoner of war in Fort Delaware, a fresh batch of prisoners was brought in one day—men who had been captured at Spottsylvania—and among them was an old negro man. No one knew, not even the old negro himself, why he had been brought there for confinement in a Federal prison. His story was that he was the slave of old Dr. Chancellor, who lived near Fredericksburg; and that, meeting some Federal soldiers in the road, they began to ply him with questions about the movements of Lee's army. Failing to give them satisfactory answers, they arrested him, and he was finally landed in Fort Delaware. He was a respectful, well-behaved old dandy. He was assigned to a corner bunk on the lower tier in the Virginia barracks, and his deportment was all that could be expected under the peculiar circumstances. One day along in the fall season he was called out and taken up to headquarters, when he was informed that he was to be released, but as a preliminary to his release it was necessary that he should take the oath of allegiance to the

United States government. At this he hesitated, saying he did not understand the nature of the oath of allegiance. One of the officers read it over to him carefully, but he still hesitated. Then the officer, in his plainest manner, undertook to explain to him the purport of the oath, and closed by asking him if he now understood its meaning. The old dandy, after a moment's reflection, replied: "No, sah, I don't rightly understand it yit; but let me ask you one question: Is it something old master would take if he was here?" The officer frankly told him it was not such an oath as his old master would want to subscribe to. "Then I'll not take it," promptly responded the old negro. "I'll never do anything to bring disgrace upon old Master or the family name." Upon his flat refusal to take the oath, the faithful old slave was remanded to prison, where he died about six weeks later, a martyr to his fidelity to the old master whom he loved better than his own life.

The next incident came to my attention in the winter of 1875 on a trip to Florida. We were going down the Coast Line and were passing through the rice plantations above Charleston. Traveling facilities were not so good on railroads then as now. We had a sleeper, but there was no smoking compartment. After breakfast I had gone forward into the smoking car to enjoy my cigar. At a little station a very well-dressed negro man came aboard; but as there were some white gentlemen in each seat, mostly Northern tourists, he did not offer to sit down by any of them. After he had been standing awhile in the aisle I moved over and invited him to have a seat by me. At first he demurred, saying he did not like to intrude upon white gentlemen; but upon my insistence he finally sat down, remarking, "You must be a Southerner." I asked him why he thought so. His reply was that he did not believe a Northern man would invite a negro to sit by him. In the conversation I interrogated him as to his past history, and will tell his story, as he told it to me, in my own language.

Before the war he had been the driver or foreman on the plantation owned by his young master, who lived in the big house up on the hill, where he employed his time with his horses and hounds, after the easy fashion of the old-time Southern gentleman. When the war came, the master went with the Carolina troops to Virginia, and left the plantation in the care of the faithful driver. The master survived the war, and after Appomattox returned home to a scene of desolation. He called up the driver and told him to continue to run the plantation as best he could with hired labor, and to keep half the earnings for himself and to pay over the other half to him. A succession of good crops, with fairly remunerative prices, yielded profits. The driver continued to boss the plantation, while the master devoted his time to the sports of the field. It so happened that an old mortgage on the plantation had not been taken care of; and the creditors, growing tired of waiting, finally foreclosed. At the public sale bidders were few, and, owing to the scarcity of money in that region at the time, the bids were not high. From having stored away his half of the earnings the negro driver was enabled to buy in the plantation and became the owner in fee.

When he had concluded his story, I said to him: "What of the master? What became of him?" His face lighted up as he replied: "O, Master still lives up in the big house on the hill and keeps his horses and dogs. He still gets his half, and always will. He doesn't know that the plantation has been sold."

I will add, by way of explanation, that the impression I got from the negro's recital of his story was that the master

was not in absolute ignorance of the fact that the plantation had been sold, nor was he indifferent to the kindness of his former slave. What the negro meant to convey was that the master was being so well provided for and his position so much respected that he scarcely realized the change in ownership. The master's confidence in his former slave was still supreme, while the latter's fidelity to the erstwhile master could have been surpassed only by the ties which knitted David and Jonathan together.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY MRS. H. S. TURNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"See! Jackson like a stone wall stands!

No charge that stubborn line can break.

Stand firm, my comrades," Bee commands.

"Stand firm for Carolina's sake!"

Scarce had he spoken when he fell,

First victim of a section's hate,

Who heard the cry of victory swell,

And passed to heaven through Glory's gate.

The name immortal Bee had given

Was sealed in storm of shot and shell;

The foe at Bull Run, panic-driven,

Learned Stonewall Jackson's tactics well!

And in the Valley's great campaign

His armies never knew defeat;

He crossed the mountains, and again

He saw his enemies retreat.

At Harper's Ferry calm he stood

While twice five thousand stacked their arms;

He crossed Potomac's raging flood

And rested midst the Frederick farms.

But Barbara Frietche's palsied hand

Ne'er waved a Union flag that day;

And Jackson, leading his command,

Passed through another street and way.

Where Fredericksburg lies on the plain

He dealt a swift and deadly blow,

And drove an army back again

Whose blood encrimsoned winter's snow.

Then came the fatal Tenth of May;

And as he rode outside his line,

A hasty volley from the Gray

Came e'er they heard the countersign.

Wounded to death, yet patient, calm,

They bore him from the battlefield;

He blessed his baby with the arm

That nevermore a sword should wield.

A Christian pure, a hero strong,

His genius passes writer's praise.

Virginia still in poet's song

Shall magnify "Old Stonewall's" ways.

JUBAL A. EARLY.

BY MRS. H. S. TURNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Stout-hearted soldier, who the pen could wield

As trenchantly as sword on great Manassas' field;

Could point a cannon or a shaft of wit

With equal skill, for both were sure to hit;

Who to the Union clung till hope was vain

And hostile troops scoured through the Old Domain

To subjugate the South, divide Virginia's State,

And free the slaves from policy of hate;

To burn the cities of the Southern plain

And bind war's captive with a convict's chain;

To pillage farms, upset the local laws,
And constitutions change without a cause!
Such was his vision, yet his sword he drew
A hopeless patriot, but a seer true!
Beneath the Peaks of Otter low he lies,
Nor scans he more earth's bloody battlefield;
Faithful and valiant, learned, too, and wise,
"Virginia semper" blazoned on his battered shield.

WADE HAMPTON.

BY MRS. H. S. TURNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Let Carolina's hand be full
To-day of yellow jasmine's bloom,
And sprays of sweetest olive pull
For Hampton's tomb.

A statesman from self-interest free,
A patriot of heroic mold,
The flower of Southern chivalry.
Yet Carolina, weak and old,
By fire and famine sorely tried,
Allured, perchance, by Northern gold,
Her sufferings to him denied;
His wealth departed, ruin came,
Yet honor still illumed his crest,
The last of a historic name,
Of all his compeers loved the best.
And even at his latest hour,
Reviewing life's too thorny track,
He left a watchword strong in power:
"I love my people, white and black."

JAMES EWELL BROWN STUART.

BY MRS. H. S. TURNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Of all our knights, he was the flower
Of armies clad in hoden gray;
Of all our knights he was the flower,
Always gay.

As joyous as he led the dance,
And singing oft a roundelay,
He for Virginia couched his lance
And plunged into the battle fray.
Kindly and courteous, temperate, great,
Unawed by threats or war's alarms,
He fell at Richmond's very gate,
And sleeps in old Virginia's arms.

When Stuart died, the Examiner (Richmond) began its editorial with this verse:

"Of all our knights he was the flower,
Campagnon de la Marjolaine;
Of all our knights he was the flower,
Always gay."

At Chancellorsville Stuart led his troops over the breast-works singing: "Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the Wilderness?"

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

BY M. M. TEAGAR, FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

Ere yet the sun had pierced the eastern skies
Or dews of morn assumed their diamond hue,
With diligence intent upon surprise
In steady lines old Southland's columns drew;
With sudden peal the voice of thunder woke
The hills that slept in Shiloh's solitude;

And valor pressed through floods of fire and smoke,
Inspired with hope and manly strength renewed,
When fickle Fortune veiled her face the while
And Sorrow filled the soldier's heart with grief,
And Victory relaxed her cheerful smile
And gently stooped to crown her fallen chief,
Where shades of Southland's dauntless spirits dwell,
To consecrate the spot where Sidney Johnston fell.

FORREST BEFORE MURFREESBORO.

(The birthday celebration in 1862.)

BY MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, MEMPHIS.

So shall they tell the story in the years that are to be,
When the crystal pen of history is dipped in living flame;
So shall the Southern mother teach the children at her knee,
And in her song of heroes she shall sing of Forrest's fame.

Do you mind, you men who met him, when war loosed the
crimson tide—
Was it stratagem or science? Sound the record if you can!
Do you mind, you men who faced him when war's hell-
hounds opened wide
The pulses of the patriot and the passions of the man?

"Close upon his heels, harass him, keep him out of Tennes-
see!"—

So the Northern generals ordered their subordinates. And
then,

"Destroy the Rebel Forrest—a promotion waits from me
When I know that you have killed him," said Sherman to
his men.

And the shrewd spy brought his message, and the scout his
story told;

The soldier dreamed promotion, with the star of valor nigh;
The surly blue guerrilla dreamed of capture and of gold;
But before a Yankee bullet Forrest was not born to die!

Aye! they hounded and harassed him, but he rode through
Tennessee;

And the Federals lost their patience—some their epaulets—
that day

When the ranting Rebel Forrest clanked his spurs that all
might see

Through a Union general's chamber, while they sought him
miles away!

"Go, take the wizard Rebel! Kill him; let this be your care!
The rest are mine!" said Sherman. But where was Forrest
then?

Twisting cables out of grapevine, building bridges out of air.
"We must get there first, my comrades!" said Forrest to
his men.

Do you mind, you men of Forrest, you cavaliers in gray,
That early morning sally on the thirteenth of July?

You pledged to him a victory to crown his natal day,
While he pledged to save the Rebels who at sunrise were
to die.

He had listened to the story as the anxious women thronged
And pressed him and beset him with their sad tears rolling
down;

For they begged the lives of sweethearts and of husbands,
foully wronged,

Imprisoned by the Union troops in Murfreesboro town.

O'er the distant tents of Federals swept a Forrest's eagle eye,
Where they lay like combing billows. To the women turned
he then:

"Dry your tears, you wives and sweethearts, for your loved
ones shall not die!

We will send them back by sunset," said Forrest to his men.

And how he kept that promise let the page of history tell,
For he battered in the burning jail and set the Southrons
free;

How his Texans and his Georgians blent with one wild Rebel
yell

To blazon high the glory of his rugged Tennessee!

As the blue line gave before you like the falling, wind-swept
grain,

On you charged, you men of battle, through the dawning
dim and gray;

For he rested not victorious, with a victory yet to gain,
And the ranting Rebel Forrest won a general's spurs that
day.

Do you mind, you men who followed with the zeal of youthful
fire,

Who had tried him and had proved him when his sword
and cloak were new?

Do you mind, you men who loved him, when the star of his
desire

Went down with sullen glory in the overwhelming blue?

Earth shall yield to men her heroes, while the cause of nations
stands;

The breath of God shall kindle that which Earth and Nature
give;

And-in that blessed Valhalla, where Fame greets the warrior
bands

High upon its gleaming casements, shall the name of For-
rest live!

SHARPSBURG COMPARED TO WATERLOO.

BY C. A. RICHARDSON, RICHMOND, VA., CO. D, 15TH VA. INF.

During a visit to Brussels we went out to the famous Water-
loo battlefield of ninety years ago and made an interesting
study of the topography of the country so important in the
most deadly and decisive struggle of modern times. In the
two hours spent on the memorable field our thoughts often
reverted to that game fight of American soldiery—Federals
and Confederates—September 17, 1862, on the Antietam, in
and about old Sharpsburg, now past two score and four years.
French and English soldiers at Waterloo did not make the
stubborn fight (they only made more display of the "grand
pageantry of glorious war") of the Confederate infantry at
Sharpsburg; and neither was the artillery of the Great Soldier
and the "Iron Duke" fought near so well as the Confederate
artillery when on the quiet banks of the Antietam and over
the fruitful fields of Sharpsburg it won imprishable fame for
its great efficiency, its indomitable prowess. We feel as we
look to the future that "Impartial Time" in its just reckoning
of the past will see that some faithful "Old Mortality" shall
lovingly preserve the names and the fame of Confederate sol-
diers who fought at Sharpsburg two score and four years ago.

There were more men engaged in the Waterloo fight and
the casualties were greater than at Sharpsburg; the fighting
was fierce, desperate, sanguinary at different points several
times before noon, but more frequent later in the afternoon.
The English most of the day acted almost entirely on the

defensive, tenaciously, desperately holding their ground, suc-
cessfully repulsing many furious attacks of the French, all
the time impatiently but hopefully watching and waiting for
the promised aid of Marshal Blucher. The hot, impetuous
valor of the French caused them to suffer terrible loss in
killed and wounded, and this was greatly increased when, late
in the afternoon, the Prussians arrived; then defeat came with
sudden panic and complete rout. The troops under Wellin-
gton also suffered fearful losses, but only in the ratio that
attends determined defense against the bravest assaults.

The fighting at Sharpsburg was fierce and continuous
through the entire day. It was give and take, with a deter-
mined, continual rushing and driving of first one side and
then the other; the same ground was fought over again and
again. It was not an alternating fight of defense and offense,
but almost entirely offensive during each and every hour of
a long, bloody, desperate, indecisive day. When night over-
took the combatants, the battle was not regarded as ended;
neither army considered itself victorious; neither Federal nor
Confederate admitted defeat; but this battle was never re-
newed, never continued. During the week following the
great battle the Federal general made glad the anxious, trou-
bled heart of Washington officialdom with the strangely be-
lated announcement of a Federal victory. It is reported that
one hundred and forty thousand men fought at Waterloo, the
opposing armies being nearly equal in numbers. We know
that one hundred and twenty thousand men were at Sharps-
burg. This host consisted of a Federal army of eighty-two
thousand and a Confederate army of thirty-eight thousand.
This disparity in numbers with the battle resulting as it did
logically makes the Sharpsburg fight for the Confederates a
gamer and more desperate fight than Waterloo.

At times the furious shock of battle was grandly impressive,
superbly charming in its terrors. Many years ago an active
participant at Waterloo described to the writer in glowing
words some of the grand scenes of the great battle whose
thrilling charm and alluring glamour impartial history has
been fair and truthful in soberly telling.

No old soldier, no veteran at all familiar with the great
Waterloo fight ever fails to regard it as a grand battle with
most decisive results. From the first roar of its artillery, its
rattle of musketry, its clashing of sabers, and thunderous
tramp of charging squadrons it possessed all the features of
the terribly picturesque as well as the dazzling spectacular.
A grand, animated panorama of war; all of this closing in a
wild scene of disaster to an erstwhile gallant soldiery who
dearly loved the display, the pomp and splendor of arms,
who gloried in their famous historic wars. As compared with
the pomp and circumstance of Waterloo, our memorable
Sharpsburg in its general appearance was but a homespun
affair of deadly earnestness; but withal it was a terrible,
bloody battle, fearlessly waged through the weary hours of
a long, eventful day.

Scattered over our Southland to-day are several thousand
gallant ex-Confederate soldiers who cherish among many
glorious memories of the past the proud and defiant recollec-
tion of that red September day at old Sharpsburg forty-four
years ago. They all remember the gamest of fights never
fought to a finish.

The writer has often read the various accounts of Waterloo
by the best writers; he has visited the famous field and closely
studied it; he has met English and French officers, heard their
versions of it; hence he indulges the hope that his deductions
are fairly thoughtful and reasonably impartial.

PERILOUS SERVICE OF JOSEPH R. MASON.

BY S. A. R. SWAN.

A short time ago, owing to deaths in my family, I found myself compelled to change the quiet life I had been leading for forty years and dispose of home and household accumulations. Amongst other things to be disposed of was an army mess chest with the name of a Federal brigadier general marked on it, which had come into my possession in a fight in Kentucky in 1862 under Generals Bragg and Kirby Smith. With this chest I had campaigned during the remainder of the war; and after the close, succeeded in bringing it to my home in Middle Tennessee filled with books and papers belonging to the quartermaster's department and other things—mementos of the war. Among these was a diary of events coming under my personal observation, especially of the siege of Vicksburg and the battles incident thereto. At this time, under the circumstances, the chest and its contents had become worthless to me. So, preserving my diary, which I had not read for years, I made a bonfire of the rest.

On reading the diary again I found the story of the adventures of Capt. Joseph R. Mason related to me by himself as we rode in retreat two days after the battle of Missionary Ridge. It was a cold, cloudy day in November, and the long line of the wagon trains of Bragg's army were making the best of their way to a place of safety; while the roar of cannon and the crash of musketry told how hotly General Cleburne was engaged at Ringgold Gap in checking the pursuit of the Federal army.

I was riding along in charge of my particular part of the rattling wagons, very gloomily trying to conjecture the effect of the reverse of Missionary Ridge on the fortunes of the Confederacy, when some one rode beside me and in a very quiet voice remarked: "This is a very different kind of day from the one on which we parted in Vicksburg." "Captain Mason," said I, "I am very glad to see you alive, for I thought I had reliable information that you were killed, either going out of or attempting to reënter Vicksburg." "I have heard such reports myself, but I never believed them true." I said: "I shall be much pleased to hear your adventures from the time you left Vicksburg." And this is the story he related to me as we rode that day and which I wrote out in my diary very soon after as near as possible in his own words. I send you the story for publication, believing that if he is alive he will not object; but if he has passed over the river, I take pleasure in making public a page of the history of one of the bravest men and truest patriots I ever knew.

I recollect Joseph R. Mason as he appeared to me when I first made his acquaintance at Vicksburg. My chief, when promoted to be major and quartermaster, was assigned to duty with a fine brigade of Alabama troops commanded by Brigadier General Tracy, who fell in a battle near Grand Gulf, at the mouth of Black River, when Grant crossed to the east side of the Mississippi. The brigade was composed of five regiments, commanded respectively by Colonels Garret, Edmund W. Pettus, Frank Beck, C. M. Shelley, and — Hendley. The brigade, together with the division to which it belonged (Gen. C. L. Stevenson's), was ordered to Vicksburg to meet General Sherman, who was trying to break into Vicksburg by way of Chickasaw Bluff. Soon after reaching Vicksburg, Captain Mason appeared at our office. He had been acting as quartermaster of Colonel Beck's regiment, and had got his accounts woefully tangled. I assisted him to straighten them. We soon found Captain Mason invaluable in the quartermaster's department. He was indefatigable, and always knew

where to find things needed, such as forage and other supplies. At that time he was apparently about forty-five years old, very unobtrusive in manner, active and alert in his movements, and a close observer. We could see that he was a man likely to accomplish whatever he undertook. I judged from his appearance and accent in speaking that he was of French descent. He took an active part in the battles and skirmishes preliminary to the siege, and won the reputation of being a very cool, brave man. Such was Joe Mason when the siege began. Soon after General Grant's unsuccessful assault on our lines my chief said to me: "Swan, if you want to send out letters, this is your chance. Joe Mason is going to try to go out to-night with dispatches to Johnston." This is the point at which the story he told me commenced.

"The day I left Vicksburg I rigged a canoe with green branches, so as to resemble a log of driftwood. I started at nine o'clock at night, and paddled cautiously until I sighted the lights of the two war ships that had passed the batteries at Port Hudson a few days before. Then I lay down in the bottom of the canoe and floated with the current, mighty uneasy until I felt sure I was past the ships and their picket boats; then I paddled industriously till I was some miles below Vicksburg, when I landed and hid the canoe in the bushes at the bank. Then I tramped through plantations till daybreak, when I found myself in the Gibson neighborhood, where I knew the country and the people very well. I crept through the cotton till I got near enough to the residence of one of the Gibsons to see that there were a number of stragglers about the house in Federal uniform, both whites and negroes. I lay hid and watched till I saw one of Gibson's little daughters come toward the place where I was hiding to milk the cow. I crawled near enough to tell her to let her father know that Joseph Mason was there and wanted breakfast. Very soon Gibson appeared with bucket and pail, as if to feed and milk the cow. As soon as he saw me he told me to lie close and keep hid till the soldiers left, when he would bring me to the house and have breakfast ready.

"I did so, but it was a long time until it was safe to venture to the house. I remained concealed until night, when, mounted on a broken-down and abandoned wagon horse, under the guidance of Gibson, who knew the Yankee picket stations, I crossed the Black River and made my way to General Johnston's headquarters and reported to him. He ordered me to remain in camp subject to his call, for in a few days he might want me to again cross the Black River and bring him accurate information of what forces and intrenchments the enemy had on that river and between that and Vicksburg."

His account of this scouting trip (though interesting to me, as I knew all the localities) I leave out to relate his narrative of his attempt to enter Vicksburg with important dispatches to General Pemberton.

"Some days after my return from this trip General Johnston sent for me; and when I reported at his office tent, he requested the members of his staff then present to give him the use of the room, as he wished to give Captain Mason, whom he was sending on an expedition, some particular instructions. As soon as they were gone he sat down and gave me very careful and explicit directions how I was to go to a certain point on the Yazoo River, where I was to find a man living in a cabin on the bank of the river, ostensibly as a fisherman, whom he described so that I could make no mistake. This person, on my application, would furnish me a canoe and directions by which I could make my way down

the Yazoo and past the outposts of the enemy into Vicksburg. He then handed me a dispatch written in cipher on tissue paper and folded small which I was to deliver to General Pemberton. He charged me that if I was captured and this paper was found in my possession it would insure my death as a spy. He charged me that if I should fall into the hands of the enemy I was to destroy it, even if I had to swallow it.

"I made my way according to directions to the Yazoo, but was unable to find the man to help me with further directions. I learned, though, that the enemy had got on to the game, and had broken up that route into Vicksburg. Having embarked in the enterprise, I did not like to give it up. So I traveled on down till I finally found a canoe hidden under the bank. This I appropriated, and, paddling down the river, late in the night I came to the bluff where the enemy landed the provisions and other stores for their army engaged in the siege of Vicksburg. There were intrenchments on land and several gunboats and transport steamers anchored in the river, so I did not think it safe to try to run the blockade at that time. I paddled up a bayou a considerable distance into the swamp, and slept in the bottom of my canoe until morning. About sunup I was awakened by a skiff rowed by a young fellow dressed in Federal uniform, who landed near me. As he did not appear to be armed and did not look dangerous, I concluded to try the peaceful citizen's game on him.

"I introduced myself to him as Joseph R. Mason, a citizen of Leake County, Miss., too old to take any part in the war. I told him my wife and children had left home to pay a visit to relatives in and near to Vicksburg and had got caught in the siege, and that I had become very uneasy about them, having learned that the citizens were starving, and that I was trying to make my way in to care for them; but I was afraid to try to pass the boats at the bluff, for fear I should be captured and detained as a prisoner. He told me that was his information too, that the place was being starved out, that it would be very difficult to pass, and that a very strict watch was kept to prevent any communication from the outside. Of course I got all the information from him I could. He became very communicative. He told me that he was born and reared in Illinois, that he had joined the army to fight for the restoration of the Union, and that the war was now being carried on to free the negro, which was very distasteful to him, especially as he had a brother who had long been a resident of the South and was an owner of slaves; that he had determined to desert from the army, and that he had started to make his way across the swamps and across the Mississippi River to join his brother in Texas.

"By this time I had become very hungry. My companion had no provisions with him, nothing but some salt. He said, though, he had heard that crawfish made a good dish if one were quite hungry. Crawfish being plentiful in the swamp, we kindled a fire and roasted about a peck of them. I made quite a hearty meal of them. Soon after I became very sick, and it was late in the night before I recovered. By daybreak I had determined to risk the chance of running the blockade. My companion declined to risk it. It was full daylight when I got in among the gunboats. Two of the guards on the boats halted me at the same time. "Where are you going?" they asked. "I am going down to examine my trot lines that I set out yesterday evening." After some consultation, they ordered me to go on, but to leave some fish on their boats as I came back. The same thing happened at every boat I passed.

"I promised to leave the fish, and soon pretended to get very busy examining my lines until I got out of sight. I then made all the haste I could to get to the Mississippi River. After I reached the river, the first point I turned brought me in plain sight of the city, about two miles off. The sun was gilding the cupola of the courthouse and the spires of the churches. I was greatly elated with the belief that I was past all danger of capture and would soon be with my friends in the city, when, paddling with all my might, I suddenly came upon two big gunboats anchored side by side in a sharp bend of the river and almost concealed by the undergrowth on the bank. The guard on the stern of the first boat brought down his musket and yelled: 'Halt there and come aboard!' Before I had time to collect my thoughts the current had carried me down opposite the stern of the other boat, when the guard, an Irishman, shouted out: 'Come aboard this boat, sorr!' I attempted to parley with them and said: 'Gentlemen, I can't come aboard both your boats, can I?' Pointing his gun, he shouted again: 'Come aboard this boat at once, or I fire on you.'

"Having gained a little by the drift of the current, and seeing that his aim was rather wobbly, I concluded to risk the shot, and plied the oar with all the strength I had, expecting every moment he would knock me over. As the shots did not follow, I made good use of the time, and began to think I should win, when I heard the chug-chug of a steam tug behind me. Seeing that I was bound to be overtaken, I thought of my dispatch. (I forgot to tell that when I started on the trip I had taken the dispatch and wrapped it around a straw, and opening the seam of my coat sleeve around the wrist, pushed it into the seam, and then, after withdrawing the straw, sewed up the seam again.) Just as they overtook me I pretended to lose my oar, and dipped both arms deep into the water as if trying to catch it. I did not need to pretend to be scared; for when I stood up wringing the water out of my coat sleeves, my object was to destroy the dispatch.

"They put me over into the tug and took my canoe in tow, and were all too soon back at the gunboat. They held me so close that I could do no more destroying of dispatches and took me at once before Admiral Porter, where he sat in his cabin. He put me through a sharp examination. 'Who are you and where are you going?' I told him the stereotyped story: Joseph R. Mason, a citizen of Leake County; wife and children visiting a sister and other relatives in Vicksburg; got caught in the siege. Heard they were starving there; took risks to try to get in to try to relieve them. 'Have you got any papers?' I handed him some Confederate newspapers printed on wall paper and wrapping paper. 'Have you any others?' I handed him my pocketbook, from which I had carefully eliminated everything but some notes and receipts made to Joseph R. Mason. Looking at me very sharply, he said: 'Give me your dispatches.' I said: 'I have given all I have.' He then said, 'Lieutenant, take him out and search him and bring me his dispatches,' and then commenced to read the papers I had given him.

"The lieutenant and guard led me into another part of the boat, and commenced a search which they made thorough. They first took my coat, turning pockets inside out, ripping seams and linings. You may be sure that I was quite uneasy while this was going on. Finally they threw the coat down and took my vest. They literally ripped it all to pieces. I never put it on again. When they threw my coat aside, I felt so relieved that I thought I might jolly them a little, and

so I said: 'Lieutenant, you ought to remember that clothing is very scarce in the Confederacy and not be so destructive with mine.' He was a Scotchman, and replied in his Scotch accent: 'This, sir, is the fortune of war and cannot be evaded.' They stripped me to my shirt, even examining the bottom of my feet.

"When they took me back, the Admiral was still reading the papers I had given him. Without looking up, he reached out his hand and said: 'Give me his dispatches.' 'Admiral,' said the lieutenant, 'he hasn't got any dispatches.' 'O, don't tell me that. You haven't searched him.' 'Yes, sir, we have searched him thoroughly. If he ever had any, he has destroyed them. He has none now.'

"The Admiral, after studying awhile, said: 'Mr. Mason, I will have to send you to the provost marshal to be detained as a prisoner of war until further orders.' I suggested to him that it would be much more agreeable to me to be dismissed and permitted to continue my journey to Vicksburg to join my family. The Admiral told me with a good deal of emphasis that he could not for a moment entertain that proposition, but ordered me to be at once escorted under guard to the provost marshal's headquarters, located on Buffalo Bayou above the city. I begged him to take into consideration the fact that it had been some time since I had enjoyed a square meal. He said the suggestion was a reasonable one, and ordered me down to where they furnished me a good breakfast, or dinner, with genuine coffee. Then under conduct of the same Scotchman who had made the search I was put aboard the tug. I said to him that, though I was a citizen and not connected with the armed forces of the Confederacy, yet I had a great repugnance to being associated as a prisoner with a low-down class of deserters. The officer said he appreciated my feelings and would certainly second my request to the provost marshal. My real reason for this was that I expected I might find deserters from my own brigade and regiment who would recognize me and give me away. Then, on being turned over to the provost marshal, I was assigned to a tent in a quarter where, by keeping close, I did not have to associate with other prisoners.

"This was on the 1st of July. On the morning of the 4th an officer of the guard came to my tent and handed me a paper reading as follows:

"Joseph R. Mason, a citizen of Leake County, Miss., detained as a prisoner of war, is hereby permitted to return at once to his home. All guards and pickets are directed to pass him out of the lines. July 4, 1863.

"By order of

PROVOST MARSHAL.

"In answer to my inquiry, he said that, the garrison of Vicksburg having capitulated and the surrender was to take place immediately, it was unnecessary to detain me longer. I took my departure at once. When I came to our old quarters at Chickasaw Bridge, I sat down and took a good cry. I soon recollected that I ought to make my way as rapidly as possible and make my report to General Johnston, as he might be interested in what was taking place in Vicksburg. About eleven o'clock as I was passing through a deep cut on the railroad east of Vicksburg I noticed a group of Federal officers on top of the hill above me. One of them leaned over and called out to me: 'Hello, Butternut, come up here.' I had to turn back in order to get up to the top. When I got up, one of the stragglers standing around told me: 'That is General Sherman and staff viewing the surrender of Vicksburg.' The General said to me: 'Where are you going?' 'To my home in Leake County,' I answered. 'Have you got

a pass?' I said: 'I have.' 'Let me see it,' he said. After he had read it over, he handed it back to me and said: 'That will pass you all right.' By that time the stars and stripes were flying from the courthouse and the gunboats were firing a salute. When it was over, he turned to me and said: 'Well, how do you like that?' I said: 'I do not like it very well, General.' 'O,' said he, 'it will be very much better for you citizens now; for you will be able to sell your cotton and buy coffee and other articles that you need.' I replied: 'I am not so sure of that. General Johnston might object. The Confederate troops are in the habit of burning up cotton sometimes.' 'Ah,' said he, 'don't you give yourself any trouble about that. In thirty days there won't be a Confederate soldier this side of Mobile. I am just informed by General Grant that Johnston is moving to relieve Vicksburg. General Grant's army will meet him at the Black River and I am ordered to take him in the rear, and then don't you see?' said he, slapping his hands together, 'we have him.' I said: 'General, I have been a prisoner for some time, and I am very uneasy about my family. If you will excuse me, I will go on now.'

"You may depend upon it that I did some good traveling the rest of the day. About ten o'clock at night I came upon Confederate pickets, who took me for a spy when I reported Vicksburg surrendered. They took me to General Breckinridge's headquarters, and he, with a number of other officers, led me to General Johnston and reported: 'Here is a man our advanced pickets captured who says that Vicksburg surrendered to-day. We believe him to be a spy.' I said: 'General, don't you recognize me? I am Captain Mason, whom you sent into Vicksburg with dispatches.' 'But,' said he, 'I had reliable information, as I believed, that the captain I sent with dispatches was killed. Colonel Ewell, look and see if you can identify this man.' Colonel Ewell took a candle and walked around me, and said: 'To the best of my belief, I never saw him in my life before.' 'General,' said I, 'don't you remember that when you sent for me to come to your headquarters about this business you hung up your cap and requested Colonel Ewell and the rest of the gentlemen present to give you the use of the room, as you had some special instructions to give to Captain Mason?' 'Why, certainly, Colonel Ewell, there were such occurrences,' said the General. 'Besides,' said I, 'I have the dispatch you gave me on that occasion concealed in the sleeve of my coat.' Well, that settled it. After I had told my little story and showed my pass through the Federal lines and related my interview with General Sherman, General Johnston got up and said, 'We will see about that,' and at once gave orders for calling in the pickets and the falling back of the whole army at daylight."

So ended Joe Mason's story; but I remember his showing with very pardonable pride a very complimentary order of General Johnston to Capt. Joseph R. Mason, scout, passing him at all hours through the lines of the camp. This he said he meant to carry to his last day.

CONFEDERATE FLAG FLOATED IN NEW YORK STATE—In Saratoga County, N. Y., the stars and bars was floated to the breeze sometime since on the place of Edward Calkins at Little Troy. Mr. Calkins's son, who had been home for a few weeks on a visit, raised a fifty-foot flag pole, and celebrated the event by running up the stars and bars. The pole was set to fly a pennant, "The Maples," by which name his father's place is known.

THIRD FLORIDA REGIMENT—PERSONAL.

BY J. W. KELLUM, OF LAKE BUTLER, BRADFORD COUNTY, FLA.

I was born in Thomas County, Ga., January 1, 1844; and resided there until May, 1861, when I enlisted in Capt. D. B. Bird's company, E, 3d Florida Infantry. In July Companies E and H were ordered to St. Augustine, where they garrisoned that old city until December, 1861, whence they proceeded to New Smyrna, where we had a lively skirmish with a naval detachment, which had the temerity to attempt to come ashore in open boats. We killed and wounded and captured a number, with but little loss to our side. In August, 1862, the 3d Florida proceeded under orders to Pollard, Ala., thence to Mobile, where we did provost duty until sometime in September, when we were sent to Chattanooga and became a part of the army under command of General Bragg. Another wing of the army was under command of Gen. Kirby Smith at Knoxville. The two wings were soon after put in motion. The force under Bragg proceeded northward to Perryville, Ky., where in October, 1862, we fought the battle there. In this battle my leg was broken by a piece of shell, and I was left on the field and became a prisoner of war. After being kept awhile in Perryville, I was taken to Louisville, and thence to a prison in Cairo, Ill., where I was until May, 1863, when I was taken to Vicksburg and exchanged, rejoining my company on the 6th of the month. On July 4, the day of the surrender of Vicksburg, we fought the battle of Big Black River, and afterwards were in the battle of Jackson.

In September we proceeded under orders to Tennessee, again joining the army under General Bragg in time to participate in the great battle of Chickamauga on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of September, 1863. In this battle I was severely wounded in the left lower limb, in the thigh, left hip, and top of my head. I was sent to Lagrange, Ga., where I lay on one side for nearly three months. Being sufficiently recovered from my wounds, I rejoined my regiment, which was in Finley's Brigade, of Bate's Division, Hardee's Corps, on May 7, 1864, just at the commencement of the Johnston-Sherman campaign. We became engaged the next day in the fight at Rocky Face Ridge. I was also engaged with my command in the battles of Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, Marietta, Peachtree Creek, and various skirmishes around Atlanta, and on August 31 and September 1 in the battle of Jonesboro.

Soon after this General Hood, leaving a small force in front of Sherman, with the main body of his army, in which was our command, commenced his famous march to Sherman's rear and into Tennessee. During this time I was the color bearer of the regiment—the 3d Florida. On this march we were largely dependent for supplies on what could be gathered from the country which two armies had recently passed through. It may, therefore, be readily understood that supplies were very limited. At Decatur we drew ration of half an ear of corn to the man, which we parched in the ashes. We crossed the Tennessee River at Florence, marching in the direction of Nashville. Our command participated in the bloody battle of Franklin, in which I carried the colors of my regiment. There our command was left to bury the dead of both armies. From Franklin we were sent to Murfreesboro, where we fought the second battle of that name. From there we were ordered to Nashville, where Hood followed Thomas. Our position was on the extreme left at Brent's Hill, where on the 16th of December, 1864, that first part of the battle of Nashville was fought. We became surrounded by the enemy; and after we were forced to lay down our arms, in order to prevent the enemy from getting our flag, I tore it into strings.

For this I nearly lost my life. I was taken to Camp Douglas, at Chicago, Ill., arriving on December 24, where I was kept a prisoner until June 21, 1865, when the war was over. I then took the oath of allegiance and was released.

I returned via Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Baltimore, and City Point to Petersburg, Va., from where I walked to Augusta, Ga. I suffered much from want of food until furnished with meal and pork by a United States officer at Augusta. I reached my old home, near Thomasville, Ga., on July 6, 1865, to the great joy of my mother, who had not heard from me since December 16 previous, and believed me dead. In the fall I went to Cedar Keys, Fla., and on January 1, 1867, I came to Bradford County, where I married, reared a family, and have resided ever since.

SONS OF VETERANS IN THE NORTHWEST.

BY MISS EVA MORRIS, HELENA, MONT.

The annual reunion of the Northwest Division of the U. C. V. was held in Townsend, Mont., Thursday, October 11. Elaborate preparations for their entertainment had been made by the Stonewall Jackson Camp and Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., at that place, and a royal welcome was given the visitors. When the train bearing Commander Paul A. Fusz reached the city, all the other delegates were at the station to greet him, and from there they marched to the home of Mrs. J. L. Belcher, President of the U. D. C., where an informal reception was held. With the color bearer from Bozeman carrying the beautiful Confederate flag, they then marched to the auditorium, where the exercises were held, and which was beautifully decorated. Pictures of Generals Lee and Jackson, Confederate flags, and red and white bunting were of the decorations.

Paul A. Fusz was re-elected Commander of the Northwest Division and W. H. H. Ellis Commander of the Montana Brigade. In the evening there was a large reception, followed by speeches and Southern songs. Later there was a Southern banquet, at which Capt. George F. Ingram, of Helena, acted as toastmaster. The exercises sparkled with stories of the Southland.

Eight Crosses of Honor were given, the recipients being: J. R. Belcher, Company B, Poindexter's Missouri Regiment; W. G. Boone, Frame's Missouri Regiment; Joseph T. Brown, Company C, 4th Mississippi Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry; Leslie Combs, 61st Tennessee Regiment; R. M. Crallé, 10th Virginia Cavalry; James Gibson, 1st Missouri Infantry; J. W. Henton, Vaughan's Missouri Regiment; John R. Wine, Captain Hicks's company, McCullough's Missouri Regiment.

The next reunion will be held in Bozeman.

MONTANA DIVISION, U. D. C.

The annual convention of the Montana Division of the U. D. C. was held in Bozeman August 10. Delegates from M. A. E. McClure Chapter (Bozeman), Winnie Davis Chapter (Helena), Robert E. Lee Chapter (Missoula), and Mildred Lee Chapter (Boulder) were present; and since the convention the Sterling Price Chapter has been organized at Townsend with a large charter roll, and several more have promised to join. This makes five Chapters in Montana now. The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Mrs. J. L. Patterson, Bozeman; Vice Presidents, Mrs. C. L. Dahler, Helena, and Mrs. J. M. Evans, Missoula; Secretary, Miss Evie Morris, Helena; Treasurer, Mrs. C. R. Stranahan, Boulder; Historian, Mrs. L. R. Morris, Helena.

In the evening there was a reception in the hall, which was beautifully decorated with red and white, the Confederate

flags, and pictures of our heroes. The delightful programme consisted of music and addresses, one of which was by our President, and was highly appreciated. The Daughters of Bozeman were warmly thanked for their gracious hospitality and greetings to the visitors, and a vote of thanks was given them. The next convention will be held in Missoula.

ARKANSAS DIVISION CONVENTION, U. D. C.

The eleventh annual convention of the Arkansas Division of United Daughters of the Confederacy met at Marianna October 24-26. The attendance was unusually good, but not sufficiently large to secure the hoped-for reduction in railroad rates.

Mrs. C. H. Wilmans, in her address to the convention, reported eight new Chapters organized during the year. In addition to these, there were several other Chapters revived and re-organized, making this one of the most successful years ever known in the Arkansas Division. The President made an earnest plea for an educational aid fund, to be used for the daughters of Confederate veterans. She also asked the Daughters of her State to take some steps toward influencing the coming Legislature to make some provision for saving the old State capitol building, which will soon be vacated by the completion of the new capitol. Mrs. Wilmans advocated that the old Statehouse would be a suitable place for the headquarters of the Veterans, the U. D. C., and the club women of the State. The most important action of the convention was its decision to build a three-thousand-dollar monument at Shiloh, to the memory of Arkansas' soldiers buried there. Beautiful memorial resolutions for Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis and Mrs. James M. Keller were adopted.

TEXAS STATE REUNION, U. C. V., AT DALLAS.

Mayor H. W. Graber, of Dallas, writes in regard to the Texas Reunion in that city:

"We had the largest State meeting ever had in Texas, and a very harmonious and profitable one, though we were deprived of the presence of Gen. Van Zandt, who has been confined to his bed for about a week or ten days and is still unable to leave his room, which, you know, was a matter of sincere regret. I had also announced your expected arrival the last day, and your telegram announcing your inability to be present on account of failure to make connection at McAlester proved a great disappointment to the convention.

"Please note the action taken on the Andersonville case, and suggest that if I was in error as to General Winder having his headquarters at Richmond in my article you make the proper correction, and also where I stated in the early part of 1864 should read in the early part of 1865 when a commission of Federal prisoners were sent to Washington to plead for exchange and medicine." See November VETERAN, p. 489.

NOTES FROM THE DALLAS NEWS.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, of Fort Worth, Division Commander, was reflected by a unanimous vote. Resolutions were passed by the assembly expressing sympathy for the sick Commander.

The following Brigadiers were elected: First Brigade, T. J. Gibson, Mexia; Second Brigade, T. J. Largin, San Antonio; Third Brigade, Capt. W. B. Berry, Brookston; Fourth Brigade, John S. Napier, Amarillo.

In memoriam of Mrs. Jefferson Davis a service was held. Addresses were made by Comrades Shaw, Long, Clouton, Taylor, and Kirkpatrick. All the addresses were limited; but brief though they were, tears came to the eyes of the old sol-

diers as the patriotism and the suffering of the women of the Confederacy were recalled.

A resolution was passed pledging aid for the Confederate Home, which it is proposed to build at Austin and for which the Daughters of the Confederacy are endeavoring to raise funds. The Home is intended to shelter decrepit widows of Confederate veterans.

A telegram was received from S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, stating that train connection had been missed at South McAlester, Ind. T., and that he would be unable to reach Dallas in time for the Reunion. A resolution of regret was passed.

The battle-torn emblem of the 11th Texas Regiment of Cavalry was placed on the platform for the inspection of the veterans. It was moved by George T. Dodd that the Governor be requested to send to the annual Reunions of the State Division the Confederate flags which are kept at the capitol at Austin. The motion was carried without dissent.

For the next place of meeting Waco and Bowie were placed in nomination. After several addresses had been delivered by representatives of the two places, the roll was called, only delegates being allowed to vote. Bowie received 113 votes; Waco, 101.

Gen. H. W. Graber presided over the meeting.

All business having been attended to, the Division adjourned *sine die*.

The veterans at the Fair had a good time. There were seated on the platform of the large auditorium General Cabell, General Gano, Judge C. C. Cummings, Historian of the Division, and others.

As the initial notes of "Dixie" came from the silvered instrument's applause swept over the large auditorium and finished in a wild shout, at which the veterans and some of the ladies stood in their seats waving canes, hats, and handkerchiefs. Following "Dixie" was given the "Bonnie Blue Flag." This brought the second demonstration of the afternoon, in which George Boynton, an aged negro living in Dallas, with front bedecked with badges, pins, and pictorial buttons (the latter of General Gordon), jumped to the stage and, waving a tattered Confederate flag, danced from one end of the stage to the other. Over his shoulder was swung a haversack, from the top of which protruded a chicken's head. Boynton was introduced as "the colored man who went to war with his master, Lieutenant Boynton, of the 64th Georgia Infantry, and remained with him until he was killed." Boynton was immediately the center of attraction. He told the veterans that he was taken along to "look out for chicken." He had the honor of entertaining General Gordon at breakfast one Monday morning. It consisted of young pig, fried chicken, yellow yams, and "cawn" bread "what ain't be'n sifted." General Gordon afterwards told Lieutenant Boynton that he would never have his regiment searched for forage again. "So long as you folks come together I'm comin' too," was the way the old darky put it; "and I hopes de good Lawd will let it be often, for I's a Confed nigger." There was much cheering when the negro finished; and as the band played "Old Black Joe," many of the old fellows pitched coins to the negro's hat on the stage.

The musical programme was particularly appropriate for the Southern soldiers' gathering. It embraced these numbers: "Scenes from the North and the South," "Suwannee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Turkey in the Straw," "Take Me Back to Old Virginia," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Tenting To-Night on the Old Camp Ground," "The Arkansas Trav-

eler," and "Dixie." A vocal solo, "Roses in Heaven," was rendered by Miss Ione MacLouth, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. R. E. Gahagan.

This morning were held memorial services for the most distinguished woman the South has ever produced—Mrs. Jefferson Davis. She was a woman of the South and lived with her husband at the South's capital. There were no levees there; no music but the roll of the drum and the melody of marching feet. She was not the only one who remained at home faithful, cheering victorious soldiers on to battle. They made flags for the battlefield, gave up their carpets to make blankets; and whenever a body of Southern troops came by, she was at the front to cheer them on. She kept alive the spirit at home until no man could stay there with self-respect unless he was infirm with age or a cripple. The victorious woman was everywhere in the South. When General Forrest reached Black River in pursuit of General Streight, he could not find the ford. Miss Emma Sansom, aged eleven years, mounted behind his horse and took him to a place to cross the river. Under fire she remained with the General, guiding him and his men until the victory was won. Talk about women; there were none equal to those of the sixties. When the first lady of the South died in a Northern city a few days ago, it was her dying request that her body be accompanied by a body of Confederate soldiers to its last resting place in Hollywood Cemetery, in Richmond, where it is to lie beside that of her sainted husband. He was a native of Kentucky, but had lived in Mississippi. When he died, Kentucky, New Orleans, and Mississippi all claimed him; but she decreed that his body should lie in Hollywood, and it was her request that she be laid there also. O, peerless womanhood of the South, may her memory live as long as the world shall endure!

Speaking began with an address by Judge J. M. Pearson, of McKinney, who said in part:

"I am glad to see so many of my fellow-soldiers of a lost republic here this afternoon. The ranks are thinning, and it will not be many years before we will be numbered among the very few. This morning in the City Hall I looked into the faces of you veterans and thought the Lord had been patient with us, especially when it is considered that we went over twenty-two hundred battlefields and those under fire.

"All of you remember our trials and tribulations. One of Longstreet's men, after he had fought all day and marched all night, leaned against a tree, thinking of the battle. He said a man should love his country; that a man could do much for the love of his country; he could afford to die for his country, and he himself was willing to march all night and fight all day for the country he loved so well; but that if the good Lord would get him out of this scrape he would be slow to love another.

"There are only two general officers with us, General Cabell and General Gano. It is as hard to tell a general now as it was during the war. General Pegram, going through the forest, encountered a straggler, when he asked the latter who he was. He replied: 'A plain soldier!'"

After the band again played "Dixie," W. M. Pierson, of Winstboro, was introduced. "I am glad that the band played that tune," he said, "for it would not be like a Confederate gathering unless it did. It is not the tune of the New South, for there is no New South; it is the Old South, beautiful in its memories and traditions. I enter my protest against the changing of the words of that song or a note of its music, for it means much to our history." The speaker then discussed

the various phases of the war history and the causes which led up to the conflict. The veterans especially approved of his idea that the history should be taught as it was, not as it had been "made to fit." He declared that the greatest need to-day was a history that spoke the truth.

Gabe Lucas, of McKinney, who only has to confine himself to certain actual facts in his boyhood experience in order to be entertaining, spoke concerning events in the early days when railroads in Texas were not and when only small settlements here and there marked the sites of future great cities. His address met with high favor, and there were many ejaculations of assent to his statements by the old men who had themselves passed through similar experiences. He said:

"I had to work along in May, when the days were good and long and the sun was blazing hot. I had to hoe cotton; and if there was a bad hoe, crooked handle, or corner broken off, I had it to use and to keep my row up. When the men would fall under the shade of the trees at the end of the rows, they would say: 'Gabe, get a bucket of water while you are resting.' Maybe it was a quarter of a mile. I was never asked to walk and do anything, but always to run. 'Gabe, be quick.' 'Come in to dinner; the men folks eat first.' I had to wait until they got done eating, go out on the shady side of the house, turn a chair upside down, put a pillow on it, and take a snooze. Soon as I got done eating: 'Run, Gabe, slop the pigs, cut some wood.' Time I got the pigs slopped and cut some wood—well, the men folks said it was time to go to work. No rest for Gabe in the fall of the year.

"When we went to gathering corn, a big man on each side of the wagon, pulling two rows of corn standing, me pulling the down row; and when we came in with the last row in night, they would say: 'Gabe, take out the horses and water and feed them, run and drive up the cows, and milk and get in wood; you ain't been doing nothing to-day but pulling the down row'—like that wasn't work. I never got to eat at the first table—always had to wait, and you know a boy gets hungrier than a grown person.

"I thought that if ever I got to be a man I would be a preacher, so that I could eat at the first table and have all the boys waiting on me. I was raised by the Hardshell Baptists. Old Brother Detheridge used to come from up in Fannin County down to our church and preach. When he would come to our house, mother would say: 'Gabe, run catch a chicken; Brother Detheridge has come. Catch a rooster.' I go down the side of the garden fence where the big weeds are, where the chickens have dust holes, feathers all turned the wrong way scratching up dust, and throw into them. If I miss them, chase them around the barn, then around the hoggens. They would often start for the house to get under the floor. Time I got that chicken's head wrung off and took him back to the kitchen mother would have the water hot, scald that chicken, and hand it back to me to go out there in the corner of the garden and pick that chicken so that the feathers won't get all over the place. Pick that chicken as quick as I could, hand it back to her. She would say: 'You ain't got the pin'-feathers off good. Now run stake Brother Detheridge's horse on some good, high grass.' We always staked visitors' horses; we hobbled ours.

"Time I got back to the house that chicken was smelling good; get around behind that stove and watch them turn over the nice brown pieces. Lord, how I like that good chicken! Put it on a plate, and leave me wondering what piece will be left for me. Make some good chicken gravy, pour all over the plate, set it all on the table, and ask them in to supper.

"Brother Detheridge would always say a good, long blessing, and just as he got done reach over and get the thigh. Somebody else got the other one, then the breastpiece went, the drumstick, the pulley bone. The second round all that good chicken was gone. Time I got to the table I would say: 'Ain't there no chicken for me?' 'No, son, but here's some mighty good chicken gravy'—like a boy would be satisfied with chicken gravy.

"And that wasn't all. Next morning I had to get that horse, curry him off, saddle him off, and hold him out at the stile blocks. When Brother Detheridge would go to leave, he would say, 'My Brother So and So, and God bless you; and the Lord be with you, Sister So and So,' shaking all them grown people's hand, telling the Lord to be with them. 'Come out where I was, snatch the reins from my hand, and get on that horse, saying, 'Gabe, be a good boy'—like I hadn't been good.

"My friends, don't you know that the best gravy that was ever made sticks to the bottom of the frying pan? And my children won't sop it. I did, and it was mighty good for the first round. Judge Lewis, up at Madill, Ind. T., and I are stepbrothers, and he and I used to sop the pan together. I was little the largest, so he thought I was getting too much of the gravy, got hold of the pan, took his finger, marked down through the center of the skillet, and said: 'Now, Gabe, you sop on your own side.'"

Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie was introduced to the audience by Gen. R. M. Gano, and was heartily applauded, for which she expressed appreciation.

The following resolution of thanks was passed yesterday by the Confederate Veterans:

"Whereas Dallas has on this occasion of the fifteenth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans of the State Division of Texas outdone herself in entertaining us by the many efforts on the part of her chivalrous sons and fair daughters; and whereas the Dallas Fair, one of the established institutions of the State of Texas, has likewise extended to us unusual courtesies on this splendid occasion; and whereas the railways have also done us proud on this occasion by substantial favors, which we highly appreciate; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we are under lasting obligations to this good people, and here express our deep and lasting regrets that we cannot be happy always as Dallas has made us feel, but we go away to our homes with breasts aglow for Dallas and her people."

ACTION CONCERNING THE VETERAN.

"Judge C. C. Cummings, now serving his sixth term as Historian of the Texas Division and his sixteenth term as Historian of Lee Camp, Fort Worth, offered the following resolution with preamble, which was adopted:

"Whereas the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published by our industrious and untiring comrade, S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville, Tenn., is now well on in its fourteenth year, and during all its years has published monthly historic data of the War between the States which could not have been so accurately and minutely preserved by any other like publication in the land and has also preserved the phonograph of voices long since silenced by time, and has therein gathered thousands of shadowgraphs of faces of heroes and heroines of the South which would otherwise have been forever lost to history, and he has in this done a noble work which should receive just recognition by all who love the South while he yet lives; be it

"Resolved, by the Texas Division of United Confederate Veterans here assembled at Dallas, Tex., in its fifteenth annual

Reunion, That the thanks of this body are hereby tendered Comrade S. A. Cunningham for his constant and unwavering devotion to the South in his labors for us and posterity, and we hope that he may be spared under the providence of God many more years to advance still further this very essential adjunct to the truth of history.

"Resolved, further, That our Adjutant General, Col. George Jackson, be, and he is hereby, requested to forward to Comrade Cunningham a copy of these resolutions."

WHO STOLE COLONEL BAKER'S SHORT'NIN'?

BY COL. R. B. COLEMAN, M'ALESTER, IND. T.

Colonel Baker commanded the 54th Alabama Infantry, C. S. A., and was in the retreat from Corinth, Miss., marching and fighting all the way back to Canton, Miss. After Price and Vandorn had made the unsuccessful attack on Corinth, Colonel Baker was fond of the 54th. He had been all the time at the front with them; and when they arrived at the camp at Canton, the Colonel's negro cook first stretched the tent for the old Colonel and placed in it a nice cot, and the Colonel stretched out for a nap while Pomp, the negro cook, prepared the supper. Being very tired, he soon went to sleep, with the 54th squatted around his tent, closely camped with arms stacked, and all busy getting something to eat. Rations were scarce, and particularly meat and grease of any kind.

J. H. Spangler, of this old 54th, had an immense foot, and the mess that he belonged to was nearest the Colonel's tent on this occasion. While Pomp busied himself making a fire to cook the Colonel's supper he came out of the tent with an old-fashioned bread tray scooped out of a log and about two feet long. It contained quite a lot of nice white flour. Setting it on a stool near the fire, the cook went into the tent and came out with about three pounds of nice country lard in his two hands and placed it in the flour, covering it with flour ready to knead into bread. Then he disappeared into the tent after the salt and other ingredients. But alas! Spangler had been watching the whole proceeding as hungry as a foot cavalryman can get. This lard was too tempting for the honesty that his good old mother had taught him in "Alabam." He slid up to the tray and scooped out that lump of lard and then back to his mess fire. He made the mess dinner with that nice country lard.

Pomp came back in a minute or two and proceeded to knead up his mess of flour for the Colonel's dinner minus the lard. When he had dinner prepared, he awoke Colonel Baker and told him that dinner was ready. The line officers being ready, they sat down to dinner; and Colonel Baker, being very hungry, bit into a biscuit and stopped, saying: "Pomp, when in the thunder did you get these biscuits?" Pomp, thinking that the Colonel was going into ecstasies over the good biscuit, said with much gusto that he had made them with that nice country lard that the kind lady had presented the Colonel with that morning. Colonel Baker said with an adjective: "They have no lard in them. You could use them in that four-pounder over at the battery better to kill Yankees with than to eat. Where is that lard, Pomp?" "It is in that bread, Master Baker." "Go look in the tent and see where that lard is!" shouted the irate Colonel. Pomp looked, but said he knew he had placed it in the tray with the flour. At this juncture Spangler shouted: "Colonel, I saw a Georgian here about the time Pomp was making that bread, and he or one of that Missouri brigade stole that lard while that bread was in the oven. You have to watch them Missourians. They are half Yankee, anyway!"

WHAT WAS SAID OF WIRZ IN 1865.

[A special correspondent, "Pierre," of the New York News wrote from Macon, Ga., to that paper.]

It has been some time since the trial of Captain Wirz, but it is not too late to say that his execution has produced a painful sensation throughout the Southern States. At the time of his arrest the people here knew but little of the commandant at Andersonville, and cared less; but subsequent developments, and especially the bloodthirsty disposition evinced by the government of a great nation and the manly bearing of the prisoner on the scaffold, have made the whole Southern people mourners over his grave. They never believed him nor anybody else guilty of the crimes alleged against him. They knew it was impossible for such crimes to be committed without their knowledge. They knew more—that the people of these much-abused and much-wronged States are incapable of such barbarities. When, therefore, Captain Wirz, standing under the gallows and on the very brink of the grave, declared his innocence, they believed he spoke the truth.

This is not all. They believed that Stanton wanted to treat the populace at the North to a bloody spectacle. They believed he wanted to divert attention from his own barbarous and persistent refusal to exchange prisoners of war. They believed he deliberately resolved to make poor Wirz the scapegoat of the iniquities of his own government and of himself, and to this end he violated the spirit and the letter of the military convention between Johnston and Sherman as well as the fundamental law of the land. They believed, moreover, that the military commission before which Wirz was tried, setting aside all decency and catching at the spirit of the Secretary of War, was overbearing and dictatorial, and that he did not have a fair trial. And, finally, they believed the war minister of the government, taking counsel of his passions, his prejudices, and his hatreds, sought by the conviction and execution of Wirz to write a false chapter in the history of the war and to infamize the South.

No one knows so well as the Secretary of War how much foundation there is for this belief. That there is some foundation for it is proven by the following truthful statement: One of the most truthful and reliable men in Georgia, an eminent surgeon, was summoned to Washington as a witness for the prosecution. Supposing the judge advocate was desirous only of getting at the truth, he went to him before he was put on the stand and stated to him that the vaccine matter used upon the prisoners at Andersonville was introduced into the South from abroad, and was used upon women and children in the country just as it was at the prison, and with precisely the same effect, until it was discovered to be deleterious. This statement was made to disabuse the mind of the judge advocate of the impression that an unfit article of vaccine matter had been used upon the prisoners for the purpose of destroying them. And yet the judge advocate failed to interrogate the witness upon this point when he put him on the stand! Nay, more; when the witness was subsequently recalled by the defense and asked to explain this matter, the judge advocate used all his legal ingenuity to prevent the truth coming out!

But further: A returned prisoner had testified to a chapter of horror at Andersonville. Upon descending from the stand and being accosted by an acquaintance in the lobby, he remarked in the hearing of the surgeon alluded to above that what he had just sworn to "was all a d—line; that others had been telling big tales, and he thought he would see if he could not beat them all; and if the defense would secure him against

a prosecution, he would return to the stand and swear it all away."

Captain Wirz seemed solicitous in his parting interview with Captain Winder about his future reputation. His uneasiness was groundless, so far as the South is concerned. Here he is already regarded as the victim of a conspiracy against the truth of history—a martyr, who met his fate with a grace and heroism that has never been excelled. How much good such an execution will accomplish in restoring friendly feeling to the people of the two sections and connecting the torn and blood-stained Union remains to be seen. The military gentlemen who composed the commission, with Mr. Stanton at their back, have had their fleeting triumph. Wirz will have his history. The day will yet come when they will deplore the parts they played in this disreputable tragedy. There are men in the South who can wield the pen as well as the sword, and already they are at work gathering up materials for a truthful history not only of the exchange and treatment of prisoners of war but of the war itself. The truth cannot be always hid under a bushel. The radical conspirators against history may have the ear of the world just now, but sooner or later the truth will come out. "The eternal years of God are hers." The followers of Davis, Lee, and Jackson can bide their time, remembering what the great poet of Israel said: "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree; yet he passed away, and lo! he is no more."

But if the unfair trial of Wirz (and, if fair, the impolitic execution of him) has had such effect here, what effect do you imagine the illegal, unconstitutional, and dictatorial policy of the President toward the States of the South is likely to produce? The institution of negro slavery has been destroyed by the sword—whether wisely or unwisely remains to be seen—and there was no impropriety in a recognition of the fact by the States most deeply concerned. But what right had the President to say to these States that they must pass the amendment to the Federal Constitution prohibiting slavery? He had precisely the same right, neither more nor less, to dictate to New Jersey and New York. Did he attempt to coerce those States? And if not, why not? The law being the same, can a judge apply one rule to one man and a different rule to another without endangering the liberties of all? What warrant, too, other than one of mere power had the President to interfere in the matter of the war debts of the Southern States? These debts were created by and were due alone to the people of these States. They were not created, as the President seems to believe, principally by the secessionists, nor would the few remaining Unionists alone be taxed to pay them. The greater part of them indeed was owing to the latter class, who were more successful in keeping out of the army, and consequently in accumulating State securities of the kind repudiated. The President's interference, therefore, has been detrimental to those whom he is pleased to consider his friends, just as the thirteenth or twenty-thousand-dollar clause of his Amnesty Proclamation caught five original Unionists where it caught one secessionist. The property holders of the South, as everywhere else, were conservative, and as a class opposed to secession.

The people may submit to this dictation because they cannot help themselves, but is such a policy calculated to make good friends of the Northern people and Southern people? The President has a difficult task to perform; this is quite as manifest to the South as to the North. But are not the difficulties of his position increased by his seemingly doubtful and hesitating treatment of the great questions of reconstruction

and restoration? A skillful equestrian may ride two horses at one time, but what politician has ever been known to ride two parties? The South sees more clearly than the President that he must elect between the Radicals and the Democrats, between principle and policy; otherwise, like the unskillful horseman, he will fall between the two and be destroyed. The Radicals will have their own presidential candidate in 1868. Mr. Johnson may be the candidate of a caucus of the Democratic party, and the South may present a third candidate, not in the person of one of her own sons, but a sincere and fearless advocate of the right from the great North. The result of such a contest must be doubtful.

But, turning from political to other topics, it may be remembered that, fortunately for the large class of vagrant negroes in the country, the weather thus far has been unusually mild. The frost has hardly been sufficient to destroy the tenderest vegetation. When cold weather sets in earnest, however, there must be much suffering among the freed people. They are as listless and idle as ever. The Freedmen's Bureau is now trying to undo the mischief occasioned by the error so widely propagated by its agents and fanatical chaplains in the army that a division of property would be made this winter. The poor negroes are greatly puzzled which to believe—the Bureau when it blows hot or the Bureau when it blows cold. In this state of doubt they are as much indisposed as ever to enter into labor contracts for another year.

What is to become of the poor creatures it is impossible to foresee. Wherever they could get possession of a house or shanty, the vagrants among them have congregated in large numbers, living in filth and dirt and herding together promiscuously like so many cattle. The result is an unusual amount of crime and sickness. There is a great deal of destitution and vagrancy in all parts of the country where they have broken loose from their old homes. They scatter the small-pox wherever they go, so that it has become dangerous for a man to travel on the railway or stop at a public house. Under the teachings of army chaplains they are also breaking away from their former Church associations and setting up for themselves. This is noticeably so in the Methodist Church. The idea is to have nothing to do with the Southern white man, notwithstanding their dependence upon him for employment and support. This is one of the bitter fruits of radical missionary work.

But the country is threatened with other evils besides these. We have seen the cholera crossing mountains, continents, and even seas. Can we expect less of the insurrectionary madness which has seized upon the negroes in Hayti and Jamaica? The Gulf Stream is not so wide as the Atlantic; and if the great Asiatic scourge has cleared the one at a bound, may not this anarchical and insurrectionary mania cross the other? The Gulf is the home of the storm king, as the wrecks upon our coast painfully attest. A far blacker and more fearful storm than any that ever descended upon these shores is now brewing in that tempestuous region; and should it be attracted thither by the fanatical conductors held out to it by the innumerable radical agitators, we shall witness not the coasts alone but whole States covered with wrecks such as the world never saw before.

If this great calamity should come, can Chief Justice Chase, Sumner, Phillips, Greeley, and Colfax look the South in the face and cry, "Thou canst not say we did it?" There is always an insurrectionary feeling among the negroes in many parts of the country—the natural fruits of the teachings of

these men and their agents in the South and of the unwise administration of the Freedmen's Bureau. A meeting was held last summer by the negroes in one of the largest towns in this State, at which resolutions were adopted declaring, among other things, that the property in the country was theirs by the double right of conquest and labor, and that if not yielded to them they would take it. This meeting was held within a stone's throw of the headquarters of a major general in the United States army! Similar threats have been made by individual negroes in many parts of the country. And yet if a Southern white man should undertake to have one of these malcontents bound over to keep the peace, he would be instantly arrested by the military authorities and put in jail or required to pay a heavy fine.

The Legislature of this State will convene on the 9th proximo. Under the coercive policy of the President, it will doubtless adopt the "so-called" Constitutional Amendment. What else can it do? The South accepts the issues of the war as irrevocable, and means to abide by them in good faith; but she is not likely soon to forget those who put harsh and unconstitutional terms upon her. The Convention has already very properly provided for the admission of negro testimony in the courts of the State. Such has always been the law in Georgia in cases affecting the blacks. There would have been but little opposition to such a provision in any of the States but for the compulsory policy of the government.

ABOUT THAT PROVIDENCE SPRING.

BY WILLIAM HOOD, BARTOW, FLA.

THE VETERAN of October, 1906 (page 446), says:

"A thunderbolt fell with omnipotent ring

And opened the fountain of Providence Spring."

The writer would like to know something authentic relative to this spring. Another reference appears to be made to the same spring. In the same issue, in speaking of the Iowa monument, these words are used: "Iowa's monument in the Pisen Park makes conspicuous: 'God smote the side hill, and gave them drink.'"

A few years ago it was my painful duty to watch a few hours each day by the bedside of a friend from Steubenville, Ohio, whom consumption was rapidly carrying to the grave. His son, a very intelligent boy of ten or twelve years of age, was generally in or about the room when I was with his father. A life-size picture hanging on the wall in view of the sick man troubled him. In his weak and almost unconscious mind he fancied at times that it was a real person and stepped out from the wall and gazed at him too intently for comfort. The son and I removed the picture. The incident led to serious conversation concerning strange fancies of a weakened or diseased mind, and finally to mysterious providence.

The lad, who had been inquisitive about the war and greatly interested in any personal experiences he could get me to relate, asked me what I knew of the sudden and marvelous appearance of a spring within the Andersonville prison walls. As it was a new matter to me, I asked him where he got it and to tell me what he had heard about it. He said that he had read it in one of the schoolbooks used in the public schools of his city, Steubenville. He said that the book made the statement that at a time when it was warm and dry the Federal prisoners were brought to extreme suffering because of a scarcity of water. They held prayer meetings to pray for water. One morning, after such a prayer meeting, a bold, fine spring of pure, sweet water appeared at the foot of a hill within the inclosure, and that thenceforward the prisoners

suffered no more from lack of water. The book gave the bursting forth of the water as a remarkable answer to prayer by a captive, suffering people.

As the pages of the *VETERAN* cited above appear to be in harmony with such an idea, the truth of history requires that the question be examined and the origin of "Providence Spring" published before the witnesses are all dead.

GRAND CAMP OF VIRGINIA.

W. H. STEWART, MAJOR GENERAL VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

Some unusual statements were made at the Roanoke Reunion of the Grand Camp of Virginia Veterans by Col. W. H. Stewart, who was chosen the commander in chief for the ensuing year. In responding to the address of welcome by Capt. C. A. McHugh, Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, spoke as follows:

"On behalf of the Grand Camp, Confederate Veterans of Virginia, I accept your hospitality with great delight and assure you that we feel very proud of your generous recognition.

"Some of us come from the lowlands, where the first blaze of war in Virginia shone upon the clouds of 1861, where the first blood (Alex. Sykes, May 19, 1860, Sewell's Point) stained a soldier's uniform on the soil of the Old Dominion for Southern independence, from the shores of Hampton Roads, which saw the Virginia whip the Monitor, and where the tides of the sea ebb and flow, to meet your glorious highland soldiers, who were as steadfast as these great, green hills upon which your cattle graze, as strong in the Confederate faith as the eternal mountains which guard your beautiful homes.

"Soldiers of Stonewall Jackson, veterans who helped to capture Rickett's Battery at Manassas, men who followed Armistead at Gettysburg, Mahone's men, A. P. Hill's soldiers, Salem artillerymen, who fired the last cannon shot at Appomattox, and gallant cavalrymen, who lowered the last Confederate flag and spilled the last drop of blood within the confines of our State, in your mother county, Montgomery, for State's rights, are here assembled, and it is pleasant to know that a wealth of heart offerings, richer than shining gold, is tendered them through you, Captain McHugh, by the Chamber of Commerce of Roanoke, the magic city of Virginia.

"These veteran soldiers of all sections of Virginia are proud to meet you in these days of peace, when Confederate banners unfurl in glory and Confederate monuments lift their shafts in sacred remembrance of the battle dead, not only over the whole South, but yonder under Northern skies, where our comrades languished and died in prison bonds. I remember the bitter days when carpetbaggers and scalawags ruled in Virginia, and then some of our commercial friends whispered that it would be impolitic to show our colors or build monuments to our Confederate dead, but we should pretend that we wished the fight had never been, and banish from our thoughts memory of the past. O unhallowed deceit! Thank God those days are now dead and buried in universal and eternal disgrace!

"How changed! Citizens, soldiers, veterans, you now see the day when the star-crossed flag of the South can be unfurled with honor even in the shadow of Bunker Hill monument!

"Listen! When you lift your eyes to the halo of this American nation's crown gleaming with jewels, you see among

them the Confederate private soldier holding aloft the spirit-banner of the Confederate States in robes as white and graceful as those draped about the shoulders of great Washington, the father of his country. It is a glory everywhere for the South to cherish its Confederate flag and rear monuments to the memory of its soldiers; not only resplendent in sentiment, but in a commercial view it adds to the riches of the South, which have grown from the desolation of war until the world looks hither in admiration.

"Harken! The percentage increase of individual deposits in the banks of the Southern States from 1896 to 1906 was greater than in the Western States, greater than in the Middle States, greater than in the Eastern States, and greater than in the New England States. (See circular report of the Comptroller of the Currency dated October 1, 1906.)

"Marvelous, indeed, has been the recovery of our fair Southland from the ashes of war. Nowhere is there a more forcible demonstration of business advancement in the South than exhibited here by this Queen City of Southwest Virginia, which to-day welcomes Confederate veterans with open arms and loving hearts.

"All the world now honors true Confederate soldiers. All the world loves the pure life of Robert E. Lee and cherishes the Christian chivalry of Stonewall Jackson. All the world adores our devoted women, who bandaged the wounds and knelt in prayer at the cots of dying soldiers.

"On the 30th of May last, 1906, the President of the United States came to my home city to unveil a monument for the Army and Navy Union's dead. Fifty thousand people gathered there to honor the event. A great military and civic procession marched from his landing place in the navy yard through the principal streets of the city to the cemetery in his honor. There were three thousand sailors and marines in white uniforms, with nine brass bands that played "Dixie" on every street. When the head of the martial column reached the Confederate monument in the center of Court Street, it halted and a detail of sailors scaled the iron fence of the monument and placed garlands of flowers on the bronze effigies of Confederate infantryman, artilleryman, cavalryman, and sailor, which stand around the base of the great granite shaft "To Our Confederate Dead." Each beautiful wreath was of the color of the arm of service it decorated. The carriage halted for the President to witness this dramatic and touching ceremony; and when the march resumed, as his carriage passed by he arose from his seat, uncovered his head, and reverently saluted the mute memorial to the Confederate cause, while four disabled Confederate soldiers dipped the national flag which they held in his honor.

"How grateful to our hearts and delightful to our eyes to see our dead battlefield comrades honored all over the world as American heroes!

"I wish we were a nation in fact as we are in spirit; but next to this I welcome and love the sentiment of the North which comes in the exemplification of Theodore Roosevelt while under the shade of the Confederate monument at Portsmouth, Va.

"I still regret and lament the downfall of the Confederate States. I believe that the permanent establishment of that nationality would have been a safeguard for the liberties of the American people, both of the Northern nation and the Southern republic, against the accused trusts which are now threatening our very freedom. Yes, already we are bound hand and foot by cords which soulless combinations have

fastened with knots almost too hard for powder and bullets to break.

"We are now absolute slaves to great trusts, and what Patrick Henry will rise up to stir the storm that will break these bonds already forged? I believe the statesmanship of a Southern republic would in due time have given the black man his freedom without the horrors of reconstruction, and been an impenetrable barrier against the inordinate greed of the trusts that fatten on human sweat and crush human liberty. But the opportunity was lost at Appomattox, and its veterans now plead for peace and the union of true men of all sections for constitutional government and the high ideals which Washington cherished and Jefferson loved. Only sharp laws for the regulation of monopolies can regain the liberty of the people."

WHAT THREE BOYS DID.

BY W. M. WATKINS, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

In your last issue you ask for an account of the capture of the Federal transport Miller by three boys, on the Arkansas River between Little Rock and Pine Bluff, August, 1864.

I was under the impression that I had sent you this several years ago, and had wondered why you did not publish it in the *VETERAN*.

It was my pleasure to have known the leader of this "company," Johnny Jones, for some years before the war, during the war, and since, and even yet we keep up a regular correspondence. He is now a prominent physician of Philadelphia, and a member of Camp No. 2, New Orleans, U. C. V. He is in all the affairs of life the typical Southern gentleman, the true friend and gallant soldier—brave, daring, and fearless. A year ago, in conversation with Gen. Powell Clayton, who then commanded the Federal forces at Pine Bluff, and who was a gallant officer, one who admires true courage wherever found, I recalled the incident of the capture of the Miller, and asked if he remembered it. "Those boys," said he, "Johnnie Jones, Bennie Riggs, and Church Price. Why, certainly I do. They gave me no end of trouble and annoyance, and at one time if I had been able to catch them I would have had them shot. But their capture of the Miller was one of the most gallant, as well as reckless, things I ever heard of, but just what one might look for in war from an American boy."

These boys made their homes in and near Pine Bluff, some of them temporarily; at least they knew all the byroads and paths leading in and around the town, but took no active part as an organization until after the Federal occupation of Pine Bluff in September, 1863, when the "company" was regularly organized and "took the field." There were only three in the company. Johnny Jones, being sixteen years old and the eldest by a few months, was made leader; but all participated in the councils when any daring move was in contemplation.

Their operations were at first around Pine Bluff, and confined mostly to running in pickets at night. The picket stand on the Little Rock road was several miles out. Just above Pine Bluff was a bridge over a deep ravine. Above this bridge the "boys" would stretch wire across the roads from tree to tree, then circle around the picket stand, coming into the main road a mile or more above, then dash down the road toward the pickets yelling and shooting. The pickets would instantly mount and make a dash for Pine Bluff; but when they struck the wire several horses and prisoners fell into the hands of the victors.

Sometimes they had a few recruits, but generally they would stay for only one "campaign" and return home, but were sub-

ject to call and quick to respond. Some of them were used as couriers in sending information of the enemy's movements to Camden, then Confederate headquarters, this being their principal business so far as orders went.

When their operations became more extended, they often made trips down as far as the Mississippi River. There was no danger too great to deter them. They would tackle a gunboat with a six-shooter, and when meeting a scout of the enemy they never counted them until the fight was over. Late in 1864 they needed, or thought they did, some new six-shooters, caps, and powder, and at once they put up a scheme that worked entirely satisfactorily. They got an ox cart, with one yoke of cattle, loaded on two bales of cotton, drove down to Gaines Landing on the Mississippi, discarded their arms, hailed a transport, told a pitiful tale of their father's having been hung because he was a union man by the Secesh fellows and robbed of all they had except the two bales of cotton, which they wanted to take to Memphis and sell, then buy their mother and the little ones some clothing and provisions and themselves some guns with which to avenge their father's death. They were taken aboard and given free fare to Memphis, cotton buyers on board bought their cotton, and the passengers raised a purse of one hundred dollars for them. After getting their "supplies" they hastened back to Gaines Landing, where one of them had been left in charge of the team, and in a few days they were on the road again.

The Miller was captured by a good bit of strategy, audacity, and superb nerve. It was this way: The boys had learned that the Miller was aground near Lipscomb's plantation, and were keeping a close watch on the movements of her crew and passengers, who numbered fifty-five souls in all, nine of whom were soldiers, as a guard likely, for the stores on board. One morning the passengers and most of the crew went up to Lipscomb's watermelon patch, and this was the boys' opportunity. They dashed up with a pistol in each hand and demanded an instant surrender. Two held their guns upon the party while the third searched them for arms. They were then formed into two platoons, and Jones directed Riggs and Price to march them to the boat (the road running just on the river bank) while he galloped on to the boat, firing his pistol overhead to attract attention. He told the captain that his "command" was just behind him (the prisoners under Riggs and Price could be seen marching up), that he had one piece of artillery, and if the entire crew and passengers did not come ashore and surrender at once he would open fire just as soon as his gun could be gotten into position, and would not let up as long as a piece of the wreck could be seen. Three soldiers jumped overboard and waded out on the other side. The captain and crew came ashore at once and surrendered. Bennie Riggs was left to guard the prisoners, the rest having reached the boat. There was a ferryboat near, and Jones and Price made the crew unload as much of the cargo, consisting of flour, meat, and coffee, as they thought the people in the neighborhood could haul away before help came; then jumping on a fine mare said to have belonged to General Steele, they fired the boat, and she burned to the water's edge. While Jones and Price were aboard the boat directing movements, a negro, one of the prisoners, seized a saber and made a vicious attack upon Riggs, who had been left as guard. Riggs was badly and dangerously wounded before he could use his pistol, when he shot the negro dead. This was the only casualty. Jones and Price helped Riggs on his horse, and rode by his side supporting him until they reached a friendly shelter, where Riggs

was tenderly nursed back to health and strength, but it was many weeks before he took the saddle again. Another capture of a steamboat was that of the *New Iago*, at Swan Lake. In this capture the "company" consisted only of Johnnie Jones, Bennie Riggs, Lewis Holsenback, and George Rowell. The *New Iago* was lying at Swan Lake Landing, some miles below Pine Bluff, when the boys dashed up and, succeeding in capturing her, held her over two hours; but a large body of cavalry appeared (about one hundred), which was mistaken for the enemy; and as they were cutting the boys off from the timber, they fired the boat and went out to meet their supposed enemy. Think of one hundred men to four boys! Yet they intended trying to cut their way through; but the supposed enemy proved to be Captain Mayberry coming out of Missouri with recruits for the Confederate army. The crew of the *Iago*, however, put out the fire, cut the lines, and went on down the river, but was captured next day at Douglas's Landing by Walter Greenfield's command and destroyed.

There are many more thrilling exploits of these boys, which I will try to get up and send you when I have time. And all these should be preserved, but our comrades seem so indifferent about such matters! Church Price died early, but Jones and Riggs are still in the land of the living.

[The foregoing account of that remarkable achievement is to be supplemented by reports of the two survivors, "Johnny" Jones and "Bennie" Riggs, now Dr. John J. Jones, of Philadelphia, and Mr. B. F. Riggs, of Louisville, Ky.—Ed.]

GEN. J. T. MORGAN SAVED FROM HIS OWN ORDER.

BY CAPT. ROBERT E. PARK, ATLANTA, GA.

In September, 1861, while serving as an enthusiastic young private soldier in the 12th Alabama Regiment, my company, then commanded by Capt. R. F. Ligon (afterwards Lieutenant Governor of Alabama), with a company from the 5th Alabama, and all as a battalion under the command of Maj. John T. Morgan, of the 5th Alabama Regiment (who afterwards became brigadier general of cavalry, C. S. A.), I made my first long walk as an infantry soldier from Sankster's Crossroads, in Prince William County, to Munson's and Mason's Hills, in Fairfax County, about three miles from the city of Alexandria and within sight of the Capitol at Washington, the dome of which loomed loftily above and in front of us. After a tiresome walk of ten or twelve miles, we bivouacked at night near Munson's Hill, and I was placed on picket at the junction of two country roads, with instructions to shoot any one who came in either direction, as there were none in front of us except the enemy, who were supposed to be cavalrymen.

As I write, my mind recalls a bright, cool, crisp moonlight night. My comrades, with the exception of the corporal in charge of the sentinels (afterwards Capt. E. P. Hendree), were in profound sleep, and I was one hundred feet in advance of them, standing under the shade of a beautiful oak thinking of home and loved ones and of the loneliness of my situation, when my listening ears caught the sound of an approaching horseman. The instruction "to shoot" any one advancing from the direction indicated by the sound of the horse's hoofs came promptly to my mind, but I thought of the cruelty and the cowardice of what seemed to me would be assassination, and I quickly determined that I would capture and not shoot whoever approached.

In a very few minutes I saw a solitary horseman riding rapidly in the direction of the crossroads. I waited patiently and with beating heart until he reached within half a dozen

feet of my position, when I suddenly left my place in the shade of the tree and placed my bayonet immediately in front of the breast of the astonished rider, who exclaimed: "Don't shoot!" I announced that he was my prisoner and inquired who he was. He replied: "I am Maj. John T. Morgan, of Alabama." As I had never seen Major Morgan except in the daytime and had never noted his features, I did not recognize him. He offered to give me the countersign, which was "Augusta." As I had not been given any password, I detained him while I called for the "corporal of the guard," and Corporal (afterwards Captain) Hendree responded, received the countersign, recognized the Major, and permitted him to pass.

I was only seventeen years of age at the time, but I ventured to suggest to the commander of the battalion that his severe orders "to shoot" would have caused his death if I had not violated the command and determined upon his capture. Since then I have often felt, as I watched the career of the eloquent and accomplished Senator from Alabama, what a crime it would have been if I had executed implicitly the orders given me and had robbed the world of so illustrious a statesman and the South of so noble an orator, patriot, and defender.

I have never heard of General Morgan's mentioning this incident; but if he should see this, though more than two score years have passed since the incident occurred, doubtless his heart would leap at the recollection of the imminent danger through which he passed, and all the result of his own rather reckless military order. It has always been a source of profound gratitude to myself that I disregarded my instructions in this instance, and thus saved the life of so useful a citizen and soldier.



MISS FANNIE B. HARRIS,
Sponsor for Georgia State Reunion, 1906.

REUNION GEORGIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

Savannah maintained her long and well-earned reputation for royal hospitality at the recent Convention of United Confederate Veterans. Excellent weather prevailed, and the entire city responded to the demands of the managers of the Reunion. The Convention was called to order by General Chairman C. M. Wylie, of Macon, Commander of the Georgia Division. Alderman F. M. Oliver delivered the address of welcome in behalf of the city and Judge Henry McAlphine on behalf of the Veterans and Sons of Veterans. Rev. J. M. Cofer, Chaplain of the Division, responded.

The entertainment for the first day consisted of a review of the fire department and an oyster roast tendered by Col. J. H. Estill at his home, near Savannah. At the Union Depot early in the day the Daughters of the Confederacy conferred Crosses of Honor upon sixteen veterans who arrived from Statesboro. The ceremony was simple, but impressive.

A feature of the morning session that caused much enthusiasm among the Veterans was an address by Miss Grace Lumpkin, of Columbia, S. C., a daughter of Maj. W. W. Lumpkin and sister of E. Lumpkin Glenn, Daughter of the U. C. V. Miss Grace is but fifteen years old, but her address was very much enjoyed. Upon its conclusion the Rebel yell was given by the Veterans, who thronged the hall, and the old soldiers gathered about the young girl to congratulate her.

At the second session of the Confederate Veterans A. J. West, of Atlanta, was elected Commander of the Georgia

Division for the next year; and it was also decided to hold the next Reunion at Augusta.

A resolution was passed providing that when Commanders of Divisions and Brigades are elected they be known as Commanders, and not as Generals. The purpose of the resolution is to prevent the confusion of the titles won in the war with those conferred through the office of election.

The following Commanders were elected: Eastern Brigade, J. W. Clark; Northern Brigade, Col. L. Pierce Thomas; Southern Brigade, Capt. Laws G. Young; Western Brigade, Capt. J. E. DeVaughan. Judge R. L. Rodgers was reelected State Historian. He accepted the honor in a pleasing address.

GEORGIA VETERANS GUESTS OF COLONEL ESTILL.

At the recent State Convention of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., two thousand visitors enjoyed the hospitality of Col. and Mrs. J. H. Estill, of Savannah. It is said to have been the biggest oyster roast ever given in Georgia. The reception was characteristic of those who gave it—a success in all of its details, and the guests were unstinted in their expressions of appreciation of the hospitality.

Another memorable feature of the day was the presentation of a gold cross to Colonel Estill by the Lafayette McLaws Camp, U. C. V. The Hon. Charles G. Edwards, Congressman elect for the First Georgia District, was chosen by the Camp to make the presentation speech, and he discharged the duty in a manner most happily befitting the occasion. Colonel Estill was the first Commander of McLaws Camp when it was organized, and is its present Commander. The presentation of the beautiful golden Maltese cross was a surprise to Colonel Estill, and proved one of the happiest of the many pleasing features of the Reunion.

The visitors were taken from Savannah out to the Isle of Hope by the Savannah Electric Company in eighteen trolley cars and ten trailers, all crowded, even platforms and running boards being packed with those who were anxious to accept the generous invitation of Colonel Estill.

The luscious bivalves were served with beer and crackers on three tables each measuring more than the length of a city block. As the Veterans satisfied their appetites, they fell back and others charged the line. Three hundred bushels of oysters were roasted on ten large pans and served on the long tables. The napkins were held in place by Confederate battle flag and plain Confederate flag pins. The oysters were roasted fifty bushels at a time and were poured hot on the long tables. There were scores of waiters present to open the shells and serve them, though many who were familiar with opening roasted oysters chose to wait upon themselves.

At the bowling alley on the lawn there was a commissary depot, from which the hundreds of sandwiches, pickles, crackers, and cheese were served. The house was open to the visitors and refreshments were served from the porches. Boxes of cigars were passed around to the multitude of smokers.

The visitors strolled over the lawn and admired its beauty and listened to the stories of historic associations that are a part of Wymberly. Many things of interest about the place were commented upon. The Confederate battle flag floated proudly from the staff that is a relic of the Spanish-American War, and the visitors surrounded the historic old cannon, sea howitzers, and ship pieces which in the days of pirates were used to protect vessels from attack.

It was the first time that many of the Veterans had seen the beautiful place and had eaten oysters fresh from their briny beds. These things lent interest to the occasion and made it the more enjoyable.



COL. J. H. ESTILL, THE HOST.

Colonel Estill was profoundly impressed by the demonstration accorded him by his comrades of the sixties; and when he was lifted amid cheers to the table, he thanked them for their presence. He regarded it as a great honor that such a gathering of men should be reunited at his home on such an occasion. He said the Veterans who defended their rights and property and government made a record for themselves such as no other soldiers had ever made. He thanked his comrades first for the honor they paid him by their presence and expressed his heartfelt gratitude to Lafayette McLaws Camp for the honor its members had conferred upon him.

GOLD CROSS PRESENTED TO COLONEL ESTILL.

During the oyster roast several speeches were made, at which time Colonel Estill was presented with a golden cross by Mr. Edwards in behalf of McLaws Camp. Adjutant A. K. Wilson, Secretary of the Camp, standing upon one of the tables, introduced Mr. Edwards, a Confederate son, who had been chosen to represent the Camp in honoring its beloved Commander. Mr. Edwards was frequently interrupted by the Veterans with cheers. He said:

"World-Honored Confederate Veterans, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I have been requested by McLaws Camp of Confederate Veterans to perform a most pleasant duty, and in it I appreciate deeply the honor that has been done me in being selected for this task.

"Surrounded as we are by this picturesque scene, standing almost in the shadow of that magnificent structure on these ideal grounds, and partaking of this true Southern hospitality, it inspires, if possible, even a greater admiration for the 'Lord of Wymberly,' and we almost envy him his possession.

"The host has prepared and provided well and bountifully for the many guests on this joyous occasion, the memory of which will ever be sweet and lasting. Many oysters have been opened for this throng of people. I have been called upon in return, figuratively speaking, on behalf of McLaws Camp, to open an oyster for the Camp's first Commander, for its present Commander and leader, for one of Georgia's most distinguished and beloved sons, and one of the South's noble heroes.

"In opening this oyster, to continue the figure, I find that it contains a pearl. Under the law, with the oyster goes also the pearl. We are told by scientists that the pearl is a formation of layer after layer of secretions, and it is known to be one of the most highly prized of gems. This figurative pearl has likewise been formed by layer after layer of secretions of love and affection, extending through many years, from the loyal hearts of his Confederate comrades.

"It is a token of love and esteem from those who fought side by side with him in the days of the sixties, a token of continued love and fellowship from those who labored side by side with him in the dark days of reconstruction, a token from those who have stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the upbuilding and glorifying of our beloved South. It is a beautiful token and tribute of fidelity from those who know him best, who knew him heart to heart in the forefront of battle; a token from those—some of whom were by him and ministered unto him when he was wounded fighting our country's battles—from those who knew him as a brave and fearless soldier; from those who knew and loved him in war; from those who have watched him without jealousy in his manly and successful course in life, he always defending the South through his powerful newspaper and proclaiming the righteousness of the cause for which he and his fellow-coun-

trymen staked their all upon the altar of our Southland; a token from those who know of his many virtues and countless deeds of charity; from those who know him as a tried and true, a good and great man. . . ."

To the Veterans assembled Mr. Edwards said: "It is appropriate and a glorious custom to assemble yourselves together annually and fight over again and again in song and story the battles of long ago. It is pleasant for you to be here, and these occasions are always of cheer and gladness; but alas! each Reunion sees your ranks getting thinner, each of these reunions sees some of God's noblemen missing. The ravages of time are fast telling upon your ranks, and soon there will be no more Reunions here on earth, but one glorious, continuous reunion around the camp fires above. I hope these annual Reunions will continue until there are no Veterans to meet (may Almighty God stay that sad hour for many years to come!); then it will be the proud privilege of your devoted sons to meet in annual reunion in loving memory of our departed 'Spartan Fathers,' and we will forever keep alive the memory of your virtues and heroism."



WYMBERLY AND ITS HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS.

Wymberly, Col. J. H. Estill's home at Isle of Hope, where the Georgia Veterans were entertained, is one of the handsomest country places on the coast and has many associations of historic interest.

The Wymberly of to-day is a small part of the colonial plantation known by that name. The old tract originally embraced nearly a third of the Isle of Hope. A little over a hundred years ago it was divided among a number of heirs, and the present Wymberly comprises five or six of these divisions. It was a part of the original grant to Capt. Noble Jones, one of General Oglethorpe's party, in consideration of his erecting and garrisoning a fort to prevent the incursions of the Spaniards. Fort Wymberly, a well-preserved ruin, is on Wormsloe, the plantation adjoining Wymberly, having been repaired by Wymberly Jones DeRenne, Esq., the descendant of its builder and the present owner of the ancestral home.

During the Confederate war Wymberly was a famous camping place. Cavalry, infantry, and artillery occupied it. The Chatham Artillery was camped there, the 18th Georgia Battalion occupied it for nearly a year, the First Volunteer Regiment of Georgia was reorganized there upon the return of its officers and men from prison after their capture at Fort Pulaski, and part of the 5th Georgia Cavalry and other companies also had quarters there. Tradition says it was used by British, Colonial, and Revolutionary soldiers in the eighteenth century.

Wymberly was simply a pleasant country place until Colonel Estill became its owner, and its attractiveness to-day, aside from its natural beauty, is due to him. Its lawns, roads, gardens, and orchards are of his making, and even the broad river front lawn, with its grassy and shell slope, is his work. The mansion is new, only a few timbers and boards being left of

the old house. The flagstaff is a relic of the Spanish-American War, being that from which floated the national flag at the United States Hospital grounds at Savannah. The cannon are old seacoast howitzers, and the small gun is one of those ship pieces which in the days of pirates were used to protect a vessel from their attacks. In the Sesqui-Centennial of the landing of Oglethorpe, celebrated in 1883, this little cannon fired the salute from the vessel which represented the ship on which the founder of Georgia and his fellow-colonists came up the river.

The last engagement in Georgia during the Revolutionary War between the Americans and British was fought on Skidaway Island, just opposite Isle of Hope, on July 25, 1782.

Wymberly is not only a summer home on the salts but a very attractive little farm. There are chickens, pigs, cows, and horses, and over a thousand fruit trees and a small farm, or garden, which is marvelously productive. Besides these products of the land, Colonel Estill has a planted oyster bed, and in front of the property is the best crabbing and shrimping place in the Skidaway River.

A. J. WEST, DIVISION COMMANDER FOR GEORGIA.

Andrew J. West, the new Commander of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., is one of Georgia's best-known, most public-spirited, and patriotic citizens. He belongs to an old Georgia family. His grandfather, Andrew West, was one of the first settlers of Monroe County. His father, James F. West, was murdered in Vera Cruz, Mex. His mother was a daughter of Capt. Henry Butts, and on both paternal and maternal sides he is related to prominent and distinguished people.

Losing his father early in life, young Comrade West was thrown upon his own resources. But he was sturdy, manly, and self-reliant, and succeeded. He entered the Confederate army as a member of the Troup Light Guard from Lagrange, Ga., which became Company E, of the 41st Georgia Regiment. He fought in the Virginia campaigns, in Tennessee, in the Atlanta campaign, and was in service throughout the war.



MAJ. GEN. A. J. WEST, U. C. V.

He was present at the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. He was seriously wounded in two battles, and had many narrow escapes, displaying such conspicuous gallantry as to be several times mentioned in the official reports and to be twice promoted by special distinction. He fought his way to the front.

While a mere boy, at the age of nineteen, he received a captain's commission under a special act of the Confederate Congress, introduced by Senator B. H. Hill. In a sketch written by a friend an incident is told of how at Perryville, Ky., in the face of a death-dealing fire from the Federal lines, he rushed forward, the first soldier to reach the enemy's bright, shining cannon, and so inspired his comrades that they hesitated not, but quickly followed in the charge. In this fight the 41st Georgia lost forty per cent of its men and all of its field officers, including its commander, Col. Charles A. McDaniel. Company E, of which West was a member, lost forty-three of its seventy-five men in this fight. West was left on the field wounded in this fight. He was covered with blood and unable to move. It is said that he would undoubtedly have died had it not been for the timely appearance of a fair Kentuckian, Miss Lizzie Everhart, a member of a distinguished family. Years afterwards it was his delightful pleasure to meet that noble Kentucky woman in Atlanta as the wife of Dr. Amos Fox.

Reared an orphan boy, without pull or influence, General West worked his way up from the ranks to his present position—that of one of the best-known business men in Georgia. After a few months in school, he moved to Atlanta, where he organized a large wholesale grocery business; but the panic of 1873 prostrated this enterprise, sweeping away the savings of its founder. He at once organized a real estate business, which has become quite extensive in the Southern country.

He organized the Fulton Blues, equipped the company at his own expense, and was its captain for several years. When General Gordon was elected Governor, he summoned him to his staff; and this honor was repeated by Governor Northen, who appointed him Quartermaster General of Georgia. His commission was renewed by subsequent Governors, and he now serves the State with the rank of colonel. It was under his management that the military posts of Georgia were established. He had the camps at Chickamauga and Camp Northen at Griffin erected.

He was a director of the Cotton States and International Exposition and a World's Fair commissioner at Chicago for Georgia. He was chairman of two important committees during Atlanta's great exposition. General West is a prominent Mason, an active and valued member of the First Methodist Church of this city, and is associated with leading citizens in many enterprises which are calculated to serve the interests of the State.

He has been elected eight successive times to command the North Georgia Brigade, U. C. V. He was Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to Gen. Clement A. Evans, U. C. V., for many years. He is also Past Commander of Atlanta Camp, No. 159, U. C. V., and is at present Quartermaster General of the State of Georgia. At the reunion of the Blue and the Gray at Evansville, Ind., in October, 1899, General West responded to the speech of President McKinley, and was congratulated by the President in the presence of many people.

General West is a strikingly handsome man, Chesterfieldian in his courtliness, and no man has warmer friends. In the home circle, with his charming wife and interesting family, he is a hospitable and delightful entertainer and is at his best.

A BROTHER'S TRIBUTE.

A neat, simple, and substantial granite marker has been placed in Chickamauga National Park by Mr. J. F. Campbell, Manager of the Tennessee Cotton Oil Mills at Nashville, to mark the place where his brother, Joe L. Campbell, color bearer of the 1st Tennessee Infantry, was killed on Saturday afternoon, September 19, 1863, in the general assault made on the enemy's lines posted on a wooded ridge just west of the Reed or Winfrey House and south of the Alexander Bridge road. The marker is two feet by twenty inches by three feet high above concrete foundation. It bears the following inscription, which has been approved by the War Department at Washington:

"Joe L. Campbell,

Color bearer 1st Tennessee Infantry,

Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, C. S. A.,

Killed here Saturday afternoon, September 19, 1863."

In addition to honoring the memory of the gallant boy, it will show to future generations and the members of the famous 1st Tennessee where the old regiment faced the enemy and did their full duty on that sanguinary field. The marker will show probably less than one hundred feet between the lines at this spot.

Last August John F. Campbell, after conferring with his brothers and sisters, conceived the idea of trying to locate Joe's grave on the battlefield, and either bring his bones to Franklin and lay them beside father and mother or erect a monument on the field where he has slept all these years. Saturday night, after that day's battle, the killed and wounded of the regiment were carefully gathered up and carried to Dr. Buist's field hospital in the rear, at the Alexander House. Capt. Will Cunningham, of the ordnance department, was at the field hospital when the boys were brought in. Joe Campbell being a close friend of his, he buried him with some other comrades the next day (Sunday), and Captain Cunningham thought he might be able to locate the spot; so he and Mr. Campbell made two trips to Chattanooga and spent four days on Chickamauga field. They finally located Dr. Buist's field hospital and about where the boys were buried; but everything

Parham, of Chattanooga, who looked after the erection of the marker, which was put up by John Trout & Company.

Joe L. Campbell was born in September, 1839, at Drumaboden, the Campbell home in County Donegal, North of Ireland, of Scotch parentage of the "Clan Campbell," across the

channel in Argyshire, Scotland. In 1851, at the time of the troubles between "Landlordism" and Tenant's rights, Mr. John Campbell and wife, Martha Lytle, concluded to come to America to find better facilities for their children, two girls and five boys, Joe being the eldest. They bade farewell to the British Isles, took steamer from Londonderry to Liverpool, and there embarked on a sailing ship, the Forest King, bound for



JOE CAMPBELL.

New Orleans. After a voyage of nine weeks, they landed at New Orleans the latter part of September and made their way to Franklin, Tenn., where three of Mr. Campbell's brothers had located years before and settled on a farm in Williamson County. Joe got his education at the famous Harpeth Male Academy, and Alexander and Patrick Campbell were graduates of the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. Joe being a natural genius and a draughtsman of no mean ability, at the age of nineteen he took a position as draughtsman and head of the pattern-making department of the Brennan Foundry, at the foot of Broad Street, and enjoyed the distinction of getting up the drawings and patterns for the first cannon made by Brennan and afterwards made famous by Capt. John W. Morton's Battery.

At the first call to arms, in 1861, Joe joined Company C, Rock City Guards, 1st Tennessee Regiment, and went through all its campaigns at Cheat Mountain and Perryville. He was badly wounded while carrying the colors at Murfreesboro just after the regiment had crossed the Wilkerson Pike, driving the enemy toward the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. When Bragg fell back from Murfreesboro, Joe Campbell, with other wounded, was left behind, and was captured (together with his brother John, a mere boy, who afterwards made his escape by swimming Stone's River on January 4, 1863). Later on Joe was taken to Johnson's Island, where he had to endure the horrors of a Federal prison for about seven months. He was finally exchanged, and got back to the regiment south of Chattanooga just before the battle of Chickamauga. Still lame from his old wound, there was of course no duty required of him; but his messmate, Sam Seay, tells that when the bustle and rumble of the battle came on nothing would do Joe but to take the colors and go in with his comrades, where he laid down his young life on the altar of his adopted country.



being blotted and changed, there was no certainty, so Mr. Campbell concluded to put up a marker where his brother fell. He procured proper authority from the War Department at Washington, in which he was kindly and ably assisted by Captain Betts, civil engineer in charge of the park, and John

INQUIRY ABOUT GEN. WALTER H. STEVENS, ENGINEER C. S. A.—Dr. R. A. Doyle, of East Prairie, Mo., inquires about Gen. Walter H. Stevens, who was appointed a civil engineer in the Confederate army from Texas. It is understood that he was a native of New York, but was stationed at Galveston in charge of the harbor on United States government work in 1861; that he resigned and went with the South and became

chief engineer of the Army of Northern Virginia. The wonderful works around Petersburg and Richmond were the result of his skill. The report on General Stephens in the record at the VETERAN office is that he was appointed captain of engineers, C. S. A., June 12, 1861, served with General Beauregard to July, 1861, then as major under Gen. J. E. Johnston, and later was with Maj. Gen. G. W. Smith until 1862, when he was appointed brigadier general of engineers, Provisional Army of the Confederate States. Comrade Doyle inquires as to what became of him after the war.

REUNIONS OF VETERANS IN VIRGINIA.

The city of Roanoke extended a cordial welcome to the representatives of the State Confederate Veteran Associations in their annual Reunion, October 24-26. Almost every county of the State was represented, and the hospitality extended was most generous. Among those attending were many unable to bear the expense, yet all were provided for abundantly.

This was the nineteenth annual Reunion of the Grand Camp of Virginia, the first organization of Confederates in the State. The sessions of the Convention were held at the Academy of Music, handsomely decorated for the occasion. The meeting was called to order by Judge J. H. Fulton, of Wytheville, Grand Commander, who then introduced the Mayor of Roanoke, Hon. Joel H. Cutchin, by whom the address of welcome was delivered. The reply to this was by Gen. James Baumgardner, of Staunton, who was followed by other speakers in behalf of the city and local Camp. A daughter of Gen. I. D. Imboden, Mrs. John T. Trout, was introduced to the Veterans, and delighted them with her beautiful singing.

Grand Commander Fulton made his report for the year, showing that the death rate had increased largely, including two officers of the Grand Camp, Gen. G. C. Wharton, of Radford, and Capt. Thomas Ellett, of Richmond. He also referred to the efforts being made to rescue the muster rolls of the State from the national government. The General Assembly had passed a bill providing for the appointment of a secretary to secure such information, and the government had appointed Maj. Robert W. Hunter to the position.

The morning session of the second day was given over to reports of different officers of the Association. Maj. John W. Daniel made his report as Historian; Hon. T. C. Morton, Inspector General, reported the condition of Camps, some of which had been rescued from dissolution, and on the number of monuments erected in the State, the total being one hundred already built and in course of erection, a fine record for the State. He reported also the addition of three hundred and fifteen members during the year, with a loss of two hundred and fifty. So far as reported, there are now over six thousand members of Camps in the State, and in the different treasuries of these Camps is the goodly sum of \$7,100. Some of the Camps had expended their funds in helping to build their county monuments.

The business of the Convention was finished at the morning session on the 26th, when the report of the Finance Committee was made and found correct. A letter from Mrs. N. V. Randolph, President of the Richmond Chapter, was read and secured the indorsement of the plan to have a U. D. C. building at the Jamestown Exposition modeled after Beauvoir. Indorsement was also given, as proposed by Dr. J. William Jones, to the movement of friends of the University of Missouri to apply to the erection of a Confederate Memorial Hall at that institution a war claim of \$500,000 which the State had turned over to the university. A resolution was intro-

duced by Judge W. D. Vaughan, Commander of the Floyd County Camp, urging the amendment of the law providing pensions for Confederate widows, so that those who became the wives of Confederate veterans as late as 1876 could benefit, and this was adopted without dissent.

Maj. Robert W. Hunter, Secretary of the War Records of the State of Virginia, made his annual report. This report detailed the work which is being done in collecting the rosters of all Confederate organizations from Virginia, to be published by the Federal government. Major Hunter stated that 1,728 muster rolls had been secured. He urged that Virginia undertake to publish a roster of her soldiers in the Confederate army. A most interesting feature of the report was the statement that 1,404 engagements were fought in Virginia during the war—1,064 within the present boundaries of Virginia, and 340 within what is now West Virginia.

The session was closed by the election of officers for the following year: Col. W. H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, Grand Commander; Gen. T. T. Munford, of Lynchburg, Col. S. S. Brook, of Roanoke, and Judge John H. Ewell, of Lancaster, Lieutenant Grand Commanders; Capt. T. C. Morton, of Staunton, Inspector General; Capt. D. A. Brown, of Richmond, Quartermaster General; Rev. Dr. J. P. Hyde, of Winchester, Chaplain General.

OFFICERS OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

Upon the adjournment of the Grand Camp, the Virginia Division, U. C. V., was called to order by Gen. Stith Bolling, Commander of the First Brigade. He read the report of Gen. T. S. Garnett, who could not attend and who sent in his resignation. General Bolling was elected to command the Division, with the following Brigade Commanders: First Brigade, Col. Thomas W. Smith, Smithfield; Second Brigade, Gen. James Macgill, Pulaski; Third Brigade, Gen. R. D. Funkhauser, Shenandoah; Fourth Brigade, Gen. James Baumgardner, Staunton.

The Sons of Veterans of Virginia held their annual meeting at the same time, with good attendance, and elected officers.

The supreme event of the Reunion was the grand parade in the afternoon of the last day, in which the old soldier in line was the object of greatest interest. A grand ball to the sponsors, tendered by the Sons, closed this most enjoyable of Reunions, and the guests of the city reluctantly turned their faces homeward, planning to meet next year in Norfolk.

The Chamber of Commerce of Roanoke joined with the William Watts Camp in the entertainment of the Veterans, meeting all expenses of the occasion, including the commissary, where as many as nine hundred Veterans were fed on one day of the Reunion.

REUNION OF CAMP PEGRAM, No. 1602, VALLEY HEAD, W. VA. —The members of Camp Pegram, of which Capt. G. W. Painter, of Valley Head, W. Va., is Commander, met in reunion at Huttonsville recently, and the comrades enjoyed the meeting in renewing old-time friendships. A good part of the day was spent in listening to several interesting speakers, both morning and afternoon. Many Daughters of the Confederacy were present, and added to the brightness and good cheer of the day. The different commands represented by survivors at this Reunion were the 31st Virginia Infantry, 15th, 18th, 19th, and 20th Virginia Cavalry, 62d Virginia Infantry, 25th Infantry, Virginia Battery, and McClanahan's Battery. There were also a number not members of these commands; altogether the attendance was about one thousand.

PEABODY COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS.

This college is of concern to all of the South. As is well known, it was endowed by the renowned philanthropist, George Peabody. When making his gift for the education of the children of the South, Mr. Peabody said two things which should be remembered. The first was that education was a debt due from the present to future generations, and that it was his desire to aid in giving elementary education to the children of all the people.

At the close of the War between the States his great heart was touched by the suffering and devastation which that war had caused in the South. He knew the people, he realized that education was the only true means whereby prosperity could be restored, and his purpose was to help educate the children of all the people. He committed to worthy trustees the administration of this trust, recognizing the fact that his great purpose would have to be accomplished by the exercise of sound judgment on the part of men who sympathized with him in his philanthropic view. Those who have kept themselves thoroughly informed of the steps taken by these trustees from year to year in the administration of this trust know that they have wisely and faithfully performed the duties imposed upon them.

The good that has been accomplished by the use of the income on this fund in fitting teachers to teach the children of the people of the South has been incalculable. As the period for the closing of the trust approaches, the trustees have agreed to establish permanently at Nashville under certain conditions a great part of this fund. The State of Tennessee, the county of Davidson, and the city of Nashville have added liberally to the fund.

The State of Tennessee has manifested its willingness to do what was desired to meet the conditions; but it will remain for the Legislature of 1907-08 to change its gift of \$250,000 to the institution to run over a period of ten years, to give this sum at once, and by so doing to comply literally with all of the conditions, as understood by these trustees.

The Tennessee State Superintendent of Public Instruction, S. A. Mynders, advocates the appropriation of the \$250,000, and in speaking of the matter said: "I think now that the State should by all means make the appropriation of \$250,000 as required in the proposition to be submitted by the Peabody Education Board. Chancellor James D. Porter has worked hard and unselfishly to bring about favorable consideration for Tennessee by the Peabody Board, and the people of the State should now accept the very liberal offer made. The Peabody College has done a great work for education in this State, and its influence has been felt in all parts of our educational system. If we make the appropriation of \$250,000, as requested, I understand that we would probably receive an endowment for the school of \$2,000,000, and the income from this should be sufficient to maintain it in the most efficient manner without further appropriation from the State."

VIRGINIA—1607-1907.

A gem of artistic merit is the souvenir book recently published by Col. William H. Stewart, of Virginia, especially commemorative of the Jamestown celebration in 1907. "The Truth in Love" is given in his eulogy of the grand old commonwealth, that love of his State which distinguishes a Virginian wherever met. Each page is illustrated with portraits of those who made its history or with typical scenes within its borders. These are by Mrs. Lucy Redd Wise, whose gifted pencil but enhances the beauty of the language which so fit-

tly portrays the history of the State. The cover page is lettered in gold with blue and white decorations, a medallion presenting the great seal of Virginia, the obverse of which appears on another page.

Send to Col. W. H. Stewart, Portsmouth, Va., for a copy of this beautiful souvenir. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.

THE GREATEST COMBINATION OF MAGAZINES.



Three of the best magazines of the country comprise the "Family Group" which is offered in this combination and which will be found sufficient reading matter to keep the ordinary household up to date. The VETERAN is pleased to make such a good offer to its readers.

The DELINEATOR is for women—the most comprehensive magazine for women that can be devised, giving the needful hints in regard to clothing, the changes in style of dress and millinery,

helpful directions in fancy as well as plain needlework, on the intricacies of the kitchen, advising on social matters, providing special reading for the children—in fact, touching every feature of woman's life within the home and out in the world. Subscription, \$1 per year.

THE WORLD'S WORK, edited by Walter H. Page, touches the whole subject of the world's activities with a power of human interest and a directness of method that uplift the reader and give him an optimistic view of the people and events of his time. Its articles are handsomely illustrated with portraits and pictures most convincing; therefore the reader of this magazine gets the facts both in text and illustration. Subscription, \$3 per year.

M'CLURE'S MAGAZINE is for the household—a helpful influence on the whole of wholesome family ideals throughout the year. Its fiction is of the highest literary quality, and its articles are always clear and interesting accounts of important matters in the world of art, science, politics, sociology, etc., that should be the table talk in every cultured household. In short, it is the magazine for the progressive American home. Subscription, \$1 per year.

These three magazines are offered to you in connection with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for only \$3.75, little more than the price of one of them. Send in your orders early.

A special combination that will appeal to our farming element is the "Great Farm Group," comprising the following:

FARMING, 1 year.

AMERICAN FARMER, 1 year.

AMERICAN POULTRY JOURNAL, 1 year.

KIMBALL'S DAIRY FARMER, 1 year, and an art portfolio of six beautiful pictures by Walter Tittle, valued at \$1, the total value of all being \$3.40.

This "Great Farm Group" is offered with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN one year for only \$2.25.

A penny saved is a penny earned. Save some money on your magazine subscriptions by taking advantage of these offers.

Send orders to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Having moved into the new Publishing House, 810 Broadway, Nashville, with quarters somewhat circumscribed, the VETERAN management is anxious to reduce its premium stock of books, and will very much appreciate orders from friends who contemplate buying these valuable Southern histories. This stock has increased very much more than was realized, and special offers are made as an extra inducement. Select from the following at prices given to include renewal or new subscription, books postpaid.

The VETERAN one year is added to each of the following:

"Two Wars." By Gen. S. G. French. Price, \$2.25.

"Johnston's Narrative." By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Sheep and half Morocco. Price, \$3 and \$3.50.

"Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee." By his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. Price, \$3.

"Life of Stonewall Jackson." By Colonel Henderson. Price, \$4.25.

"Reminiscences of the Civil War." By Gen. John B. Gordon. Price, \$2.

"Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest." By Dr. J. A. Wyeth. Price, \$4.

"Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession." By Maj. E. W. R. Ewing. Price, \$1.50.

A special offer is made of Father Ryan's Poems, always most suitable as a gift book. Price, \$1.50; with VETERAN, \$2.

"American Eloquence." Two volumes, 1,130 pages, with many fine engravings, Southern men predominating. Cloth, gilt top. Price, \$5 for the set; postage, 60 cents extra. This valuable work will be sent free for ten subscriptions with \$10.

"IN BARRACK AND FIELD."

Mr. P. B. Stanley, a veteran of Shreveport, La., in a letter to the author, says: "When our cause was lost, I came home fully resigned to give it up in thought and feeling, so much so that I have refrained from reading any except partial sketches of our conflict. But, reading your book, I am brought so vividly back to those trying times that I see them so naturally and sensibly that they appear as of a day only past. The ease and conciseness of expression are fine, and the Christian spirit with which you write makes the book the clearest and cleanest history I ever read."

Mrs. Stanley says: "I can scarcely find words with which to express the pleasure the perusal of your book afforded me. As I read the pages I seemed to go hand in hand with the author, so well are the scenes described, so simple and even the language. I seemed to see with his eyes, and his thoughts for the time seemed my very own. I am truly glad we have such a book."

Dr. A. C. Davidson, late pastor of the Southside Baptist Church, Birmingham, Ala., and now of the Church at Murfreesboro, Tenn., in a letter to the author, says: "The copy of your book, 'In Barrack and Field,' has been read with great pleasure. The verses sing their own sweet songs and make one's heart beat high over the pictures so beautifully outlined in your poetry and over the days long gone in the South. Sing on and ever, sweet songs! You have done a valuable work in putting into permanent form the impressions and remembrances of a young soldier's life in the Far West in those early times. The scenes of the sixties will awaken many memories in the men who stood with you in the great struggle, and will help all to understand more and more what the awful war was."

Price of "In Barrack and Field," \$1.50; supplied with VETERAN for one year for \$2.

HISTORIES OF CONFEDERATE COMMANDS.

The preservation of the histories of the regiments and other organizations of the Confederate army in permanent form would be of great value to Southern history and literature, and the importance of such histories being written has been urged upon the readers of the VETERAN more than once. Some few have already been written and published, and form valuable works of reference; others are in course of preparation, perhaps without any special idea as to when they can be completed. Still the great majority of Confederate commands will pass into obscurity without any effort having been made to record their exploits for future generations. The Neale Publishing Company, New York City, has a special offer to make on the subject, having already issued a number of books of this series, such as "The Rockbridge Artillery," "Morgan's Cavalry," "Mosby's Men," "The Black Horse Cavalry," etc., and they have others in preparation. They are prepared to take up this work at their own expense upon a basis properly remunerative to the authors, the books to be issued in handsome form, cloth binding, illustrated with high-grade typography and artistic book-making throughout. They will be glad to advise with those who would like to write or compile their regimental histories, rendering them any assistance practicable, or would take the data sufficient to compile a history and with their editors prepare the book with the advice or assistance of the authors.

The special object in this is to put into permanent form while possible the valuable information that survivors possess with respect to their regiments, and they offer to bear the entire financial burden in the production of such books. Write to Mr. Walter Neale, President of the company, Flatiron Building, New York, about it.

INQUIRIES ABOUT VETERANS.—F. D. Caruthers, Room 49 World Building, New York City, writes: "My father and uncle, Thomas J. and J. B. Caruthers, enlisted in Jackson, Tenn., with the Southern Guards. They afterwards formed a company, 1st Tennessee Heavy Artillery, I think. They were at Columbus, afterwards at Island Ten. After retreat from there, the company gathered again, and reached Corinth after Shiloh was fought. Caruthers's Battery by that time was somewhat decimated, and it was added to the command of a Captain Johnson. The next I know of their movements is that they were in Vicksburg, where my uncle was captain of a company of conscripts. If any of the readers of the VETERAN knew either of these Confederate soldiers and can tell me anything about their movements from the time of their retreat from Island Ten and their appearance at Vicksburg, I will appreciate it very much."

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE ON TRAVELER AT LEXINGTON, VA., AFTER THE WAR.

The life-size painting of Gen. R. E. Lee on Traveler, by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parish, is a triumph of high art. It has been admired by all who have seen it, especially by those who knew General Lee in life. They regard it as the most faithful and characteristic portrait yet produced of the great commander. His famous war horse, Traveler, is here painted from the only life photograph ever taken of him, which adds much to the value of the picture.

Photographs from this fine painting are now for the first time offered for sale. There are two sizes, one 20 by 24 inches, price \$2; the other, 11 by 14 inches, price \$1. Both are mounted on the best white card, with wide margins, ready for framing. Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

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Its stupendous resources can hardly be exaggerated.

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Ninety per cent of the prospectors from other States become permanent settlers.

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"THE TEXAS RAILROAD"

pierces the very heart of the State, reaching nearly all the important cities and towns, with Through Cars from St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis, Etc.

Send two-cent stamp for the I. & G. N. "Red Book" containing interesting facts about Texas.

D. J. PRICE, G. P. & T. A.,
Palestine, Tex.

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Whether you want STREET SUIT, EVENING or RECEPTION GOWNS, or WEDDING TROUSSEAUX, get my samples and estimates before you decide with whom you will place your order. With my knowledge of correct styles, combined with taste and good judgment, and the personal interest I take in every order, I am sure I can please you. I guarantee perfect fit and satisfaction.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

We are in the market for one hundred thousand Confederate States notes, also Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas Treasury notes that were issued during the war. Write, stating the condition and number of notes you have for sale. American Import, Export & Commission Company, Inc., Board of Trade Building, Norfolk, Va.

A. W. Graham, of Oxford, N. C., writes: "James K. Wilkerson, Company K, 55th N. C. T., was sent to the hospital in Greensboro, N. C., in March, 1865; and after recovering somewhat, he was detailed to wait on the sick and wounded. Among others, he nursed a young soldier named M. T. Locke, who was wounded in the army and died April 29, 1865. Mr. Wilkerson has the Testament left by Mr. Locke, and would be glad to return it to some member of his family, but unfortunately cannot remember the regiment or State to which Locke belonged. He would appreciate any assistance in locating his people."

THE CHARGE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

We were mustered in the morning,
Five and forty stood in line,
And we knew the foe was waiting
Just beyond the riven pine;
Not a whisper broke the silence,
Heads were bowed on breasts of gray,
And we thought of home and loved ones
In the valleys far away.

Golden bees hummed in the clover
And a bird sang in a tree
Where, beyond the little meadow,
Ran the river to the sea;
And we knew the clover blossoms
Would be redder yet that day,
Like the fair cheeks of the sweethearts
Who were waiting far away.

We were mustered in the gloaming,
Only seven answered "Here";
Eight and thirty kissed the clover
'Mid the shadows long and drear;
O the sweethearts who were waiting!
O the widows made that day!
When across the scented meadow
Rushed our little band in gray.

Fame will tell you how we pushed them
To the river's crimson marge,
How we never dropped our banner
In that grand and awful charge—
How at last, grim and defiant,
'Neath the azure arch of heaven,
Back across the silent meadow
Came the gallant remnant . . . seven!

I can look adown the vistas
Reaching back unto that day
When we waited for the signal,
Five and forty boys in gray;
I can see that lonely muster
In the battle's clouded even
When our tattered banner, drooping,
Told the story of the seven.

Soft to-day the wind is blowing
Through the plumage of the pines,
And a river clear is flowing
Past the ghostly battle lines;
Bees are busy in the clover
And a robin seeks her mate
Where once, mustered out forever,
Lay the gallant thirty-eight.

Any member of Company E, 29th Alabama Infantry, who sees this notice will kindly write to W. J. Ward, Brady, Tex.

J. T. Bell, Covington, Ind., desires information concerning T. E. Dromgoole, whom he recalls as a Confederate officer from Tennessee.

Rev. A. M. Russell, Grimes, Cal., who served in Company C, 3d Arkansas Volunteers, would like to correspond with any survivor of Capt. Bob Jones's Company, of Powhatan, Ark.

Mrs. James E. Poindexter, Warren, N. C., wishes to procure copies of Miss Mary Tucker McGill's books, "The Holcombes" and "Women; or, Chronicles of the Late War." Some of our subscribers can doubtless supply them.

Walter P. Branch enlisted in Richmond, Va., early in the war in one of the first cavalry companies formed. He may have been a lieutenant. Information from any of his comrades would be greatly appreciated. Address Mrs. Alice G. Branch, Station A, Nashville, Tenn.

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THE DENVER ROAD CHANGES ITS SCHEDULES.

ADDS TWO MORE PASSENGER TRAINS AND INAUGURATES SPECIAL SUNDAY EXCURSION RATES.

In order to satisfactorily accommodate its now phenomenal passenger business, the Fort Worth and Denver City Railway changed its passenger train schedules on Sunday, the 18th inst., and at the same time placed in service two additional daily trains between Fort Worth and Wichita Falls, thus affording its patrons an exceptional service of four daily trains in each direction.

These latest additions are numbered 5 and 6, and their particular mission will be to maintain quick communication between certain North Texas territory and numerous points on connecting lines in Central, Southern, Western, and Eastern portions of the State; resulting in a saving of time for travelers which has hitherto been impossible; also enabling many patrons to minimize layovers en route and to avoid the measure of night travel and late hours in reaching destinations in all directions which would be impossible under other circumstances.

These new trains will leave Fort Worth at 6:05 and arrive at Wichita Falls at 10:55 P.M., and will leave Wichita Falls at 6:15 and arrive at Fort Worth at 10:55 A.M. daily, these figures admitting of the maintenance of several important connections.

In addition to the foregoing, train No. 7, operating between Fort Worth and Texline, 453 miles, now leaves Fort Worth at 9:15 instead of 8:45 P.M., and No. 8 now arrives at Fort Worth at 7:15 instead of 7:45 A.M., thus making a difference of about thirty minutes at points intermediate to Fort Worth and Texline.

Simultaneously with these advantageous changes "The Denver" has also taken another step worthy of favorable comment: this being that it has inaugurated the sale of half-rate Sunday excursion tickets between all points on its line, the tickets being available to all regular stations for distances within two hundred miles thereof, and the liberality of the arrangement will undoubtedly be substantially appreciated and result in greatly increased social travel.

Miss Lou Snow Luttrell, of Oxford, Ala., desires information of W. G. Norwood, who was a member of Company D, 5th Texas Infantry, Hood's old brigade.

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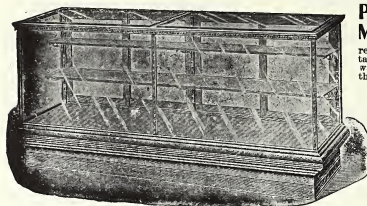
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